CLUELESS

by

Amy Heckerling

CHER HOROWITZ, is asked to give a serious, academic speech for her debate class-- an assignment she was not prepared to give.

CHER HOROWITZ leaves her seat and practically bounces to the debate podium, facing her high school debate class.

CHER HOROWITZ

(Valley Girl vocal fry)

So, OK, like right now, for example, the Haitians need to come to America. But some people are all, “What about the strain on our resources?” But it’s like, when I had this garden party for my father’s birthday right? I said R.S.V.P. because it was a sit-down dinner. But people came that like, did not R.S.V.P. so I was like, totally bugging. I had to haul ass to the kitchen, redistribute the food, squish in extra place settings, but by the end of the day it was like, the more the merrier! And so, if the government could just get to the kitchen, rearrange some things, we could certainly party with the Haitians. And in conclusion, may I please remind you that it does not say R.S.V.P. on the Statue of Liberty?

AMERICAN BEAUTY

by

Alan Ball

RICKY FITTS, neighbor and love interest of Jane (Thora Birch), explaining a video he made of a plastic bag that seems to "dance" with him.

RICKY FITTS gestures to the television screen while talking.

RICKY FITTS

(calm, a little bashful)

It was one of those days when it's a minute away from snowing. And there's this electricity in the air, you can almost hear it, right? And this bag was just... dancing with me. Like a little kid begging me to play with it. For fifteen minutes. That's the day I realized that there was this entire life behind things, and this incredibly benevolent force that wanted me to know there was no reason to be afraid ever. Video's a poor excuse, I know. But it helps me remember...I need to remember. (distant) Sometimes there's so much beauty in the world I feel like I can't take it...and my heart is going to cave in.

GOOD WILL HUNTING

by

Matt Damon & Ben Affleck

Will Hunting and SEAN MAGUIRE are sitting on a park bench following an especially tough therapy session-- DAY

SEAN sits next to WILL HUNTING, staring in thought

A LONG PAUSE

SEAN MAGUIRE

(serious)

So if I asked you about art you’d probably give me the skinny on every art book ever written. Michelangelo? You know a lot about him. Life’s work, political aspirations, him and the pope, sexual orientation, the whole works, right? But I bet you can’t tell me what it smells like in the Sistine Chapel. You’ve never actually stood there and looked up at that beautiful ceiling. Seen that. If I asked you about women you’d probably give me a syllabus of your personal favorites. You may have even been laid a few times. But you can’t tell me what it feels like to wake up next to a woman and feel truly happy. You’re a tough kid. I ask you about war, and you’d probably, uh, throw Shakespeare at me, right? “Once more into the breach, dear friends.” But you’ve never been near one. You’ve never held your best friend’s head in your lap and watched him gasp his last breath, looking to you for help. And if I asked you about love you probably quote me a sonnet. But you’ve never looked at a woman and been totally vulnerable. Known someone could level you with her eyes. Feeling like! God put an angel on earth just for you…who could rescue you from the depths of hell. And you wouldn’t know what it’s like to be her angel and to have that love for her to be there forever. Through anything. Through cancer. You wouldn’t know about sleeping sitting’ up in a hospital room for two months holding her hand because the doctors could see in your eyes that the term visiting hours don’t apply to you. You don’t know about real loss, because that only occurs when you love something more than you love yourself. I doubt you’ve ever dared to love anybody that much. I look at you; I don’t see an intelligent, confident man; I see a cocky, scared shitless kid. But you’re a genius, Will. No one denies that. No one could possibly understand the depths of you. But you presume to know everything about me because you saw a painting of mine and you ripped my fuckin’ life apart. You’re an orphan right? Do you think I’d know the first thing about how hard ! your life has been, how you feel, who you are because I read Oliver Twist? Does that encapsulate you? Personally, I don’t give a shit about all that, because you know what? I can’t learn anything from you I can’t read in some fuckin’ book. Unless you wanna talk about you, who you are. And I’m fascinated. I’m in. But you don’t wanna do that, do you, sport? You’re terrified of what you might say. **Your move, chief.**

ROMEO & JULIET

by

William Shakespeare

SCENE III JULIET’s chamber the evening before JULIET is promised to marry Paris

[Enter JULIET and Nurse]

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night, For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know’st, is cross, and full of sin.

[Enter LADY CAPULET]

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

JULIET

No, madam; we have cull’d such necessaries As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business. LADY CAPULET Good night: Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exit LADY CAPULET and Nurse]

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life: I’ll call them back again to comfort me: Nurse! What should she do here? My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, vial. What if this mixture do not work at all? Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there. [Laying down her dagger] What if it be a poison, which the friar Subtly hath minister’d to have me dead, Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour’d, Because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not, For he hath still been tried a holy man. How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? there’s a fearful point! Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? Or, if I live, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place,— As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, Where, for these many hundred years, the bones Of all my buried ancestors are packed: Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say, At some hours in the night spirits resort;— Alack, alack, is it not like that I, So early waking, what with loathsome smells, And shrieks like mandrakes’ torn out of the earth, That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:— O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environed with all these hideous fears? And madly play with my forefather’s joints? And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud? And, in this rage, with some great kinsman’s bone, As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? O, look! methinks I see my cousin’s ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body Upon a rapier’s point: stay, Tybalt, stay! Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee. [She falls upon her bed, within the curtains]

THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

by

Frank Darabont

PAROLE BOARD MEETING. There’s a long desk with four men sitting, facing ELLIS BOYD "RED" REDDING. “RED” is again wearily asked his thoughts on rehabilitation (rejoining society), after serving 40 years of a life sentence-- AFTERNOON

“RED” looks up at the parole board to speak

"RED"

(matter of fact, almost joking)

Rehabilitated? Well, now, let me see. You know, I don't have any idea what that means...I know what you think it means, sonny. To me, it's just a made-up word. A politician's word, so that young fellas like yourself can wear a suit and a tie and have a job. What do you really want to know? Am I sorry for what I did?...

(suddenly more sober, serious)

There's not a day goes by I don't feel regret. Not because I'm in here, or because you think I should. I look back on the way I was then, a young, stupid kid who committed that terrible crime. I want to talk to him. I want to try to talk some sense to him, tell him the way things are, but I can't. That kid's long gone and this old man is all that's left. I got to live with that. Rehabilitated? It's just a bullshit word. So you go on and stamp your forms, sonny, and stop wasting my time. Because to tell you the truth, I don't give a shit.

STEEL MAGNOLIAS

by

Robert Harling

CEMETERY, following the funeral for M’LYNN’S daughter, Shelby. Friends are trying to console M’LYNN -- MORNING

M’LYNN

(explosive and grieving)

I'm fine.. I'm fine.. I'm fine.. I'm FINE! I could jog all the way to Texas and back.. but my daughter can't!! She never could!! Oh.. God.....I'm so mad I don't know what to do!! I wanna know why! I wanna know why Shelby's life is over!! I wanna HOW that baby will EVER know how wonderful his mother was.. Will he EVER know what she went through for him? Oh God I wanna know WHY? WHY? Lord...I wish I could understand! No...NO...NO!! It's not supposed to happen this way! I'm supposed to go first!! I've always been ready to go first! I don't think I can take this.. I.. I don't think I can take this! I just wanna hit somebody.. till they feel as bad as I do!! I just wanna hit something! I wanna hit it HARD!

TAKEN

by

Luc Besson, Robert Mark Kamen

BEDROOM OF BRYAN MILLS, when he speaks to the person he believes has kidnapped his daughter-- EVENING

BRYAN MILLS holds a cell phone to his ear, listening attentively

THE SOUND OF BREATHING ON THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE

BRYAN MILLS

(stoic and serious)

I don't know who you are. I don't know what you want. If you are looking for ransom, I can tell you I don't have money. But what I do have are a very particular set of skills; skills I have acquired over a very long career. Skills that make me a nightmare for people like you. If you let my daughter go now, that'll be the end of it. I will not look for you, I will not pursue you. But if you don't, I will look for you, I will find you, and I will kill you.