

Robin Schiff

ROMY AND MICHELE'S HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

By

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Revised Draft: 4/8/96
Revised Blue: 4/29/96
Revised Pink: 5/6/96
Revised Yellow: 5/13/96
Revised Green: 5/21/96
Revised Goldenrod: 6/6/96
Revised Buff: 6/25/96

FADE IN:

1 EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

1

We see various women out actively enjoying the perfect, California day: windsurfing, rollerblading, riding bikes, weight-lifting, power-walking. The beach and boardwalk are teeming with fitness and vitality... until we FIND A CHARMING VINTAGE APARTMENT BUILDING, AND MOVE INSIDE A SECOND STORY WINDOW...

2 INT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S BEDROOM - DAY

2

ANGLE ON TV:

It's the movie "PRETTY WOMAN". "Vivian", wearing her hooker outfit, is looking around the ritzy boutique on Rodeo Drive. The salesgirls snub her.

ROMY (V.O.)

(laughs)

Awww. Poor thing. Look. They won't let her shop. Like those salesgirls in Beverly Hills aren't bigger whores than she is.

MICHELE (V.O.)

(laughs)

I know.

REVERSE ANGLE -- REVEAL ROMY AND MICHELE

lying like lumps in their respective double beds. They're ultra trendy club girls who dress and talk alike. Now in their late twenties, they've been best friends since before high school. What they lack in classic looks they make up for in sheer bravado. Romy snacks from a bag of candy corn. Beside Michele, an orange cat, SNUFFY, eats the remnants of microwave taquitos off a plate; she shoos him away and puts the rest in her mouth.

MICHELE

Snuffy, get outta there.

ROMY

Listen to that sad, sad music as she leaves.

MICHELE

(sarcastically)

Boo hoo.

(then sincerely)

But actually, it is kind of sad.

ROMY

Yeah, Julia Roberts is the best actress. I mean, only someone as good as her could make this shit seem believable.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCREEN: "Vivian's" in bed; "Edward" gives her his credit card. This is the actual dialogue.

"EDWARD"

Wake up. Time to shop. If you have any trouble using this card, have them call me at the hotel, all right?

"VIVIAN"

Ugh. More shopping.

ROMY

(laughs)

And now she's afraid to shop again.

"EDWARD"

Hmmm. I'm surprised you didn't buy more than one dress yesterday.

"VIVIAN"

It wasn't as much fun as I thought it'd be.

"EDWARD"

Why not?

"VIVIAN"

They were mean to me.

MICHELE

"Hi! I'm the most sensitive hooker ever."

Romy and Michele crack up.

ANGLE ON TV: WE HEAR "PRETTY WOMAN" during the montage where "Edward" takes "Vivian" back to the store. QUICK CUTS of "Vivian" trying on outfits, surrounded by toady salesgirls.

REVERSE ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

Both totally caught up. Michele wipes a tear from her eye.

MICHELE

This is so embarrassing. But I feel so happy when they finally let her shop.

BLACK OUT.

END MUSIC as we BEGIN OPENING CREDITS.

3 INT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

3

A door slides open, REVEALING OUR POV is from the back of a closet.

Light pours in, silhouetting a morass of sweaters, skirts, blouses, dresses, slacks, sarongs, vests and leggings. WE SEE a hand rifling through it all. The sound of hangers sliding across the rod becomes a symphony in itself as an unbelievably vast amount of clothes are considered and discarded. Finally:

MICHELE (V.O.)

I have nothing to wear. And we don't even have time to make anything new before we go out.

Another set of hands parts the clothes, REVEALING ROMY AND MICHELE in robes and towel turbans. Romy holds up a dress.

ROMY

What about this? I love this on you.

MICHELE

I can't wear that. Look at my butt. It's humongous.

ROMY

Then what are my thighs? Like... buildings?

MICHELE

No, I love your thighs. And Romy, I swear, have you lost weight?

ROMY

(proudly)

Well, I have been trying this new fat free diet I invented. All I've eaten for the past six days is candy corn, gummi bears and jelly beans.

MICHELE

(admiring)

God, I wish I had your discipline.

BLACK SCREEN. MUSIC UP. Something fun and upbeat. RESUME OPENING CREDITS.

CUT TO:

4 CLOSE-ON ROMY'S PURSE

4

as it's loaded up with a collapsible hairbrush, under eye cover-up, lipstick, tweezers, kleenex, a tampon, Visine, tic tacs, tums, mace and condoms.

5 ANGLE ON ROMY

5

as she snaps her purse shut and turns toward the mirrored closet doors. She's wearing an outrageously tight, short black outfit. Romy looks at herself and blinks in disbelief.

ROMY

I can't believe how cute I look.

Michele comes out of the bathroom and stands beside Romy. She's wearing an equally outrageous black outfit.

MICHELE

I know. So do I. I think this is the cutest we've ever looked.

ROMY

Oh, it's definitely the cutest. Don't you love how we can just say that to each other and we know we're not being conceited?

MICHELE

Yeah. We're just being honest.

ROMY

Come on, Michele.
(then as they head out)
God, this bikini wax is totally itching me to death.

MICHELE

(a giant coincidence)
Me too!

As they exit, scratching...

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN. MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE.

CUT TO:

6 INT. FIX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

6

Loud music blasts as flashy twentysomethings dance, drink, flirt and pose in the wild and theatrical surroundings.

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

as they burst in and push their way through the crowd, OTHER REGULARS ADLIB GREETINGS; everyone knows them by name. A skanky party girl, DANA, approaches.

DANA

Fantastic, perfect timing, you guys got a condom I could borrow?

ROMY

Borrow?

(gets it from her purse)

But be sure and return it when you're done.

MICHELE

(laughing)

Eeoou -- yuk!

They continue on. Romy looks around.

ROMY

God, I hope some cute guys get here. They were so cute last night.

MICHELE

They were cute.

ROMY

Really cute. Hey, did that guy ever call you?

MICHELE

Which one?

ROMY

The one with the mustache. He was cute.

MICHELE

He was cute. Really cute.

ROMY

So what's he do?

MICHELE

He works at a bank.

ROMY

Eeoou, bank teller. Bad job.

MICHELE

No, he's like a V.P. or something.

ROMY

Ooo, a V.P. Good job. Really good job.

MICHELE

Yeah, but he didn't call me.

ROMY

Well... maybe it was a big day at the bank.

MICHELE

Yeah? Maybe.

They've arrived at the bar and hop up on stools. The tan, muscle-bound BARTENDER VIC approaches.

VIC

Hey, Michele. Romy. I like your hair. You get it cut or something?

ROMY

(deadpan)

No, I have a medical condition where my head keeps getting bigger and bigger. It's really sad, except I don't have to get haircuts anymore.

Michele snickers. Vic realizes she's kidding and smiles.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Anyway, we'll take two diet cokes --

VIC

With extra cherries. Don't move. I'll be right back.

He flashes Romy a killer smile and goes to pour their drinks.

ROMY

Okay -- How come the only guys who smile at me like that always have really bad jobs?

MICHELE

Maybe guys with bad jobs are just friendlier.

(Romy shrugs)

God, I have the yuckiest taste in my mouth from those taquitos. I hope I don't get indigestion. Remember that time I barfed from bad Mexican food? That was so gross.

ROMY
I hate throwing up in public.

MICHELE
Me too!

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN. MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE:

CUT TO:

7 INT. FIX LADIES' ROOM - THAT NIGHT

7

Romy and Michele burst in as another GIRL is exiting.

GIRL
Oh, excuse me.

ROMY
(politely)
That's okay.
(then sotto)
It must be Bad Nose Job Night.
"Got a bad nose job? Get in free!"

Michele laughs as they shove their way past OTHER WOMEN to the front of the mirror.

ROMY (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Other people have
faces, too.

Romy rummages in her purse and accidentally comes out with her diaphragm. She playfully places it on top of her head.

ROMY (CONT'D)
Hey, Michele. Like my yarmulke?

They laugh. Romy puts it away.

MICHELE
Oh, that reminds me. I went to the
gyno on Friday.

They begin what can only be described as synchronized make-up application.

ROMY
Yuk. I hate going to the gyno.

MICHELE
Me too! How'd you like to be
married to a gyno?

ROMY
Eeoou. Bad job.

MICHELE
"Hi, this is my husband. He's a
gyno."

They crack up.

ROMY
So what'd he say about the
infection?

MICHELE
It's not an infection.

ROMY
So what is it? Like a disease?

MICHELE
No, it's 'cause I left my diaphragm
in.

ROMY
Oh. You're kidding. For how long?

MICHELE
I don't know. A year.

ROMY
A year? Yuk.

TWO OTHER WOMEN AT THE MIRROR share a look, incredulous. But
Michele is oblivious.

MICHELE
I thought you could leave it in.

ROMY
You're thinking of an I.U.D.

MICHELE
Yeah! That's what my gyno said.

Romy heads into a stall as Michele takes a cordless curling
iron out of her purse and fires it up.

WOMAN IN BATHROOM
Ooo, where'd you get that curling
iron?

MICHELE
(proudly)
Isn't it adorable? It's butane.

The woman exits as Michele starts curling her hair.

ROMY (IN THE STALL)
Oh, yuk! Yuk!

MICHELE
What?

ROMY (IN THE STALL)
This seat's all wet. How do women
do that? I mean, how can you miss
when your butt's right on it?

MICHELE
You actually sit down? Yuk. If you
want, I could teach you to hover.

Toilet flushes.

*

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN. MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE.

CUT TO:

8 INT. FIX NIGHTCLUB - LATER NIGHT

8

The room is packed. Romy and Michele stand in the middle of it. TWO GUYS elbow their way through. Romy and Michele keep their eyes on them as the guys pass without noticing them.

ROMY

I can't believe this. There are no guys.

MICHELE

I know. None.

ROMY

Come on. Let's just dance with each other.

They start dancing. They are among the best dancers on the floor, moving well together.

ROMY (CONT'D)

I swear to God I wish sometimes I was a lesbian.

MICHELE

(innocently)

Want to try and have sex sometime to see if we are?

ROMY

What? No, I'm sure, Michele. Just the thought of having sex with another woman creeps me out.

(beat)

But if we're not married by the time we're thirty, ask me again.

As they execute an impressive maneuver and WE END MUSIC AND CREDITS...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

9 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR DEALERSHIP -- DAY

9

ROMY'S VOICE ON P.A.
Two-forty-three... Service, number
two-four-three.

10 INT. JAGUAR DEALERSHIP -- CASHIER'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Romy sits beside the mic, painting her nails. A small fan is on the counter. On the other side of the glass, a line of CUSTOMERS waits, headed by a WOMAN who checks her watch.

ROMY
(into mic)
During this century, boys. Come
on, Ramon...

11 EXT. JAGUAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

11

A salesman, TODD, is showing a CUSTOMER a shiny new Jag. Romy's voice comes over a loudspeaker.

ROMY'S VOICE ON P.A.
... quit jerking off and bring the
car around!

Annoyed, he shoots a look toward the door reading CASHIER, just as another Jaguar squeals up and stops. Handsome car jockey RAMON gets out and heads to the office.

12 INT. JAGUAR DEALERSHIP CASHIER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

12

Ramon enters through the back door into Romy's cubicle and sits on the counter beside her, holding the car keys.

ROMY
(reaching for the keys)
It's about time.

RAMON
(withholding the keys)
Boy, are you looking hot today.

ROMY
Yeah, cause I'm sweating like a pig
in here.

She repositions the little fan to blow on her face.

RAMON
(suggestively)
Well, the air conditioner's working
in the service office. If you want
to come by and cool off later.

ROMY

Yeah, Ramon. That'll happen.

She grabs the keys out of his hand. He laughs as he exits. Romy hands the keys to the woman who's been waiting.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Sorry, ma'am. He is such an asshole.

The woman exits out the front door as Todd pokes his head through the door into Romy's inner office.

TODD

Look, I'm trying to sell luxury cars out there. Do you mind not saying "jerk off" over the loudspeaker?

He exits with a slam.

ROMY

(to herself)

I didn't say "jerkoff."

(calling after him)

I said, "jerking off"!

The next woman in line steps up. She wears distinctive glasses, bad hair, no make-up, and shapeless black clothes. Her name is HEATHER MOONEY. She's smoking a cigarette.

HEATHER

(shoving her bill and credit card at Romy)

I'm in a hurry.

ROMY

I'm going as fast as I can, Ms...

(reading name off bill)

Mooney.

(suddenly looking up)

Heather? Heather Mooney, from Sagebrush High in Tucson?

HEATHER

(suspiciously)

Yes.

ROMY

It's Romy. Romy White.

HEATHER

(flatly)

You're shitting me.

ROMY

No. This is so weird. I didn't know you were living in L.A.

HEATHER

(sarcastic)

Well, now that you know, will we be getting together a lot?

ROMY

(laughs)

Yeah, right. So, you're driving a brand new Jaguar. What do you do?

HEATHER

Ever hear of "Lady Fair" cigarettes?

ROMY

The ones that burn down real fast?

HEATHER

Yeah. "Twice the flavor in half the time, for the gal on the go." I invented the quick-burning paper.

Heather lights another cigarette; it burns down quickly.

ROMY

Wow.

The next CUSTOMER behind Heather leans around.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Look, I've been waiting half an hour!

ROMY

I'm talking to somebody, ma'am. Do you mind not being so rude?

Romy begins processing the bill.

HEATHER

So. Are you going to the reunion?

ROMY

What reunion?

HEATHER

Our ten-year high school reunion. Next month back in Tucson.

ROMY

You're kidding. It's been ten years since high school? God, where have I been?

HEATHER
I'm stumped. Where?

ROMY
(duh)
You know. Anyway, you going?

HEATHER
I'd rather snuff this cigarette out
on my tongue.

ROMY
Gee, I hope those aren't the only
two options on the invitation.
(laughs at herself)
I wonder why we didn't get an
invitation? I mean, if Michele had
gotten one, she would've told me.

Heather tries to light another cigarette, but upon hearing
Michele's name, her hand freezes up.

HEATHER
Michele Weinberger?
(recovering)
You two are still living together?
But I was sure -- I-I mean, I
thought Michele and Sandy would be
married by now.

ROMY
Sandy Frink?

HEATHER
Yes. I mean, every time Sandy saw
her, he could barely hide his
erection. Why do you think he
always carried around that big
notebook?

ROMY
(scoffing)
The Frink-a-zoid? And Michele?
I'm sure. Besides, didn't you have
a thing for Sandy in high school?

HEATHER
No. I did not "have a thing" for
him. I was very deeply in love
with him. There's a difference.
(embarrassed)
Look, I've got to get out of here.

Romy hands Heather the credit receipt for her signature.

ROMY

Well, I guess I won't see you at the reunion, but I'll tell everyone you said "hi."

HEATHER

Tell them I said to fuck themselves for making my teen years a living hell.

ROMY

Okay.

As Heather exits, the irate customer steps up.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Finally!

Romy indicates she should wait a minute, turns her back on the line of angry people, and dials the phone.

ROMY

(into phone)

Michele? It's me. You'll never guess who I just ran into.

CUT TO:

13 INT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S APARTMENT - DAY

13 .

CLOSE ON THE "SAGEBRUSH ROUNDUP," ROMY AND MICHELE'S HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK. IT OPENS AND SEVERAL PAGES ARE TURNED.

MICHELE (V.O.)

I can't believe it's been ten years already. God, I haven't looked at this in weeks.

They continue to flip through pages until they stop at one.

ROMY (V.O.)

There she is.

14 A CANDID PHOTO OF HEATHER

14

caught heading around an outside corner of the school building. She's all in black, a 17-year-old version of the angry, bitter person she'll become.

MICHELE (V.O.)

She was so weird. Like what was she always doing behind the building?

The photo of Heather LIVE ANIMATES. Heather ducks behind the building as she pulls a cigarette from her backpack.

She roots around in it, looking for something.

HEATHER

Dammit.

She turns to a teenage COWBOY wearing all black: jeans, boots and a t-shirt. A black hat tilted down low obscures his face. He leans languorously against the building. From under the hat emerges a hand holding a cigarette.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Hey. Excuse me, can I have a light?

He tosses the lighted cigarette on the ground at her feet and casually walks away. Heather calls after him.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Thanks, man, appreciate it. Cause, you know, I'm not a HUMAN BEING or anything, you pathetic turd!

(picks up the butt and
lights her cigarette)

Christ.

She takes a long, much-needed drag, savoring it. She takes another drag and then we hear the school bell.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Dammit. There should be a cigarette you can smoke all the way through between classes. What a waste.

As she stamps out her cigarette and stomps off.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S APARTMENT - DAY

15

A PAGE OF THE YEARBOOK TURNS

ROMY (V.O.)

Find us.

A yearbook flips a few more pages until it stops on A PAGE OF TYPICAL YEARBOOK PHOTOS. PAN until we get to ROMY AND MICHELE'S; they're jammed side-by-side in the same photo with identical hairdo's.

They sit together looking through the yearbook.

ROMY

Remember what a big "controversy" it was to have our picture taken together?

MICHELE

Danny Weller lodged that complaint because he said "alphabetically" he should be between us.

ROMY

And you said if he wanted to be between us, he could come over to your house Friday night and we'd be waiting.

They laugh.

MICHELE

And remember, he came over and we said "Like, Danny, it was a joke."

They laugh again.

ROMY

And then we turned the sprinklers on him.

They laugh some more.

MICHELE

Didn't he die?

ROMY

I think so. God, Michele, remember the A-group?

16 INSERT PHOTO OF THE CHEERLEADING SQUAD, EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, TEN YEARS AGO 16

Four pretty cheerleaders dressed in powder blue uniforms. Their leader CHRISTIE FOX is as icy as she is beautiful.

ROMY

Christie Fox, Kelly Possenger, Cheryl Cook, and Lisa Luder.

The photo LIVE ANIMATES.

CHRISTIE

(pouting)

I'm not going to have my yearbook picture taken today. Not with this zit.

The other girls look closely at her face.

LISA LUDER

Gee, Christie, I don't see any zit. Your skin looks perfect.

CHRISTIE

It's on my butt. I'm just in a really bad mood.

MICHELE

So who would you say was the B group?

ROMY

Okay. Well, all the freaks...

17 INSERT CANDID PHOTO OF THE FREAKS

17

Three grungy, red-eyed LONG-HAIRS, looking braindead, carving something in a woodshop class. PHOTO LIVE ANIMATES and we see that what they're carving is a bong; they all think this is hilarious.

18 INSERT PHOTO OF THE DRAMA CLUB (INT. SCHOOL THEATER)

18

A group of kids rehearsing, using copies of a play. Boys MARK and CASEY are much shorter than the girls.

ROMY (V.O.)

... and the drama crowd. Robin Barker. Debbie H. Debbie P. Casey Degan. And Mark Black.

MICHELE (V.O.)

God, I had the biggest crush on Casey, remember? I don't know why he never liked me. I guess 'cause I wasn't in the drama crowd.

ANIMATE THE PHOTO. Casey and Mark surreptitiously shoot one another a longing, romantic look.

19 EXT. MAIN STREET IN VENICE - CONTINUOUS

19

Romy and Michele are walking down the street. Romy holds the yearbook. Michele is thoughtful.

MICHELE

So, what group do you think we were in?

ROMY

Well... Not the A group. Not the B group, either, really.

MICHELE

(a little panicky)

We weren't in the C group, were we?

ROMY

No, no. Please! Those were all the honors students and all the rejects like Heather Mooney and Sandy Frink.

We turn the page.

20 INSERT PHOTO OF THE SCIENCE FAIR

20

Exhibits are set up in the cafeteria. All the honors students are ASIAN except for Sandy Frink, a computer geek, and Heather Mooney (as always, in black); they stand before their project: "SEX AND THE SINGLE CELL: THE MIRACLE OF MITOSIS." PHOTO LIVE ANIMATES. STUDENTS wander past, but few seem interested. Mostly this is an excuse for messing around. Sandy sees someone and starts frantically waving.

SANDY

Michele! Oh, Michele! Over here!

Heather seethes, jealous. She glances down at his pants.

HEATHER

(bitterly)

Want me to run to your locker and get your big notebook for you?

But Sandy's oblivious to anything but Michele. TOBY WALTERS, a cheerful, unflappable plump girl, approaches.

TOBY

Hey, Heather. I want to get another picture of you and Sandy for the yearbook. And I want to interview you, too. And I think this would make a really interesting article for the "Roundup."

HEATHER

Toby, fuck off.

TOBY

Okay, but just let me get a picture.

21 BACK TO ROMY AND MICHELE IN THE PRESENT - EXT. SWINGERS 21

as they go inside...

22 INT. SWINGERS - CONTINUOUS

22

their favorite neighborhood coffeeshop. Romy flips through the yearbook as they sit.

MICHELE
(concerned)
Romy. So, what group were we in?

ROMY
I'm not sure we were in any group.
We were more like... loners. Oh,
here's our picture!

BRING UP THE GO-GO'S "OUR LIPS ARE SEALED."

23 INSERT PHOTO OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

23

They are posing in the school lunch yard. It is lunch time and various students are behind them, carrying trays, eating, etc. All very conventional, middle-class America. Camera zooms in and way in the background in a far corner FIND... 17-YEAR-OLD ROMY AND MICHELE at a table by themselves. PHOTO LIVE ANIMATES. Romy is thirty pounds overweight. Michele wears a metal back brace for her scoliosis; it causes her to stand erect and move stiffly. Still, they're dressed in their usual, original cutting edge style.

But unlike later in life when this will work for them, in high school it only makes them stick out as odd and different.

ROMY
(ravenously)
I love it when it's hamburger day.

MR. LISH, a biology teacher, stops at their table.

MR. LISH
Hello, girls. Don't forget you
have detention after school today.

ROMY
We won't, Mr. Lish.

MICHELE
We're looking forward to it.

Mr. Lish crosses off.

ROMY
Can you believe he just got
married? How desperate was she?

MICHELE
"Hi, this is my husband. He
dissects crayfish, but he has a
really good personality."

They crack up.

ROMY
(looking O.C.)
Oh God, Michele: Billy Christianson.

ANGLE ON DREAM BOAT BILLY CHRISTIANSON

He wears gym shorts and no shirt; he tosses a football around on the grassy center quad with other shirtless ADONISES.

ROMY (V.O.)
He is sooo cute.

MICHELE (V.O.)
He is cute.

ANGLE BACK ON ROMY AND MICHELE

ROMY
Really cute.

Michele nudges Romy just as Billy walks by holding the football and glistening with sweat.

ROMY (CONT'D)
Hi, Billy.

Billy continues on his way without acknowledging them.

ROMY AND MICHELE'S POV

Billy joins Christie, Kelly, Cheryl and Lisa Luder at a table. He kisses Christie and puts his arm around her. She recoils from his sweatiness and laughing, pushes him away.

ROMY (V.O.)
I cannot believe he's with Christie Fox.

MICHELE (V.O.)
I know, she's like so transparent.

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

ROMY
Not to mention delusional. Did you hear her report in Miss Wigod's class? She actually thinks she's going to be a TV anchorwoman. What a minus-brain!

MICHELE
Plus, have you smelled her gym clothes? Like, what is that all about? "I'm so pretty I can reek"?

ANGLE ON CHRISTIE AND HER FRIENDS

KELLY

(re: Romy & Michele)
Those weirdos are staring at us
again.

CHERYL

They're obsessed with us.

CHRISTIE

What are they wearing? Where would
you even find outfits that hideous?
Freaks-R-Us?

Kelly and Cheryl laugh; Lisa Luder merely smiles.

LISA LUDER

They made them in Home Ec.
Apparently, from their own
patterns. Actually, I think
they're semi-interesting.

The others stop laughing and whip around to look at her. She
feels self-conscious and starts back-pedaling.

LISA LUDER (CONT'D)

In a freakish, off-putting sort of
way. Never mind.

BILLY

Christie. Come on. I'm hungry.

CHRISTIE

In a minute. First, I'm going to
have some fun. Lisa, give me the
bag.

Lisa removes a little brown paper bag from her backpack and
hands it to Christie.

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

ROMY

Michele. Look. Christie Fox is
coming over.

MICHELE

Wow, she never comes over.

ROMY

Okay, okay. Just, you know, act
cool.

Christie (holding the brown paper bag) slides onto the bench
next to Michele. She eats one of their french fries.

CHRISTIE

Hi.

ROMY

Hi, Christie. God, I love your top.

MICHELE

Me too.

CHRISTIE

Thanks.

Christie reaches into the bag and surreptitiously removes a refrigerator magnet.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

So, you guys trying out for the spring musical?

ROMY

(surprised to be asked)

...Us?

Christie sticks a magnet onto Michele's back brace. Her friends and Billy are watching and laughing. But our girls are oblivious.

CHRISTIE

You should. It'll be fun.

Christie pats Michele's back and sticks another magnet on.

ROMY

(flattered)

Okay. Why not?

MICHELE

Yeah! What musical are they doing?

CHRISTIE

"The Music Man."

MICHELE

You're kidding!

(singing with a lisp)

"Oh-oh the Wellths Fargo wagon izth-
a coming down the thstreet -- "

(then)

I love "The Music Man"!

Romy looks at her.

CHRISTIE

Okay. Well, see you at the tryouts.
(picks up Romy's
hamburger)
Can I have the rest of this?

ROMY

(reluctantly)
Um...

Christie takes a bite.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Okay. Sure.

CHRISTIE

Ummm, good. See you.

Romy and Michele ad lib "'bye"s. Christie goes back to her table and hands Billy the burger; he scarfs it down. Christie, Kelly and Cheryl break up laughing. Lisa Luder joins in half-heartedly.

ANGLE BACK ON ROMY AND MICHELE

They haven't noticed the A-group laughing.

MICHELE

God, she really can be nice when she wants to be.

ROMY

I know.
(sees something O.C)
Uh-oh. Don't look now. Here comes the Frink-a-zoid.

Sandy is walking with Heather Mooney. He waves.

SANDY

Hi, Michele.

MICHELE

Oh, God. He is such a geek.

Sandy leaves Heather standing there and approaches Michele.

SANDY

(nervously)
Yeah, uh, hi. Gee, you're looking lovely today. Not that you don't look lovely every day. But today you're exuding a certain radiance.

MICHELE

Okay. See you in Biology.

SANDY

(getting the message)

Oh. Oh. All right. But um, I uh
thought you should know, Christie
Fox put magnets on your back.

MICHELE

(confused)

What?

Romy notices students laughing when they look at Michele's
back. She leans around to look for herself.

ROMY

Michele. You do have magnets on
your back.

MICHELE

But --

Realizing, Michele looks over at Christie, Billy and the A
group; they're laughing. Michele sees OTHER STUDENTS are
laughing as well. She's crushed.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Oh God. Romy.

Tears spring to Michele's eyes as Romy pulls the magnets off.
Romy feels for her friend.

ROMY

Don't let them see you cry,
Michele. That's what they want.

MICHELE

But - but everyone's staring.

Romy bursts out laughing. Michele is hurt and taken aback.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Hey!

ROMY

(still laughing)

I'm pretending you just said
something hilarious. Now you laugh
at me. Come on. Do it.

Michele laughs but it's not very convincing. Still laughing,
they head off. But the A-group is oblivious to their lame
attempt to save face as their very real laughter rings out...

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. SWINGERS - DAY (THE PRESENT)

24

Romy and Michele are still looking at the yearbook; a WAITRESS serves them hot apple pie a la mode and coffee.

ROMY

That was so rude. I mean, you couldn't help it if you had scoliosis.

MICHELE

I know. And what a bitch, taking your hamburger. Like, what was that?

(to waitress)

Thanks, Tutti.

TUTTI

Eat it while it's hot.

She walks off as Romy turns another page of the yearbook.

MICHELE

Oh God, remember the prom? Look how thin you were.

ROMY

I know. I was so lucky getting mono. It was like the best diet ever.

MICHELE

I wonder if I'd gotten my brace off sooner if somebody would've invited me. I mean, other than Sandy Frink.

ROMY

Well, no one invited me either.

MICHELE

Yeah. But so what? I mean, at least we looked fantastic. And that's what's important.

25 INSERT PHOTO FROM THE PROM - INT./EXT. PROM LOCATION

25

The school gym is all decorated. Everyone's dressed up in frilly formals and tuxedos (most of them pastel). PHOTO LIVE ANIMATES. A DJ plays Van Halen's "JUMP." THE A GROUP are wearing formals in shades of blue; traditional and very pretty. Christie Fox looks at someone OFF CAMERA.

CHRISTIE

(mock sincere)

Hey, nice outfits. Really.

A big smile. She looks back at her friends and they all start to snicker as they skip off.

REVEAL ROMY AND MICHELE

Michele no longer wears her back brace and Romy is thirty pounds thinner. But still, they stick out: in a sea of pastel gowns, they're the only ones in the Madonna look, complete with dyed blonde hair with black roots.

MICHELE

This is so typical. We're the only ones here who don't look like we're going to a hoedown.

ROMY

I know, this town is so unhip. I can't wait 'til we move to L.A.

MICHELE

Me too!

ROMY

Everything is gonna happen for us there, Michele. And we'll never look back.

Michele smiles, excited, as the song ends and everyone applauds. Kelly Possenger takes the stage. She speaks into the microphone.

KELLY

Okay, everyone. It's the moment you've all been waiting for: time to announce the King and Queen of the prom. And the winners are...
(opens an envelope)
Billy Christianson and Christie Fox!!!

Applause as Billy and Christie go on stage to accept their crowns. Christie gets a dozen roses, blinks back tears.

MICHELE

"Boo hoo. This comes as such a big surprise."

ROMY

God, Billy looks cute in his tux.

MICHELE

He does look cute.

ROMY

Really cute.

Billy and Christie come down off the stage. Christie is swept up by her friends. Billy heads to the buffet table on the other side of the room.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Do you think since it's the last night of school and I might never see him again, that maybe he'd dance with me?

MICHELE

I bet he would. Go for it, Romy. It's senior prom. Nobody's going to say no to anybody tonight.

As Romy nervously starts off after Billy, Sandy Frink approaches Michele. Start the Go-Go's "WE GOT THE BEAT."

SANDY

Um, excuse me, Michele. Since it's the last night of school and all, and I'm off to M.I.T. and you and Romy are moving to California, and I might never see you again, would you care to dance once?

MICHELE

(as if this is obvious)

No.

Sandy looks crestfallen. Heather, having overheard, approaches Sandy.

HEATHER

(flatly)

I'll dance with you.

SANDY

Nah, it's no fun to dance if you don't really love the person. But thanks anyway.

Heather is crushed. Toby Walters approaches with a tray of punch. As she serves Heather and Sandy:

TOBY

Hey, who can name the capitals of all fifty states?

HEATHER

Toby, fuck off.

SANDY

Geez, Heather, try and be a little sensitive.

HEATHER
(it's hopeless)
Oh -- Sandy! You're such a jerk.

Upset, Heather runs from the gym.

26 EXT. PROM LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

26

Heather runs outside. She digs in her purse and pulls out a cigarette. A lighted butt is tossed at her feet. Heather looks up. It's the Cowboy again; he wears his black clothes and black hat; darkness obscures his face.

HEATHER
(full of emotion)
What the fuck is your problem, you
braindead redneck asshole? Why
don't you go screw a sheep or your
sister or yourself and leave me
alone?

Heather bolts, running off into the night.

27 INT./EXT. PROM LOCATION - ANGLE ON ROMY AND BILLY

27

as she catches up with him at the buffet table. He's eating roast beef with his fingers.

ROMY
Um, Billy? Wait up.
(blurts it out)
Want to dance?
(embarrassed)
I mean, this is such a great song
and I just thought... Never mind.
Unless, you know, you want to.

BILLY
Uh...
(off her hopeful look)
Sure. Why not?

ROMY
Really?

BILLY
Wait here. I'll be right back.

Romy's ecstatic. TRACK WITH BILLY as he heads off to where Christie stands with the rest of the A-group.

BILLY (CONT'D)
That chubby girl just asked me to
dance with her.

CHRISTIE
(laughing)
You are kidding me. That's
pathetic.

BILLY
(laughing)
What should I do?

CHRISTIE
Cut off your legs.

More laughter.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
Let me take care of this.

ANGLE ON ROMY

as she runs back to Michele.

ROMY
Michele!

MICHELE
So. What'd he say?

ROMY
(a dramatic pause; then)
"Sure. Why not?"

They squeal for joy, hug each other and jump up and down.
Christie comes up. She appears furious.

CHRISTIE
Well, thanks a lot, Romy.

ROMY
(caught off guard)
What?

MICHELE
Oh, hi Christie!

CHRISTIE
(to Romy)
Thanks for stealing my boyfriend.

ROMY
What are you talking about?

CHRISTIE
Billy just broke up with me.
Apparently he's had a crush on you
since Mr. Roswall's class.
(MORE)

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

And now that he knows you like him,
he doesn't want to "pretend"
anymore with me. My life was
perfect and you ruined it.

Christie turns on her heels and stomps off.

ROMY

I swear to God, Christie, I didn't
even think he'd dance with me.

MICHELE

Wow, Romy, she is really p.o.'d.
This is so cool.

ROMY

I know! You know what's weird? I
had this dream where Billy was in
love with me. I mean, he was in a
wheelchair, but still it's like
it's coming true or something.
How's my hair?

In the b.g., Billy and Christie head out, hand in hand.
Culture Club's "DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME?" comes on.

MICHELE

Perfect. You look so good with
blonde hair and black roots, it's
not even funny.

They giggle, excited. Through a picture window behind them,
we see Chrisite and Billy climb onto his motorcycle, laughing.

ROMY

I have to say, this is turning out
to be one of the very best nights
of my life.

As Billy and Christie drive off...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

28 IT'S MUCH LATER, STILL AT THE PROM

28

Michele and Romy are still standing there. "TIME AFTER TIME"
by Cyndi Lauper plays. Decorations are wilted. Only a few
couples remain, slow dancing two by two. Michele sees how
dejected her friend is and feels for her.

MICHELE

(hopefully)

Maybe he passed out in the bathroom
or something. You want me to go
check?

ROMY
(smiles sadly)
He's not in the bathroom, Michele.

Romy heaves a deep sigh.

MICHELE
I'll dance with you, Romy.

ROMY
(beat; shrugs)
Okay.

As they sadly sway to the music, couples all around them start passionately making out...

DISSOLVE TO:

29 INT. SWINGERS - DAY (THE PRESENT)

29

ON YEARBOOK AS IT CLOSES.

ROMY AND MICHELE

are shaken by the memory. A BUSBOY clears their dishes.

ROMY
We just waited and waited. God, I was such an idiot!

Michele wants to cheer her up.

MICHELE
Well, wait'll he sees you now!
You're so much cuter than you were in high school.

ROMY
(still glum)
That's true. Much, much cuter.

MICHELE
And look at the way we live. I mean, we're living in L.A. And they're still stuck in Tucson.

ROMY
You know what? You're right. We are gonna go back there and blow those people away.

Romy smiles. Relieved, Michele smiles back at her.

30 EXT. VENICE LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

30

We see Romy and Michele through the window; the place is fairly empty.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Boy, there's a lot of questions to answer. Why do we have to fill these out?

31 INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

31

Michele reads a questionnaire, as Romy finishes loading the washer and pours in detergent.

ROMY

They want to know what we've been doing for the past ten years.

She starts the washer, then grabs another questionnaire.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Okay. Here we go.

(reading)

"Name."

MICHELE

(as they write)

This is fun already. I can't wait for the reunion.

ROMY

Oh, I know.

They giggle, excited.

ROMY (CONT'D)

"Occupation."

Michele chews on her pencil, thinking, as Romy writes.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Cashier...

MICHELE

What should I put? I'm unemployed.

ROMY

Well, don't put that. Your last job was as a salesgirl. Say you're a "freelance fashion consultant."

MICHELE

Ooo, clever.

Romy goes back to the questionnaire.

ROMY
Okay. "Relationship status.
Married?"

MICHELE
Nope.

They both mark their sheets after no.

ROMY
"Engaged."

MICHELE
No.

ROMY
"Living with someone."

MICHELE
Should I say you?

ROMY
I guess so.

Romy stares at her sheet; a terrible thought overtakes her.

ROMY (CONT'D)
You know, Michele... now that I'm
looking at this, our lives don't
seem... as impressive as I thought.

MICHELE
... They don't?

ROMY
Well, do you think it's impressive
that we're still single, we've been
living together for ten years, and
I'm a cashier and you're unemployed?

MICHELE
Well, not super impressive.

They both study their questionnaires. Romy sighs.

ROMY
Then what's the point of going if
we're not going to impress people?

Micheele shrugs glumly, as the reality sets in...

32 INT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S LIVING ROOM - A WHILE LATER

32

They enter, dejected. Romy sets down the laundry and flops
on the sofa. Michele sighs and flops down beside her.

MICHELE

Romy, I still really really really
want to go. *

ROMY

I know, me too. *

MICHELE

Can't we think of something? *

ROMY

Well... we've got two weeks 'til
the reunion, right? And pretty
much all we need are better jobs
and maybe some boyfriends.

MICHELE

Yeah. But if it was so easy to get
those things, wouldn't we already
have them?

ROMY

Well, we never really tried before.
We never really had a good
reason -- like going to a
reunion -- to motivate us.

MICHELE

That's true...

ROMY

(getting into it)

Okay. We've each got to make
ourselves more impressive. So I'll
find us boyfriends while you look
for work. Plus, I hate to say it,
but we should also lose some
weight. Like a minimum twenty
pounds.

MICHELE

You really think we can lose that
much in two weeks?

ROMY

Well, sure. That's only ten apiece.

BRING MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

34 INT. GYM - DAY

34

Romy and Michele are struggling through a spinning class.
MUSIC OUT.

ROMY

According to this chart, if we want to lose a pound a day, then we have to burn twice as many calories as we eat. Which means to burn 4,000 calories, we have to run... 20 miles a day.

MICHELE

God, Romy, remember that time in Mrs. Chivas's class, when she was giving us that word problem where this guy was in a rowboat going x number of miles and the current was like going some other miles? And Mrs. Chivas says, "Michele, how long would it take him to get to town?" And I'm like, "Who cares, Mrs. Chivas? Who wants to go to town with a guy who drives a rowboat?"

MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. RODEO DRIVE SIGN - BEVERLY HILLS - EST. SHOT - DAY 35

PAN DOWN to pick up Michele in her version of a job interview outfit, as she enters "GUCCI'S."

36 INT. GUCCI'S - DAY

36

The MANAGER is going over Michele's application. MUSIC OUT.

MICHELE

And I'm like really familiar with the entire Gucci line. I mean, if you'd just give me a chance, I know I could sell the shit outta this stuff.

The manager looks at her disapprovingly. MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

37 INT. "FIX" - NIGHT

37

Romy is dressed in full party garb and sitting at the bar. She smiles at the CUTE GUY on her right. MUSIC OUT.

CUTE GUY

Hi.

ROMY

Hi. That is such a great suit. Is it an Armani?

CUTE GUY

(impressed)

Yes. Yes, it is.

ROMY

(smiling)

I thought so. So, what do you do?

CUTE GUY

(impressed)

I'm a suit salesman.

ROMY'S THOUGHT (V.O.)

Bad job. Really bad job.

ROMY

(extremely polite)

Will you excuse me? I cut my foot before and my shoe is filling up with blood.

As the guy looks after her, confused, Romy makes her escape.
MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. UPSCALE DEPT. STORE - EST. SHOT - DAY

38

PAN DOWN to reveal Michele, dressed in another interview outfit, as she enters with some resignation.

39 INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE

39

Michele sits opposite the HEAD OF PERSONNEL. He holds her resume. MUSIC OUT.

MICHELE

... Yeah, well, my first choice was to work at a boutique on Rodeo Drive. But this would be okay.

HEAD OF PERSONNEL

Well, thank you. Unfortunately, we don't have any openings here right now.

MICHELE

Oh. You're kidding.

HEAD OF PERSONNEL

Although we might have an opening at our discount outlet.

MICHELE
(sickened)
Like what street would that be on?

MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. SPORTS CLUB - NIGHT 40

Through the window, we see a boxercise class in progress.

41 INT. GYM - BOXING BAG ROOM 41

Romy and Michele are wearing boxing gloves; Michele holds a bag in place as Romy punches it. MUSIC OUT.

ROMY
Come on, Michele. At this point,
any job is better than no job at
all.

MICHELE
A discount outlet?? Me???
(then)
Fine. So any boyfriends yet?

Now Romy holds the bag for Michele, who hits it.

ROMY
No. All the guys with good jobs
must be going to some other club.

MICHELE
Well, you know where Dana met her
new boyfriend? And he's a William
Morris agent.

ROMY
Ooo. Show biz. Good job. Where?

42 INT. AA MEETING - ANOTHER NIGHT - TIGHT ON ROMY 42

ROMY
Hi, my name is Romy, and I'm an
alcoholic.

AA MEETING GOERS
Hi, Romy.

CUT TO:

43 INT. BEVERLY HILLS AA MEETING - LATER NIGHT 43

After the meeting, Romy and a CUTE AA GUY drink coffee.

CUTE AA GUY

... and that was it. I've been working the program ever since.

ROMY

Wow. But you're still a writer on "The Nanny." That's so cool.

CUTE AA GUY

So what about you? What got you here?

ROMY

(caught off guard)

What... got me here?

CUTE AA GUY

Yeah. Was it a single incident, or did you just hit bottom, or what?

ROMY

Well, I mean, how many mornings can you wake up in a pool of your own vomit, you know?

The guy's grossed out. MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. BARGAIN CENTER, CULVER CITY - EST. SHOT - DAY 44 *

A bad K-mart. PAN DOWN to find Michele in another interview outfit. She blinks before she goes inside. *

45 INT. BARGAIN CENTER - CONTINUOUS 45 *

The MANAGER is walking Michele through the store. Michele follows. The merchandise and customers appear distorted. *
MUSIC OUT. *

CREEPY MANAGER

... and you'd also get a 5 percent employee discount over and above our everyday low prices.

(proudly)

I got this tie for a dollar.

MICHELE

You paid a dollar for that? *

MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

46 INT. "SINGLED OUT" SET - DAY

46

PROSPECTIVE CONTESTANTS line up to audition for the MTV dating show. All look really young. Romy, holding her application, approaches the RECEPTIONIST. MUSIC OUT.

ROMY

I know I'm supposed to wait in that line. But listen, I wouldn't even be here if this wasn't like a dating emergency.

RECEPTIONIST

(looks Romy up and down)
Um-hmmm. I can see that.
(peruses application)
But you're too old to get on the show anyway. Our cut-off's twenty-five.
(hands back application)
Try VH-1. Maybe they got something.

Insulted, Romy shoots her a look that could kill, then walks off in a huff. On her way out, she notices a GORGEOUS 18-year-old GUY and impulsively tries to salvage her day.

ROMY

You know what that woman just told me? The show's been cancelled and we're supposed to pick our own dates now. Ever been to Tucson?

GORGEOUS GUY

(uninterested)
How old are you?

As Romy reacts, more affronted than ever... MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. GYM - EST. SHOT - NIGHT

47

48 INT. GYM - MAIN WORKOUT ROOM

48

Elvis Costello's "PUMP IT UP". Romy and Michele are on the treadmills, which are going so slowly that they THUD THUD THUD as they jog.

ROMY

The reunion's in less than a week. I just can't believe you turned down a job.

ROMY & MICHELE 4/29/96 (blue)

40A*.

MICHELE

I thought the point was to impress
people. How am I supposed to
impress anyone if I'm selling
Banlon smocks at Bargain Mart?

Romy stomps off the treadmill.

ROMY
I'm sick of this. I'm going to go
weigh myself.

49 INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

49

Romy enters, followed by Michele. Romy gets on the scale and slides the weights.

ROMY
Oh God. I've been killing myself
for eight days...
(blinks back tears)
And I gained a pound.

MICHELE
But-but that's impossible.
(then, hopefully)
Did you deduct six pounds for your
shoes?

Romy gives Michele a look; she turns and storms back to their lockers. Fighting tears, Romy tries to work her combination.

ROMY
Just -- forget it. I'm not going.

MICHELE
What?

ROMY
Get real, Michele. We're idiots.
We can't get jobs and boyfriends
and lose weight in two weeks.

MICHELE
But-but I thought you said we could.

ROMY
Well, we can't. Face it, we're
losers. And if we go to that
reunion, everyone we grew up with
will know it.

Romy finally gets her locker open; she just stands there as a lone tear falls. She turns and faces her friend. Michele is equally devastated. They hold a look.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

50 INT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

50

On a plastic tube of pillsbury chocolate chip cookie dough.
the end is snipped open.

Reveal Romy as she squeezes the raw dough right into her mouth. Michele sits beside her, dipping Doritos into a carton of Haagen-Dazs. They're surrounded by tons of other junk food and a Honey Baked Ham carcass. Snuffy the cat nibbles the ham. They lethargically flip through magazines.

*
*
*
*

INSERT PAGE

The copy reads, "THE CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN: WHAT THE TOP FEMALE EXECUTIVES WEAR TO WORK." Photos are of models in expensive suits wearing "reading glasses" and carrying brand new briefcases (and either hailing taxis or talking on cellular phones).

MICHELE (V.O.)

Wow. The top female executives are all so pretty.

BACK ON ROMY AND MICHELE

ROMY

(irritated)

Those aren't the actual executives, Michele. Those are models.

MICHELE

Oh. I thought they looked familiar. But they really look like executives, don't they?

ROMY

That's just because they have those suits and phony glasses on, and they're carrying briefcases.

MICHELE

Huh.

She turns the page. Romy sighs and turns a page as well. Then she has a thought and looks up.

ROMY

Oh my god, Michele. That's it! We'll go to the reunion - and just pretend to be successful?! I mean, who'll know? They're in Tucson. We're here. We'll just show up looking like businesswomen.

MICHELE

Oh my god! But wait. If people at the reunion see us pull up in a Nova, won't they know we're not really businesswomen?

*

ROMY
If you can make us the clothes, I
can get us the car.

Romy smiles wickedly.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR SERVICE OFFICE - DAY 51

Romy walks up in an incredibly hot dress. She takes a deep
breath and enters.

52 INT. SERVICE OFFICE - DAY 52

Ramon and other car jockeys watch "OPRAH" on a small TV. As
Romy enters, the guys look up.

ROMY
Clear out, boys. I need to talk to
Ramon.

Romy snaps her fingers. The other guys quickly leave but
hang around. We can see them outside through the window.
Ramon looks at her intensely.

RAMON
Yes, cara mia?

ROMY
Michele and I have this high school
reunion coming up, and we have to
show up in a really great car.

RAMON
(supiciously)
Yeah...?

ROMY
Todd told me he gave you a great
deal on an old XJS convertible, and
you're restoring it.

RAMON
(suspicious but
enjoying this)
Yeah...?

ROMY
So... Can I borrow your car?

RAMON
If I loan you my car, what do I get?

ROMY
(a beat; wary)
What do you want?

RAMON
You know what I want.

ROMY
Forget it. I'm not going to have
sex with you just to borrow your
stupid car.

RAMON
Well, I've got to get something.

ROMY
(thinking it over)
We'll close the blinds. I'll fake
a really loud orgasm. And everyone
will think we had sex.

RAMON
You will scream my name?

Romy gives him a long look; then reaches over and closes the
blinds. Off Ramon's smile...

CUT TO:

53 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR SERVICE OFFICE - DAY 53

The other service guys are still right outside. One guy is
pressed up against the door, trying to listen.

SERVICE GUY #1
Oh man. Oh man.

Now they can all hear Romy's loud moaning.

ROMY (V.O.)
Ohhhh, Ramon... Mi capitán... Mi
amor... You are Columbus and I am
America. Discover me. Yes, Ramon,
yes.

The guys share a look, impressed. Just then, Todd the
salesman walks by with a rich FEMALE customer in her sixties.
She's appalled as the moaning intensifies, building in volume.

CUT BACK TO:

54 INT. SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 54

Romy looks bored; she checks her hair for split ends and
snips them off while Ramon feeds her what to say next.

RAMON

Explosions! The earth is moving.

ROMY

Explosions! The earth is moving.

RAMON

Is that an earthquake? No, it's Ramon.

ROMY

Is that an earthquake? No, it's Ramon.

RAMON

Oh man stallion, fill me up with your giant love wand.

ROMY

(dropping her act)

What? No, sorry, I don't think so.

RAMON

Well, say something nice about my penis.

ROMY

(rolls her eyes; back into it)

Oh Ramon your penis is so powerful I'm coming. Okay thanks get off me now.

RAMON

Hey!

ROMY

You want it to be believable, don't you?

Off Ramon's unconvinced look...

CUT BACK TO:

55 EXT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

55

Romy pulls up in an XJS Jaguar convertible and honks. Michele throws open the front door of their apartment and screams:

MICHELE

You did it!

(shouting)

Let's go!

Michele grabs two suitcases and an overnight bag and comes running for the car. She's wearing a trendy dress. Romy turns off the ignition and jumps out to open the trunk.

MICHELE

This is going to be so much fun.
(re: the car)
What did you have to do?

ROMY

I had to give all the guys in the service department hand jobs.

MICHELE

Well, while you were doing that, I taped our favorite songs from high school to get us in the mood.

ROMY

(deadly)
I was kidding, Michele. Do you actually think I would do that?
(off Michele's look)
For a car?
(off Michele's look)
Just get in.

56 INT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

56

Romy gets back into the driver's seat. Michele gets in the passenger side.

ROMY

Look what else I got us.

She shows off a cellular flip phone.

MICHELE

Wow! A flip phone. How'd you get that?

ROMY

Duh. I bought it. But it was only nine ninety-five.

MICHELE

You're kidding.

ROMY

The only drag was I had to buy that toaster oven to get it.

She indicates a large box in the back set.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Ready?

Michele pops a cassette into the tape deck.

MICHELE

Ready.

Romy turns the key. "FOOTLOOSE" BLARES from the speakers. Michele and Romy share a look and burst into song.

MICHELE & ROMY

"Loose! Footloose!"

Their heads keep bobbing.

ROMY

I have no idea what the rest of the lyrics are.

MICHELE

(a big coincidence)

Me, neither!

They laugh. Romy starts the car and a plume of exhaust smoke billows out the back.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Whoo! Watch out, Tucson! Here we come!

The Jag backfires. Sputters and dies. "FOOTLOOSE" CUTS OUT.

ROMY

Shit.

Romy turns the key in the ignition. After sputtering some more, it finally catches and starts. "FOOTLOOSE" RESUMES.

MICHELE

Whoo! Watch out, Tucson! Here we come!

The Jag dies again. "FOOTLOOSE" CUTS OUT.

ROMY

Shit.

Romy turns the key in the ignition. Sputters. Finally starts. "FOOTLOOSE" RESUMES.

MICHELE

Whoo!

Romy gives Michele a look to shut her up. They wait a beat, but this time, the car doesn't die. They share a look.

MICHELE & ROMY

Whoo!

They laugh, excited, as Romy puts the car into gear. It pulls out and heads down the streets, trailing music and a cloud of dust.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

57 OMIT 57

58 INT. JAGUAR - EXT. HIGHWAY - TRAVELING SHOT - DAY 58

They approach a minivan driven by MOM AND DAD. Their 7-year-old BRAT is in the rear seat, making faces out the window. He locks onto Michele. He sticks his tongue out at her. She sticks her tongue out at him. He makes an ugly face. She makes an ugly face. He presses his face and tongue up against the glass. Michele quickly rolls up her side window so she can press her face and tongue against it.

ROMY

I give up. What are you doing?

MICHELE

Pass this van. This kid's obnoxious.

As Romy pulls out, the kid scrambles to the side window and continues to make obnoxious faces at Michele.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

(getting upset)

Go faster.

ROMY

God, what's with that kid?

MICHELE

I don't know. He's sick.

Michele makes a real grotesque face as the Jaguar passes the front of the van. The parents both catch Michele doing it.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Oh, sorry! I was just trying to scare your little boy!

As the Jaguar sails on...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

58A EXT. HIGHWAY/ INT. JAGUAR - LATER DAY 58A

The car glides along the last vestiges of civilization slip away and the bleak desert stretches out ahead. Now they're

(CONTINUED)

ROMY & MICHELE 6/25/96

48A.

58A CONTINUED:

58A

singing along with "99 Luft Balloons", complete with German accent. Michele mouths the solo, then Romy joins in. They laugh, then continue singing. This is heaven.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

58B OMIT

58B *

59 EXT. HIGHWAY - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

59

LAP DISSOLVES of the bleak, desolate landscape as they head to Tuscon. Finally, they're driving in the middle of nowhere.

INT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

Romy and Michele finish up singing along with "WHEN DOVES CRY" by PRINCE. The tape is over. Silence. Each settles back into her own thoughts. They pass a sign that reads: 'RED TAGGART'S SUPER TRUCK STOP 1/2 MILE -- GOOD EATS', with a picture of a hamburger and fries. Michele's stomach growls loudly. She glances at Romy. Nothing. They pass another sign: 'HOME COOKING AND DIESEL -- 1/4 MILE' with a picture of hot apple pie a la mode next to a gas pump. Michele glances at Romy again. Finally.

MICHELE

Romy...

ROMY

We agreed -- we weren't going to eat 'till the reunion.

MICHELE

But, I don't think I can wait. I saw those signs and now I'm starving. Please? My stomach is growling. Look, my hand is shaking. I'm begging you.

ROMY

(considers; then)

Well, if we did stop, we could change into our new outfits in the bathroom. And like test them out. See if people really buy us as businesswomen.

MICHELE

Ooo. Good idea! And we could
order like something businesswomen
would eat.

61 EXT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

61

The car does a u-turn and heads back to the turnoff.

62 EXT. RED TAGGART'S - A FEW MINUTES LATER

62

In the middle of desolation looms this giant mega-truck stop. No less than 30 semi's are refueling or parked in front. The Jag pulls up and stops. Romy and Michele hop out and grab their overnight bags from the trunk. They look totally incongruous, and menacing TRUCKERS shoot them looks as they go in search of the bathrooms.

ROMY

(sotto)

Oh good, I think that serial killer
is in love with me.

MICHELE

"Hi! I dismember people, but I
have a really good personality!"

They laugh as they walk in between two giant trucks which form a man-made canyon and blot out the sun.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Yikes. Can you see anything? It's
kind of dark in here.

Suddenly, the Lecherous Truck Driver from the highway jumps out of his cab behind them. They try and continue on, but another scary-looking man blocks the other end of the corridor. They turn back to the Lecherous Driver: his teeth are corroded; his eyes shine with evil and danger.

LECHEROUS DRIVER

Well, well, well, if it ain't my
little girlfriends from the Jagywar.

Michele looks nervous, but Romy takes charge.

ROMY

(deadpan)

You know, as much as we'd love to
stay and watch you flick your
tongue in and out, unfortunately,
we're in kind of a rush.

LECHEROUS DRIVER

Well, why don'cha get into my truck
and I'll screw your little city
girl brains out? Don't worry,
won't take long.

He grins and grabs Romy's arm. Michele is frightened now.
But Romy keeps her cool. She smiles seductively at him.

ROMY

(sincerely)

Well all right, then. Sounds like
fun. But I hope you don't mind,
I'm having a really bad herpes
flare up.

Grossed out, the Driver releases her arm and wipes his hand
off his pants.

ROMY (CONT'D)

If you change your mind, I'll be
ready. Come on, Michele.

They start cracking up as they run off, back into the
sunlight.

CUT TO:

63 INT. RED TAGGART'S RESTAURANT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

63

ON THE LADIES' ROOM DOOR

as Romy and Michele come out wearing brightly colored,
conservative, knee-length business suits, matching pumps,
sedate hairdo's and make-up. The works.

ROMY

Now remember. From this point on,
we're sophisticated, educated,
successful career women.

MICHELE

Right.

(then)

God, this new underwear is totally
riding up my butt crack.

They make their way across the bustling diner to the counter.
COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYS. The WAITRESS approaches.

ROMY

Yeah. Hello. We need something to
go.

WAITRESS

Okay.

She takes out a pad and a pen.

ROMY

Do you have any kind of
businesswomen's special?

Romy and Michele share a quick look.

WAITRESS

(looking up)

Come again?

ROMY

Well, we're businesswomen.

MICHELE

From L.A.

ROMY

And I mean, some places have like,
a lunch special.

MICHELE

You know, for businesswomen.

WAITRESS

We don't have anything like that.

ROMY

Oh. Well, then just give us
burgers and fries and diet cokes,
'cause we're in a hurry.

MICHELE

Yeah, we're due in Tucson later.
For a business thing. You know.

Romy and Michele share a look, pleased that they pulled this
off and she bought it.

WAITRESS

So. What kind of business are you
in?

Romy and Michele look at the waitress, frozen. They blink.
They have no idea what to say.

64 EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING VIEW - LATER DAY

64

Romy and Michele are back on the highway. Romy drives.

ROMY

I can't believe we never thought of
what to say we do for a living.

Michele plays with one of those origami fortune-telling things that girls play with in junior high. She moves the four sides in and out as she asks the question.

MICHELE

Which - one - of - these - guys -
will - I - have - sex - with -
at - the - reunion?

She opens it up and reads off a name.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Ooo! Casey Degan!

Frustrated, Romy grabs the origami off Michele's hand.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Hey!

ROMY

Come on, we're running out of time.
I already came up with like fifty
businesses. You come up with one.

MICHELE

Okay... Well... Why don't we say
we're doctors?

ROMY

Right. Really believable.

MICHELE

Well, people could believe we're
doctors.

Romy just looks at her. Beat. Then:

ROMY

Hey... what if we own our own
company?

MICHELE

Yeah!

(then)

Like what?

ROMY

Like...

(thinks a minute)

What if we invented something?

MICHELE

(getting into it)

We invented something. Good, good!
Like what?

ROMY

It should be something everybody's heard of, but no one really knows who invented it. I've got it! Post-Its! I mean, everybody knows what Post-Its are!

MICHELE

Yeah!

(uncertain)

They're the little yellow things with the stickum on the back, right?

ROMY

Right. And it doesn't seem like they'd be that hard to invent either, you know? So now all we need is the story of how we invented them. You know, in case someone asks us.

MICHELE

(enthusiastically)

Okay... We invented them when...

(giving up)

I don't know.

Michele opens a bag of chips. Extends it to Romy, who takes one and chews thoughtfully.

ROMY

How 'bout this? We're working at this advertising agency after college.

MICHELE

(laughs)

Ooo, college, good one!

ROMY

Yeah, and we've got like this presentation to make to a client. So we're brainstorming, and all of a sudden -- we're out of paperclips.

MICHELE

(chuckles wickedly)

Good.

ROMY

So, I go, "Wouldn't it be great if this paper had stickum on the back so I could just lay it on top of that other paper and it would stay? You know, without a paperclip?"

MICHELE
(delighted)
Yes!

ROMY
And as soon as I say it, I just
know it's a great idea and I say,
"Hey, let's really do it!" And
then... you've got this uncle who
works for a big paper company. And
he loves the idea and the rest is
history. Oh God, it's perfect,
don't you think?

MICHELE
(taken aback)
Well, yeah. But...

ROMY
But what?

MICHELE
(shrugs)
Well, it just kind of sounded like
you thought of Post-Its all by
yourself. I mean, what did I do?

ROMY
Well... it was your uncle.

MICHELE
(not any happier)
... Yeah...

ROMY
Okay -- and we can say... you were
the designer. You know, like I
thought of it, but you thought of
making them yellow.

MICHELE
(not buying it)
Well, why can't we make up a story
where we co-invented Post-Its?
Fifty-fifty.

ROMY
Look, Michele.
(delicately)
I just think you're more believable
as a designer than an inventor,
okay?

MICHELE

(hurt)

So what are you saying? That I
couldn't invent Post-Its -- and you
could?

ROMY

(uncomfortable)

Well... Come on. Most of these
people have known us since
elementary school. And everybody
knows: I mean, I'm like the Butch
and you're like the Sundance.

MICHELE

(huffy)

So... I'm the Sundance and you're
the Butch. I see.

ROMY

Hey. It's not a bad thing. Robert
Redford was as cute as Paul Newman.
But one just had the ideas, that's
all.

Michele snorts derisively. She turns the radio up and stares
out the window, eating chips. Romy glances at her. Beat.
She pulls over to the side of the road.

65 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

65

MICHELE

What are you doing?

ROMY

Look, you're obviously pissed at me.

MICHELE

Why would I be pissed? Just
because now I know how you really
feel about me?

ROMY

I knew this would happen. I try
and be honest with you once and it
blows up in my face.

Michele gets out of the car and slams the door.

66 EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

66

MICHELE

Okay. If you want to be honest,
then let's be honest. I let you be
the Butch.

Romy scrambles out of the car after her. Now they are two women in brightly colored business suits, standing and arguing in the middle of the desert.

ROMY
(insulted)
What?

MICHELE
Yeah. I let you be the Butch so, you know, you won't feel bad that I'm cuter.

ROMY
(gasps, shocked; then)
You are not cuter, Michele.

MICHELE
I am too. It's common knowledge. Everyone thinks I'm cuter. I'm like the Mary and you're the Rhoda.

ROMY
Oh, please. You're the Rhoda. You're the Jewish one.

MICHELE
I'm only talking cuteness-wise. And cuteness-wise, I'm the Mary.

ROMY
This is ridiculous. You have no proof that you're cuter.

MICHELE
Proof? Okay. Fine. Who lost their virginity first?

ROMY
Oh, big wow. With your cousin, Barry. I wouldn't brag about it.

MICHELE
Okay. Well, who always gets asked to dance first when we go to clubs?
(she lets this sink in)
No wonder you couldn't find us boyfriends.

ROMY
(nonplussed)
Well. Well --
(recovering)
So what? You can't even get a job! I carry you, Michele. Without me, you'd be lost.

MICHELE
That is such a lie.

ROMY
Let's just see. Let's split up
then and see what happens.

MICHELE
(slightly worried but
covering)
What do you mean, split up?

ROMY
(heading for the car)
I mean, when we get to Tucson, we
go our own separate ways.

MICHELE
Okay, good. I don't care.

ROMY
Fine.

Romy gets back in the car and slams the door. So does
Michele.

67 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

67

ROMY
As of Tucson, we're finished.

MICHELE
(defiantly)
Well, drive fast.

Romy steps on the gas. Michele defiantly turns on the radio.
Romy defiantly changes the station. Michele crosses her arms
on her chest, livid. As they glare out ahead at the yellow
line of highway stretching out to the horizon, a brilliant
sunset bleeds orange and red...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

68 INT. JAGUAR / EXT. TACKY TUCSON HOTEL - NIGHT

68

Michele is fast asleep. Car's stopped. She stirs. Opens
her eyes. A GIANT STUFFED SCORPION stares down at her.

She cries out in surprise.

MICHELE
Aaaah!

Widen to reveal it's being unloaded from a van by TWO GUYS. Disoriented, Michele shakes off sleep and looks around. The Jag is parked in the front lot of a tacky Tucson hotel. Romy's already halfway across the lot heading inside. Michele scrambles out of the car and follows. Overlap "ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME."

69 INT. TUCSON HOTEL BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

69

A MIRRORED BALL SUSPENDED FROM THE CEILING like from the old disco days slowly turns, creating a strobe effect. WIDEN TO REVEAL THE ROOM: it's decorated with poster-sized photos of people from high school. The party's in full swing. All the REUNION GUESTS are dressed up; they're talking, drinking, and dancing.

ANGLE ON MICHELE

who's just entered. She spies Romy as she approaches BILLY CHRISTIANSON. From the way he's backlit, he appears even more gorgeous than he was in high school. This backlight will follow Billy wherever he goes. Michele can overhear their conversation:

ROMY

Wow. Billy Christianson.
(indicating her nametag)
Romy. Romy White.

BILLY

No. No way. You look fantastic.
I never would've recognized you in
a million years.

ROMY

Thanks.

BILLY

(smiles)
So what have you been doing since
high school?

ROMY

Well, believe it or not, I invented
Post-Its.

Disgusted, Michele walks off. She notices THE A GROUP: CHRISTIE, CHERYL, KELLY AND LISA LUDER. They're as slim and pretty as ever, but with a new air of sophistication. They look far more successful than Romy and Michele in their pastel career women clothes in shades like after-dinner mints. Michele approaches as Christie's mid-story.

CHRISTIE

... so I told Prescott, you can pay me the one-fifty or I am out of here. Bye-bye. I mean, there are at least twelve major markets that would put me on the air tomorrow.

LISA LUDER

In a heartbeat.

MICHELE

So you did it? You're actually an anchorwoman?

CHRISTIE

(proudly)

No. I'm a weathergirl.

KELLY

On the highest-rated 5 o'clock news in Tucson.

CHRISTIE

So...

(off her nametag)

Michele. What are you up to?

MICHELE

(sheepish)

Well, um, I invented Post-Its.

Kelly, Cheryl and Lisa immediately appear impressed.

KELLY

Post-Its. Wow.

LISA LUDER

You're kidding me.

But Christie appears skeptical.

CHRISTIE

You invented Post-it Notes?

CHERYL

You must have made a fortune!

MICHELE

(modestly)

Well... yeah.

CHRISTIE

No offense, Michele, but how in the world did you ever think of Post-Its?

Caught off guard, Michele panics and can't think of what to say. Everything winds down to...

70 SLOW MOTION

70

She looks at their faces as they stand there waiting for her answer. Beat.

MICHELE'S VOICE DISTORTED
Ummm... Welllll... Uhhhhh...

Michele looks over at Romy who's still with Billy. Their voices are also strangely distorted.

BILLY'S VOICE DISTORTED
Wow, you must've made a mint.

ROMY'S VOICE DISTORTED
If you've got a minute, I could show you the car I'm driving.

They head out, right past Michele.

ROMY'S VOICE DISTORTED (CONT'D)
And I came up with them totally by myself. I mean, all Michele did was say, "What about making them yellow?"

They exit, hand in hand. This pisses Michele off and if only to prove Romy wrong, it galvanizes her.

71 REGULAR SPEED

71

The A group's still waiting.

MICHELE
Well... Actually, first I invented this special kind of glue.

LISA LUDER
A special kind of glue?

CHRISTIE
(dubious)
Oh really? Than I'm sure you wouldn't mind giving us a detailed account of exactly how you concocted this miracle glue, would you?

She shares a smug smile with her friends. Michele decides to go for it.

MICHELE

Well, um, ordinarily, to make glue, first you need to thermoset your resin. And then after it cools, you mix it with an epoxide, which is just a fancy-schmancy name for any simple, oxygenated adhesive, right? So I thought maybe, just maybe, you could raise the viscosity if you added like, a complex glucose derivative during the emulsification process. And it just so happens, I was right.

Finished, Michele smiles and shrugs. The A-group is amazed, but no one is more stunned than Michele herself.

CHERYL

I can't believe it. You must be the most successful person in our graduating class.

MICHELE

Uh-huh. And you're not. See you!

Michele walks away, ecstatic she somehow pulled this off. Even though they're fighting, her instinct is to share this with Romy. She heads outside.

72 EXT. TACKY TUCSON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

72

Michele comes out of the hotel and looks around. Across the lot, she spies Romy and Billy. He sits behind the wheel of the Jaguar. Romy sits next to him. He's pretending to drive and shift gears.

BILLY

Vroom, vroom. This is great.

ROMY

You can have it if you want.

BILLY

You're kidding me. Thanks.

(then)

Romy, can I ask you something?

*
*

Their eyes meet; it's an electric moment. They're about to kiss when Michele scampers up.

MICHELE

(excitedly)

Romy, you won't believe what just --

ROMY
(harshly)
Michele. Can't you see I'm busy?!

MICHELE
(hurt; blinks back
tears)
Oh -- just forget it!

She turns to flee -- just as a HUGE WHITE LIMO is heading toward her and she RUNS RIGHT INTO IT. She goes flying onto its hood as it skids to a stop. Michele SCREAMS as a HANDSOME MAN jumps out.

HANDSOME MAN
My God -- are you all right?

MICHELE
What do you think?

She bursts into tears, but appears to be fine. He helps her off the hood.

HANDSOME MAN
I'm terribly sorry. My driver didn't see you. Please come. I have boxes of Kleenex in my limo. Let me make it up to you.

He extends his hand. Michele takes a really good look at him. This guy's amazing-looking. She sniffles a bit.

MICHELE
Okay.

Romy and Billy have watched the whole thing. Michele smiles, smug, as she takes his hand and enters the limo.

73 INT. LIMO / EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

73

Michele looks around. It's incredibly plush with every extra imaginable. Handsome Man takes a box of Kleenex from a stack of them and hands it to Michele.

HANDSOME MAN
Here, Michele. Help yourself.

MICHELE
Thanks. Hey, wait. How do you know my name?

HANDSOME MAN
It's me, Michele. Sandy.

MICHELE
Sandy Frink? But -- but, I mean, you're so dreamy.

HANDSOME MAN

(laughs)

When I made my first million, my
present to myself was a new face.

MICHELE

Well, I'm not just saying this, but
you really picked a good one.

They hold a long, intense look.

74 THROUGH THE LIMOUSINE WINDOW BEHIND THEM, WE SEE

74

Romy and Billy in the Jaguar, gazing into each other's eyes.

ROMY

... and I had this notebook with
"Mrs. Romy Christianson" written on
it like about a thousand times.
Now you think I'm some sort of geek.

BILLY

No, not at all. I'm flattered.

Christie approaches Billy on the driver's side.

CHRISTIE

(flirtatious)

Billy. I've been looking all over
for you. You want to dance once,
for old times' sake?

"DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME" suddenly starts playing in
the parking lot. This brings back the horrible memory of
Prom Night to Romy, who looks stricken.

BILLY

No thanks. I owe this one to Romy.

Romy smiles as Billy gets out of the car; Romy follows and
they head hand in hand back to the hotel. He pauses to kiss
her. Now they're both backlit. They go inside. Christie
watches, devastated. The rest of the A-group comes up.

CHERYL

Hey, I thought you were going to be
dancing with Billy.

CHRISTIE

Oh, shut up. Get me another
daiquiri.

She shoves her empty glass at Cheryl.

75 INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

75

Michele sits straddling Handsome Sandy; they're making out and groping each other.

Sandy's shirt is unbuttoned and Michele's blouse is off; she wears a lacy black bra. Suddenly, someone sticks their head in the moon roof of the car. Michele covers herself with her hands. It's Toby Walters, the unflappable pudgy girl.

TOBY

Hey, you guys. They're announcing the winners of the vote.

MICHELE

Vote? What vote?

SANDY

Come on. We've got to get in there.

He jumps out through the moon roof. Michele looks around.

MICHELE

(calling after Sandy)

Wait! I can't find my blouse!

76 INT. BALLROOM - A MOMENT LATER

76

The decorations are different and weirder: there are a disproportionate number of photos of Christie Fox, blown up even bigger than before. Billy is on stage with the microphone. Everyone's gathered around. Sandy and Michele enter holding hands. Still wearing only a bra with her skirt, Michele looks around, self-conscious. But no one seems to notice. Romy stands at the foot of the stage gazing up at Billy.

BILLY

(into mic)

I bet everyone is as anxious as I am to hear the results of the vote!

MICHELE

What vote?

From out of nowhere, a drumroll is heard.

BILLY

The person voted "Most changed for the better since high school" is --

He opens the envelope and takes out a paper.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 (into mic)
 It's a tie! It's a tie! The "Most
 changed for the better since high
 school" are Romy White! And
 Michele Weinberger!

The crowd goes wild. Thrilled, Romy runs up on stage.
 Michele is stunned. The A group are outraged.

CHRISTIE
 (drunkenly)
 Get me another daiquiri.

She shoves her glass at Cheryl again, who runs off.

LISA LUDER
 (delicately)
 Christie, you've got a little
 daiquiri foam all over your mouth.

Christie wipes her mouth on her sleeve.

ON MICHELE AND SANDY

SANDY
 Honey, go on up and get your medal!

MICHELE
 How weird. No one even told me we
 were voting.

Michele, a little embarrassed that she's still in her bra,
 walks up on stage. Billy puts a gold medal on a ribbon
 around her neck. Michele moves tentatively to the mic.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I couldn't find my
 blouse.

Everyone's cheering. Billy puts another medal on Romy.

77 ACROSS THE STAGE

77

Romy and Michele share a look. The sound of cheering stops.
 Everything stops, but each other. A split second later, the
 roar starts up again as people rush up to congratulate them.
 Billy grabs Romy by the hand. Sandy grabs Michele by the
 hand. Strngely, Sandy's limo and the Jaguar are both inside
 the ballroom. Sandy and Michele get into the limo; Billy and
 Romy into the Jag. They drive outside.

78 EXT. TUCSON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

78

The two cars emerge first, then the rest of the reunion
 streams out behind them. Christie is staggering.

CHRISTIE

Billy, wait! I still love you!

She trips and rolls down the front steps, landing in a puddle. She lies there passed out as people step over her. Cheryl runs up with a daiquiri.

CHERYL

Christie?

She picks Christie's head up by the back of her hair.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Do you still want this?

Christie is out cold. Cheryl releases her head, which hits the pavement with a thud. Cheryl joins the rest of her classmates who wave as the cars drive off. It's all happening so fast, and it's so confusing.

Romy looks out the window of the Jaguar back at Michele in the limo. Michele shoots a furtive look out the side window at Romy in the Jag. Romy pierces Michele with an icy glare, then looks away. Stung, Michele looks away as well. The cars leave the parking lot at the same time and turn in opposite directions...

DISSOLVE TO:

79 EXT. FRINK CASTLE - DAY

79

There's a tennis court and an Olympic-size swimming pool. Atop a hill, shrouded in mist, is an imposing stone mansion. PUSH IN ON THE TOWER WINDOW...

80 INT. FRINK CASTLE BEDROOM - DAY

80

It's decorated just like the suite from "PRETTY WOMAN". Sandy is still handsome, only now he's 97; he stands gazing out the window at his vast, spectacular property below. HECTOR ELIZONDO enters with a tea tray.

HECTOR ELIZONDO

Your tea, sir.

SANDY

Just set it down anywhere.

HECTOR ELIZONDO

Shall I call Mrs. Frink, sir?

SANDY

No, no, I'll get her.

81 INT. FRINK CASTLE - MICHELE'S SPECIAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 81

It's Michele's closet, which looks exactly like the Rodeo Drive boutique from "PRETTY WOMAN". Michele, 97, doesn't even seem aware of her surroundings. She wears a long red gown and gloves (like from the movie) as she sits in a rocking chair, staring at something in her lap. It's the gold "MOST CHANGED FOR THE BETTER SINCE HIGH SCHOOL" medal. Sandy enters with the tea. He walks very slowly. As he serves them both, he glances over at her.

SANDY

Looking at your medal from the reunion again, dear? You miss her, don't you?

MICHELE

Duh.

SANDY

Michele. Have you been terribly unhappy with me all these years?

MICHELE

No, no, Sandy. I've been happy. But I've just been lonely with no one to talk to.

SANDY

Why don't you call her? She probably feels as badly about what happened seventy years ago as you do.

MICHELE

(beat)

What if she's not listed? *

SANDY

If she wants to talk to you as much as you want to talk to her, she'll be listed. *

Michele picks up the phone and dials 411. *

MICHELE

(into phone)

Information? Yes, do you have a listing for a Mrs. Romy White Christianson, somewhere in the United States?

(MORE)

MICHELE (CONT'D)
(to Sandy)
He's putting me through.
(into phone)
Hello, billy Christianson?

INTERCUT WITH:

82 INT. CHRISTIANSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

82

A modest but pleasant living room. A man in his late
sixties is on the phone; he's the spitting image of Billy.

BILLY JR.
(into phone)
No, this is Billy Junior.

MICHELE
(into phone)
Hi, Billy. Is your mommy home?

BILLY JR.
(sadly)
Well, yeah, but she can't come to
the phone right now. She's on her
deathbed.

Reveal Romy, also 97, lying in bed, deathly ill.

MICHELE
(into phone)
Oh my God. Romy! Listen, Billy,
tell your mommy that Michele
Weinberger Frink is on the phone
and very much wants to speak with
her.

ROMY
(croaks at Billy Jr.)
No. Not unless she apologizes
first and admits she's not cuter
now and never was.

MICHELE
(outraged; into phone)
Well, I bet I look a helluva lot
better than some pasty hag on her
deathbed!

Michele slams down the phone, as we OVERLAP the sound of a
HORN HONKING.

83 INT. JAGUAR / EXT. VENTANA CANYON HOTEL, TUCSON - NIGHT 83

BACK TO REALITY. Michele is startled awake by a HONKING HORN
as some rowdy REUNION GUESTS arrive in a pick-up. Pull back
to reveal she's in the Jaguar in the parking lot of the nice
hotel where the reunion is actually taking place. Michele
looks around.

MICHELE
Oh. We're really here.

She looks out the window and sees a sign welcoming Sagebrush
High to their ten-year reunion.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
Thanks for not even waking me up,
Romy. What a bitch.

She gets out and heads to the hotel. Overlap "MISSING YOU".

CUT TO:

84 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

84

The ballroom is decorated in an upscale version of Michele's dream. The entire hotel is upscale from Michele's dream. The room is packed. People are laughing and dancing to music from high school. Romy enters wearing her nametag and looks around. She gets jostled by a few people.

SOMEONE IN CROWD

Hey, Romy White.

Romy smiles.

SOMEONE IN CROWD (CONT'D)

Where's Michele?

ROMY

(stops smile)

I don't know. Have you seen Billy Christianson?

SOMEONE IN CROWD

Try the bar!

As Romy heads for the bar...

CUT TO:

85 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

85

As Michele heads for the ballroom, the woman at the check-in table stops her. It's Toby Walters, still plumb and friendly.

TOBY

Excuse me. Hello! You can't go in without a nametag.

MICHELE

Michele Weinberger.

TOBY

Oh my God! Michele Weinberger!
You look great.

(indicating her nametag)
Toby Walters.

MICHELE

Oh yeah. Toby.

TOBY

This is so much fun seeing everybody from high school. Most of these people I've never talked to until tonight.

(handing over nametag)

Anyway, there you go. Romy's already inside.

MICHELE

I could care less. I'm not here with Romy.

TOBY

(surprised)

You're kidding me.

MICHELE

No. Actually, we're not even friends anymore. We had this big falling out. Over Post-its.

TOBY

Post-its?

MICHELE

It's a long story. Well, see you.

As Michele pins on her nametag and heads off...

TOBY

Wait, so you broke up with your best friend because of... office supplies?

CUT TO:

86 INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

86

Romy makes her way through the crowd toward the bar. Michele enters and heads off in the opposite direction.

ANGLE ON ROMY

In the distance, she spies Billy Christianson with a beer in his hand, looking every bit as gorgeous as he did in high school. He's laughing with a bunch of guys. Romy takes a deep breath, mustering up her courage, and starts for Billy. As she does, she accidentally bumps into Lisa Luder, who is now a stunningly stylish redhead.

ROMY

Oh, excuse me.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Is it just me, or do I look really hot in this?

MICHELE

No, you really do. Just one teeny thing. Hold still.

With a tweezers she pulls a hair from between Heather's eyes.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Thank you, that has been bugging me.

HEATHER

Fine. But stay the hell away from my bikini line.

MICHELE

Huh?

HEATHER

Never mind. Just ring me up.

Heather goes back into the dressing room. Michele excitedly approaches Romy, who's looking over the books.

MICHELE

Ca-ching! Another sale!

ROMY

At this rate, we'll pay Sandy back in no time.

MICHELE

But Sandy said we didn't have to pay him back.

Romy takes a lipstick out of her purse and freshens her lipstick in a hand mirror.

ROMY

Yeah, but we should anyway. I mean, I doubt it'll happen, but one day we might get sick of him and then it wouldn't be fair.

MICHELE

Oh yeah. Good thinking, Romy! This was such a great idea. Oh God, I swear, I think you are the funnest person I know.

ROMY

Me too!

FADE OUT.

LISA LUDER
(slightly indifferent)
Hey, Romy. How are you?

ROMY
Lisa Luder?

LISA LUDER
Yes.

ROMY
Oh God, you look great. I mean,
everybody always tells everybody
they look great, but you really do.

LISA LUDER
Thanks.

ROMY
So where's the rest of the A group?

LISA LUDER
I imagine they're around here
someplace. We kind of lost touch
over the years.

ROMY
Wow. That must be weird, not being
friends with your friends anymore.
I mean, Michele and I didn't lose
touch until about two hours ago.

LISA LUDER
Yes. Well. So what are you up to?

ROMY
I'm running my own company.

LISA LUDER
(mildly surprised)
Really?

ROMY
Yep. I invented Post-its.

LISA LUDER
(confused)
Post-its?

ROMY
They're those little yellow things
with --

LISA LUDER
Yes, I know what they are.

ROMY

If you want, I could tell you how
I thought of them.

LISA LUDER

No, that's okay.

ROMY

So what are you up to?

LISA LUDER

I'm an associate fashion editor for
Vogue.

ROMY

(really impressed)

The Vogue?

LISA LUDER

Yes. The one that's published in
New York.

ROMY

Wow. Good job. I must have every
copy of Vogue from the last ten
years.

LISA LUDER

Well, then you've seen my work.

ROMY

And if you use Post-its, you've
seen mine.

LISA LUDER

Right. Well, nice talking to you.

ROMY

(as Lisa walks off)

Nice talking to you, too. If I'm
ever in New York, I'll stop by!

Romy sighs, surprised that she doesn't feel as satisfied as
she thought she would. Then remembering Billy, she turns her
attention again toward the bar.

ROMY'S POV

Billy is nowhere to be seen.

ON ROMY

as she searches the ballroom and heads off in another
direction.

87 ANGLE ON MICHELE

87

talking to some Asian people, all former honors students.

MICHELE

... because she's selfish and she
always like devalues me and I'm
just sick of it, you know?

The others look confused.

88 ANGLE ON ROMY

88

as she spies the A group.

ROMY'S POV

Christie, Kelly and Cheryl are talking and laughing. They're
all obviously pregnant, but wear pretty maternity cocktail
dresses and still look great.

BACK ON ROMY

She grabs a WAITER who's passing through with a tray.

ROMY

See that group of pregnant women
over there? Do me a favor...

CUT TO:

89 THE A GROUP

89

Christie, Kelly and Cheryl are still talking.

CHRISTIE

It was so cute. My mom sent us a
car seat. When the box arrived,
little Jake looks up at me and
says, "Mommy, is that the baby?"

They all laugh.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I wish.

Romy joins the group.

ROMY

Hey, everyone. And so we meet
again.

CHRISTIE

Oh hi...

(checking Romy's
nametag)

Oh, Romy White. You're the chubby
girl.

ROMY

(trying to be good-
natured)

Well, I used to be. But not for a
really long time.

The waiter approaches.

WAITER

Excuse me. Does anybody here drive
a Jaguar XJS?

ROMY

I do.

WAITER

You left your lights on.

ROMY

Okay, thanks. Hey, does anybody
want to go out with me while I turn
my lights off?

CHERYL

(looking to others)

I don't think so.

ROMY

Does anybody just want to go for a
ride? If you've never been in a
Jag, they're a blast.

CHRISTIE

I used to have one. It was always
in the shop. Anyway, I think we
should all buy American.

CHERYL

Oh me too.

KELLY

Absolutely.

ROMY

Well, the Jag is just my company
car. So, what are you all up to?
Christie, in the yearbook, it said
you wanted Jane Pauley's job.

(MORE)

ROMY (CONT'D)
(needling)
Are you a big TV news reporter now?

CHRISTIE
(laughs)
Ugh, I don't even watch TV anymore.
My priorities have changed since I
became a mommy. Can you believe
this is number three?

ROMY
Wow. Three kids. You must really
feel tied down.

CHRISTIE
Not at all. I feel fulfilled.
Besides, Billy always wanted to
have a big family.

ROMY
(deflated)
Billy Christianson? You're married
to Billy Christianson?

CHRISTIE
Oh yes, for almost ten years.
Billy's in real estate development.

Romy nods, crushed, but trying not to show it.

KELLY
So, how about you? Any kids?

ROMY
Haven't had time yet. I've been
too busy running my own company.

CHERYL
Your own company?

ROMY
Yeah, I invented Post-its.

Cheryl and Kelly just stand there with frozen smiles.

CHRISTIE
No, really, what do you do?

ROMY
That's what I do. I invented Post-
its.

CHRISTIE
(starting to giggle)
You're kidding me.

ROMY
What's so funny?

CHRISTIE
I don't know. It just makes me
laugh.

ROMY
Well, I've made a lot of money.

KELLY
(to others)
You know who they say has made a
ton of money? Sandy Frink.

CHRISTIE
(dubious)
The Frink-a-zoid?

KELLY
He invented some special kind of
rubber that's used in all the
tennis shoes in North America.

ROMY
(pulling out flip phone)
By the way, if anybody needs to
make a call, I've got a phone.

CUT TO:

90 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

90

Toby Walters is at her post when Heather Mooney enters.
Heather has had herself done for the big event -- hair, make-
up, dressy black dress; she'd actually look cute if not for
her sour expression and cigarette dangling from her lips.
She heads for the ballroom.

TOBY
Hello! You can't go in without a
nametag.

HEATHER
Fuck off.

TOBY
(brightly)
Heather Mooney?! Oh my God, you're
exactly the same!

HEATHER
Yeah, take a picture.

Heather keeps going toward the ballroom.

CUT TO:

91 INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

91

Michele is standing with Lisa Luder.

LISA LUDER

Huh. That's odd. Romy White said she invented Post-its. But she didn't mention you at all.

MICHELE

Well, I honestly don't know what makes her think she can just tell a big lie like that and get away with it because...

Michele's voice trails off as she sees Heather entering and realizes she's the one person who could blow their cover.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

... Heather Mooney's here? Oh boy, now what's she gonna do?

Michele watches as Heather spies Romy and the A group and starts toward them.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

This oughta be good.

Lisa Luder looks confused as Michele takes off after Heather. Michele hangs back so she can listen without Romy seeing her.

92 THE A GROUP AND ROMY

92

CHERYL

Anybody know what Casey Degan is doing?

KELLY

He and Mark Black are producing off-Broadway shows in New York.

CHRISTIE

Big surprise.

KELLY

Oh God, don't look now. It's Heather Mooney.

ROMY

(in a sudden panic)
What?

93 CLOSE ON ROMY

93

as she spins around into a cloud of cigarette smoke; it disperses to reveal Heather.

HEATHER

Hello, Romy.

ROMY

(coughing)

Heather, you said you weren't coming.

HEATHER

I thought as long as Sandy and Michele weren't married...

(re: the reunion)

What a waste of a tank of gas.

ROMY

Come on, I'll help you look for him.

She starts to pull Heather off, but Heather resists.

HEATHER

He's not here yet. I asked Toby Dumb-fuck.

(to everyone)

So I obviously interrupted you all. Why don't you go back to ignoring me like you did in high school?

CHRISTIE

No, you can stay. We're talking about our class success stories. So, what are you up to?

ROMY

(frantically)

I'll bet you're thirsty. I'll show you where the bar is.

She tries to drag Heather off. Heather jerks away.

HEATHER

Hey -- back off.

(to Christie)

Ever hear of Lady Fair cigarettes? I invented the quick burning paper.

CHERYL

Wow. We've got a whole class of inventors.

HEATHER

What do you mean?

ON MICHELE

watching

ON ROMY

looking stricken. She quickly covers.

ROMY

Sandy Frink invented something, too.
(desperately)

Hey, is that Sandy over there?

HEATHER

(looking to see)
What did Sandy invent?

KELLY

Some kind of rubber.

CHRISTIE

And Romy here invented Post-its.

Christie giggles.

HEATHER

(to Romy)
You did not.

ROMY

(locking eyes with
Heather)
Yes, I did.

HEATHER

(scoffing)
You did not.

ROMY

Yes, I did.

HEATHER

Did not.

ROMY

(challenging)
Then who did?

HEATHER

A guy named Art Fry at the 3-M
company. I read the case study in
business school.

ROMY

is frozen like a deer in headlights.

ROMY & MICHELE 5/13/95 (yellow)

80A.

MICHELE

is enjoying her friend's discomfort.

MICHELE

Ha ha.

BACK ON ROMY

ROMY

Huh?

A deadly beat. The others look at Romy.

HEATHER

(to Romy)

You told people you invented Post-its? You're a cashier at a Jaguar dealership.

CHRISTIE

(cracking up)

You're kidding me! You mean you just made that up?

Romy looks panicky. The others begin to laugh.

ON MICHELE

When she hears their LAUGHTER, she begins to feel for her friend.

BACK ON ROMY

Surrounded. Humiliated. Trapped.

KELLY

God, if you're going to lie about inventing something, make up something good. Post-its? Who would even give a shit about that? You are so weird.

Christie, Kelly and Cheryl laugh. Heather's just incredulous. Romy's CELL PHONE RINGS. In a daze, she takes it out of her purse and answers it.

ROMY

(into phone)

Hello?

The waiter she approached earlier is calling as planned from a payphone in the ballroom.

WAITER

(into phone)

Hi. It's me.

Romy looks over at him. He gives her a little wave. Cheryl follows her gaze.

CHERYL

You guys -- over there -- she's
talking to that waiter.

CHRISTIE

(laughing)

My God, she's stranger than ever!

Christie, Kelly and Cheryl laugh even harder. Horrified,
tears spring to Romy's eyes.

CHERYL

Remember that time you ate her
hamburger?

KELLY

God, that was so hilarious!

They're laughing so hard they're hyperventilating. Romy
starts crying.

ON MICHELE

feeling her pain.

MICHELE

Romy.

Fight or no fight, she's going to go rescue her friend. She
strides over to them.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Hey, why don't you leave her alone!

ROMY

(surprised to see her)
Michele.

CHRISTIE

Oh hi! It's the back brace girl.

KELLY & CHERYL

Hi back brace girl!

More laughter.

MICHELE

Oh shut up!

Romy is surprised by Michele's show of strength. The A group
stops laughing.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Stop being so mean. Why are you
making fun of us, anyway?

(MORE)

MICHELE (CONT'D)

(smug)

I mean, we're not the ones who got fat.

CHRISTIE

We're pregnant, you half-wit.

MICHELE

Oh yeah? Oh yeah? Well I hope your baby looks like a monkey. Ha! Come on, Romy.

Michele grabs Romy's arm and pulls her away.

94 ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

94

Michele leads Romy to a corner of the ballroom. Romy is still crying and totally embarrassed about it.

ROMY

Oh God. Oh God, I hate this!

MICHELE

Romy...

ROMY

Go away. Just leave me alone. Why did I even come back here? I hate this place. And I hate these people.

MICHELE

Come on. There are worse things than making up some story and having everybody laugh at you.

ROMY

(challenging)

Yeah? Like what?

MICHELE

Like... like losing your best friend. I had the worst dream, Romy. We were so old and we weren't friends and we were so old, and I don't want it to come true.

(an emotional beat)

I can't stand for us to be mad at each other. I'm sorry I said all those things. You're as cute as I am. You are. In some cultures, you may be cuter.

Romy just looks at Michele, moved. Then:

ROMY

I'm sorry, too. I shouldn't have said you weren't smart enough to invent Post-its.

MICHELE

I'm probably not.
(reconsidering)
Although in my dream, I did know the formula for glue.
(then)
So... Are we friends again?

ROMY

Well, duh.

Romy smiles. Relieved, Michele smiles back at her.

MICHELE

Then you know what? It doesn't even matter that we told a few people some dumb lie.

95 ANGLE ON CHRISTIE

95

as she takes the stage and speaks into the microphone.

CHRISTIE

(into mic)
Hi, everybody. I have been asked to formally welcome you all to Sagebrush High's Ten Year Reunion!

Everyone cheers and applauds.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

We've all come a long way in the past ten years. Our own Lisa Luder is helping set the style for the country as an associate fashion editor at Vogue Magazine.

There is applause and an audible murmur of approval.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Travis McKinney is in his fifth year as a member of the Dallas Cowboys football team.

Everyone cheers wildly and applauds. TRAVIS waves from his barstool. Billy is at his side having another beer.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(concealing a laugh)
And Romy and Michele said they invented Post-its.

The room ripples with laughter. People start turning around to stare at them, nudging each other and pointing.

96 ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

96

Romy turns and flees in the direction of the ladies' room. Michele goes after her.

97 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

97

Romy yanks open the ladies' room door and goes inside. Michele comes running up right behind her.

98 INT. HOTEL LADIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

98

Michele bursts into the room to find Romy taking off her jacket and throwing it in the trash.

ROMY

All I wanted was for people to think we were better than we were in high school. And now we're just a joke again, like we always were.

MICHELE

No! Can I tell you the truth? I never knew we weren't that great in high school. I mean, we always had so much fun together, I thought high school was a blast. And until you told me our lives weren't good enough, I always thought everything since high school was a blast. 'Cause I mean it, Romy, you're like the funnest person I know. Always have been, always will be.

They hold a look. Romy is fighting her own emotion.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

You know what I think we should do?

ROMY

Please don't say hug.

MICHELE

No, I think we should go back in there as ourselves and the hell with everyone else and just have a fantastic time.

ROMY

I don't know if I can.

MICHELE

Oh -- quit being a wimp.

Romy is shocked by Michele's new-found attitude.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

We came all this way and now we're gonna enjoy ourselves whether you like it or not!

ROMY

Wow. Michele. I've never seen this side of you before. You're so bossy and domineering. I like it.

MICHELE

Me too.

CUT TO:

99 INT. BALLROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

99

The reunion is still going strong.

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

as they burst back into the room; they have changed and are dressed as themselves in cutting edge party clothes. They've regained their former swagger and self-confidence.

ANGLE ON THE A GROUP

Cheryl spies something O.C.

CHERYL

I don't believe it.

CHRISTIE

What?

KELLY

They're ba-a-a-a-ck...

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

As they make their way across the room, the whole place quiets down. Michele suddenly feels self-conscious

CHRISTIE

Gee, nice outfits. Post-its must be reeeally lucrative.

People around her laugh. But Romy and Michele keep going.

MICHELE

(sotto to Romy)

Romy. Are you sure you're o.k. with this?

*
*

ROMY

No, Michele, it was a great idea.

Something possesses her and she turns back.

ROMY (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with you,
Christie? Why are you always such
a nasty bitch? Do you get some
kind of sick pleasure from
torturing other people?

*
*
*
*
*

People react, shocked, and brace themselves for fireworks.
But Michele looks proudly. INTERCUT WITH LISTENING FACES:

ROMY (CONT'D)

I mean, yeah, okay, so Michele and
I made up some lame story. But we
only did it because we wanted you
you to treat us like human beings. But
you know what I finally realized?
I don't care if you like us.
You're not worth it. You're a bad
person. So I really don't give a
flying fuck what you think.

*

*
*

(haughty)

Come on, Michele.

Romy, her head held high, turns in triumph and starts off.
Michele follows.

CHRISTIE

(sarcastic)

Oh no. I'm crushed. I've been
rejected by the school LOSERS.

CHERYL

The LOSERS don't like you.

KELLY

Good-bye, LOSERS.

ON ROMY AND MICHELE

ROMY

(sotto, to Michele)

Did that bother you?

MICHELE

Not a bit.

They share a happy look. This personal triumph is all that
matters. BUT THE A GROUP WON'T LET UP.

CHRISTIE

It's unbelievable. They're as
deluded about their lives as they
are about those hideous clothes.

*
*
*
*

Her friends laugh. Romy and Michele try and ignore them
because, after all, they don't care. Still it's hard. But
then Lisa Luder steps forward and circles Romy and Michele,
looking them over critically.

*
*
*
*

LISA LUDER

Well, actually, Christie... they've
got nice lines... a fun, frisky use
of color. All in all, I'd have to
say, they're really... not bad.

*
*
*
*
*

Romy and Michele share a look, elated. Christie glares at
Lisa as IMPRESSED MURMURS RIPPLE ACROSS THE ROOM.

*
*

SOMEONE IN CROWD

Wow. And she works for Vogue.

SOMEONE ELSE IN CROWD

She's like a fashion professional.

ANOTHER REUNION GUEST

If anyone would know if something's
"not bad", it's Lisa Luder.

ROMY

(smug)

See? Totally cutting edge.

MICHELE

(sing song)

We told you so.

ROMY

(catching herself)

But we really don't care.

MICHELE

Oh yeah, right.

CHRISTIE

(unfazed)

Well, we still think they're
preposterous, don't we girls?

There's an awkward pause. Uncomfortable, Cheryl and Kelly
share a look. Christie turns to them.

CHERYL

(groping)

Christie... I-I have a subscription
to Vogue... And it... it comes in
the mail and it's printed on really
nice paper...

Christie glares at her.

LISA LUDER

Why don't you let them think for
themselves for once?

Christie's rattled but tries to conceal it; she turns to Lisa.

CHRISTIE

You're just jealous. Because,
unlike a certain ball-busting,
dried-up career woman I might
mention, we're all happily married!

LISA LUDER

That's right, Christie. Keep
telling yourself that.

She walks off, leaving Christie glowering after her. But
Christie's spell is now broken and an enthusiastic crowd
gathers around Romy and Michele.

SOMEONE IN CROWD
I do love those outfits.

MICHELE
Thanks!

ROMY
(proudly)
Michele made them.

MICHELE
Well, I just sewed them. We both
designed them.

ROMY
Fifty-fifty.

They share a memory and a smile.

SOMEONE ELSE IN CROWD
So what's L.A. like?

ANOTHER REUNION GUEST
Yeah, L.A. That's so cool.

ROMY
Yeah, it's great. Well, nice
seeing you all. Come on, Michele.

MICHELE
Oh. Okay. 'Bye.

As they walk off:

ROMY
(sotto)
Do you have any idea who any of
those people were?

MICHELE
(shrugs)
Not a clue. Even after reading
their nametags.

100 ANGLE ON HEATHER APPROACHING

100

HEATHER
Hey, listen. Sorry I blew your big
lie for you.

ROMY
That's okay. This is better anyway.

HEATHER

You know, it's kind of ironic. I used to think you guys had it made in high school.

MICHELE

Us?

HEATHER

Yeah, you with your long legs and your long hair. Walking with your legs. Flipping your hair. Making Sandy crazy. How could I compete? But while you were making my life hell, now I find out the A group was making your life hell.

ROMY

I bet in high school everybody made somebody's life hell.

HEATHER

(glum)

Except me. I don't think I made anybody's life hell.

MICHELE

I'll bet that's not true. You were pretty unpleasant.

Toby Walters approaches.

TOBY

Heather, I'm off-duty. Since you never got around to it in high school, could you sign my yearbook? And don't tell me to fuck off because that kind of hurts my feelings.

HEATHER

You're kidding. I hurt your feelings?

TOBY

All the time.

Heather looks at Michele, who gives her a thumbs-up.

HEATHER

Sure. Go get your stupid yearbook. I'll sign it.

TOBY

(excited)

Be right back!

Toby runs off and exits into the lobby.

HEATHER

Man, give that girl a downer.

ROMY

Michele, maybe we should leave. I mean, there's no way this reunion is going to get any better.

Suddenly, Toby runs back in from the lobby.

TOBY

(shouting)

Hey everybody! Sandy Frink is landing in a helicopter!

Romy and Michele look at each other.

HEATHER

reacts: the moment has arrived for her to confront her own demons from the past. She quickly smoothes her hair.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

101

A HELICOPTER is just landing in the parking lot. The door opens and A PAIR OF MEN'S LEGS EMERGE WEARING INCREDIBLE STATE-OF-THE-ART TENNIS SHOES.

CUT TO:

102 INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

102

ON ROMY AND MICHELE

MICHELE

Sandy Frink has a helicopter?

ROMY

Yeah, he's worth like billions. He invented some kind of special rubber or something.

With everyone's attention turned toward the doors, Sandy Frink enters, surrounded by bodyguards and wearing a six-thousand dollar custom tailored suit with his souped up sneakers. Sandy is an impeccably groomed version of the nerd he was in high school. A murmur erupts throughout the crowd.

VOICE IN CROWD

Wow, is that Sandy Frink?

ANOTHER VOICE
Is that Sandy Frink?

Heather is the only one who's not impressed.

HEATHER
That's Sandy Frink? Huh. What the
hell was I thinking?

ANGLE ON SANDY

as he scopes out the room.

CHRISTIE
(bubbly)
Sandy. Hi. You look so rich. I
mean, great.
(giggles nervously)

Sandy ignores her and continues searching until his gaze
locks onto

MICHELE

standing with Romy. Michele's eyes meet his.

THE ROOM PARTS

creating a clear path from Sandy to Michele. Everyone
watches him go to her.

SANDY
Michele. After all these years you
still take my breath away.

MICHELE
Thanks! So. You must be the most
successful person in our whole
graduating class!

SANDY
I guess it depends on how you
measure success. If you think
success means having a house in
Aspen and one in Acapulco, a
penthouse in New York and a mansion
in Malibu...

103 SANDY STARTS TO MORPH INTO A MUCH CUTER GUY.

103

SANDY (CONT'D)
... and a sixty-foot yacht and an
eight-seat Windstar, a Bell Jet
Ranger and a Bentley...

He continues to morph.

SANDY

... a personal trainer, a full-time chef, a live-in masseuse, and a staff of twenty-four, then yeah, I suppose I'm successful. But no matter how much I accumulate, there's one thing I don't have.

MICHELE

(guessing)

Your own country?

SANDY

Michele. I don't have you.

He has now morphed into the handsome man from Michele's dream. Cyndi Lauper's "TIME AFTER TIME" comes on.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Would you dance with me?

MICHELE

Well... only if Romy can dance with us.

Sandy smiles and holds out a hand for each of them. The three begin dancing a highly emotional modern ballet.

104 ANGLE ON CHRISTIE

104

who looks especially shell-shocked.

CHRISTIE

(trying to regain her
composure)

I could do that if I wasn't pregnant.

CHERYL

No you couldn't.

Christie looks stricken.

105 BACK ON THE DANCE FLOOR

105

The threesome dances with passion and intensity. Reunion guests watch in awe.

106 ON HEATHER

106

She has an unlit cigarette in her mouth and is trying in vain to work her lighter, but it won't catch. A cigarette butt is tossed at her feet. Heather looks up, furious.

The Cowboy stands there, wearing a black suit, bolo tie, and black hat. He removes the hat as he impressively lights a match with his thumbnail. He has a great craggy face and exudes a raw male sexuality. Heather is immediately on guard.

HEATHER

Oh Jesus. What do you want?

COWBOY

You were right. I was a braindead redneck asshole. Although I never screwed a sheep or my sister.

HEATHER

Why not? Couldn't run fast enough to catch em?

He laughs. She finally leans down to light her cigarette.

COWBOY

I deserve that. I was a jerk. But I was so miserable in high school, I don't think I spoke more than two words the entire time. I just couldn't... breathe there, y'know?

(confessing)

Plus, I had this really bad stutter.

Heather is staring at him because that's exactly how she felt. But she's nobody's fool. She just keeps staring.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

Listen, you want to go somewhere and talk? Somewhere quiet?

Heather sizes him up, wondering if he's for real.

HEATHER

Okay, Cowboy, here's the deal. I don't know what your trip is. But if this is some kind of sick game --

COWBOY

(taken aback)

What? No.

HEATHER

-- or if you fuck with me in any way, I will personally rip your appendages from your body starting with your dick.

COWBOY

Look, really, I j-j-just wanted to talk.

Just as he's starting to have second (and third and fourth) thoughts, Heather softens.

HEATHER

Okay. Cool. Let's go.
(he smiles, relieved;
as they head off)
What's your name, anyway?

They disappear into the crowd.

107 BACK ON THE DANCE FLOOR

107

as Romy and Michele and handsome Sandy are finishing their dazzling display. The song ends with the three of them intertwined in a dramatic tableau.

ROMY

(out of breath, but
happy)
So I told you it would pay off to
go to clubs every night.

SANDY

Listen, it's a long drive back to
L.A. Why don't you come with me in
my chopper, and I'll have one of my
bodyguards drive your car back.
You're the only ones I really
wanted to see here anyway.
(seductively)
And we could get reacquainted
during the ride.

*
*
*

Romy looks a little worried.

MICHELE

Sandy! I'm here with Romy.

Romy relaxes a bit.

SANDY

Don't worry. I won't cramp your
style.

ROMY

Okay, then. Let's do it!

He takes each of them by the hand and they head out.

108 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

108

They all three come out of the hotel. Suddenly, they hear
what sounds like someone throwing up in the bushes.

ROMY & MICHELE 5/13/96 (yellow)

95A*.

ROMY
Oh yuk. Someone's puking in the
bushes.

Billy Christianson stumbles out of the darkness, drunk and vomituous. Now that she's right beside him, Romy sees he has a beer belly blubbing out from shirt.

BILLY
Hey, how you guys doing?

ROMY
(grossed out)
Billy?

BILLY
(squinting to see)
Chubbo?

ROMY
The name's Romy. And no offense --
with a stomach like that, I
wouldn't talk.

BILLY
(ignoring)
Oh yeah. Romy and Michele.
Weren't you like madly in love with
me in high school?

MICHELE
She was.

Romy shoots her a look.

BILLY
(to Romy, concealing a
belch)
Want to get a room?

ROMY
(queasy)
You're married.

BILLY
(dismissing this)
To Christie.

ROMY
You have children. You're a
successful real estate developer.

BILLY
Is that what she told you? I do
drywall for her old man's
construction company. And I don't
even know if this new kid's mine.

Romy looks at Michele as if to say "do you believe this?"
Then suddenly gets a thought and turns back to Billy.

ROMY

Okay.

Michele looks horror-stricken.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Why don't you go up and get a room,
and take off all your clothes...

(kindly)

... and wipe that vomit off your
face and I'll meet you in five
minutes.

BILLY

(sloppily)

All right! Your fantasy's gonna
come true tonight!

As Billy staggers off:

MICHELE

(shocked)

Romy!

ROMY

(vengefully)

Now he's going to know what it
feels like to wait.

Realizing what Romy is saying, Michele smiles.

MICHELE

Ohhh. Good one.

They look up as they hear the sound of the helicopter revving
up. Sandy goes over and opens the door for them.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

I can't believe we're going home in
a helicopter.

ROMY

(excited)

I can't either. God, I wish
everyone would come outside so we
could give them the finger as we
fly away.

109 INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

109

Toby runs into the room.

TOBY

Hey, everybody! You should see
this! Sandy's helicopter is about
to take off!

Everybody starts to head out.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

110

The reunion guests start pouring out.

ON THE HELICOPTER

Sandy helps Romy inside. Then he turns to Michele and suddenly grabs her and presses her against him. They share a long and incredibly passionate kiss.

MICHELE

I'm glad you don't have your big notebook with you.

One more quick kiss, then she climbs up into the helicopter. He shuts the door, then gets in front beside the pilot.

The blades begin to rev up faster as the helicopter slowly starts to rise. Everyone from high school looks up at it, except for Christie Fox, who's wandering around.

CHRISTIE

(calling)

Billy! Billy, I want to go home!

The wind from the chopper blows her skirt and it flies up over her face, revealing her huge pregnant stomach and old lady underwear. She stumbles around.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(from under her skirt)

Dammit! God damn it! Help!

But no one does. She finally manages to pull it down again just in time to look up and see...

111 ANGLE ON HELICOPTER

111

Romy and Michele giving the finger out the window and laughing at her.

112 ANGLE BACK ON CHRISTIE

112

as people around her start to snicker and she starts to cry.

CHRISTIE

Billy! Dammit, where are you?!!

Tears stream down her cheeks and her mascara runs. The helicopter wind forces her blackened tears back across her face.

113 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

113

A naked Billy Christianson is half singing and half humming "LIKE A VIRGIN" as he turns down the bed. He props up one foot on the edge of the bed and strikes a cocksman's pose as he waits for Romy to come through the door.

Behind him, the helicopter rises past the window. There's no telling how long he'll wait there.

CUT TO:

114 INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

114

ROMY AND MICHELE'S POV OUT THE WINDOW

The roof of the hotel. Heather is madly making out with the Cowboy.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Oh my God. Is that Heather? Go for it, Heather. Yes.

ROMY (V.O.)

Go, girl!

They laugh.

115 ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

115

in heaven, as outside the window the hotel falls away into the horizon. They laugh, then lean back contentedly.

ROMY

God, this turned out to be sooo fun, don't you think?

MICHELE

Yeah. And can you believe how cute Sandy's gotten?

ROMY

Really cute. Plus, he's got a really good job.

MICHELE

You know what's weird? Don't you think guys are cuter when they have really good jobs?

ROMY

I don't think it's weird. I think it's true.

116 EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

116

As it flies off into the starry sky.

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

117 ON A FLUFFY WHITE CLOUD - DAY

117

EXT. POINT DUME - SANDY FRINK'S MALIBU ESTATE

HELICOPTER'S POV

A spectacular private beach, empty, pristine, quiet except for the soothing sounds of waves lapping on the shore...

The CAMERA MOVES UP A CLIFF to an amazing estate. Lush gardens and an emerald green lawn surround a lap pool. The mansion is a sprawling Cape Cod fantasy overlooking the sparkling Pacific. PUSH IN ON A WINDOW...

ROMY (V.O.)

You know, I'm not gay or anything...

118 INT. SCREENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

118

ON A GIANT SCREEN WHICH IS PROJECTING "PRETTY WOMAN"

ON "VIVIAN'S" ANGELIC FACE, watching the grape-stomping episode of "I Love Lucy". She's laughing at it.

ROMY (V.O.)

... but I think Julia Roberts is perfect-looking.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Me too!

"VIVIAN"

I've never seen this one before.

"Edward" moves over to the couch.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Uh-oh.

ROMY (V.O.)

Here we go.

"Vivian" looks up, turns the TV off, goes over to him.

"VIVIAN"

What do you want?

"EDWARD"

What do you do?

"VIVIAN"

Everything. Except I don't kiss on the mouth.

REVERSE ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

in the darkened screening room, curled up on a massive sofa. They wear pj's and munch on popcorn.

ROMY

Okay, if it were me? I'd be the exact opposite kind of hooker; you know, like: "Kissing, fine. Oral sex, no thank you!"

MICHELE

(laughing)

I know. Yuk!

(then)

But I guess the movie might not seem as romantic if they like kissed early on and then built up to their first blow job.

They're engrossed again. Handsome Sandy enters wearing jeans and a workshirt; sunlight streams in through the open door.

SANDY

Hey, you two. Lewis is setting up breakfast on the deck and it's a gorgeous day out. Care you join me?

MICHELE

(still watching the movie)

Not now, honey, we're right in the middle of this. Okay? Could you close the door on your way out? Thanks. Love you.

SANDY

(disappointed but resigned)

Sure, sweetheart. See you later. Have fun.

MICHELE

(absently as she watches)

We will. Love you. 'Bye. Love you.

He closes the door behind him.

ROMY

You realize you just said "love you" like about three times?

MICHELE

Well, I do. Going to that reunion and meeting him again was the best thing we ever did.

ROMY

Yeah, he is really sweet, and I love this big screen T.V.

(looks at her watch)

But you know what Michele, we gotta get going, or we'll be late.

MICHELE

Okay.

ANGLE ON TV

As "Vivian" enters the ritzy boutique, FREEZE FRAME.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. A DIFFERENT YOUNGER, HIPPER BOUTIQUE - DAY 119

A neon sign reads "ROMY & MICHELE." The window features mannequins wearing their distinctive style of clothing. A TRENDY TWENTYSOMETHING heads out with her purchase.

ROMY AND MICHELE (V.O)

(ad-libbing)

Thanks a lot! Come again!

120 INT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS 120

Hip-looking CUSTOMERS browse. Romy and Michele are behind the counter; they're both beyond excited.

ROMY AND MICHELE

(calling after the people who are exiting)

Enjoy your fashions!

ROMY

(exited)

God, can you believe how busy we are?

MICHELE

(missing the point)

I know, so can we pay Sandy back yet?

ANGLE ON DRESSING ROOM - A CLOUD OF SMOKE STREAMS OUT

Heather emerges in a sleeveless sundress, cigarette dangling.
This is the first time we've seen her not wearing black.

ROMY

Heather, do you know that smoking
kills?

*

HEATHER

Your concerns are overwhelming.

*

ROMY

Fine, but you burn it, you bought
it.

HEATHER

Ooo. Like I give a shit.

*

Heather scrutinizes herself in the mirror.

*

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I look like and asshole.

*

MICHELE

What? No! You look totally cute.

*

But hold still --

*

Michele removes a tweezer from her pocket and plucks a hair from Heather's brow.

*

MICHELE (CONT'D)

There! That has been bugging me.

*

HEATHER

Fine. But stay the hell away from my bikini line.

*

*

ROMY

Seriously, Heather. This is the cutest you've ever looked.

*

*

MICHELE

By far.

*

HEATHER

Yeah, yeah, fine, ring me up, I'm in a hurry.

*

*

She exits back into a dressing room. Romy and Michele adlib "You'll love it", "You won't be sorry!" etc.

*

*

Romy's feeling a little emotional.

*

ROMY

You know what? I actually think we're doing some good here. I mean, helping someone like Heather get some fashion sense could like change her whole life, you know?

*

*

*

*

*

MICHELE

(also emotional)

Yeah. I feel like I've given birth to my own baby girl... you know, but a big giant girl who smokes and says shit a lot.

*

*

*

*

Romy breaks up laughing. Michele joins in.

*

ROMY

Oh God, Michele, I think you are the funnest person I know.

*

*

MICHELE

Me too! Come on, let's sort some scarves!

*

*

103A.

ROMY & MICHELE 6/25/95

As they start happily sorting scarves...

FADE OUT.