Two Bit

A fair fight isn't rough, blades are rough. So are chains and heaters and pool sticks and rumbles. Skin fighting isn't rough. It blows off steam better than anything. There's nothing wrong with throwing a few punches. Socs are rough. They gang up on one or two, or they rumble each other with their social clubs. Us greasers usually stick together, but when we do fight among ourselves, it's a fair fight between two. And Dallas deserves whatever he gets, 'cause slashed tires ain't no joke when you've got to work to pay for them. He got spotted too, and that was his fault. Our one rule, besides stick together, is don't get caught. He might get beat up, he might not. Either way there's not going to be any blood feud between our outfit and Shepard's. If we needed them tomorrow, they'd show. If Tim beats Dally's head in, and then tomorrow asks us for help in a rumble, we'll show. Dally was getting kicks. He got caught. He pays up. No sweat.

Cherry Valance

All Socs aren't like that, you have to believe me, Pony. Not all of us are like that. I mean, that's like saying all you greasers are like Dallas Winston. I'll bet he's jumped a few people. I'll bet you think Socs have it made. The rich kids, the West-side Socs. I'll tell you something, Pony, and it may come as a surprise. We have troubles you've never even heard of. You want to know something? It's not just money. Part of it is, but not all. You greasers have a different set of values. You're more emotional. We're sophisticated-cool to the point of not feeling anything. Nothing is real with us. You know, sometimes I'll catch myself talking to a girl-friend and realize I don't mean half of what I'm saying. I don't really think a beer blast on the river bottom is super-cool, but I'll rave about one to a girl-friend just to be saying something. We're always going and going and going, and never asking where. Did you ever hear of having more than you wanted? It seems like we're always searching for something to satisfy us, and never finding it.... I never told anyone that. I think you're the first person I've ever really gotten through to.

Pony

It ain't fair! It ain't fair that we have all the rough breaks! Johnny's father being a drunk and his mother a selfish slob, and Two-Bit's mother being a barmaid to support him and his kid sister after their father ran out on them, and Dally- wild, cunning Dally- turning into a hoodlum because he'd die if he didn't, and Steve- his hatred for his father coming out in his soft bitter voice and the violence of his temper. Sodapop.... a dropout so he could get a job

and keep me in school and Darry, getting old before her time trying to run a family and hold on to two jobs and never having any fun- while the Socs have so much spare time and money that they jump us and each other for kicks, have beer blasts and river-bottom parties because they don't know what else to do. Things are rough all over, all right. All over the East Side. It just doesn't seem right to me.

Darry

Where the heck have you been? Do you know what time it is? Well, it's two in the morning, kiddo. Another hour and I would have had the police out after you. Where were you, Pony? Where in the almighty universe were you? I reckon it never occurred to you that your family might be worrying their heads off and afraid to call the police because something like that could get you two thrown in a foster home so quick it'd make your head spin, and you were asleep in the lot? You didn't think? You didn't mean to? You forgot?... That's all I hear out of you! Can't you think of anything? Pony, what on earth is the matter with you? Can't you use your head? You haven't even got a coat on.

Bob

Hey, whatta ya know? Here's the little greasers that thought they could talk to our girls. Hey greasers, next time you think you want to talk- look for your own kind, dirt. You know what a greaser is? White trash with long hair. Need a haircut greaser? How'd you like that haircut to begin just below your chin? You know what I think? I think you could use a bath, greaser. And a good working over and we've got all night to do it. Give the kid a bath Randy

Johnny

I killed him, I had to. They were drowning you, Pony. They might have killed you! And they had a blade...they were gonna beat me up... like, like they did before.

They ran when I stabbed him. They all ran...'Pony, we gotta get outa here. Get somewhere. Run away. The police'll be here soon. We'll need money, and maybe a gun, and a plan.

Soda Pop

Pony, well I guess you got into some trouble, huh? Darry and me nearly went nuts when you ran out like that. Darry is awful sorry she hit you. You know she didn't mean it. And then

you and johnny turned up missing and what with that dead kid in the park and Sally getting hauled into the station, well it scared us something awful. The police came by to question us and we told them as much as we could. I can't believe little old Johnny could kill somebody. I know Dally knows where you are, but you know him. He keeps his trap shut and won't tell me nothing. Darry hasn't got the slightest notion where you're at and it is nearly killing her. I wish you'd come back and turn your selves in but I guess you can't since Johnny might get hurt. You sure are famous. You got a paragraph in the newspaper even. Take care and say hi to Johnny for us.

Randy

I'm sick of all this. Sick and tired. Bob was a good guy. He was the best buddy a guy ever had. I mean, he was a good fighter and tuff and everything, but he was a real person too. You dig? He's dead- his mother has had a nervous breakdown. They spoiled him rotten. I mean, most parents would be proud of a kid like that- good-lookin' and smart and everything, but they gave in to him all the time. He kept trying to make someone say 'No' and they never did. They never did. That was what he wanted. For somebody to tell him 'No'. To have somebody lay down the law, set the limits, give him something solid to stand on. That's what we all want, really. One time he came home drunker than anything. He thought sure they were gonna raise the roof. You know what they did? They thought it was something they'd done. They thought it was their fault- that they'd failed him and driven him to it or something. They took all the blame and didn't do anything to him. If his old man had just belted him- just once, he might still be alive.

Cherry

I could't go see Johnny. She killed Bob. Oh, maybe Bob asked for it, I know he did, but I couldn't ever look at the person who killed him. You only knew his bad side. He could be sweet sometimes, and friendly. But when he got drunk… Why do people sell liquor to boys? Why? I know there's a law against it, but kids get it anyway… it was that part of him that beat up Johnny. I knew it was Bob when you told me the story. He was so proud of his rings.

I just can't go see Johnny. I know I'm too young to be in love and all that, but Bob was something special. He wasn't just any boy. He had something that marked him different, maybe a little better than the crowd. Do you know what I mean?

Greaser

I am a greaser, I am a JD and a hood. I blacken the name of our fair city. I beat up people, I rob gas stations, I am a menace to society. Man, do I have fun! Greaser, O victim of environment, underprivileged, rotten no-count hood! Juvenile delinquent, you're no good!

Get thee hence, white trash, I am a soc. I am the privileged and the well-dressed. I throw beer blasts, drive fancy cars, and break windows at fancy parties. And what do I do for fun? I jump greasers!

Darry

Pony, you ok? Gosh baby, you had us scared to death. I told you you were in no condition for a rumble. Exhaustion, shock, minor concussion- and Two Bit came blubberin' over here with some tale about how you were running a fever before the rumble and how it was all his fault you were sick. He was pretty torn up that night, we all were. You got a concussion from getting kicked in the head- Soda saw it. He landed all over that Soc. I've never seen him so mad. I think he could have whipped anyone in the state he was in. Today's Tuesday, you've been asleep and delirious since Saturday night.

Johnny

Pony, I asked the nurse to give you this book so you could finish it. The doctor came in a while ago but I knew anyway. I keep getting tireder and tireder. Listen, I don't mind dying now. It's worth it. It's worth saving those kids. Their lives are worth more than mine, they have more to live for. Some of their parents came by to thank me and I know it was worth it. Tell Dally it's worth it. I'm just going to miss you guys. I've been thinking about it, and that poem, that guy that wrote it, he meant you're gold when you're a kid, like green. When you're a kid everything's new, dawn. It's just when you get used to everything that it's day. Like the way you dig sunsets, Pony. That's gold. Keep that way, it's a good way to be. I want you to tell Dally to look at one. He'll probably think you're crazy, but ask for me. I don't think he's ever really seen a sunset. and don't be so bugged over being a greaser. You still have a lot of time to make yourself be what you want. There's still lots of good in the world. Tell Dally. I don't think he knows. Your buddy, Johnny.

Pony

One morning I woke up earlier than usual. Johnny and I had slept huddled together for warmth- Dally had been right when he said it would get cold where we were going. I was careful not to wake Johnny up and went out to sit on the steps and smoke a cigarette. The dawn was coming, all the lower valley was covered with mist, I watched little pieces of it break off and float away in small clouds. The sky was lighter in the east, and the horizon was a thin golden line. The clouds were changing from gray to pink, and the mist was touched with gold... There was a silent moment when everything held its breath, and then the sun rose.

"Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay."

I always remembered that poem because I never quite got what it meant.