

QUEEN LARA

by
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"Freely adapted" from William Shakespeare's King Lear

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"QUEEN LARA"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT 1

It's halftime pageantry - on a hastily erected stage, the HOMECOMING COURT is being announced and crowned.

A line of GIRLS sit on stage - the candidates for QUEEN.

One chair sits empty. A placard reads "LARA KINGSTON".

2 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT 2

Frantic motion. CHEERLEADERS help someone change into a fancy dress. Simultaneously apply makeup. Tight as a pit crew.

The subject of their toil is LARA (18), reigning beautiful bitch-goddess of Britannia High School.

LARA

Cheeks! Are my cheeks done? Mirror!

She takes a hand mirror from MINDY (17), one of her I.Q.-challenged cheerleading minions. Checks herself out.

LARA (CONT'D)

Will you look at this rouge?! I said Earth daughter, not bayou whore. Fix it!

MINDY

There's no time!

Lara's right-hand bitch, GINA (16), works on the nails.

GINA

Just base it over.

MINDY

Good idea, Gina.

LARA

Not too thick Mindy, if you lose my bone structure I will have you gassed like a stray puppy, God as my witness.

MINDY

(finishing up)
Face check!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

GINA

Nails are go!

LARA

How are my boobs?

She angles the hand mirror. They are flawlessly shaped and mounted in a very expensive dress.

LARA (CONT'D)

All hail me.

3 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD/ON STAGE -- NIGHT

3

Mr. Duke (mid 40's), the shlubby Vice-Principal, approaches the microphone. Beside him is REGIE CARMICHAEL (16), attractive, wearing her trademark power suit.

MR. DUKE

And now, the moment I'm sure you've all been waiting for...Since our Student Council President is, well, in competition tonight...

Lara's friends in the crowd WHISTLE rabidly and wave signs.

MR. DUKE (CONT'D)

Vice-President Regie Carmichael will announce this year's Homecoming Queen!

APPLAUSE. Followed by sarcastic WHISTLES and CATCALLING.

4 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD -- NIGHT

4

Lara and entourage exit the dressing room and approach the stage in a cluster.

MINDY

So, I don't get it, Lara, didn't you say being Homecoming Queen was...was...

GINA

The inbred, buck-toothed poor cousin to being Prom Queen, destined to be forgotten?

LARA

Well honestly, did you think I was going to let that noxious goody-two-shoes Tara Burgandy represent our school?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

LARA LOOKS AT-

TARA BURGANDY (17), a fresh-faced, wide-eyed beauty, sitting expectantly on stage. Everything Lara hates. She shudders.

LARA (CONT'D)

That dictum only holds if you don't get Prom Queen after winning Homecoming Queen.

MINDY

Has anyone ever done that?

LARA

Silly Mindy. Has anyone ever been me?

Suddenly Lara notices HER WRIST, which is unadorned. Panic sets in.

LARA (CONT'D)

My...my...Gina!

GINA

What?

LARA

My bracelet. My peridot bracelet. It's gone!

GINA

What happened?

LARA

I don't know what happened! I just know that I redid my highlights to match the gold in this peridot bracelet and it's not on my...!

CONNIE (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Lara!

CONNIE (16), a kind-faced beauty and faithful non-cheerleader best friend, runs up to the pack from behind, waving...

LARA

My bracelet! Connie!

Connie gets to the group, helps snap the bracelet back on.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

CONNIE
(out of breath)
I saw a glitter on the field behind
you, so I hopped the fence and I...

Lara puts a hand on her mouth, shutting her up.

LARA
(emotional)
You are so special. Prada handbag
special.

Gina looks on jealously. Lara uncovers Connie's mouth.

CONNIE
(smiling)
Go have your moment.

5 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD/ON STAGE -- NIGHT

5

Regie opens the crucial envelope.

REGIE
And this year's Homecoming Queen
is...

6 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD -- NIGHT

6

A trio in faux-Renaissance outfits plays a tinny fanfare.
Central in the group on a trumpet is Band Geek (16, scrawny).

Lara hears her cue. Doubles her pace.

LARA
Oh my God, hurry up! No, I mean,
everyone get away!

7 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD/ON STAGE -- NIGHT

7

REGIE
(overjoyed)
Lara Kingston!

8 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD -- NIGHT

8

The entourage falls away. The audience turns to see Lara's
radiance. She gasps, mimicking ecstatic surprise at least as
well as Julia Roberts at the Oscars, and makes her triumphant
walk towards the stage.

9 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD/ON STAGE -- NIGHT 9

The losers mutter curses as Lara tromps past them (e.g. "that bitch", "who did she blow", etc.), all except...

TARA BURGANDY

(genuine)

Lara! Congratulations, I'm so happy for you. You look beautiful!

LARA

(sotto, pinching Tara's cheek)

Oh Tara, my darling cream-complexioned twit. If I could bottle that wide-eyed, pet-the-cute-bunny thing you've got I could conquer the world.

TARA BURGANDY

(surprised, hurt)

What?

LARA

Don't worry about losing, dear, take care of your teeth and you've got a great future in pigtail porn.

Tara's face twitches, tries to keep its smile.

With a perfect Miss America grin, Lara takes center stage and receives the crown on her head.

She waves at the crowd, milking the moment for all she can.

BEHIND HER-

A banner is held up by two cynical teachers, Mr. Wynt and Mr. Kidd (40's).

MR. WYNT

Will you look at that ass?

MR. KIDD

Those cheerleaders drive me out of my mind with those little round asses.

MR. WYNT

How does a five-alarm bitch like Lara Kingston win every election we can come up with?

(beat)

Ten bucks says she wears the crown all through the second half.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MR. KIDD

Ten bucks says you'll be whacking
off to her in that crown tonight.

MR. WYNT

Can you reach my wallet?

10 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD/LATER -- NIGHT

10

The second half is underway. KURT SQUIRES (17), uber-jock
quarterback for the Britannia Bombers, throws a pass into
the endzone. Complete! The crowd ERUPTS.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Touchdoooooooooooooown, Bombers! A
thirty-six yard strike from Kurt
Squires puts Britannia up by 12!

The marching band leaps up and plays the fight song. Band
Geek is with them, still wearing his Renaissance gear, which
is somehow even dweebier than the marching uniforms.

The cheerleaders dance up a storm as Lara sits on the
sidelines, still in dress and crown, basking.

A freshman Trumpet Player leans in to Band Geek.

TRUMPET PLAYER

Dude, let me ask you something. When
Lara changed into that dress, do you
think she kept the cheerleader
bloomers on or would she change
underwear too? 'Cause that would
mean she was naked for a minute while
we were all here.

Band Geek looks at Lara. She's waving at QB Kurt, resting
nearby.

LARA

Good job Kurt honey!

Kurt grins back, aroused any time she even talks to him.

Band Geek turns to the trumpet player next to him.

BAND GEEK

Son, you're new, so to you Lara's
physical attractiveness may seem
novel, worthy of comment even.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BAND GEEK (CONT'D)

(sarcasm. building)

But to me, what my sister does with her underwear hasn't been my concern since she stopped tying me up with it twelve years ago.

TRUMPET PLAYER

Lara's your sister?

(beat)

Can I come hang out at your house?

BAND GEEK

Getting into her room costs 20 bucks.

The cheerleaders finish their routine. Gina, nearest to Lara, speaks from the side of her mouth.

GINA

(re: Lara seated in her dress)

Are you just going to stay like that for the rest of the game?

LARA

Gina, this is the Homecoming game. This crown means I have a more important role to play tonight.

GINA

Ms. White's going to freak about my leading. I don't want to be freaked on.

LARA

(grinning)

I'll handle Ms. White. There's a reason for everything. Trust me.

The crowd CHEERS another play on the field.

OFF LARA'S CHESHIRE CAT SMILE -

11 INT. BALLROOM/HOMECOMING DANCE - NIGHT

11

Students dance and socialize under the watchful eye of the faculty and chaperones.

Stationed behind DJ turntables is Band Geek, now in his standard geek-wear (strange T-Shirts, layers and clashing patterns everywhere). His DJ stand allows him to survey the ballroom, which is decorated with balloons and crepe paper.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

He stares at a banner proclaiming the theme - "Memories that will last FOREVER".

BAND GEEK
(to himself)
Whether you like it or not.

Lara, her entourage (including Gina, Regie, and Connie) in tow, works the crowd like a Congressman.

Every time Lara shakes hands or hugs, Band Geek, under his breath, cynically makes up what she must be saying.

BAND GEEK (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming...nice to see
you...you're a tramp...how dare you
copy my dress...try not to get
pregnant again you ho...(ad lib)

Lara approaches the DJ stand. Band Geek shuts up.

LARA
I have a request for my spotlight
dance.

BAND GEEK
(with a bow)
Anything for her Majesty.

LARA
Give it a rest, Band Geek. Sarcasm
won't heal your childhood traumas.

BAND GEEK
Baby Got Back, you say? Delighted!

He begins to pull the disc out. Lara grabs him by the collar.

LARA
(in his ear)
I want something romantic. Like My
Heart Will Go On before the backlash.

Band Geek notices Kurt waiting expectantly behind Lara.

BAND GEEK
Isn't your spotlight dance supposed
to be with the Homecoming King?

LARA
He's having his stomach pumped, and
everyone knows I'm with Kurt anyway.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

LARA (CONT'D)
(quiet, concealing
desperation from
everyone but him.)
Please. I need this.

BAND GEEK
Can you get me a date with one of
your friends?

LARA
Be realistic, will you?
(thinking)
Pictures! I can sneak a camera into
the girls' locker room.

BAND GEEK
Use my digital?

LARA
Deal. Romance!

BAND GEEK
Gotcha.

12 INT. BALLROOM/HOMECOMING DANCE/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

12

Lara slow dances with Kurt in the spotlight. He whispers
sweetly in her ear.

KURT
Aw, babe, I can't stop thinking about
your tits. They're so soft...and...and
big...and...

LARA
(maintaining her smile)
Kurt?

KURT
Yeah, babe?

LARA
No grinding.

Kurt looks at his groin, seemingly acting of its own accord.

KURT
Oh, yeah.

They continue.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

LARA

Have you ever thought about another woman?

KURT

What, you mean like a three-way?

LARA

No, I mean after I graduate. You'll still have another year.

Kurt shrugs. Thinking this far ahead exceeds his abilities.

LARA (CONT'D)

See, I had this idea...

ELSEWHERE ON THE FLOOR-

Gina dances with her boyfriend ANDY (18). He's pleasant-looking, athletic, All-American, not too quick on the uptake.

Through most of the dance, Gina's watching Kurt and Lara.

GINA

Kurt takes Lara to French restaurants. All my magazines say they're more romantic.

ANDY

We could do that, if that's what you wanted to do.

GINA

(only half listening to him)

Yeah...Do you think they go to hotels? You could take me to a hotel if you wanted.

ANDY

Kurt says she holds out on him.

GINA

(interested)

Until what?

ANDY

(shrugging)

Doesn't say. He just always asks us to hustle out there.

Gina ponders this. Suddenly she spies something frightening.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

GINA

(whispering)

Andy! Andy, look to your left.

ANDY

Left, what?

GINA

Is that Ms. White coming this way?

ANDY

Ms. White? Umm...

(turning his head)

Yeah, yeah she's coming here.

GINA

Oh my God. Um, get awa...no, just,
dance a little less tight.

He obliges. Ms. White (early 30's) is 60 inches of bitter ex-cheerleader who never suspected she'd be teaching it at this point in her life. Her spunk has been replaced by cold venom.

She taps Gina on the shoulder. Gina can see Lara watching, and giving a friendly wave. She turns to face Ms. White.

MS. WHITE

You ran the team pretty well last night.

GINA

(anticipating anger)

Ms. White, really, I'm sorry-

MS. WHITE

Gina, please, don't worry. I was quite prepared to yell at you but Lara explained why she put you in charge and I'm willing to respect her choice.

GINA

Thank you Ms. White.

MS. WHITE

(curt)

Oh, don't thank me.

(seeing something out
of the corner of her
eye)

Hey! Hands off that rump! Yeah, I'm talking to you, Mr. McFeely! Save it for your blow-up doll!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

She stalks off elsewhere, berating her prey as she goes.

Grateful to be spared, Gina looks thoughtfully at Lara.
Wonders what she's up to.

13 INT. BALLROOM/HOMECOMING DANCE/LATER - NIGHT

13

The crowd has thinned, the evening drawing to a close. Lara, Gina, Regie, and Connie are seated at a table together, enjoying each others' company.

GINA

Okay Lara, you have to tell us...

LARA

Tell you what, Gina?

GINA

Are you the reason Kurt's breaking
all the passing records this year?

LARA

Well, baseball and football are two
different sports, but I told him:
each touchdown in a game is
worth...one base.

The girls squeal and titter.

LARA (CONT'D)

(mouth suggestively
on a straw)

Poor boy keeps getting only two. I
might just graduate a virgin.

Nearby, FRANK (17, sensitive, unassuming good looks) hovers,
working up the nerve. Checks his watch. Approaches the table.

FRANK

Uh...hey Connie.

Connie sees him, her face breaks into a smile.

CONNIE

Frank! Hey, how've you been?

LARA

Frank! Hey, who are you?

CONNIE

Oh, sorry, Frank is my next door
neighbor.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

The other girls stare at Frank, a not-too-friendly appraisal.

FRANK

Congratulations on your win, Lara.

LARA

Frank, I've heard of you... Academic Decathlon?

FRANK

Um, Math-League Marathon. Last year.

LARA

I think what your people do for our school's reputation is great.

FRANK

(puzzled)
My people?

LARA

What are you here for, Frank?

FRANK

Oh, I, uh, I just wanted to see if
Connie...well,
(to Connie)
if you wanted to dance.

LARA

Yeeaaaah, she's kind of busy right now.

CONNIE

(apologetic)
Maybe later.

Connie looks at Frank. She'd like to, but he's already sheepishly shrinking away.

FRANK

Okay, I'll just, I'll come back.

As he leaves, face reddening, he hears the girls GIGGLING.

AT THE DJ STAND-

Band Geek ends the song, moves to the microphone -

BAND GEEK

That concludes the dance for the evening. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

BAND GEEK (CONT'D)
(no one is applauding)
No, please, you're too much...

Walking away, Frank's shoulders slump another notch down.

GINA
(shouting)
Party at Lara's place!

Band Geek shudders. Lara grins.

14 EXT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS SUBURBS/LARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

14

An epic party spills out of the house and onto the lawn.

15 INT/EXT. LARA'S CAR/MOVING -- NIGHT

15

A bored-looking Band Geek circles the block. Lara,
uncharacteristically alone, sits in the back seat.

BAND GEEK
You know, I'd mind doing this a lot
less if I actually had a driver's
license. And if you paid me.

LARA
What point is there making an entrance
without the bulk of the student body
there to see it?

BAND GEEK
But, see, it's our house.

LARA
Little brother, this is why you're
imprisoned in the geek strata - you
think people operate by reason and
logic.

BAND GEEK
(sighs, resigned)
It's a nice dress.

LARA
Two more laps should do it.

Band Geek watches out the window, driving by the rocking
party one more time.

16 EXT. LARA'S HOUSE/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

16

Finally, the car pulls up to the curb. Gina runs up to open Lara's door, Regie holds Lara's hand to help pull her out.

In one fluid motion she steps out of the car and sheds a top coat, revealing her dazzling self in a dazzling dress. With perfect timing she poses as a FLASHBULB goes off somewhere.

LARA

(to Gina and Regie)

Flank me, girls, I feel so beautiful
I could heal lepers tonight!

Students gather around like paparazzi, cooing and clamoring to be near her.

17 INT/EXT. LARA'S CAR -- NIGHT

17

Band Geek looks at the driveway. Full of cars. He looks up and down the street - also full of cars. He sighs, his shoulders slump, and he drives off in search of parking.

18 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

18

The beautiful, the popular, and whatever friends they allowed to tag along drink, dance and make-out, often all at once.

Lara and her entourage work the room. Everyone wants to congratulate her and share in her aura.

Suddenly Lara stops, she spies Tara Burgandy huddled furtively in a corner with friends, chatting away.

LARA

Gina, my dear?

GINA

Yes, Lara?

LARA

I want to see you, Regie, and Connie in private. But first, I want Little Miss Muffett over there out.

GINA

(nodding to Regie)

We're on it.

LARA

And Gina?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

LARA (CONT'D)

Make sure it leaves a mark. In this world you haven't really won until the competition is in therapy.

Lara pinches Gina's cheek affectionately. Gina grins. She and Regie pick up a large bowl of punch and walk towards Tara, who shrinks in fear as she sees them coming.

19 EXT. LARA'S HOUSE/FRONT LAWN/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

19

Tara lies in a heap on the front lawn, dress trashed, weeping, filthy - what looks like the entire, sticky bowl of punch, complete with lemon slices, emptied on her.

Band Geek, sweaty and exhausted, comes trudging up the lawn. Finally found parking somewhere. He sees Tara.

BAND GEEK

You look like you could use a dry cleaner and a hug.

Tara ignores him, still sobbing.

BAND GEEK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Lower your expectations. That's what the guidance counselor said. I gotta stop talking to the pretty ones.

He enters the house.

20 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/LARA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

20

In the pink and perfect bedroom, Lara, Gina, Regie, and Connie are gathered around Lara's pink and perfect bed, laughing and drinking.

They've had a few at this point. They sway and find everything hysterical.

Lara looks out the window at Tara on the lawn. She smiles. An enemy vanquished. Clearing her throat, then wetting it with another drink, she turns back to her friends.

LARA

Ladies, ladies - High school is not nearly the challenge I hoped it would be.

REGIE

Come on, Lara.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LARA

Honestly, Regie, tonight was beautiful, and it's true, not just anyone can in one year be Student Council President, head cheerleader, girlfriend to the starting quarterback, and designer of her own dream Prom at which she'll be crowned Queen in the Spring.

The girls titter appreciatively.

CONNIE

And don't forget the good grades.

LARA

Sure. But it's all just so...done already. It's a cruise to the finish line. So...I'm officially bored. High school is for the desperate and small.

GINA

So why are we here?

LARA

As if you didn't guess. You three, who through tireless devotion have become my most beloved juniors, are moving up. My latest project and my Homecoming present to you all. And be advised, I expect significant ass-kissing. Gina, we'll start with you. Next year, you're going to be head cheerleader.

Gina squeals, hugs Lara.

GINA

Oh, Lara, you rock, thank you thank you!

LARA

You'll be great, just remember...

(pointing at Gina's
breasts)

Tissue on top, look like a twat.

Tissue beneath...

(hefts the breasts up)

Give men grief!

Gina tries to act like this doesn't bother her, as the other girls cackle.

21 EXT. LARA'S HOUSE/BACKYARD -- NIGHT

21

The party is in full swing on the pool patio as well. Band Geek reaches for the last beer in an open washtub full of ice and water. Suddenly a huge ARM falls on his shoulder.

Spun around, Band Geek faces the last person he wanted to see - a very drunk Kurt Squires.

KURT

Little Band Geek. How are you, my man?

BAND GEEK

(weary)

Kurt, it's a privilege to be addressed by a jock of your stature. I'll tell my grandkids about it someday.

Quietly, a JOCK gets down on all fours behind Band Geek.

KURT

(blinks)

You're funny somehow. I'll have to beat up another nerd later so he can explain that to me. In the meantime, though...

He shoves Band Geek, who tumbles over the Jock and into the ice tub.

KURT (CONT'D)

Try that on for size!

He and the surrounding jocks laugh hysterically, high five.

BAND GEEK

(teeth chattering)

Couldn't you have told me to "chill out"? That would have made sense at least.

No one's listening, they're all laughing too hard.

KURT

Dude, after ten years, that's still hilarious!

22 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/LARA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

22

As before, but a bit more drunk.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

LARA

And Regie, I'm sure it's obvious,
I'll see to it you're President of
the Student Council next year.

REGIE

(crocodile tears)

Lara, I love you in every non-lesbian
way possible!

She dives on Lara, practically knocking her on the bed.

LARA

(patting her
affectionately)

That's all I ask, darling, from all
my friends. Britannia's in good hands.

23 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

23

Now soaked, Band Geek wearily climbs the stairs and passes
Lara's doorway, seeking respite from the crowd.

He comes to his bedroom door. He opens it and registers
surprise. MOANING comes from within.

JOCK HAVING SEX (O.S.)

Little privacy, please, asshole?

BAND GEEK

Yeah, see, it's just that...

GIRL THE JOCK'S HAVING SEX WITH (O.S.)

Laaance, the draft's making my butt
cold.

JOCK HAVING SEX (O.S.)

(making it sound like
a threat)

You wanna have to warm up her butt,
Band Geek?

BAND GEEK

Well...

OTHER GIRL IN THE ROOM (O.S.)

(seductively)
I'll take care of that.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

BAND GEEK

(at a loss)

Ah. I can see you all have this, um,
handled...right, just, um, leave
everything like you found it,
please...

He closes the door, looks around for other options, finally
sits down against the wall in the hallway. Then looks at
Lara's door, presses his ear to it.

24 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/LARA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

24

GINA

So what about Connie?

REGIE

Yeah, what does Connie get?

LARA

(smiles, wistful)

Sweet Connie, dearest to my heart.

CONNIE

I don't need anything.

LARA

Of course you do, which is why you're
getting the best gift I can bequeath
you.

CONNIE

What's that?

LARA

(pausing for effect)

Kurt!

Pause. Gina twitches at this.

CONNIE

Kurt?

LARA

Yes, honey, don't you see? You spend
so much time with me that I don't
think you've ever gone on a date.

CONNIE

Well, that's not...I don't need...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

LARA

(not listening)

So, Kurt has one more year...

REGIE

Yeah, why is that, didn't he used to be in your class?

LARA

Oh, some silly idea they had in middle school to let him grow more for sports. Doesn't matter.

(beat)

But Connie, he's perfect for you.

CONNIE

(not quite thrilled)

Yeah, I guess.

LARA

Come next year, with my blessing, the peons will worship you, precious, they will prostrate themselves before you.

(to the group)

All of you. You'll be a little triumvirate of me.

(to Connie)

Kurt already told me he thinks you're hot.

CONNIE

(squirms uncomfortably)

That's nice.

LARA

So just keep your eyes peeled, girls, and watch Lara make it all happen. You might just learn something.

Gina and Regie have stars in their eyes. Greedy stars.

Lara notices Connie isn't overcome by adoration.

LARA (CONT'D)

Connie, love, what is it? Do you want something in the interim? I can't loan you Kurt but I know this water polo player. He smells funny from all the time in the pool but he has less than three percent body fat.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

CONNIE

No, Lara, it isn't that, really. I just, I don't know...

(finally says it)

I don't like Kurt. I, I don't want him.

A hush falls over the room. Lara's stunned.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(nervous)

It just, it feels like one of those arranged marriages, you know?

(beat, nervousness increasing)

It's not that I'm not grateful, really.

Silence. The kind that usually precedes gunfire.

LARA

(a little anger)

Really. It's not that you're not grateful, you say? Isn't that cute.

(a little more anger)

Gina and Regie practically dry hump me in thanks, any of those girls downstairs would lapdance a special needs kid for the kind of favor I'm doing you, and...it's not that you're not grateful?

CONNIE

(stunned)

Lara, I'm sorry, I, I'll give him a chance if you want me to, really...

LARA

(interrupting)

Oh, don't do me any favors, Connie!

I don't ask for a lot out of this life. A little friendship.

Occasionally deserved adoration. And

I try to give you a man way above your natural station - do you honestly

think you could draw a partner like that if you weren't under my wing? -

and he somehow doesn't meet your standards? He's the starting

quarterback. The one man in this

school who gets to know what's on MY

Victoria's Secret charge card, and

he's what, beneath you?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

CONNIE
(now tearing up)
Please, I don't mean...Lara, I...

LARA
(on too much of a
roll)
Up yours, Connie. With a spiked dildo.
You think you're the Venus in the
seashell, I'm done lifting fingers
for you. All except one.
(flipping the bird)
Suck it and gag, ingrate. Now get
out of my sight.

Connie's lip trembles. Gina and Regie act invisible.

LARA (CONT'D)
What are you, waiting for the
translation?!

25 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

25

Band Geek hears it all.

LARA (O.S.)
(muffled shout)
GET OUT!!

A smile at the corner of his lips, he steals down the stairs,
just before the door flies open for a sobbing Connie.

26 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

26

Band Geek rounds up the crowd.

BAND GEEK
Quick, quick, front row, the show's
about to begin. It's Lara, like you've
never seen her before!

Curious, a few gather as Connie runs down the stairs and out
the front door, bawling.

Everyone's watching for the emergence of Lara, except Frank,
who tries to fight his way out in pursuit.

FRANK
Connie? Connie!

But he's caught up in the mob as Lara steps out onto the
upstairs landing, as if pronouncing from a balcony.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

LARA
(drunken shouting)
This isn't finished, Connie Dell!
You just see that your will is in
order, you little chippy, because I
am going to end your world! Nobody
throws a favor back in Lara Kingston's
face! Nobody!

Lara glances down, notices the crowd staring at her in stunned
silence. Her party smile snaps back.

LARA (CONT'D)
Who wants Jello shooters?

A mighty CHEER goes up.

27 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

27

Connie runs, half-blind from sobbing, towards her house.

28 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE/VARIOUS - NIGHT

28

She bursts through the door, kicks it shut behind her, runs
up the stairs into her room.

29 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/IN FRONT OF CONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Frank reaches the street. He stands in front of Connie's
house, wanting to help, to do something. He looks up at

CONNIE'S LIT WINDOW-

He ponders, takes a step, hesitates. Finally droops his head,
walks next door to his house, and enters.

30 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - MORNING

30

Connie's car SCREECHES to a stop. There's a car in the parking
space in front of her. Her face betrays that it isn't supposed
to be there. She gets out.

A whole row of the spots closest to school are empty - of
cars, that is. FRESHMEN are standing in them, one each, place-
holders for Lara and company.

CONNIE
Excuse me? What's going on?

They glance at her, with silent nervousness, out of the
corners of their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Come on, I know you see me.

FRESHMAN #1

(nervous whisper)

We're not supposed to talk to you.

FRESHMAN #2

They took Orndorff off parking duty.
No more space for you.

FRESHMAN #3

(woozy)

Wish they'd take me off. I skip
breakfast to get here.

FRESHMAN #2

Quit whining, we all skip breakfast.

FRESHMAN #3

Yeah, but I get low blood sugar.

FRESHMAN #1

(still whispering, to
Connie)

Look, for what it's worth, I'm sorry.
But it came straight from Lara. You're
out.

Connie looks out at the whole parking lot. A seemingly-endless
expanse. No spaces as far as the eye can see.

CONNIE

You know what? That's okay. It's
just a parking space. This is stupid
and cruel anyway. You should ask
yourself why you do this.

She gets in her car and drives off.

FRESHMAN #2

(to #1)

Hey...why do we do this again?

FRESHMAN #1

You ask too many questions.

Freshman #3 falls unconscious. The others stare at him, afraid
to move.

31 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT QUAD - DAY

31

Connie's in line at a snack counter. She reaches the cashier.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

CONNIE

Diet Pepsi?

STUDENT CASHIER

Sorry, all out.

Connie points stubbornly at a huge stack of Diet Pepsi cans.

CONNIE

What are those?

STUDENT CASHIER

(flustered)

We're...out.

Connie leaves, exasperated.

32 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT QUAD/MOMENTS LATER - DAY

32

Students congregate in various clusters for lunch. Connie, lunchbox in hand, searches for a spot.

She sees HER OLD SPOT in the one patch of unspoiled grass, under a shady tree. Lara holds court with her friends. Looks like paradise lost now.

Connie's alone, paralyzed. Everyone staying at least ten feet away from her.

Just outside a classroom, Mr. Wynt and Mr. Kidd observe her lonely plight while sharing nicotine gum.

MR. WYNT

Jesus, that's cold.

MR. KIDD

Hell hath no fury, Mr. Wynt.

MR. WYNT

Goddamned Lara.

MR. KIDD

Goddamned Lara.

MR. WYNT

Where do you think she eats today?

MR. KIDD

Well, let's see, she's trying...

Connie examines her options, trying each as they comment.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MR. KIDD (CONT'D)

Geekville.

In Geekville, garden-variety nerds chortle milk out of their noses. But when they see Connie, they turn their backs, hoping she'll go away. No one wants to cross Lara.

MR. WYNT

That's a bust. Now she goes down the road to Mathmagic Land.

Even geekier people, one in Star Trek uniform, delightedly program their graphing calculators. Again, no room.

MR. KIDD

So she'll give a try to the Mushroom Kingdom.

Drugged-out artistic types tune guitars, wobble on the ground and swipe at invisible elves. Still nothing.

MR. WYNT

This is getting serious. There's nothing left but...

Connie walks through a fence marking the end of school property and sits on a half-muddy patch of ground.

MR. WYNT AND MR. KIDD

(together)
Cancer Hill.

A desolate, dirty place, where tomorrow's nicotine addicts nurse their habit in full view of the impotent school staff.

MR. KIDD

(re: the smokers)
Lucky bastards.

MR. WYNT

Sick world where those rookies get to light up and we're stuck on sentry duty.

MR. KIDD

(re: the nicotine gum)
Is it hitting yet?

MR. WYNT

Nope...wait...
(satisfaction spreading)
There it is.

33 EXT. "CANCER HILL" JUST OUTSIDE SCHOOL PROPERTY

33

Connie tries to screen her nose and avoid the noxious fumes as she unpacks her lunch.

Nearby, on the street, Frank rides his bike. Sees Connie alone. Surprised to see her in such an incongruous setting, he thinks. Decides.

FRANK
(shouting)
Connie!

Connie winces at first, as if expecting a physical blow, then looks up. At Frank's face she smiles for the first time.

CONNIE
Hi Frank!

FRANK
What are you doing there?

CONNIE
(at a loss)
I'm...well...

FRANK
Never mind. Want to join me for lunch?

CONNIE
Where?

FRANK
I don't know.

CONNIE
(jumping to her feet)
Okay!

When she reaches him there's a moment of awkwardness about how to share his bike.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
How about I drive?

34 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT QUAD/MOMENTS LATER - DAY

34

Lara, amongst her subjects, stops mid-sentence and sees Connie driving off with Frank.

Lara frowns. Her harassment hasn't broken Connie yet.

35 INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

35

Connie and Frank share a booth.

CONNIE

And it's like I'm just starting to notice things, you know? Lara does some really mean things!

FRANK

(She's a bitch.)

I'm sure she has her qualities.

CONNIE

(falling back into old rhythms)

Oh, totally. I mean, she's really smart and always helps out the other cheerleaders and...See? There I go again. God it's like...it's like shrugging off dead skin. I'm starting to think I don't care if she and I make up.

FRANK

If it's like you say, why should you?

CONNIE

Yeah! And like, God, I must have done some rotten things, too, just by, I mean I spent every minute with her. I liked who she liked. I bitched about who she bitched about-

FRANK

Ignored who she ignored.

CONNIE

I know, Frank. I'm sorry. But those days are over.

FRANK

Connie, I...hearing that...now that I've got you here...I'd like to...I mean I was wondering if...

CONNIE

Sure.

FRANK

Wh...what?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CONNIE

I'll go out with you. That's what
you want to ask, right?

FRANK

Oh no, um I...Yes. Yes, that.

CONNIE

Okay.

FRANK

Okay?

CONNIE

(smiling)

Okay.

FRANK

(smiling too)

Okay.

CONNIE

(laughing now)

Okay!

FRANK

(now laughing too)

Will it be funny if I say it one
more time?

CONNIE

No.

FRANK

Okay.

36 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

36

On the side of the field, the CHEERLEADERS practice in
rehearsal skirts while Lara and Ms. White look on.

Nearby, Band Geek runs a group of BAND STUDENTS through
marching drills. He claps and counts as he shouts commands.

Lara leans in to Ms. White and whispers, pointing out Gina.
Ms. White nods.

MS. WHITE

Work those kicks now, everyone who
wants to do basketball games needs
to get past your shoulder, no
exceptions!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

The cheerleaders obligingly kick their legs up, straining for that extra inch.

Band Geek sees this out of the corner of his eye, thinks.

BAND GEEK

(shouting)

To the left flank - hut!

In step, the line of BAND STUDENTS swivel and begin marching to the left, still facing front.

BAND GEEK (CONT'D)

And 1, 2, 3, 4 and 1...(etc.)

Their marching takes them right in front of the high-kicking cheerleaders. The young Band Students gawk at the close-up view they're getting of all those crotches.

The cheerleaders are clueless, except for Lara, who frowns and walks up to Band Geek.

LARA

(sotto, hissing into
his ear)

Very cute, you peeping pipsqueak,
now herd them back into their pen.

BAND GEEK

Why Lara, I have no idea what you're
talking about.

LARA

Don't make me destroy you.

BAND GEEK

What can you do to me? Suck up to
the band teacher and keep me from
being first chair? I'm quaking.

LARA

Blood's thicker than water, but it
sucks a lot more when it's spilt,
geek.

BAND GEEK

Face it, as long as you run Britannia,
I have a sacred duty to perform as
your no-account brother. Besides,
don't you need all your energy for
wrecking Connie Dell? I could have
sworn I saw her smiling at lunch
today. Must be losing your touch.

(CONTINUED)

36

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

Stymied, Lara stalks off. Band Geek grins.

LARA

Let's see that leg up higher!

MINDY (O.S.)

Ow, my hymen!

37 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

37

A BOWLING BALL rolls patiently down the gutter and right past the pins. Connie bites her lip endearingly. She goes back to her seat where Frank is cooling his fingers.

FRANK

Bad luck.

CONNIE

Guess so. So what's up?

FRANK

Hmm? What do you mean?

CONNIE

You've just hardly said anything.

FRANK

Oh, I mean, well, whenever I'm sitting down here, you're up there, and, you know, vice versa...

CONNIE

(charmingly sarcastic)

Yeah, it's like our two worlds divide us.

Frank picks up his ball, nervous. Takes a deep breath.

FRANK

It's just that...Okay, having you here, on a date with me...it's so...contrary, to the way the world works. Average guys don't get to go out with beautiful women, and so, with you here...I'm waiting for the pins to knock the ball over and for my toilet water to turn counter-clockwise.

CONNIE

Toilet water?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

FRANK

You see! This is why don't say much.

CONNIE

(smiling)

You called me beautiful.

FRANK

I did. I meant it.

CONNIE

So you say the right thing...
eventually.

FRANK

That's a relief.

CONNIE

Now stop trying to let me win. I'm
making you work way too hard.

Frank grins, rolls the ball. It's a perfect STRIKE.

Their eyes meet. They smile.

38 INT. PIZZA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

38

A post-football bash - the Britannia Bombers have won again.
Kurt stands tall among his roaring, worshipful Neanderthals.

Lara and her friends stand off in the corner.

GINA

So...are you going to?

LARA

Am I going to what?

GINA

Well, he got four touchdowns tonight.

REGIE

And won the State Championship.

LARA

(snappish)

Oh what business is it of yours?

GINA

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

LARA

Who has time for that, anyway? Did you see? At the game?

GINA

See what?

LARA

Connie wasn't there! I got a call from my friend who works at the bowling alley - she was there! On a date!

REGIE

Lara, I don't mean to, well...

LARA

Oh treat your words like your food and spit it out already.

REGIE

It's been two weeks. You've gotten her struck from Student-of-the-Month, had her poetry club banned, and destroyed her yearbook picture.

LARA

And?

REGIE

I just mean, it seems like enough.

LARA

Gina? Do you feel the same way?

GINA

(wishing she didn't have to speak)

Well...I mean, there's better things to do, right?

Lara glares at her other friends, who back against the wall, lips pressed shut, eyes wide, shivering.

LARA

(a beat, disgusted)

I thought you two saw the big picture. I thought you were learning something. God!!

She stalks out.

Kurt sees her leaving. A crack in his joy.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

Her car TEARS out of the parking lot.

Kurt approaches Gina and Regie.

KURT

Where'd Lara go?

GINA

Didn't say.

KURT

But we were, we were supposed to...

REGIE

Don't think it's happening tonight,
stud.

Kurt shakes with inarticulate rage at sexual delights lost.

KURT

Oh...OH! God...

Words failing him, he starts punching a claw/prize game
nearby. It jars loose an adorable stuffed animal.

He reaches in, pulls it out, and RIPS off its head, spilling
fluff and sawdust everywhere.

He exits, headed for a cold shower.

REGIE

Semen buildup.

GINA

(watching him leave)
Lara's not tending to her own very
well.

REGIE

Yeah, this Connie thing, I've never
seen her so bent.

(beat. An almost
unbelievable thought.
She pulls Gina aside)
You know...

GINA

What?

REGIE

I mean, Connie's obviously stronger
than Lara guessed. She's getting so
distracted...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

GINA
(starting to catch on)
Yeah?

REGIE
Things that, well, Lara cares about
might get...overlooked.

GINA
Totally.

REGIE
And, as the people who are meant
to...to assume her responsibilities...

GINA
(on the same page now)
Why should we wait?

REGIE
It would only be...helpful of us,
to...

GINA
To take the burden off.

REGIE
Yeah. It'll be helpful.

GINA
I'm a helpful person.

They grin.

39 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/AUDITORIUM - EVENING

39

Christmas decorations everywhere. A CHOIR of students sing
carols in a semi-circle. Everyone's facing out, smiling
brightly at the audience, except

LARA-

Who stares laser beams across the row at

CONNIE-

Who notices it, becomes flustered, and tries to avoid Lara's
stare. Looking out into the crowd, she finds

FRANK-

Smiling, encouraging her. She takes strength from his look,
straightens up, and sings her heart out.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

LARA-

Sees her recover, follows her line of sight. She sees Frank and glares at him furiously. He returns it, bugging his eyes out in mockery. She blinks, amazed. He laughs.

GINA-

Sits in the audience with her boyfriend Andy. She whispers into his ear. His eyes WIDEN with glee and he follows her away like a puppy dog.

40 INT. ANDY'S CAR/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

40

In a far, empty corner of the parking lot - Andy is in ecstasy, close to hyperventilating. He finally relaxes, and Gina's head pops UP into frame from his lap.

ANDY

Oh...WOW, God, that was, great!

GINA

Really? Really great?

ANDY

Yeah! Really, really great!

GINA

What was the best part of it?

ANDY

What?

GINA

Well, like, what were the strengths and weaknesses, you know, stuff I could do better, more of...any thoughts you had?

We don't know from where, but she's produced a pen and small notebook and is poised to take notes.

ANDY

Wh...I, I don't know...all of it.
What are you taking notes for?

GINA

For you...of course...honey...Andy.

41 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/GYMNASIUM - DAY

41

A giant paper banner shows an angry-looking cartoon bomb.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

P.A. ANNOUNCER

Alright, Britannia, let's hear it
for your Bombers! WHHOOOOOOOO!

And the banner BURSTS as the Britannia varsity basketball team, led by Kurt and Andy, charges through.

It's a mandatory pep rally - cheerleaders on the court, the band in the stands, and the boys charging to the basket again and again to tepid applause.

They don't get the ball in much but they YELL very enthusiastically.

The band plays a dismal version of the disco-funk tune "You Dropped a Bomb on Me".

The cheerleaders do a choreographed routine to the song.

There's a MASCOT dressed as the Angry Cartoon Bomb nearby, doing humorous Bomb antics. Mostly falling down repeatedly.

The cheerleaders wrap up and start random yelling.

Suddenly, a group led by Gina BREAKS OFF. New music comes over the loudspeakers - the real thing, not from the band.

They start a routine of their own. Provocative. Almost too provocative.

Teachers tug at their collars. The students are hooting and cheering. Lara is agog - didn't expect this.

Mr. Wynt and Mr. Kidd stand guard by the exit and watch.

MR. WYNT

Light of my life, fire of my loins.

MR. KIDD

Does Gina look...

MR. WYNT

Bouncier?

MR. KIDD

Yeah, since Christmas Break.

MR. WYNT

That's non-denominational holiday break, Mister Kidd.

MR. KIDD

Shalom.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

MR. WYNT

It was her seventeenth birthday.

MR. KIDD

You mean...

MR. WYNT

She got a car for sixteen, where do you go from there?

MR. KIDD

Onward and outward, it would seem.

MR. WYNT

God bless parental consent.

From the front row of the bleachers, Band Geek grins at what's unfolding.

BAND GEEK

(shouting over the
din)

Hey Lara!

She looks at him.

BAND GEEK (CONT'D)

Ask not for whom the slut dances!

LARA

It's a molehill, Geek. This is resolved by sundown.

Lara glares at the gyrating Gina.

42 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY/LATER -- DAY

42

Outside the locker rooms, Band Geek packs up his instrument. Next to him is Mascot Girl (17, quirky-cute), who has shed the top half of her bomb costume and is toweling sweat off:

MASCOT GIRL

What else am I going to do? I'm a bomb. Bombs fall and explode. Not a lot of variety there.

BAND GEEK

I feel your pain.

MASCOT GIRL

My Aunt Fannie you do. My chiropractor says I have the spine of a 40-year old jockey.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

BAND GEEK

No one said creating school spirit
was easy.

MASCOT GIRL

I'm going to smack you.

BAND GEEK

(seeing Lara approach)
Hold that thought.

Lara stalks by, enters the locker room. Murder in her eyes.

BAND GEEK (CONT'D)

A whole lotta ugly's about to happen.

MASCOT GIRL

And don't you wish you were a girl
right now?

She slips (as best she can) in after Lara.

BAND GEEK

(to himself)
A girl...A girl! I was talking to a
girl!
(beat)
How did I do that?

43 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

43

With Mascot Girl watching from the corner, Lara marches
towards Gina. Out of nowhere, Ms. White blocks her path.

MS. WHITE

You look like you've got something
to say, Lara.

LARA

You bet I...

MS. WHITE

(interrupting, cold)
I bet I know just what it is. You're
surprised and overjoyed that Gina
took the initiative. Since she's
going to be running things next year,
you're impressed she wanted to put
extra time in building a routine
with the junior girls. It sets a
good example, especially since you've
been so distracted lately, which you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MS. WHITE (CONT'D)
wanted to apologize for. You're proud
of her getting some leadership
experience, and you wouldn't dream
of questioning her judgment,
especially since she cleared it with
Ms. White first. Am I right? Is that
what you want to say?

Lara is stunned. No teacher has ever put her in her place.

LARA
You said it better than I ever could.

She looks at Gina, who smiles cruelly as friends gather
worshipfully around her.

Gina pulls off her shirt preparing to shower. She admires
her new breasts in their new bra.

GINA
I thought we made lots of school
spirit today, don't you, Lara?

Off Lara's grimace...

44 EXT. LARA'S HOUSE/POOL PATIO - AFTERNOON

44

REGIE
(unconvincing)
Lara, I don't believe it.

Regie, Lara, and company lounge by the pool. Her Freshman
servants (from the parking lot) mix smoothees, work a stereo
and tend to their every need. Lara has a fluffy white cat in
her lap - she strokes it, deep in thought.

LARA
Oh you can bank it, Regie, Gina's
going for the brass ring. I suppose
some people just have no patience.

REGIE
If she did that to me I'd be furious!

LARA
Well Regie love, I've decided she's
not worth my time. Connie, back-
stabber that she is, did teach me
something about sweating the small
stuff. Let Fake Chest Barbie and her
little trainer-bra tramps throw out
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

LARA (CONT'D)
their dignity. I am still the
undisputed top masturbation fantasy
at this school, and if that isn't a
cheerleading legacy for the books, I
don't know what is.

Freshman #1 approaches her with a smoothee on a tray.

LARA (CONT'D)
You masturbate about me, don't you?

FRESHMAN #1
(startled)
What!?

Panicked, he drops his tray, frightening the cat, who brushes
past Freshman #1 just as he's jumping to avoid the breaking
glass. He loses his balance and falls in the pool.

Ignoring him, Lara looks poutily after the retreating cat.

LARA
But at least I've still got you. Big
day in Student Council tomorrow, I
finally get to unveil my dream Prom
plans. I'm excited.

REGIE
(smiling)
I know I'm ready.

We hear splashing and gulping.

FRESHMAN #1 (O.S.)
Oh, God it's cold! Help me!

Nobody moves.

45 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

45

The WAITER drops off a basket of breadsticks. Three of them.
Frank and Connie, dressed up, each take one. Simultaneously
they look at the remaining one, then at each other. They
realize they're both doing the math and start giggling.

FRANK
It's a conspiracy, I'm telling you.

CONNIE
This is how they test couples.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

FRANK

Should we break the last one in half?

CONNIE

Let's cross that when we come to it.

FRANK

A couple, I like that.

CONNIE

'Bout time you caught on.

They grin.

FRANK

Speaking of which...

(he reaches into his
pocket)

I thought you might want to wear
this.

He pulls out something shiny. Connie's eyes widen, a mixture
of excitement and dread. She puts her hand out for it.

CONNIE

It's...it's...

(finally sees what it
is)

Your math-league pin?

FRANK

Uh...yeah, well I...I don't have a
letter jacket and class rings aren't
until next year. But I...well, if
you wanted to, to wear it...it'd
be...

CONNIE

(giggling)

Yes. It's sweet. Personal sweet.

She affixes it to her dress, displays it proudly. They smile,
then laugh. She leans across the table and hesitantly,
daintily, kisses him on the cheek.

As she leans back he suddenly puts his arm on her cheek,
freezing her face close to his. He takes a deep BREATH and
kisses her on the lips.

No tongue, no acrobatics, just a sweet first kiss.

They pull their faces inches apart, flushed and smiling.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

FRANK

(in one rushed breath)

When we were seven years old you
leaned out your bedroom window and
called to me in my side yard and
told me to listen to the greatest
thing in the world and you put your
Fisher-Price record player in the
windowsill and played your parents'
old 45 of the Beach Boys singing "I
Get Around" and we both danced and I
think I've wanted to do...what we
just did...ever since that moment.

Touched, and falling for him, Connie leans back and smiles.

CONNIE

All right, you can have the last
breadstick.

46 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

46

Lara, Regie at her side, presides over the Student Council.

LARA

Now, for the head of the Prom Planning
Committee, I'd like to open the floor
for nominations...and I'll
nominate...me!

(she grins)

Any seconds?

(Regie raises her
hand)

Beautiful! If there are no further
nominations...

(She bangs a fur-
covered gavel)

Lara Kingston is appointed head of
the Prom Planning Committee.
Congratulations Lara! Now, I have
the greatest concept presentation
here...

(She opens up a laptop)

I can't do 3-D too well in Powerpoint
so if you can use your imaginations...

JUNIOR SENATOR

Um, Lara?

LARA

(stunned)

What?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

JUNIOR SENATOR

I...I'm...

LARA

(mocking)

I...I'm...sorry to have interrupted you in the middle of a sentence, Lara, but I had something important to say and that something is...

JUNIOR SENATOR

(trembling)

I just...I mean...aren't you supposed to have a Committee?

LARA

I have a Committee...Regie, Regie's on my committee, right?

(off her nod)

Is that all?

JUNIOR SENATOR

Okay, but, I was...I wanted to propose that, well, some of us were talking, and thought that maybe the Prom Committee should have, you know, a...

LARA

A what?!

JUNIOR SENATOR

Just, some more, some more viewpoints. To represent the school.

JUNIOR SENATOR #2

No offense, Lara, but you and your friends might be losing touch a little with what the whole school's tastes are.

LARA

Oh, why in the world would I be offended by that?

(getting a bit wiggy)

This is not...this is not procedure, people...you can't just

(banging her gavel a bit)

Robert's Rules must be respected!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

JUNIOR SENATOR #2

(quickly)

I move at least one Senator from every class be appointed to the Prom Planning Committee.

JUNIOR SENATOR

I second.

LARA

(jaw dropping)

All uh...All

REGIE

All in favor?

A majority of voices ring out "Aye".

LARA

Op...opp.

REGIE

Opposed?

LARA

Nuh...nuh...

47 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY/MOMENTS LATER - DAY

47

The Council files out and goes their separate ways.

LARA

(recovered and blood-mad)

Thanks for the back-up, Regie.

REGIE

What was I supposed to do?

LARA

You could have drugged her, I suppose, do you have no imagination?

REGIE

I mean, she kind of has a point - others have got to start making some decisions for when you graduate.

LARA

Let the little people make decisions? Is that how you think democracy works?! God!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

She stalks off. Gina sidles up next to Regie.

GINA

Does she know you put them up to it yet?

REGIE

What she doesn't need to know now will only hurt more later.

GINA

Heavens, Regie, you really are more evil than me.

REGIE

That is so sweet of you to say!

They giggle and Eskimo kiss.

Suddenly they turn and spy Band Geek standing nearby.

BAND GEEK

Oh don't mind me. I liked where you were going with that.

They scowl and crowd him against the wall.

GINA

I sure hope no geeks try mouthing off about this.

BAND GEEK

(re: being against
the wall)

Or what? You'll crush me even more with your luscious bodies?

GINA

I will scratch you blind, you little accident.

REGIE

Relax, Gina, don't worry. Since when has Lara listened to him?

They back off, link arms, depart.

BAND GEEK

(under his breath)

This is going to end in tears.

(thinks to himself)

Or hot chicks fighting.

48 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/GYMNASIUM - EVENING

48

It's a time-out during a basketball game. Lara and a few of the Senior Girls take the floor for a special routine. But nobody in the crowd can focus on anyone except Lara.

She writhes, twists, seduces the audience, absolutely destroys them, and all without showing an inch more skin than the standard cheerleading uniform allows.

They are in her thrall, and WHOOP and CHEER. She sashays back to her place, but not before passing by Gina.

LARA

(whispering)

And that, little ho, is how you become
a lifelong fantasy.

Gina fumes, says nothing.

49 INT. PIZZA RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

49

Lara, Regie, the Junior Senators are gathered around a table.

LARA

I'm actually grateful we put this
little Kangaroo Committee together.
It gave me time to smooth over the
rough edges. Now, the theme; how
does this strike you:

(strikes a pose)

The Night Where Dreams Come True!

(punches up graphics)

See, I've built the whole design
around the dream motif, and I think,
with just a little bit of...

(notices the silence)

Are you that stunned? I mean, I know
it's good, but I didn't think you'd
so quickly see the layers of
meaning...in...

(SNAPS her fingers at
them)

C'mon. Input, people, need input.

JUNIOR SENATOR

Well...

JUNIOR SENATOR #2

The Dream thing is cool.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

JUNIOR SENATOR

Yeah, we actually had something along the same lines but, you know...

JUNIOR SENATOR #2

Punchier!

JUNIOR SENATOR

More fun.

They push forward a piece of notebook paper with a banner design on it. It reads: Dreamtastico!

LARA

(chuckling
condescendingly)

Dreamtastico? Darlings, it's the Prom, not the Cirque du Soleil. Now you did real good with the whole idea of having a banner, but...

JUNIOR SENATOR

Excuse me, don't we get to vote on this?

LARA

Of course, and in the case of a tie the Committee head breaks it.

(herself and Regie)

Two, versus

(them)

Two. And you lose.

REGIE

I vote for Dreamtastico.

Dead silence. Lara turns towards Regie with burning eyes. Regie doesn't flinch.

LARA

Dreamtastico.

REGIE

We'll take care of the Prom, Lara, it's too desperate and small for you anyway, isn't it? I suggest you move on.

Lara finally breaks the cold stare, packs up her computer, makes to leave.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

LARA

You know what, that's fine, name it whatever you like, but when that Crown goes on my head, it'll be my Prom whether you like it or not. For that, you just blew your Student Council career.

REGIE

We'll see when we count the voting majority on Monday.

Lara freezes - Regie really has worked this all out. She leans in, hisses in Regie's ear.

LARA

Just remember, the Ninth Circle of Hell's for betrayers, Regie. You'll spend eternity deepthroating Beelzebub.

(stalking away)

And I'll see to it the interim ain't so much fun either!

Unflinching, Regie pulls out her cell phone, hits speed dial.

REGIE

(to the Junior Senators)

You can consider next year's Yearbook Committee yours.

(into the phone)

Precious? Time for the big reward.

50 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

50

The basketball team, dressed in street clothes and carrying their gym bags, exit the locker rooms and disperse towards the parking lot.

Gina is waiting for them and walks alongside Kurt.

GINA

You did great tonight. A triple-double.

KURT

Yeah, sure.

GINA

It's too bad Lara's not around to congratulate you.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

KURT
(stopping for a second)
Okay...so which one are you again?

GINA
(maintains her grin,
points to her
embroidered jacket)
Gina.

KURT
Right, okay.

He keeps walking. She hustles to keep up.

GINA
I'd, um, I really...I thought a game
like you played tonight deserves a
reward.

KURT
(stumped)
Guess so. What about it?

GINA
(giving up the subtle
approach)
Look, which way's your car?
(off his pointing)
Let's go.

She takes his arm and practically drags him. As they walk,
she subtly pulls her small notebook out and glances at it,
muttering a few reminders to herself.

51 INT. KURT'S CAR/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

51

KURT'S HAND slams into the ceiling of the car, and he gasps
from unbelievable pleasure.

KURT (O.S.)
Oh, Sweet Jesus! That's right! Who's
making All-County this year?! Oh
Yes! etc.

52 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY - DAY

52

GINA'S LIPS smack as she applies fresh lip gloss.

She and Kurt, his hand planted firmly on her ass, strut down
the hall, basking in the ecstatic chatter of the adoring
student body. Regie follows behind them.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Lara tries to maintain her composure but looks gut-punched. Andy looks heartbroken as well. Band Geek pats him comfortingly on the shoulder.

BAND GEEK

We are but meat to them, my friend.

ANDY

Jesus, does everybody know?

BAND GEEK

When a jock that popular gets a hummer that good, it's a wonder it doesn't come over the PA after the Pledge. My sympathies.

53 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

53

The place is decked out for a party and the music's playing - but no one is there.

Lara sits, to-die-for in her party clothes, only a fraction of her cheerleader entourage around to appreciate it.

MINDY

(naively hopeful)

You know how like, they say you should be late for parties because it's cool. I always wondered what would happen if everyone did that at once, and...

(giggling)

Here we are!

Lara just stares vacantly ahead. Band Geek comes down the stairs. Realizes he's the only guy in the room.

BAND GEEK

Nothing like a good party, huh girls? So who's up for Twister? Everybody loves Twister, right?

MINDY

Go drink paint, Band Geek.

LARA

(springing from her chair)

Don't you talk to him that way!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

MINDY

(cowed, frightened)

Sorry...I'm sorry Lara...you beat up
on him all the time, I just...

LARA

(sinking back down)

Forget it.

BAND GEEK

Lara, if you don't mind me saying...

(Lara waves her arm
allowingly)

Okay, I mean, I can see how a
pessimistic person might take this
as a sign of slipping popularity,
but what does it really change about
you? You're still a smart, savvy
girl. There's nothing stopping you
from enjoying these last few months
of school.

LARA

Hmph. Enjoying what?

BAND GEEK

Well, Gina and Regie are both juniors,
so they can't run against you for
Prom Queen. Plus, and not to be too
Kentucky, but you're a very attractive
girl. You could have any guy you
wanted...

LARA

(lightbulb)

Of course!

BAND GEEK

Oh, here we go. Confidence returning.

LARA

What am I doing, putting this outfit
to waste? I'm primed, I'm in full
attract mode! No Y-chromosome will
resist me.

BAND GEEK

Sing it, girl! Move on forward!

LARA

I'll get Kurt back, and their little
paper fiefdom will start crumbling.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

BAND GEEK

(sighs)

Or, you could try that.

LARA

(standing)

Girls, it's time to blitz the enemy.

MINDY

(inappropriately
excited)

We're going to Gina's pool party?!

BAND GEEK

(morbidly resigned)

Mind if I tag along?

54 INT. GINA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

54

Gina's house is jumping. All the bedlam we saw at Lara's house in the beginning, but this time involving the pool, and all the swimsuits and horseplay that entails.

Lara and company enter. People look at her, whisper to one another. Regie and Gina wave cattily from the corner, surrounded by many of Lara's former zealots.

Kurt comes down the hall, a cup of beer in each hand.

Lara marches right towards him, pulls him into-

55 INT. GINA'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

55

Kurt stands, confused, as Lara shuts and locks the door.

KURT

Hey Lara, I didn't think you'd...

LARA

Save it. This is one-time only, Kurt, operators are standing by. What you've always wanted.

She pulls her dress open - showing Kurt what God gave her. He smirks appreciatively.

KURT

Wow, I forgot how good that looks in the light.

LARA

I was cruel to you baby, I made you wait too long, I...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

She realizes he's not listening. Still hypnotized by her chest. Frustrated, Lara closes up again so he'll listen.

She moves towards him.

LARA (CONT'D)

I'm ready to be nice.

KURT

(shaking his head)

Jeez, all you girls speak in this weird Moonman code. Are you offering sex or what?

Lara moves in close, knocks the beer cups out of his hands.

KURT (CONT'D)

(re: the beer)

Dude!

LARA

(sighing)

Yes, Kurt, sex.

The moment of truth. He just shrugs.

KURT

I get sex.

LARA

(through gritted teeth)

Yes but not with me.

KURT

Well...yeah, but, why trade a year-and-a-half of sex with Gina, which I know will be good, for what, two months of sex that might be good with you? I mean, you've got a great body, but she'd totally throw me if I did you, plus you'll barely be getting good at stuff and then you'll be gone. I appreciate it, though. Really, it gives me a total chub.

(beat, going for his fly)

Say, you can slurp it if you want, I won't tell about that.

Lara's eyes betray that something deep inside has just gone ker-sproing. There's a FLASH of lightning and CRACK of thunder.

56 EXT. GINA'S HOUSE/POOL PATIO/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

56

A freak thunderstorm drenches all the co-eds. Panic ensues.

RANDOM CO-ED #1

Seriously, hide under the ladder,
the metal will take all the lightning
away!

RANDOM CO-ED #2

No, you idiot! Lightning strikes
tall things! Everyone jump in the
pool, it's the lowest thing around!

SCREAMING GIRL IN SWIMSUIT

God I'm wet all over!

57 INT. GINA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

57

Lara stalks out of the bedroom into the living room. Just as
she exits the hallway, she feels a SPLASH...

She's covered in punch. Lemon slices and all. She looks
around, can't see who did it.

Silence. Scattered chuckles.

GINA

(mock sorrow)

Awww. Was that the good punch? That
whole bottle of Prestige, gone to
waste. Better not let any cops smell
you!

LARA

(seething, to her
entourage)

Girls, we're leaving.

MINDY

(sighing, torn)

Yeah, Lara, we'd really like to, but
they were going to start the "I never"
game.

CHEERLEADERS

(ad lib)

Yeah, totally, I'm drunk, etc...

MINDY

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

If Lara could set people on fire with her mind, she'd do it now. She turns on her heel and stomps out. Band Geek follows.

58 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The rain pours, and there's very little shelter for brother and sister. Lara plods along, not caring.

BAND GEEK
(Grabbing her and
shaking her)
Lara!
(she finally meets
his eyes)
Let's cut across the football field,
it's faster!

59 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

They cross, blasted by the wind and rain. Lara looks up at the sky and shouts at the storm:

LARA
Yeah! Sure! Go ahead, give me
everything you got! Trash my dress,
my hair, my
(Stomps in a hissy
fit)
special one-night-only lose-your-
virginity designer body glitter! I
can take it!
(Raises both middle
fingers)
Yeah, ha ha! Screw you! Every little
raindrop. Screw every single one of
you bastards!
(She bends over, moons
the sky)
Do everything you want! Soon as I
get home, five minutes with a baby
wipe and a heated Turkish towel and
I am the hottest piece in this zip
code all over again! I'm Lara fucking
Kingston! You can't...
(starting to break
down)
You can't take that away from me.

She suddenly sobs and collapses on the field, mumbling and thrashing limply in the mud.

Band Geek comes over, takes off his jacket, and drapes it over her to protect her from further rain.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

After a beat, he pulls her up. They walk, him supporting her, towards home. She seems in a daze.

LARA (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

Wait.

(they stop)

Not home. We need to go somewhere else first.

60 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/LATER - NIGHT

60

Connie sits, nestled in Frank's arms, watching a movie. The doorbell RINGS. They look at the time, confused, and Connie reluctantly hits pause and gets up. She passes into-

61 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE/ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

61

Where she opens the front door.

Revealed in a FLASH of lightning is Lara in the worst state she'll ever be seen - smeared makeup, raccoon eyes, mud and leaves stuck all over her body and windblown hair.

She stands there, a silent horror, regarding her abandoned friend Connie. Her jaw trembles, she lets out a CRY and falls into Connie's arms.

Connie, not sure what to do, holds Lara and gingerly pats her, trying not to get too much filth on herself.

LARA

(between heaving sobs)

I'm...I'm sorry...I'm so sorry.

Hearing the commotion, Frank comes in, see the two of them in a clench. He meets eyes with Band Geek, who's shivering behind Lara on the porch.

BAND GEEK

(shouting)

Thanks, I'd love to come in for some hot chocolate!

62 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

62

Frank and Band Geek sit at the kitchen table, sipping hot chocolate. They occasionally look up at CONNIE'S BEDROOM DOOR. It's closed, but Lara's ceaseless WAILING is audible.

63 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE/CONNIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

63

Lara still sobs as Connie dries her hair. Lara's well cleaned up now, but seems not to notice. Connie puts the towel down and embraces Lara.

CONNIE

Shhhh, shhhh, it's okay.

LARA

I'm rotten, I'm a demon-wench...

CONNIE

(still trying to sooth)
Just try to relax.

LARA

(continuing unheeded)
I'm Hitler with better legs.

CONNIE

At least you don't have the grody
little mustache, right?

This only sets Lara off on a fresh round of wailing. Connie just sighs and keeps holding her.

64 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN/LATER - NIGHT

64

The sound of wailing continues. Frank stares off towards the sound while Band Geek watches the clock.

BAND GEEK

Aaaaaand, that's one-o'-clock.

Frank sighs, pulls out a five dollar bill, slaps it on the table.

65 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE/CONNIE'S ROOM/LATER - NIGHT

65

Lara's finally stopped wailing. Confessional mode now.

LARA

I don't have your strength, Connie.
I can't survive being unpopular.

Connie makes a face at the back-handed compliment.

LARA (CONT'D)

Seriously, Connie, I'm going to die.
I don't want to be dead...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

LARA (CONT'D)
(panicky, shaking
Connie)
I'm too nubile to be dead, I...

Connie hugs her as she hyperventilates, calms her down.

CONNIE
You'll survive. Being ostracized may seem like a curse, but really it's a blessing. It's allowed me to see things. Hurt feelings. Humiliation. That I was causing. I could never see that before. I could never see Frank, waiting in the wings to treat me like I'm special, not just like some accessory to someone special. Trust me, you have the strength for this.

LARA
(calming down)
Since I was six years old you've been there for me. How did I ever push you away?
(grabs Connie by the shoulders)
Don't leave me alone again, Connie.
Promise me you won't leave me alone.

66 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/LATER - NIGHT

66

To pass the time, Frank and Band Geek stand in the living room, tossing stuffed animals up into the ceiling fan and watching them get WHAPPED into a random corner of the room.

Connie finally emerges and comes downstairs.

Connie sees the stuffed animals, gives the guys a look that says - what, exactly, are you doing?

BAND GEEK
(shrugging)
You don't have Tetris.

CONNIE
(sighing)
I think she's going to be all right but she's still pretty shaken up.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

FRANK

I'm sorry, are you saying that after everything she did to you you're going to be friends again?

CONNIE

Please Frank, whatever you're worried about, you're there now to protect me, right?

FRANK

(reluctantly)

Right.

CONNIE

So please, please say you're okay with us being friends again?

FRANK

(after a strained
beat)

Okay.

Connie embraces him.

CONNIE

Thank you. Now please,
(re: Band Geek)

Show him where the board games are.

Frank smiles, nods.

As she runs back up the stairs, he starts silently mouthing - "No! No!" Every muscle in his body expressing disbelief and outrage that his mouth just said "Okay".

Finally he calms down.

BAND GEEK

Are you afraid?

FRANK

No.

BAND GEEK

(holding up a stuffed
Yoda, doing the voice.)

You will be.

67 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - MORNING

67

Connie and Lara park next to one another at the far, far end of the lot. They can see Gina, Regie, and other cheerleaders using the Freshman-guarded places in front.

Emerging from her car, Lara looks different - subdued, humbled, trying to keep a handle on her fear.

Connie gives her a hug, looks her in the eyes.

CONNIE

Okay, just take it easy, a bare bones school day. Class, lunch, practice, homework. Think you can handle that?

They walk towards campus.

LARA

Please, that's the stuff my Palm Pilot usually handles.

CONNIE

And you're not going to get bogged down with Gina and Regie again.

LARA

(stopping)

Connie. You are so...so nice. I forgot how to see nice. You were there for me at my worst, and there's a field full of kittens and chipmunks waiting for you in heaven because of that.

(she kisses Connie's cheek)

But I'm past advice, and your matronly side is not the one I want to go shopping with. Check?

CONNIE

Um...right. Okay.

They resume walking.

LARA

Just watch, darling; I'll get my step, my stride, and my swagger back, in that order, and nothing those harlots can do will ever get to me a...

She stops in mid-stream, jaw wide open as she sees something.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

CONNIE

I'm sorry, Lara, what were you...

She sees what Lara sees and freezes as well.

It's a flier. A simple piece of colored paper with a picture and five deadly words: "Tara Burgandy for Prom Queen".

LARA

(stammering)

Prom Queen. Prom Queen!? I'm the
Prom Queen. Everyone knows that.
They've known that since second grade.
Who the hell put her up to...

And then they see. Gina and Regie escorting Tara. Hanging up fliers together.

Squeaky-clean attitude gone, the girl Lara snubbed at Homecoming is transformed. Hardened and willful now. Aggressively beautiful. In every aspect reminiscent of Lara.

The three see Lara. Smile mockingly. Lara stares in shock. On the verge of crumbling. Connie murmurs in her ear.

CONNIE

You're on an ocean, a calm ocean,
drifting on a boat in a calm cool
ocean without a care in the world.

Lara turns to Connie, a strange gleam in her eye.

LARA

You're right, Connie, we're on a
boat. You know what happens when we
drift in a boat? We have to choose
who gets eaten.

She gives an unnerving high-pitched giggle and makes for Tara and company.

A crowd gathers, curious. They give the girls some space, though, hoping a catfight breaks out.

Lara and Tara face off. Their backpacks hit the ground.

TARA BURGANDY

(with an edge)

Lara! Isn't this great that it's you
and me again? What a fun campaign
this is going to be!

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

GINA

(re: Connie)

I sure hope your little friend there
votes a lot, 'cause, I'm sorry to
say, I think you've lost some support
amongst the electorate.

LARA

(polite, despite weird
gleam)

You look like a whole new woman,
Tara. I look forward to a spirited
campaign.

TARA BURGANDY

(confused)

Okay, you...

(to her followers)

She put sarcasm in there, didn't
she? Where was it?

Lara just giggles again and leaves. Connie follows, worried.

CONNIE

Lara? Talk to me...

TARA BURGANDY

(recovering, back to
the crowd)

I can't wait to show you all why I
will represent our school with pride
and honor. This Prom is going to be
Dreamtastico!

She leaves with Gina and Regie. The crowd MURMURS
appreciatively.

68 INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

68

Frank and Connie share a table at the same restaurant where
they first lunched together.

FRANK

So you want to bowl again on Friday?

CONNIE

(distracted)

Hmm? Oh, umm...sure, sounds fun.

FRANK

Yeah. Fun.

Lara storms in.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

LARA

Connie!

CONNIE

(surprised)

Lara, what are you-

LARA

You exhaust me. How could you eat lunch off-campus after what they pulled today?

FRANK

Those two actions seem unconnected.

LARA

(ignoring Frank)

We need to talk. We are not going tail-between-legs just because those two Benedict Annies pulled Tara Burgandy out of the gutter. There's work to be done!

CONNIE

Oh, um...okay. Frank, uh...

FRANK

I'll see you later, I guess.

Smiling apologetically, Connie slides from the booth and follows Lara out.

69 EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

69

Connie steps outside, only to be surprised by a blinding FLASH - Lara taking her picture with a digital camera.

CONNIE

Ahh! What was that for?

LARA

One second, please...

The picture pops up. Lara frowns.

LARA (CONT'D)

No, no, no good.

CONNIE

Well if you'd give me a second...

(She poses, smiles)

Here!

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

In the window, Frank watches. Powerless to intervene.

LARA

Oh, not like that, I need verite.
The captured-by-lightning true you.
That spunky can-do girl with the
playful spirit and friendly work
ethic. That whole...

(waves her arms
ineffectively)

Whatever you have.

CONNIE

What's this for now?

LARA

Your campaign flier, darling.

And against the glass, over Frank's face, she SLAPS a dummy
flier, lacking only Connie's visage: "Connie Dell for Student
Council President".

LARA (CONT'D)

We're a ticket now. You and me.

She produces another flier and places it next to Connie's:
"Lara Kingston for Prom Queen".

LARA (CONT'D)

Don't you see how perfect it is?
The world loves a victim. You're the
nice girl who was wronged, and I'm,
well, me.

She produces yet a third flier, with both names and a space
for Connie's face next to Lara's.

LARA (CONT'D)

We'll each benefit from each other.

CONNIE

But you're the one who victimized
me.

LARA

Trust me, that's way too complicated
for people to keep track of. Look,
this won't be like before. I want
what you have to offer. I want the
nice. Show me how to do the nice,
and we'll do it your way, I promise.
Just say you'll do it. Please?

Off Connie's wilting resistance-

70 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT QUAD - DAY

70

A bulletin board, gradually covered with "Tara Burgandy for Prom Queen" and "Regie Carmichael for President", soon includes Lara and Connie fliers. They fight for space.

Students mill about, look at the fliers. Lara and Connie are hanging more.

A Random Guy (16-17) looks at the fliers, then Lara.

RANDOM GUY

That picture of you looks airbrushed.

Lara makes as if the old rage is about to bubble up, but Connie fake coughs. Lara re-sets herself and laughs.

LARA

Would that I had those resources!
Would you like one?

RANDOM GUY

(takes one)
Sure, I get lonely.

LARA

(maintains the grin)
I really hope you vote, thank you.

Random Guy gives a happy, genuine nod, walks off.

CONNIE

That's my girl. Take the high road.

LARA

(squinting at flier,
worried)
Is it that easy to spot?

Passing by, Mr. Wynt takes a flier and scrutinizes it. He ends up alongside Mr. Kidd, who's spiking a can of Pepsi liberally with Jim Beam.

MR. WYNT

That look airbrushed to you?

MR. KIDD

(chugging his drink)
The student who did it's in my Period
4.

MR. WYNT

Any soda left in that thing?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MR. KIDD
(handing it over)
Not for weeks.

LARA'S GROUP-

Stares across the Quad at Tara's group, talking strategy.

CONNIE
(to Lara)
So what are they going to do now?

TARA'S GROUP-

TARA BURGANDY
Okay, what now?

GINA
Now we throw a party at your place.
We'll invite the usual people.

TARA BURGANDY
I could announce it here.

GINA
What, you want the place crawling
with the Physics Club foot soldiers?

REGIE
Invite people people.

LARA'S GROUP-

LARA
She's going to throw a party. All
the leeches will go. She'll
dress...classy, and her friends will
dress like sluts and she'll look
better for it. Predictable, but it
packs a punch. I just wish I knew
how to beat it.

CONNIE
I think I can help with this one.

71 INT. GINA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

71

All the cool folks who used to hang out with Lara are here,
partying away. Tara, true to Lara's predictions, is a high-
class knockout.

Within the entourage, Regie whispers in Mindy's ear.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

REGIE

Mindy, how would you feel
about...getting intimate tonight?

MINDY

What, like with you?

REGIE

Flattering, Mindy, but no. A strategic
roll in the hay, properly gossiped-
about, will have every guy here
dreaming they'll be the next one to
get lucky at one of these parties.
So Tara will have sex power without
having to have sex.

MINDY

Ohhh. So, I should pick a guy and do
him?

REGIE

Yes, except you don't pick...
(she scans the room)
You'll do...him.

She points to Virgin Guy (16), clustered with some friends
in the corner, no idea fortune is about to smile on him.

REGIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

He's a virgin, but he's not
unforgivably bad-looking. And he'll
definitely blab.

MINDY

(frowning her brow)
Will people think I'm a slut?

REGIE

(condescending smile)
Of course not, precious.

MINDY

(beat, cheerful)
Okay.

Regie slips her a condom.

REGIE

Keep this somewhere surprising.

Mindy stares at it, thinks hard, opens her mouth to put it
in.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

REGIE (CONT'D)

No, you'll need that to talk to him.

MINDY

Oh, right!

Smacking her forehead and rolling her eyes, she gives a giggle and stashes it elsewhere. And off she goes.

MINDY (CONT'D)

(to Virgin Guy)

Hi!

Regie smiles, turns to another cheerleader.

REGIE

Cindy, darling, do you enjoy giving handjobs?

72 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

72

Lara, standing in the living room doorway, looks on in horror.

A techno remix of the Hamster Dance theme song blares over the speakers. Every outcast, reject, and terminal acne case is gathered - partying awkwardly, almost not believing they are actually at a Lara party.

A brace-faced, perennially Dateless Nerd sips a cup of punch.

DATELESS NERD

(to no one in particular)

It's spiked! The punch is spiked!
(he SNORT-LAUGHS with delight)

Connie and Frank chat with people, comfortable and at ease. Hand out campaign buttons.

Lara tries to impersonate Connie's friendly gestures, but can't get the hang of it. She looks around. People are crowding her. Trying to talk to her. The noise is growing, the room starts to feel like it's spinning out of control.

LARA'S POV-

The nerds' faces become distorted, as in Hitchcock's house of mirrors. She bounces from one to the next, recoiling in barely-concealed horror at their over-sized retainers, acne, and wispy attempts at facial hair.

Panicked, Lara turns and runs upstairs.

73 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/BAND GEEK'S ROOM/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

73

Band Geek is typing away on the computer, while noise from the party drifts upstairs.

He's surprised by a KNOCK on his door.

BAND GEEK

Come in.

Lara enters.

LARA

Okay, you don't have to do this, but I've never asked for anything from you before, and...

(off his incredulity)

okay, you're right, I have asked things from you. Demanded, really. Thousands of them. But this time I'm... Okay I'm stuck.

BAND GEEK

Wow, this is inarticulate of you. Look, just imagine it's the old days, and you know asking is just a formality because I'll end up doing it for you anyway.

LARA

I need your help to win these elections.

BAND GEEK

(stammering, turning away)

Uhhhh, ummm, wrong room, nobody here, no hablo ingles.

LARA

Please?! I'm stymied. Connie had a good idea to invite all these losers, but I don't know what to do now. You speak their language. You've lived among them.

BAND GEEK

Yes Kimosabe. Me talk heap big Geek. You want my help, you stop taking that tone about them right now.

LARA

Okay. Whatever you say.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

BAND GEEK

Wow. My moment has arrived. I can use your social skills for good, not evil. All right, let me introduce a concept to you...you give, then you get.

LARA

You want more locker room pictures? I can do that, Cindy Shimpock's really been working her glutes, and...

BAND GEEK

No no no, not for me. For them. You don't just trod on them and take their vote because you want it. You've got to go to them, show them you can reach down and give them what they secretly desire.

LARA

I'm supposed...to give them nude cheerleader pictures?

BAND GEEK

(rising from his chair)
Okay, this is going to take work. At least you asked though, right?

74 INT. REGIE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

74

Mindy emerges from one of the bedrooms. Walks (a little wobbly) back to the group.

REGIE

Mindy! How are you feeling?

MINDY

A bit...squishy? Okay, I guess. He seems a little tired.

Virgin Guy enters the living room as well. Looks roughed up. Staggers a bit and bumps up against a side table.

VIRGIN GUY

(shouting)
Tara, your parties ROCK!

The crowd CHEERS. Gina turns to Regie:

GINA

Our army of pussy is mighty, Regie.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

REGIE

Hannibal wouldn't have needed
elephants if he had cheerleaders.

75 INT. LARA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

75

In the comparative deafening silence of Lara's party, she
listens patiently as the Dateless Nerd rattles on.

DATELESS NERD

...and, no offense, I used to think
you were kind of a scary dragon-lady,
but I'm so glad that I'm wrong, you
and Connie are utterly the best people
ever.

BAND GEEK

(whispering in Lara's
ear)

Thank him, remind him to vote, and
compliment something about his
appearance.

LARA

(smiling, to Dateless
Nerd)

That is lovely of you to say. Now
don't forget to vote. And by the
way, your...

She looks him up and down. Tries for anything to latch on
to.

LARA (CONT'D)

Shirt, is so...geometrical.

DATELESS NERD

(face a-glow)

Thank you! With allergies like mine,
finding clothes can be quite the
adventure...

Dreading more conversation, Lara grabs the nearby Andy,
maneuvers him to where she was standing.

LARA

(to the Dateless Nerd)

Here, talk to Andy. Guy things.

She leaves. Andy smiles, throws his hand up for a high-five.

ANDY

Dude!

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

The Dateless Nerd instinctively ducks, screaming.

Lara and Band Geek move across the room.

BAND GEEK

Well, that was a start.

76 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - MORNING

76

Lara and Band Geek approach the Freshmen standing in the front parking spaces. She looks at her brother, still not sure. He just nods, gives a thumbs up.

LARA

(gesturing dramatically
to the Freshmen)

Go now! You are free!

They stare, confused.

FRESHMAN #1

We're what?

They catch on. Smile.

FRESHMAN #1 (CONT'D)

We're free! Kick ass!

FRESHMAN #2

How did she do that?

Lara smiles, walks away. They follow her. She has Band Geek give them "Lara & Connie" campaign buttons, then scoots them away from her.

Cars fill the empty spaces. Students exit them in wonder, amazed at their close proximity to campus.

77 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT QUAD - AFTERNOON

77

The cheerleading team acts as manual labor, painting dozens of campaign banners.

Gina and Regie move among them, watching, critiquing, or simply yelling as the situation requires.

The cheerleaders are dressed in their rehearsal skirts, bent over the paper. Many young, brightly-clad rear ends are clearly visible.

Band Geek and a line of band members march into view, back and forth, enjoying the sight.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

BAND GEEK

Mark time, hut!

They march in place, getting an eyeful. Gina and Regie approach, enraged.

GINA

Didn't marching season end months ago?

BAND GEEK

That's what they said after Dubya-Dubya Two, and then, bam! North Korea. Gotta be prepared for anything.

REGIE

You know, this music thing is so gone at the next budget purge.

Stymied, the girls move off.

Meanwhile, Mindy concentrates on painting the word "For". Checks her crib sheet.

(No-longer) Virgin Guy pleads next to her.

VIRGIN GUY

You don't understand, I think I love you.

Mindy looks up at her work.

MINDY

Oh fucknuts! I made another "U".

The banner indeed reads "Tara Burgandy Fou...".

MINDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(to Virgin Guy)

Look, I'll call you later if you stop bugging me, alright?

VIRGIN GUY

(suddenly cheered)

All right! She's going to call me!

He leaves. Gina and Regie reach her.

GINA

How are things coming, Mindy?

MINDY

Well, over half of them are keepers.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

REGIE

(re: the mistake)

Not this one, I'm guessing.

MINDY

Oh, no, I was...I was wondering if we could take breaks more often.

GINA

Don't you like helping Tara?

MINDY

Oh, totally, it's just, the fumes are starting to get to us. Debbie Gloster lost her eyesight and almost fell into the bowl, and some of the other girls are acting a little, well, goofy.

REGIE

Goofy?

SHE LOOKS UP-

True to Mindy's word, some of the cheerleaders are bumping into things or swaying uncomfortably. One lays face down unconscious in a pool of paint.

MINDY

I wouldn't make a thing out of it, but some of us are in SAT prep and our math skills are taking a beating.

REGIE

(re: the unconscious girl)

Check that for bubbles, will you Mindy? And do tell the others, breaks are for people who get work done.

78 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT QUAD/LATER - DAY

78

The bulletin board shows us the battle lines. Tara Burgandy vs. Lara for Queen. Regie vs. Connie for President.

A NEW FLIER is posted by Band Geek, it says: "REGIS FOR PRESIDENT". Along with a smiling photo of REGIS PHILBIN.

Lara stares quizzically at his work.

LARA

Just what is that meant to accomplish?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

BAND GEEK

I have a dim view of our school's
ability to read and spell.

79 INT. THE VOTING TABLE/LATER - DAY

79

Random Guy picks up a ballot, it has three spaces -
"Carmichael", "Dell", and "Write-In".

He looks baffled, stares at the banners around him for "Regie"
and "Connie".

Fed-up, he marks in the write-in space - "Regis".

80 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

80

Mr. Wynt and Mr. Kidd count the ballots.

MR. WYNT

167, 168, 169. 169 ballots.

MR. KIDD

Must be a new record.

MR. WYNT

Almost twenty percent participation.

MR. KIDD

Who's the big winner?

MR. WYNT

(checking his totals)
Regis Philbin by a nose.

MR. KIDD

There a procedure for this, you think?

MR. WYNT

We could look into it. Or we could
just give it to whoever's in second
and burn the write-ins.

MR. KIDD

Ever since you got tenure you've
been saying things like that, Mr.
Wynt.

MR. WYNT

I'll be punishing them for that until
my mortgage is paid, Mr. Kidd.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

MR. KIDD
(crossing out Regis)
And our new President is...

81 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT QUAD - DAY

81

CONNIE'S FACE is locked in ecstatic surprise.

CONNIE
I won? I won. I won!
(energetic disbelief)
Oh my God, you were right. You said
they really liked me and they do!

Lara has the gleam of victory added to that little bit of
crazy already in her eyes. They hug and laugh.

LARA
It will be a lark, Connie love. Just
bring them joy and watch that
activities list on your resume grow
and grow.

CONNIE
I've got to find Frank, he'll die!

LARA
Um, okay, but first we've got a
fitting, I really think our Prom
dresses should coordinate.

CONNIE
(torn)
Oh. Okay, but...

LARA
(dismissive)
Frank will know soon enough.

ACROSS THE QUAD-

Regie seethes, brandishes a tire iron, while Gina takes the
unaccustomed role of the calming influence.

REGIE
I'm going to kill her.

GINA
Regie...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

REGIE

(not listening)

I'm going to break those girl-next-door cheeks with a sock full of oranges and pour bleach in her douche.

GINA

Just like...you know, calm down.

REGIE

And let her screw me out of my administrative destiny? Oh no, that bitch is getting the full Kerrigan for this!

She moves to make good on her promise but A HAND grabs her shoulder and restrains her.

TARA BURGANDY

Hey, you guys said you had some ideas about my campaign.

(hint of menace forming)

You said the Prom crown was everything. You're not going to ignore that, are you? I'm not just going to be ignored.

Regie and Gina blanche at their creation.

82 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE/CONNIE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

82

A pool of water drowns some flowers. Frank is pretending to water them while watching for Connie.

Lara's convertible pulls up. Connie hops out, and waves goodbye. As the car pulls away she sees Frank.

CONNIE

Frank! Oh my God, you won't believe it, I-

FRANK

Won the election?

CONNIE

Yeah...I wanted to tell you myself.

FRANK

But you were with Lara.

Connie holds up her dress.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

CONNIE

Well I had to get my Prom dress.
(rolling her eyes)
She wanted to coordinate.

FRANK

So you're back to being the old
Connie, does that mean I'm back to
being the old Frank?

CONNIE

What do you mean by that?

FRANK

Well, you're popular again and I'm...

CONNIE

Checking your toilet water?

Frank laughs, despite himself.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Frank, I'm still wearing your pin,
we're still going to the Prom, and
you're still my boyfriend.

FRANK

President and First Boyfriend? I'll
have to work on my adoring gaze.

CONNIE

Work on this.

She leans in and kisses him.

83 INT./EXT. VARIOUS -- DAY

83

MONTAGE-

Tara stumps tirelessly for the crown. Gina and Regie back
her up wherever she goes. Among her various campaign stops:

84 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/SWIMMING POOL - DAY

84

She parades by the school pool in scandalous bathing wear.
Guys stare at her body.

85 INT. GINA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

85

She limbos at a party. Guys stare at her body.

86 EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

86

At a community clean-up event, she slowly bends over to pick up trash. In a loose-fitting shirt. Guys stare at her body.

END MONTAGE

GINA

(watching nearby)

Combining environmentalism with boobs, that's masterful.

REGIE

It's the best I've got, short of having her dry hump every guy with a varsity letter.

GINA

Well, that's what campaign staff is for anyway.

REGIE

We've reached out to everyone at this school that counts. The geeks can't steal this election unless they go to Prom, which they don't. What can Lara do to fight that?

87 INT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/BAND REHEARSAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

87

The band, dozens of Britannia's barrel-bottom social misfits, sit expectantly before the conducting stand.

Lara takes the stand. Band Geek sits at the back. His Trumpet Player companion is next to him.

TRUMPET PLAYER

It's awesome you got her to come here.

BAND GEEK

(tired of this)

I aim to please.

TRUMPET PLAYER

Let me ask you something. That bathroom, in the hall by your room? Does she shower there?

Lara raises her arm, quieting the hubbub. Band Geek gratefully faces front.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

LARA

I was asked here by my brother to talk with you about musical ideas for the Prom. But it became obvious that there was something urgent, something that needed to be talked about, something you can help me with.

They lean forward, expectantly. What could Lara ever need from them?

LARA (CONT'D)

I don't need to tell you your job. You're skilled musicians and scholars, masters of your trade, and I have little doubt that you can keep your own counsel in making the Prom live up to the label...

(she swallows her
rage)

Dreamtastico. But there's another issue at hand, it affects you and me. Mostly me, but to an extent you as well. I'm talking about the choice for Prom Queen.

Noticing a cloud of "Oh, she's talking about that" settling over the geeks, Lara turns it up a notch.

LARA (CONT'D)

I know that you've considered this unimportant in the past. Many of you have scorned the Prom Court. Many of you will not even attend the Prom, due to the extremely special challenges of the social sphere you inhabit. And because of that, many have simply counted you out of the process. But not me. I will not abandon you! Not like...them!

TRUMPET PLAYER

(murmuring)

She's right! I hate how they always do that.

TRUMPET PLAYER #2

Do what? I don't understand.

LARA

Your Prom Queen is about more than some spotlight dance or caption in
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

LARA (CONT'D)

the yearbook. It's...it's a link, a callback to a sacred past. A better time, when the people elevated one who was better than all of them, and worshipped them and believed they represented something noble, divine even.

Their eyes light up as the passion of her speech builds.

LARA (CONT'D)

And by believing in the right better person, it made them better, and they could believe the world smiled upon them all no matter how sucky their life was. My opponent ignores this tradition, and counts on you staying on the sidelines, choosing not to believe. But I, I see something better...in you. In you, I see someone who wants to hear about the good parties like the one I invited you to. I see someone who wants to watch safely while some other loser gets kicked around for a change. I see...a glorious crowd of uncommitted voters who are ready to believe...I can get a date for the Prom, because I'm going there to vote for Lara Kingston!

And they CHEER, as little sense as it makes. And she smiles.

DATELESS NERD

(to girl sitting next
to him)

Will you go to the Prom with me?

FEMALE DATELESS NERD

(bursting with emotion)

Yes! Yes I will!

DATELESS NERD

(tears in his eyes)

Bless you Lara!

LARA

(shouting above the
din)

Get out there and tell them all!
Tell the spazzes and the spiffs and
the Merit Scholars and the Young
Republicans, go to them for me and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3)

87

LARA (CONT'D)
say in your great united voice...Lara
is our Queen!

CROWD
Lara! Lara! Lara! etc.

Band Geek watches the cheering in horrified awe. Can't believe she pulled this off.

88 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

88

Dressed to the nines, Frank snaps his shirt cuffs together. Straightens his bow tie. Drags a lint roller down his arm. Sticks two tickets to the Britannia Prom into his pocket.

Checking himself in the mirror, he smiles. This is as good as he can look, and he's telling himself it's not bad.

89 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/FRONT/FRANK & CONNIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

89

Stepping out his front door, he gets into a monstrosly un-hip car that must belong to his parents, turns the key, and searches the radio dial for the exact right mood music.

He finds something that works, reverses out of the driveway, and drives the ten feet to Connie's. Pulls in and parks.

Checking his hair one last time, he pulls out a fogged box with a fresh corsage in it and heads for the door. Flushed with excitement, he might even be strutting a little.

He knocks. The door opens. Connie's there, radiant. Frank beams.

FRANK
Connie, you look so-

Suddenly, Lara POPS into the doorway. His face falls.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Lara.

LARA
Hi Frank!

CONNIE
It's alright if she comes with us?
(leans in, whispering)
She doesn't have a date.

Frank tries to maintain his composure.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

FRANK

I, I guess.

LARA

Of course it's okay. We're giving him a chance to escort the two most beautiful girls in school. He can't afford to pass that up.

She gives him a condescending pat on the cheek as she exits.

90 INT. FRANK'S CAR/MOVING - NIGHT

90

The girls are in the back, giggling and talking. Frank might as well be wearing a chauffeur's cap. His face betrays his rage and humiliation. He looks at the radio. The sappy music now taunts him.

FRANK'S HAND begins tuning the radio until he finds a heavy metal station, which suits his new mood perfectly. His hand moves over to the volume knob, continuing to increase it until he's drowned out the giggling girls.

The chords in Frank's neck tighten and bulge and he grits his teeth and throbs his head to the music.

91 INT. RITZY COUNTRY CLUB/MAIN BALLROOM - NIGHT

91

It's the Prom. And it's Dreamtastico!

AT THE ENTRANCE-

People turn over their tickets. Mascot Girl, in her bomb costume (with tuxedo attachment), welcomes people.

Band Geek enters, only his trumpet case to accompany him. Sees her.

BAND GEEK

You look good in formal wear.

MASCOT GIRL

I'm a Barker's Beauty compared to your date.

Band Geek looks at his trumpet case, shrugs agreement.

MASCOT GIRL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Are you even playing tonight?

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

BAND GEEK

No, but it gets me in places for free if they think I am. Buy you a cup of punch?

MASCOT GIRL

This is easier when you're not looking at a female face, isn't it?

BAND GEEK

I've got a thing for heavy munitions.

MASCOT GIRL

Sorry, after this I'm headed to the photo area, in case anyone wants me in their keepsake.

BAND GEEK

Perverse.

92 INT. RITZY COUNTRY CLUB/ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

92

A table is set up to allow for voting even down to the last minute. Lara/Connie and Tara/Gina/Regie's camps are opposite each other, glaring.

Arriving, two by two, are a procession of geeks, misfits, and other undesirables, dressed as best as they can guess is appropriate. Many of the lower-caste students Lara reached out to are here wearing "Lara 4 Queen" buttons. Triumphant music swells.

Gina and Regie watch the spectacle, dismayed.

GINA

Since when did all these mutants have any desire to go to the Prom?

REGIE

It looks like Noah's Ark.

TARA BURGANDY

They can't all vote, can they?

REGIE

(walks away disgusted)
I need a drink.

GINA

Kurt?

Kurt, in ill-fitting tux, obediently lumbers over.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

KURT

Yeah babe?

GINA

(pointing at the
misfits)

They can't all vote.

KURT

Why not?

GINA

(sighing)

Because you won't let them.

KURT

Gotcha.

He walks away, thinking hard on how to accomplish this.

93 INT. RITZY COUNTRY CLUB/PUNCH TABLE - NIGHT

93

Regie steps up, takes a cup. Mr. Wynt and Mr. Kidd observe while they sample the punch.

MR. WYNT

Spiking's a lost art.

MR. KIDD

(staring, troubled,
at his cup)

No rum, no vodka...who puts perfectly
good bourbon into a fruit punch?

MR. WYNT

You calling this good bourbon?

MR. KIDD

Fair point.

Nonetheless, they keep drinking.

94 INT. RITZY COUNTRY CLUB/VOTING TABLE/MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

94

Kurt assumes a bouncer-like pose. He looks for people wearing Lara buttons. He finds one - on the Dateless Nerd (who's with his female equivalent).

KURT

You don't vote at this table.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

DATELESS NERD
(looking around)
There is no other table.

KURT
You must not have looked hard enough.
Don't see why you'd deserve to vote,
you don't know how to look hard
enough.

Intimidated, they shuffle off on their fruitless search.

Kurt nods to himself, satisfied.

95 INT. RITZY COUNTRY CLUB/ACROSS THE FLOOR - NIGHT

95

Band Geek sees the intimidation, sidles up to Ms. White,
who's berating a Humiliated Girl.

MS. WHITE
I don't see a line. Smooth it more.

The girl, shivering, smooths her skirt more against her body.

MS. WHITE (CONT'D)
Just what I thought. A thong.

HUMILIATED GIRL
Could you please quiet down, Ms.
White?

MS. WHITE
Can't have it both ways, missie. You
want to wear a tight skirt, you keep
those cheeks safely, and visibly,
stowed.

BAND GEEK
Ms. White?

MS. WHITE
(turning in mid-scowl)
What is it?

BAND GEEK
(recognizing Humiliated
Girl)
Oh, hey Tiffany.

Humiliated Girl waves meekly, then covers the rear-end half
of the school is now staring at.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

BAND GEEK (CONT'D)

(to Ms. White)

As a concerned citizen, it's my burden
to inform you someone at yon table
over there is interfering with the
democratic process.

Ms. White slowly turns, sees Kurt intimidating people, turns
back to Band Geek.

MS. WHITE

You're snarky. I hate snarky.

She stalks off to the table and, despite giving up over a
foot and 100 pounds, stares down Kurt. He goes back to his
corner, cowed.

96 INT. RITZY COUNTRY CLUB/EDGE OF THE DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

96

Frank and Connie stand together.

FRANK

I didn't get a chance to tell you,
but you look beautiful tonight.

CONNIE

Thanks. You aren't so bad yourself.

FRANK

So shall we finally have that dance?

CONNIE

(offering her arm)

Nothing would make me happier.

Frank takes her arm.

FRANK

It just so happens, I made a little
request.

CONNIE

(looks at him, smiling)

Oh really?

He is about to escort her onto the dance floor when Connie
is suddenly YANKED from his arms. Of course it's...

LARA

Connie, these misfit toys are not
finding the voting table. The clock
is ticking!

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

Lara drags her away. Frank stands alone on the dance floor, as the Beach Boys' "I Get Around" starts.

The crowd groans in misery.

RANDOM CO-ED #1

Oh, God, deliver us!

RANDOM CO-ED #2

What loser put this song on?

Humiliated, face burning, Frank storms off.

97 INT. RITZY COUNTRY CLUB/NEARBY -- NIGHT

97

Band Geek is wandering the room when he's grabbed by Kurt.

KURT

(mock-friendly)

Well if it isn't the little snitch.

BAND GEEK

(nervous)

Actually, I'm a Virgo, a sign which you may have no sympathy with, but is destined to ironically haunt me for the rest of my...

Bored, Kurt stuffs Band Geek's tie in his mouth and gags him.

KURT

Little Virgo has to answer for not minding his own business.

He hauls him away.

Andy sees Band Geek's plight, runs after Kurt.

He catches up deep in enemy territory, right in front of Tara's table.

Andy grabs Kurt on the shoulder. They stare each other down.

KURT (CONT'D)

Andy dude.

Tension mounts. Gina, poised to pin a Tara button on someone's chest, freezes and watches. Regie, still drinking punch, stares as well.

ANDY

Just let him go, Kurt.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

KURT

You know Andy, you are so fierce on rebounds, I thought you were all man. I was totally dismayed when Gina told me you don't pack much more than a Denny's sausage down there.

ANDY

Nice try, Kurt, but my schlong was the last thing that came out of Gina's mouth that I'd believe.

REGIE

(disdainful)

That makes just so little sense.

GINA

(fuming, at Kurt)

Are you gonna let him get away with saying that?

Kurt looks at her, shrugs, and throws Band Geek at Andy, knocking him to the floor.

As Andy pulls himself up, Kurt rolls up his sleeves and rubs his hands together. Ready for action.

Andy charges. SCREAMS erupt as they plunge into a table and wrestle on the ground. Kurt's clearly the superior fighter.

Faculty and security gather, trying to find a way to separate the two grapplers.

Mascot Girl trundles over, still in costume, checks on Band Geek as he gets to his feet.

Everyone's stopped dancing to crowd around and watch, but gooey Diane Warren-esque slow dance music still plays over the loudspeakers.

Andy and Kurt are back on their feet. Muscles strain for the upper hand.

KURT

(through gritted teeth)

Give it up Andy, I'm a Big Ten prospect, you're nothing but a resume builder.

Tara watches, smile more strained than ever. Beginning to sweat.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

TARA BURGANDY
(To herself, through
clenched smile)
I'm going to be Queen. I'm going to
be Queen.

Andy summons all his strength...

ANDY
You know, it's a good thing we're
not in Wrestling practice right now...

KURT
Why's that?

Andy suddenly drops his resistance, pulling Kurt off balance.
Then he ducks down and drives his FIST into Kurt's groin.

Every male in the crowd hisses and winces as one, while the
girls just stare, slack-jawed.

The singer of the gooey song on the loudspeakers hits a
shattering high note to match the agony on Kurt's face.

ANDY
No cup.

Kurt teeters, tips...

Struggling for balance, he reaches out to grab Band Geek.
About to get him by the throat...

Mascot Girl sees her moment.

IN SLOW-MOTION

She does her patented dive, right behind Kurt.

MASCOT GIRL
Now!

On that queue, Band Geek pushes Kurt's hand aside and gives
him a shove. The jock tumbles backwards over Mascot Girl,
flailing and flying right into Gina and Regie.

END SLOW-MOTION

And the three go down in a heap. There's a SCREAM from the
bottom of the pile.

ANDY
(as he's restrained
by faculty)
Cuckold me, will ya!

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

97

Band Geek helps Mascot Girl to her feet.

BAND GEEK

Wow. You took a dive for me.

MASCOT GIRL

I took a dive for losers everywhere.

Band Geek hugs the Angry Cartoon Bomb he's now smitten with.

Kurt and Regie pull themselves off the ground. Regie, amazingly, is still holding her punch cup, and it has some liquid in it.

She sips nervously, then looks back down at Gina, who is still on the ground, hyperventilating, in severe pain. A TARA BURGANDY campaign button has been driven into her chest.

Wincing, she YANKS it out. She, and everyone else in the room, stares at her chest.

A liquid, mostly clear but mixed with red, is spurting out.

In shock, Gina pushes down on her chest. The stuck breast collapses, squirting out more liquid, now considerably flatter than the other.

GINA

(building hysteria)

My...my birthday boobs. You popped
one of my birthday boobs! You...you...

She screams.

Regie looks wide-eyed at A TRAIL OF BLOOD/SALINE MIXTURE leading along the floor towards her. She looks with growing dread at the cup she just drank from.

A TEASING DROP of the stuff right on the edge.

She lurches forward, covers her mouth, desperately nauseous.

The faces of the crowd react to the sound of Regie VOMITING.

MS. WHITE

(taking charge)

Okay, I'm calling 911. Everyone who was part of this fracas is hitting the parking lot, NOW! Let's clean the vomit off these girls and get them outside. The rest of you, get back to your dancing. MOVE IT!

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (4)

97

Startled and frightened, the student body goes back to half-hearted dancing and reveling, while Gina, Regie, Kurt, Andy, Band Geek, and Mascot Girl are all hustled out by Ms. White and other faculty.

Connie stops Band Geek for a moment on his way out.

CONNIE

Have you seen Frank?

BAND GEEK

He took off earlier. Didn't look happy.

Connie absorbs this. Dazed, she walks over to Lara.

CONNIE

We have to stop this.

LARA

(weirdly calm)

It's just high school, Connie. It's alllllll part of growing up. We'll look back on this and laugh laugh laugh.

CONNIE

Laugh that Gina got stabbed in the chest?

LARA

It wasn't her real chest.

She giggles.

CONNIE

I don't want to be part of this anymore.

LARA

Pssh! As if you have that choice!

Connie walks off, tearing up.

LARA (CONT'D)

(as if Connie's still there)

It'll all be different when we have the Crown. Allll different.

98 INT. RITZY COUNTRY CLUB/MAIN BALLROOM/LATER - NIGHT

98

The earlier mayhem gone but not entirely forgotten, the Prom is carrying on. Finally Mr. Duke takes the stage.

MR. DUKE

Okay, boys and girls, it's been a...heh heh, quite an evening, we've had a few problem kids making problems, but finally we're ready for the part you've all been waiting for. I'd like to invite our incoming Student Council President, Connie Dell, to read off this year's official Prom Court!

Applause and curiosity all around. Connie squares her shoulders, dries her eyes, and takes the stage.

CONNIE

Thank you, thank you all. First, the Freshman Prince and Princess...

ON THE FLOOR-

Lara and Tara are drawn together towards the center of the room. Each stares at the stage, not looking at the other.

LARA

So what made you give a hoot about being Prom Queen when all's said and done?

TARA BURGANDY

I was going to be Homecoming Queen, Lara, and I would have got it without pissing on anyone. Who asked you to ruin everything for me?

LARA

You don't represent these people. I do.

TARA BURGANDY

You did.

LARA

(cheerfully cruel)
Face it, Tara Burgandy, you took the low road, you made a tool of yourself. Now you're just a ravaged country maiden who spread her gams for the wrong army.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

TARA BURGANDY

Everything I am, you made me.

LARA

And you fail to see just how pitiful
that is.

Finally she turns to look at Tara just as...

CONNIE

And this year's Prom Queen is...

Students make rapid "Budda budda" noises, some with their
hands, simulating a suspenseful drum roll.

Connie opens the envelope, and sees the name: Lara Kingston.

She takes a moment, a tear at the corner of her eye. Just a
half second of "was it worth all this?"

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Lara Kingston!

LARA

(quietly, to Tara)
See you when you're begging me to
sign your yearbook. Bitch.

And with that, she affects her "OhMyGodICan'tBelieveIt!"
grin and climbs the stage. Inspiring music plays.

The CROWN goes on her head. She grins - wide, but a bit off.

From off-stage, Mr. Duke looks stunned. As Lara basks and
waves, he comes on-stage to the microphone.

MR. DUKE

Excuse me...
(tapping the microphone)
Excuse me.

The crowd quiets.

MR. DUKE (CONT'D)

I'm afraid there's been a terrible
mistake.

Lara looks bamboozled.

MR. DUKE (CONT'D)

I must say it's a surprise, this has
never come up before, but after the
Student-of-the-Month lawsuit of '97,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

MR. DUKE (CONT'D)
the school officially adopted the
Everyone's-a-Winner clause for all
activities.

There's murmuring in the crowd.

MR. DUKE (CONT'D)
And one of the provisions of that
clause was that no student can win a
crown at both Homecoming and the
Prom in the same year.

Lara's eyes pop out.

MR. DUKE (CONT'D)
Lara, I'm sorry, if only you'd let
the administration know that you
were running.

CRAZED LARA LOOKS OUT AT

THE ENTIRE DANCE HALL-

Papered with "Lara Kingston for Prom Queen" signs, buttons,
and other paraphernalia. She gestures at it for Mr. Duke, as
if to say - how could you have missed this?

Tara grins and waves. She blows a kiss to Lara.

MR. DUKE (CONT'D)
By default, the Crown is awarded to
the runner-up, which I believe is
Miss Burgandy. Tara Burgandy. Please
come to the stage.

The inspiring music starts again. Tara cries crocodile tears
and takes the stage.

She stands in front of Lara, who's ramrod straight and staring
right at Tara. Everyone backs off. It's like a boxing press
conference up there.

Tara's triumph turns to hesitance as she realizes Lara's not
taking the crown off. She reaches, nervously.

TARA BURGANDY
Sorry Lara, but you heard the rules.

She takes the crown and sets it on her head. She turns to
the crowd and waves. They APPLAUD, albeit feebly.

TARA BURGANDY (CONT'D)
Thank you, thank you everyone.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3)

98

Suddenly Lara SNATCHES the crown, sets it back on her head.

Trying to make light of it, Tara reaches again.

LARA

Try it and your next hummer will be
a gummer.

TARA BURGANDY

I won, you sad wacko, now give me
that Crown!

LARA

You don't have the ovaries for this
job!

It's about to come to blows. Connie puts her arms around Lara
from behind.

CONNIE

Lara, please, let's just go home.

Lara spins around.

LARA

(seething)

You.

CONNIE

We can eat Creamsicles and forget
this.

LARA

Don't interrupt Mommy when she's
raging!

(back to Tara)

As for you, whore, I hope you
conditioned today!

And she goes right for the hair. Wrestling ensues, and Lara's
berserker rage gives her the edge. She swings Tara around by
her scalp.

The stage is trashed. Connie is knocked into a speaker and
falls unconscious to the floor.

Tara is slung off the stage and lands in a heap on the dance
floor. Right on top of the Dateless Nerd.

DATELESS NERD

(muffled, from
underneath Tara)

I touched a tittie!

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (4)

98

Tara hauls back and punches him right in the face.

And in Old Western Saloon style, the full brawl begins. The room erupts in general mayhem.

Somehow a fire starts.

Some run for the exits, others keep fighting.

NEAR THE ENTRYWAY-

Stand Mr. Wynt and Mr. Kidd, unexcited as usual by the spectacle, even as kids run by them in a panic.

MR. KIDD

Why does every Prom have to end up like this?

MR. WYNT

(with a sigh)

Dividing up her kingdom to three successors. She's in Honors English, shouldn't she have known that was doomed to end badly?

MR. KIDD

No, they took Shakespeare off the curriculum. It was damaging the self-esteem of the stupider kids.

MR. WYNT

So what are they reading now?

MR. KIDD

Movie novelizations. Oh, and magazines. Lots of magazines.

Mr. Wynt nods contemplatively.

BACK ON STAGE-

The now-flaming Dreamtastico banner flutters to the floor.

Lara stands alone, crown on head, looking at the whole scene. The Prom going up in smoke.

She sees Connie, the only girl who loved her through it all, being helped up. Student bodies bleeding and bruised all over the floor of her Prom.

And quietly, a sound builds at the back of her throat.

It's a laugh.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (5)

98

Soft at first, it builds to a maddening crescendo, a howling, witch-like cackle that sums up everything nicely.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

99 EXT. BRITANNIA HIGH SCHOOL/STUDENT QUAD - AFTERNOON

99

The band strikes up the strains of that graduation perennial - Pomp and Circumstance.

It's led by Band Geek, and if the band's sound is unusually anemic, it's only because half of them are in bandages, physically incapable of playing their instruments. The sax player tries his best with a hand in finger splints.

Indeed, throughout the crowd, most of Britannia's graduating class and friends-in-attendance are maimed in alarming ways. (legs in casts, arm slings, eye patches, etc.)

Slowly, the beat-up graduates-to-be totter in to take their seats.

Mascot Girl, out of costume, approaches Band Geek, crouches next to his chair.

MASCOT GIRL

So I think I'm going to burn the costume.

BAND GEEK

(stops playing briefly)
In the war against infectious parasites, the pre-emptive strike is best.

MASCOT GIRL

Know any good places for that?

Band Geek realizes he's being asked out.

BAND GEEK

I know a perfect spot. I can even drive you there. Legally. I've got a license now and everything.

MASCOT GIRL

Phew. Thank God. An unlicensed driver might have been too much of a rebel. I just can't be trusted around them rebels.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

BAND GEEK

I'm rebellious. See this?
(he drains his spit
valve)

Way too much saliva build-up for
safe playing.

MASCOT GIRL

I'm going to leave now, before you
start trying. That could get
embarrassing.

BAND GEEK

That's a good idea.
(She leaves.)
I have a date. I have a date!

He returns to playing, triumphantly.

IN THE CROWD-

KURT-

With casts on his broken thumbs. He leafs clumsily through a
handbook for the DeVry technical institute.

GINA AND REGIE-

Sit alone together. Gina's outfit can't conceal her half-
collapsed chest. Every time Regie turns to look at Gina, she
looks ready to vomit all over again.

FRANK AND CONNIE-

Awkwardly approach each other. They obviously haven't made
up since the fiasco at the Prom.

CONNIE

Hey.

FRANK

Hey.

A silence.

ON STAGE-

MR. WYNT AND MR. KIDD-

Stand poised, ready to hand out stacks of diplomas. Chewing
their gum.

Graduates line up.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

TARA-

Wears her crown on top of her mortarboard, oddly enough.

MINDY-

Tries to move up in the line, hassled endlessly by Virgin Guy. Sud

ANDY-

Who smiles genially at Mindy. She meets his eyes, smiles as well. Her hero.

BACK ON FRANK AND CONNIE IN THE CROWD-

CONNIE

I'm sorry we didn't get to have our dance.

FRANK

There's always next year.

CONNIE

Why wait? I've still got the 45 in my attic.

Frank smiles.

FRANK

I'm sorry for being so angry. I shouldn't have left you there. I'm just glad you can still walk and eat solid food.

Connie takes his hand.

CONNIE

You're so sweet. So are we...?

FRANK

Yes, but I think you're finally going to have to choose between me and Lara.

CONNIE

That's an easy choice.

They turn to the stage, where...

LARA-

Takes her turn. She grins expectantly as her name is called. Then someone reaches in and takes her diploma for her. It's

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (3)

99

MEDICAL ATTENDANT-

A nice young man in hospital whites. He and a SECOND ATTENDANT escort Lara, who is bundled in a strait-jacket over her robe, to the center of the stage and help her bow.

IN THE BAND-

The Trumpet Player leans in to Band Geek.

TRUMPET PLAYER

You know, when you let me into her room, I took some of her panties.

BAND GEEK

Yeah, everyone does that.

TRUMPET PLAYER

Well, it's just, they were ripped under mysterious circumstances and I need some more. I'll pay you forty.

BAND GEEK

Dude, she's in a straight jacket.

TRUMPET PLAYER

She's still hot. Fifty?

BAND GEEK

(staring wistfully at
Lara)

Store's closed, kid. For better or worse, I've got my own life now. How about I introduce you to Gina's little brother?

TRUMPET PLAYER

I don't know, does she wear thongs?

Band Geek sighs.

ON STAGE-

MR. DUKE

Congratulations, Britannia High School class of 2005! Our hope for the future!

Everyone who can speak, CHEERS. Everyone with working arms FLINGS their mortarboard into the air.

Taking advantage of the distraction,

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (4)

99

LARA-

Grins crazily and HEAD-BUTTS the Attendant. She squirms free of the other's grasp and prances straight for Tara.

But one of the Attendants pulls out a gun, sights it, and SHOOTs Lara with a tranquilizer dart.

As Pomp and Circumstance reaches a majestic climax, Lara pitches face forward and falls unconscious, her legs convulsing her body beneath her like a drunk gazelle. Grin still pasted on her face.

One attendant picks up her dropped diploma, and the two hoist her up and carry her to the parking lot, where they throw her into the back of a van with bars on the windows.

Frank and Connie, picking up to leave, watch the whole spectacle.

FRANK

You want to help her, don't you?

CONNIE

I'm ready to leave it to the professionals.

FRANK

I love you.

They kiss. Behind them, the paddy-wagon speeds Lara away, and we

IRIS HEART OUT

THE END