

ROMY & MICHELE'S HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

by

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BRING UP ROY ORISON'S "PRETTY WOMAN".

FADE IN:

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS

of WOMEN out actively enjoying the perfect California day:

ROLLERBLADERS and BIKE RIDERS glide along Venice Boardwalk.

Sun glints off the ocean. A BIKINI-CLAD BLONDE comes rising out of it and walks up the beach.

FOUR WOMEN IN TENNIS WHITES play a heated doubles match.

FEMALE HIKERS make their way up a trail in the mountains with a spectacular view of the Getty Museum and Malibu.

A LEGGY CO-ED tosses a frisbee for her dog in the park.

A GIRL in her twenties strolls arm in arm with her GRANDMOTHER along Fairfax, clogged with Saturday shoppers.

A TAN, ROBUST WOMAN power-walks past three LITTLE GIRLS, giggling and running through sprinklers on the wet lawn of a CHARMING VINTAGE APARTMENT BUILDING in West Hollywood. The city teems with fitness and vitality... until WE FIND A SECOND STORY WINDOW, SHADES DRAWN, AND MOVE INSIDE...

INT. ROMY'S AND MICHELE'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON TV:

It's the movie "PRETTY WOMAN". Julia Roberts, 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 Julia.

MICHELE (V.O.)

(laughs)

I know.

REVERSE ANGLE: REVEAL ROMY AND MICHELE lying there like lumps under the covers 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 happily snacks from a bag of candy corn. Beside Michele, an orange cat, SNUFFY, eats the remnants of microwave taquitos off a plate.

MICHELE

Snuffy, get outta there.

She shoos him away and finishes the taquito.

ROMY

Listen to that sad, sad music as she leaves.

MICHELE

(sarcastically)

Boo hoo.

(then, sincerely)

But actually, it is kind of sad.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE TV SCREEN: Julia's in bed; Richard Gere gives her his credit card. This is the actual dialogue.

RICHARD GERE

Wake up. Time to shop.

MICHELE

God. Why doesn't a guy ever say that to me?

RICHARD GERE

If you have any trouble using this card, have them call the hotel, all right?

JULIA ROBERTS

Ugh. More shopping.

ROMY

(laughs)

And now she's afraid to shop again.

RICHARD GERE

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

JULIA ROBERTS

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

RICHARD GERE

Why not?

JULIA ROBERTS

They were mean to me.

MICHELE

I'm sure! What a moron.

ANGLE ON TV: WE HEAR "PRETTY WOMAN" AGAIN during the montage where Richard takes Julia back to the store. QUICK CUTS of Julia 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.

INT. ROMY'S AND MICHELE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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.

ROMY (V.O.)

What about this?

Another set of hands parts the clothes, REVEALING ROMY AND MICHELE, wearing robes and towel turbans.

ROMY (CONT'D)

(re: dress)

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

I'd trade your thighs for my stomach.

ROMY

Your stomach? I love your stomach. If I had a choice between your stomach or Tori Spelling's, I swear, I'd pick yours.

MICHELE

(brightening)

Really?

(checking herself out)

My stomach is kind of flat today. All I ate all day was frozen taquitos.

ROMY

(admiring)

God, I wish I had your discipline.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON ROMY'S PURSE

as it's loaded up with: a collapsible hairbrush, under eye cover-up, lipstick, Kleenex, a tampon, Visine, Tic Tacs, Tums, cash, mace and condoms.

ANGLE ON ROMY

as she snaps her purse shut and turns toward the mirrored closet doors. She's wearing an outrageously tight, short, black outfit that borders on being a costume. 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, which reveals her stomach.

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

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

MICHELE

(as if this is a giant coincidence)
Me, too!

As they exit, scratching...

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN.

MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE.

CUT TO:

INT. "FIX" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Loud music blasts from the sound system 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.

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

Eeou, 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. 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

(another giant coincidence)
Me, too!

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN.

MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE.

CUT TO:

INT. "FIX" LADIES' ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Romy and Michele burst in as another GIRL is exiting.

GIRL

Oh, excuse me.

ROMY

(politely)

That's okay.

(then, re: the girl)

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.

A girl steps away from the mirror, and Romy checks her out. She nudges Michele.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Somebody should tell her stirrup pants are o-ver.

MICHELE

Oh God, that reminds me. I finally 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

(another giant coincidence)

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

ROMY

Eeou. Bad job, really bad job.

MICHELE

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

They laugh.

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.

The other women at the mirror can't help but look at Michele, who's oblivious.

MICHELE

Yeah. I thought you could leave it in.

ROMY

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

MICHELE

Yeah! That's what my gyno said.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN.

MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE.

CUT TO:

INT. "FIX" LADIES' ROOM - LATER

Michele is primping in the mirror; Romy is in the stall.

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
God, you actually sit down? If you want, I could teach you to hover.

ROMY (IN THE STALL)
Ooo. Michele. Michele, I just got the greatest idea!

Toilet flushes. Romy opens the door and motions for Michele to join her in the stall.

ROMY (CONT'D)
Let's do some graffiti.

MICHELE
Yeah. I know! We could write something bizarre about my gyno.

ROMY
Yeah. Something really funny.

MICHELE
Okay.
(enthusiastically)
"Dr. Dworsky..."
(immediately giving up)
...I don't know.

ROMY
How 'bout: "Dr. Dworsky's in a gang."

MICHELE
I'm sure. A gang of gynos?

ROMY
I know. Write this. "Help me. My name is Dr. Dworsky. And I'm trapped inside this toilet and I'm staring at your butt."

MICHELE

Eeou. Eeou. That's so --
funny!

They're laughing. Michele takes a Marks-a-lot out of her purse and starts writing on the stall wall.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Oh God, Romy, I think you are the funnest person I know.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN.

MUSIC AND CREDITS CONTINUE.

CUT TO:

INT. "FIX" NIGHTCLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is packed. Romy and Michele stand in the middle of it. TWO GUYS elbow their way through the crowd. 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)

Do you want to try and have sex sometime to see if we are?

ROMY

Oh, yuk. I'm sure, Michele. Just the thought of having sex with another woman creeps me out.

(beat)

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

As they execute an impressive maneuver...

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN.

END MUSIC. END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

ROMY'S VOICE ON P.A.

Two-forty-three... Service, number two-four-three.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR DEALERSHIP CASHIER'S OFFICE - DAY

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...

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Romy's voice comes over a loudspeaker.

ROMY'S VOICE ON P.A. (CONT'D)

...quit jerking off and bring the car around!

A salesman, TODD, is showing a CUSTOMER a shiny new Jag. Annoyed, he shoots a look toward a door reading CASHIER, just as another Jaguar squeals up and stops. Handsome car jockey, RAMON, gets out and heads to the office.

INT. JAGUAR DEALERSHIP CASHIER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

ROMY (CONT'D)
(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. I really do. Why don't you go back there and hold your breath?

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, which seems to be burning down quickly.

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 her 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
I'm president of my own company.

ROMY
Ooo, president. Good job.

Heather lights a second cigarette with the first.

HEATHER
Ever hear of "Lady Jane"
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.

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
(bitterly)
So. Are you going to the reunion?

ROMY
What reunion?

HEATHER
Our ten-year high school reunion.
It's 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, are you going?

HEATHER
I'd rather eat broken glass and
internally hemorrhage to death.

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? Michele Weinberger?

ROMY

Yeah. You know we moved to L.A. right after high school and we've been living together ever since. God, I hope we're not common law married or something.

HEATHER

(trying to conceal her bitterness)

That's funny. I thought Michele and Sandy would be married by now.

ROMY

Sandy? Sandy Frink?

HEATHER

Yes. I mean, every time Sandy saw her, he could barely conceal 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

Oh. Sure.

Romy hands Heather the credit receipt for her signature.

ROMY (CONT'D)

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:

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.

(nostalgic)

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.

A CANDID PHOTO of HEATHER, 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 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 his lighted cigarette on the ground at her feet and casually walks away. Heather looks after him.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Thanks. So, who died and made you king of the assholes? Jesus.

She picks up his cigarette and lights her own, taking 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:

A PAGE OF THE YEARBOOK TURNS

ROMY (V.O.)

Find us.

The 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.

INT. MELROSE CAFE - DAY - ON ROMY AND MICHELE

as they sit at a booth in the cozy, neighborhood hangout.

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, I'll never forget the day we had this picture taken. We'd just heard they were making Vanessa Williams give back her crown, remember?

MICHELE

Oh yeah. That was so... sad.

ROMY

I know. I mean, I don't care how many white girls she simulated going down on, she was still the best Miss America ever.

Michele turns another page. They stare down at the picture.

MICHELE

God. Romy. The A group.

INSERT PHOTO OF THE CHEERLEADING SQUAD, TEN YEARS AGO

Four very pretty blondes. The photo LIVE ANIMATES. The leader is CHRISTIE BROOKS, as icy as she is beautiful.

ROMY (V.O.)

Christie Brooks, Kelly Possenger, Cheryl Kennedy, and Lisa Luder.

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 (V.O.)

So who would you say was the B group?

INSERT CANDID PHOTO OF THE FREAKS

A group of grungey, red-eyed LONG-HAIRS, standing around looking braindead. PHOTO LIVE ANIMATES as one of them lights a joint and they all slip into a door in one of the buildings reading "SUPPLIES".

ROMY (V.O.)

Okay. Well, all the freaks...

MICHELE (V.O.)

Yeah.

INSERT PHOTO OF THE DRAMA CLUB

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. Debbie Hill. Debbie Parducci. 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.

BACK TO MELROSE CAFE

Michele is thoughtful. A beat.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

So, what group do you think we were in?

ROMY

Well... Not the A group.

(beat)

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...

INSERT PHOTO OF THE HONORS STUDENTS Twenty-five kids, all of them Asian.

ROMY (CONT'D, V.O.)

...and all the rejects like Heather Mooney and Sandy Frink.

We turn the page.

INSERT PHOTO OF THE SCIENCE FAIR Exhibits are set up in the cafeteria. SANDY FRINK, a computer geek, and Heather Mooney 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.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Eeou. The Frink-a-zoid. God, he was so in love with me, it was sickening.

ROMY (V.O.)
(laughs)
Yeah, it was sickening.

Sandy sees someone O.C. He 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 a
picture of you and Sandy for the
yearbook. And I want to interview
you, too. 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.

Clusters of students pass by camera.

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

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

INSERT PHOTO OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

They are posing in the school lunch yard. It is lunch time
and various students are behind them, carrying trays,
eating, etc. CAMERA ZOOMS IN and way, way, way in the
background in a far corner FIND...

17-YEAR-OLD ROMY AND MICHELE. 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. But as usual, they're on the cutting edge of fashion. They sit eating lunch at a table by themselves.

ROMY

(ravenously)

God, I love it when it's hamburger day.

MICHELE

I thought you were on a diet.

ROMY

I was, but my mom was such a bitch this morning, I got depressed, so I'm eating.

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

God, 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, look. Billy Christianson's coming. He is so cute.

MICHELE

He is cute.

ROMY

Really cute. Be honest. Does this outfit make me look fat?

MICHELE

No, not at all. Especially not when you're sitting down.

Romy gives her a quizzical look, but Michele nudges Romy just as dreamboat BILLY CHRISTIANSON walks past.

ROMY

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.

ROMY (CONT'D, V.O.)

I can't believe he's with Christie Brooks.

MICHELE (V.O.)

I know. She's like so... transparent.

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

MICHELE (CONT'D)

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

Christie says something to her friends and they all laugh. Then she gets up and heads to Romy and Michele's table.

ROMY

Michele. Look. Christie Brooks is coming over.

MICHELE

Wow, she never comes over. I wonder what she wants.

ROMY

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

Christie 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. So, you guys trying out for the spring musical?

ROMY

(surprised to be asked)
...Us?

Christie briefly puts her other hand on Michele's back and sticks a big refrigerator magnet onto her 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)
"Pick a little, talk a little,
Pick a little, talk a little,
Cheep cheep cheep
Talk a lot
Talk and pick a little."
(then)
I love "Music Man."

Romy looks at her.

CHRISTIE

Okay. Well, see you at 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 as Christie goes back to her table. She and her friends break up laughing. But Romy and Michele aren't watching.

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

(to Romy)

Oh, God. He is such a geek. Why does he think I want to talk to him?

Sandy leaves Heather standing there and approaches Michele.

SANDY

(nervously)

Yeah, uh, hi. Gee, you're looking especially 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
Brooks 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. Romy gets up.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Okay, keep laughing. That's it.
Don't even look at them. Good.

They head off as they continue their forced laughter. But the A-group is oblivious to their lame attempt to save face as their very real laughter rings out...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MELROSE CARE - DAY (THE PRESENT)

Romy and Michele are still looking at the yearbook; a busboy clears their dishes.

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?

Romy shrugs and turns another page of the yearbook.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

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.

ROMY

Sandy Frink invited you.

MICHELE

Big wow. I meant someone good.

ROMY

Well, no one invited me either.

MICHELE

Yeah. But aside from Billy Christianson, who'd you want to go with anyway? I mean, our high school was like Parade of the Dorks.

INSERT PHOTO FROM THE PROM

The school gym is all decorated. Everyone's dressed up in frilly formals and powder blue tuxedos. PHOTO LIVE ANIMATES. A DJ plays Van Halen's "JUMP."

REVEAL ROMY AND MICHELE

Michele no longer wears her back brace and Romy is thirty pounds thinner than when we last saw her. In a sea of pastel gowns, they're the only ones in black bustiers, crinoline skirts and dyed blonde hair with black roots.

MICHELE

This is so typical. I really thought more people would be wearing the Madonna look.

ROMY

This town is so unhip. I can't wait to get to L.A.

MICHELE

Me too!

The song ends. 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: it's time to announce the King and Queen of the prom. And the winners are...

(opens an envelope and reads)

Billy Christianson and Christie Brooks!!!

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

MICHELE

(as if she's Christie)

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

ROMY

God, Billy looks cute in his tux.

MICHELE

He does look cute. Really cute.

ROMY

(beat; thoughtful)

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. It's senior prom. Nobody's going to say no to anybody tonight.

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.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Quick, while he's alone.

Nervously, Romy starts off after Billy. As she does, Sandy Frink approaches Michele. Another song starts, 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

That's okay. I don't like to dance anyway. I just wanted to press up against Michele.

Heather is crestfallen. 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, she's just making conversation.

HEATHER

(it's hopeless)

Oh -- Sandy! You're such a jerk.

Upset, Heather runs from the gym.

EXT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

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 something and leave me alone?

Heather bolts, running off into the night.

INT. GYM - ANGLE ON ROMY AND BILLY

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

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?

KELLY

Cut off your legs.

More laughter.

CHRISTIE

Don't do anything. 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.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Do you believe this? I hope a good song comes on.

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. Roswell's class. 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.

ROMY

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

Christie turns on her heels and stomps off.

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 for the exit, hand in hand.

Culture Club singing "DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME?" comes on.

MICHELE

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

They giggle, excited. Through a picture window behind them, we see Christie 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

IT'S MUCH LATER, STILL AT THE PROM

Michele and Romy are still standing there. "OUR LIPS ARE SEALED" by the Go-go's plays. Decorations are wilted. Only a few COUPLES remain. 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... It's okay.

Romy heaves a deep sigh.

MICHELE

I'll dance with you, Romy.

ROMY

(beat; shrugs)
Okay.

As they start to sadly dance together, the only two girls amongst all the couples...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MELROSE CAFE - DAY (THE PRESENT)

Romy and Michele are shaken by the memory.

ROMY

We just stood there 'til like
midnight. God, I was such an
idiot!

Michele wants to cheer her up.

MICHELE

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

Romy shrugs, agreeing half-heartedly.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

And look at the way we live. I
mean, we're living in L.A. And
they're still stuck in Tucson.
Plus... our whole lifestyle.
People would kill for this
lifestyle!

ROMY

You know what? You're right.
People are going to be totally
impressed.

Romy smiles. Relieved, Michele smiles back at her.

EXT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S BUILDING TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

Light spills from an open door downstairs in the back.

MICHELE (V.O.)

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

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michele sits on the dryer with 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 puts in a quarter and pushes in the slot, but it jams.
She hits it, and the machine starts.

She grabs her questionnaire as Michele opens a pizza box and starts eating.

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 a salesgirl. Say you're
a "freelance fashion consultant."

MICHELE

Ooo, good.

Romy goes back to the questionnaire.

ROMY

Okay. "Relationship status.
Married?"

MICHELE

No.

They both mark their sheets after each no.

ROMY

"Divorced."

MICHELE

Nope.

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
Not super impressive. But still.
I thought our lives were pretty
good.

ROMY
Look for yourself.

Michele studies the questionnaire. Sighs. Then sets down
her piece of pizza as the scary truth sinks in.

MICHELE
...Wow. I feel like I've been
living in a dream world.

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

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

MICHELE

So what are we going to do? I don't want to go if we're not going to impress everyone.

ROMY

Well... we've got two weeks 'til the reunion, right?

MICHELE

Yeah.

ROMY

And pretty much all we need are better jobs and maybe some boyfriends.

MICHELE

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

Okay. We've each got to make ourselves more impressive. I've already got a job, so why don't I find us boyfriends while you look for work?

MICHELE

Good! Maybe we should also lose some weight.

ROMY

Oh, definitely. 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:

EXT. SPORTS CONNECTION - EST. SHOT - DAY

INT. GYM - DAY

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. Let's say we eat 2,000 calories a day. That means we have to burn 4,000 calories. Now, if we run 4 miles an hour, we'll burn 200 calories a mile. Which means to burn 4,000 calories, we only 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:

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

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

INT. GUCCI'S DAY

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:

INT. "FIX" - NIGHT

Romy is dressed in full party garb and sitting at the bar. The bartender hands her a drink. She turns to the CUTE GUY on her right. MUSIC OUT.

ROMY

Hi.

CUTE GUY

Hi.

ROMY

I come in here a lot. I don't think I've ever seen you.

CUTE GUY

This is my first night.

ROMY

That is a great suit. Is it an Armani?

CUTE GUY

(impressed)
Yes, it is.

ROMY

(smiling)
I thought so. What do you do?

CUTE GUY

(proudly)
I'm a suit salesman.

ROMY'S THOUGHTS (V.O.)

Bad job. Really bad job.

ROMY

(extremely polite)
Excuse me. I'll die if I don't go pee.

As she extricates herself from the situation, MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

EXT. BULLOCK'S DEPT. STORE, WESTWOOD - EST. SHOT - DAY

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

INT. BULLOCK'S PERSONNEL OFFICE

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.

CUTE AA GUY

(with an attitude)

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:

EXT. GYM - NIGHT

Through the lighted window, WE SEE an aerobics class in progress.

INT. GYM - AEROBICS ROOM

Romy and Michele are in the back doing doggy style leg lifts. MUSIC OUT.

ROMY

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

MICHELE

A discount outlet?? Me???

ROMY

At least you can go and see what it's like.

MICHELE

(not happy about it)

Fine.

(then; pointed)

So what about you? Any boyfriends yet?

ROMY

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

MICHELE

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

ROMY

Ooo. Show biz. Good job. Where?

INT. AA MEETING - ANOTHER NIGHT - TIGHT ON ROMY

ROMY

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

AA MEETING GOERS

Hi, Romy!

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS AA MEETING - LATER NIGHT

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, you know. I mean, how many
mornings can you wake up in a pool
of your own vomit before you go,
"Okay, enough is enough!"

The guy's grossed out. MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARGAIN MART, CULVER CITY - EST. SHOT - DAY

A bad K-Mart. PAN DOWN to find Michele in another interview
outfit. She takes a deep sigh and blinks back tears before
she goes inside.

INT. BARGAIN MART - CONTINUOUS

The CREEPY MANAGER is walking Michele through the store.
Michele follows in stunned horror. 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 whole dollar for that?

MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

INT. "SINGLED OUT" RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The waiting room for the MTV dating show is full of PROSPECTIVE LOVERS. Romy enters and approaches the reception desk. MUSIC OUT.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi! Can I help you?

ROMY

Yeah. How long does it take to get on "Singled Out" if it's an emergency?

MUSIC UP.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYM - EST. SHOT - NIGHT INT. GYM - MAIN WORKOUT ROOM

Romy and Michele are on the treadmills, which are going so slowly that they THUD THUD THUD as they jog. Michele glances over at Romy.

MICHELE

You're mad at me.

ROMY

(thud thud thud)

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

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?

(pissy and defensive)

Besides... I mean, you haven't exactly found us boyfriends.

Romy glares at Michele for an angry beat; then stomps off the treadmill.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ROMY

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

INT. GYM - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

ROMY (CONT'D)

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)

You think it's muscle weight?

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

ROMY

I hate this locker!

She slams her fist against it in frustration.

MICHELE

Romy, you're just frustrated. What if we don't eat anything between now and the reunion? I mean, the worst that happens is that we're sick and a little light-headed.

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.

Michele looks stunned as Romy finally gets her locker open.

MICHELE
(as this sinks in)
...You really think we're losers?

ROMY
It's been ten years since high school. Ten years, and look where we are...

Michele looks around the gym locker room.

MICHELE
...Well, if you're not going, I'm not going.
(blinking back tears)
God. And I was really looking forward to this.

A lone tear falls. They hold a look.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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. They lethargically flip through magazines. Romy heaves a deep sigh and turns a page. Then Michele heaves a sigh and turns a page. Then Romy. Then Michele burps.

MICHELE
(off Romy's look; defensive)
Sorry.
(sighs; turns a page)

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 (CONT'D, 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!
Why can't we go to the reunion --
and just pretend to be
successful?!

MICHELE

Pretend??

ROMY

I mean, who'll know? They're in
Tucson. We're here. We'll just
show up looking like
businesswomen.

MICHELE

(picturing it; smiles)

Wow, Romy. With ideas like these,
you're smart enough to actually
be a businesswoman.

ROMY

I know.

MICHELE

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 take care of the clothes,
I'll get us a car.

Romy smiles wickedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR SERVICE OFFICE - DAY

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

INT. SERVICE OFFICE - DAY

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.

Ramon snaps his 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

(suspiciously)
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:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS JAGUAR SERVICE OFFICE - DAY

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.

SERVICE GUY # 2

What? What?

Now they can all hear Romy's loud moaning.

ROMY (V.O.)

Ohhhh, Ramon... Mi capitan... Mi amor... You are the king. 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 and intensity.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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 TO:

EXT. ROMY AND MICHELE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

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!

ROMY

(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 all of 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.

INT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

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

ROMY (CONT'D)

Look what else I got us.

ROMY

Shit.

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

MICHELE

Whooh! 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

Whooh!

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

Whooh!

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

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAGUAR - HIGHWAY - TRAVELING SHOT - DAY

Romy and Michele breeze along the interstate, weaving in and out of traffic, singing along with "GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN." They're young, they're free, they're in a Jag with the top down and they're oblivious to the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - SOMETIME LATER - DAY

Romy and Michele are now listening to Van Halen's "HOT FOR TEACHER." They approach a minivan driven by a 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. Michele sticks her tongue back at him. He makes an ugly face. She makes an ugly face back.

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 seat.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Ready?

Michelle 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

(beat)

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)

Whoop! Watch out, Tucson! Here we come!

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

He presses his face and tongue up against the glass.
Michele presses her face and tongue against the windshield.

ROMY
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 making the face.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Oh, sorry! I was trying to scare
your little boy!

As the Jaguar sails on...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

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

INT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

Romy and Michele finish up singing "WHEN DOVES CRY" by Prince. The tape is over. Silence. Each settles back into her own thoughts. They pass a sign that reads: 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 1/4 MILE, with a picture of hot apple pie a la mode. Michele glances at Romy again. Finally:

MICHELE

Are you hungry?

ROMY

We agreed we weren't going to eat 'til we got to the reunion.

MICHELE

Well, I don't think I can wait. I saw those signs and now I'm starving. Please?

ROMY

I just hate to waste the time...

Michele looks disappointed.

ROMY (CONT'D)

But you know what we could do. If we stopped to eat, 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.

EXT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. TRUCK STOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Several semi trucks are parked in front of a super truck stop. The Jag pulls up and parks.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES' BATHROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Romy and Michele enter a typically scrungy rest stop bathroom, carrying two suitcases.

ROMY

Oh, look at this, Michele.

MICHELE

Don't touch anything. I don't want to catch something and die before I get to the reunion.

They set the suitcases down, open them, and begin to lay out their clothes and make-up. Romy takes off her shoes.

ROMY

Oh, yuk. The floor's all wet.

MICHELE

Let's hope the sink is leaking.

As Michele begins to unzip her dress, the bathroom door opens and the brat from the van is standing in the doorway.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Hey, you little pervert, get out of here.

BRAT

I can come in here if I want.

ROMY

No you can't, pal. Read the door. This is the ladies' room.

BRAT

(taunting)

But I'm just a little boy. My mommy brings me in here all the time.

ROMY

Where's your mommy now?

BRAT

Eatin' chili.
(to Michele)
You're ugly.

MICHELE

(hurt)

I am not.

ROMY

Look, get out, you little twerp. We have to change.

BRAT

(defiantly)

Go ahead.

Romy and Michele look at each other. With their backs to us as they face the boy, they simultaneously lift their dresses and give him a full-body flash. His eyes go wide and his lip quivers. He runs, screaming, from the restroom. Romy and Michele burst out laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK STOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

COUNTRY MUSIC plays. Romy and Michele enter wearing brightly colored, conservative, knee-length business suits, matching pumps, sedate hairdos and make-up. The works.

ROMY

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

MICHELE

Got it.

As they head for the counter:

MICHELE (CONT'D)

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

As they cross to the counter, they pass the mother, father and 7-year-old brat. He's curled up in his mother's lap in the fetal position. She is stroking his forehead.

MOTHER

Ed, I think he's got a fever.

Romy and Michele sit at the counter. The waitress approaches.

ROMY

Yeah. Hello. We need something to go.

WAITRESS

Okay.

She takes out 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, just give us burgers and
fries and diet cokes then, because
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 you in?

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

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING VIEW - LATER DAY

Romy and Michele are back on the highway, eating burgers and
fries out of bags. Romy's pre-occupied with what just
happened, while Michele gets into eating, moaning with
pleasure after each bite.

ROMY

I can't believe we never thought
what to say we do for a living.
Think how embarrassing that
would've been at the reunion!

MICHELE

This is the best burger I've ever eaten.

ROMY

Come on, Michele. Help. We've got to figure this out. It's got to be something really good, but believable.

Michele takes a thoughtful bite of her burger.

MICHELE

Romy, if you had to give up food or sex for the rest of your life, which would you pick?

Romy sighs, exasperated.

ROMY

Could it be sex like the first two weeks of a new relationship with someone who's good in bed? Or just "sex in general"?

MICHELE

Sex in general.

ROMY

Then, sex. No contest. 'Cause if I was never going to get naked in front of a guy again anyway, I could eat as much as I wanted and get fat.

MICHELE

That's true.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

As the Jaguar careens toward camera down the highway...

MICHELE (CONT'D, V.O.)

And as much as I like sex, I'd much rather have French fries.

It zips past camera and continues down the road, disappearing into the heat shimmering off the pavement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAGUAR - LATER THAT DAY

Driving down a different part of the highway.

ROMY (V.O.)
...Real estate!

MICHELE (V.O.)
Okay.

ROMY (V.O.)
(changing her mind)
No. Forget it. Too dull. Plus,
what if somebody asks us a
technical question, like how much
do houses cost in L.A.? We'd look
like idiots.

INT. JAGUAR/EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Romy still drives. Michele sits in the passenger seat with one of those origami fortune-telling things that girls play with in junior high. She moves the four sides in and out between each word 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
Michele, we're running out of time.
Come on. I mean, 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

Oh yeah? So what medical school did you go to?

MICHELE

I'll say I went to one in Mexico.

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. You know, like liquid paper.

MICHELE

Yeah. The guy who invented liquid paper must be a gazillionaire.

ROMY

I've got it! Post-Its!

MICHELE

Post-Its?

ROMY

Yeah. I mean, everybody knows what Post-Its are!

MICHELE

That's true.

(uncertain)

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

ROMY

Yeah. 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. Romy 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, I'm a copywriter. And you do paste-up. And we've got this... whachimacallit -- you know, like this presentation to make to a client.

MICHELE

(impressed)

Wow. Romy. You really sound believable.

ROMY

Anyway, 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
we tell him the idea and he thinks
it's so good, they buy it and hire
us to run the division. And the
rest is history. Oh God, it's
perfect, don't you think?

MICHELE
(a bit 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.

(blurting the truth)

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.

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.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

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.

ROMY

Not that kid in the bathroom.

MICHELE

Well, he was a psycho. But everyone else. 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 got invited to the prom, you or me?

ROMY

Oh please. Sandy Frink invited you.

MICHELE

So who invited you, Romy? Come on, who? I'm waiting.

ROMY

Well... I'd just gotten my back brace off.

MICHELE

(buzzes like a game show)
Wrong. The correct answer is "no one."

ROMY

So?

MICHELE

And 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.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

ROMY (CONT'D)

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 and looks out the window. They're
both livid.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAGUAR/ EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING VIEW - LATER DAY

A different song plays. A brilliant sunset bleeds orange
and red. Romy's driving. They're still not speaking.
Michele yawns. She slumps down in her seat and closes her
eyes. Beat. She turns the radio down. Closes her eyes
again. Romy gives her a look. Then looks back at the
yellow line of the highway stretching before her to the
horizon, as the light slowly turns violet for magic hour...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JAGUAR/EXT. TACKY TUCSON HOTEL - NIGHT - ON MICHELE

asleep. Car's stopped. She stirs. Opens her eyes. A GIANT STUFFED MOOSE stares her down. 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 Donna Summer singing "LOVE TO LOVE YOU BABY."

INT. TUCSON HOTEL BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

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 giant 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. Romy heads into the room, looking for Billy. LAUGHTER DRAWS MICHELE'S ATTENTION TO:

THE FORMER A GROUP: CHRISTIE, CHERYL, KELLY, AND LISA LUDER.

They're laughing as they sip drinks. They're as slim and blonde as ever. They wear pastel cocktail dresses in shades like after-dinner mints.

CHRISTIE

I told you we'd still be the prettiest.

LISA LUDER

(looking around)

By far.

CHERYL

Even if we didn't get our hair done, we'd still be the prettiest.

KELLY

Even if we didn't wash our hair, we'd still be the prettiest.

They all laugh. Michele turns her attention back to Romy, who has just approached 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.

ANGLE ON KELLY, CHERYL AND LISA

They look right into camera, impressed.

KELLY

Post-its. Wow. You're kidding me.

But Christie Brooks appears skeptical.

CHRISTIE

You invented Post-Its?

KELLY

You must have made a fortune!

REVEAL THAT THEY'RE TALKING TO MICHELE.

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...

SLOW MOTION She looks at their faces as they stand there waiting for her answer. BEAT.

MICHELE'S VOICE DISTORTED

Ummm... Welllllll... Uhhhhh...

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

BILLY'S VOICE DISTORTED

So what's Michele up to?

ROMY'S VOICE DISTORTED

Not much. I mean, she's sweet and everything, but basically all she did was say, "... um, what about making them yellow?"

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

REGULAR SPEED

The group's still waiting.

MICHELE

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

CHERYL

A special kind of glue?

CHRISTIE

(dubious)

Oh really? Then 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 and therefore the, uh, pliability if you added like, a complex glucose derivative, and then shot the whole thing through with hydrocarbons 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.

KELLY

I just 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.

EXT. TACKY TUCSON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

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

This is great.

ROMY

You can have it if you want.

BILLY

You're kidding me. Thanks.

Their eyes meet; it's an electric moment.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I can't believe you're not married.

ROMY

I can't believe you're not.

BILLY

Listen, I know this is crazy, but what would you think if we --

At this inopportune moment, Michele comes 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 run away and is nearly flattened by a big white limo, which 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?
(bursts into tears)

HANDSOME MAN (CONT'D)

I'm terribly sorry. Forgive me.
My driver didn't see you.

Michele, sobbing, rummages in her purse.

HANDSOME MAN

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.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

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.

MICHELE

Thanks. I'm not usually like this. But I'm fighting with my best friend in the whole world. And we never fought before in fifteen years and it's tearing me up.

HANDSOME MAN

Have you tried talking to her?

MICHELE

I can't. She's such a bitch.

HANDSOME MAN

(can't help laughing)

Oh Michele. You haven't changed. You can still make me laugh.

MICHELE

Hey. 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. THROUGH THE LIMOUSINE WINDOW BEHIND THEM, WE SEE

ROMY AND BILLY IN THE JAGUAR

They're also gazing into each other's eyes. Christie Brooks 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 into the hotel. He pauses to lean down and kiss her. Now they're both backlit. Then 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.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

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 knocks on the window, startling them. As the window rolls down, Michele covers herself with her hands. It's Toby Walters, the unflappable pudgy girl from high school.

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 of the car. Michele looks around.

MICHELE
(calling after Sandy)
Wait! I can't find my blouse!

INT. BALLROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Billy is up on stage at 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 (CONT'D)
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. Romy's thrilled. She runs up on stage. Michele is stunned. The A group are outraged. Christie is drunk.

CHRISTIE
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 lifts up her cocktail dress and wipes her mouth.

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.

ACROSS THE STAGE

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. They're swept out of the room as everyone applauds.

EXT. TUCSON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The two couples emerge first, as 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 stairs, 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 are seeing the two couples off.

Michele and Sandy get into Sandy's limo. It's all happening so fast, and it's so confusing. Michele looks back at Romy, but she doesn't see her.

Romy and Billy get into the Jaguar. She looks back at Michele, but Michele is already in the limo.

The limo pulls out. Michele shoots a furtive look out the side window at Romy in the passenger side of the Jag. Romy shoots Michele 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:

EXT. FRINK CASTLE - DAY

Exotic animals graze on the grass. There's a tennis court and an Olympic sized swimming pool. Atop a hill, shrouded in mist, is an imposing stone mansion.

INT. FRINK CASTLE FOYER - DAY

The main foyer looks like a hotel lobby. In fact, it looks very much like the lobby of the Beverly Regent Wilshire. The maid LAURA SAN GIACOMO arranges flowers. The BUTLER, HECTOR ELIZONDO, carries an elaborate tea service as he crosses the room and pushes the button for the elevator.

INT. FRINK CASTLE BEDROOM - DAY

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 the tea.

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.

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

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 (like the one 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?

MICHELE

Huh?

SANDY

YOUR MEDAL. YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT.

MICHELE

Yes.

(sighs)

I'm thinking about Romy.

SANDY

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 been lonely with no one to talk to.

SANDY

Why don't you call her?

MICHELE

I couldn't.

SANDY

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.

She 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?

(to Sandy)

He's putting me through.

(into phone)

Hello, is this Billy Christianson?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHRISTIANSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

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 about to die.

MICHELE

(into phone)

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

ROMY

(croacks at Billy Jr.)

No. Not unless she apologizes first and admits she's not cuter now and never was.

MICHELE

(offended; into phone)

What? You're the one who started
it, you big egomaniac.

OVERLAP the sound of a HORN HONKING.

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

(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 taking place. Michele
blinks awake, looking around.

MICHELE

Oh God, we're 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. God, she is a bitch.

She gets out and heads to the hotel. OVERLAP Cyndi Lauper
singing GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The ballroom is decorated in an upscale version of the way
the ballroom was decorated in 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 the ballroom 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:

EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

As Michele approaches the glass doors of the lobby, she quickly checks her reflection. She licks her middle fingers and cleans mascara from under her eyes.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

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

(then handing over the name tag)
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 looks really confused as Michele pins on her name tag.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

LISA LUDER

(slightly indifferent)

Hey, Romy. How are you?

ROMY

(recognizing her)

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. So what are you up to?

ROMY

Well, I'm running my own company.

LISA LUDER

(impressed)

Really?

ROMY
Yeah, I invented Post-Its.

LISA LUDER
(confused)
Post-Its?

ROMY
Yeah. 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)

Yeah, nice talking to you, too.

(calling after
her)

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.

ANGLE ON MICHELE

talking to some Asian kids, 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.

ANGLE ON ROMY

as she spies the A group.

ROMY'S POV

Christie, Kelly and Cheryl are standing together, talking and laughing. Christie and Kelly are both obviously pregnant but still look great.

BACK ON ROMY

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

ROMY

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

CUT TO:

THE A GROUP

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 anyway, what are you all up to? Christie, in the yearbook, it said you wanted Jane Pauley's job.
(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?

CHRISTIE

Yes.

ROMY

Oh. I didn't know you two were married.

CHRISTIE

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

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

CHERYL

So, how about you? Do you have any
kids?

ROMY

No, I 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; ignoring Romy)
You know who they say has made a
ton of money is Sandy Frink.

CHRISTIE

(dubious)
The Frink-a-zoid?

KELLY

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

ROMY

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

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 glares at Toby.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

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 going to do?

LISA LUDER

(confused)

Who? Heather?

MICHELE

No, Romy. It's a long story.

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

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Ooo, this oughta be good.

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

THE A GROUP AND ROMY

CHERYL

Anybody know what Casey Degan is doing?

KELLY

Oh, 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?

CLOSE ON ROMY

as she spins around and stares into the smoke-filled face of Heather.

HEATHER

Hello, Romy.

ROMY

(coughing through the smoke)
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 just 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 Jane 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
(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.

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!

(to Romy)

You mean you just made that up?

Romy looks panicky. The others begin to laugh.

ON MICHELE

When she hears their LAUGHTER, memories flash through her mind of other times with the A group -- in the school lunch yard, at the prom... She begins to feel just a little bit sorry for her friend.

BACK ON ROMY

Surrounded. Humiliated. Trapped.

KELLY

God, if you're going to lie about
inventing something, make up
something good. Don't make it
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
(confused; into phone)
Who is this? I'm sorry, I don't --

WAITER
(into phone)
I'm over at the payphone. Is this a
good time or should I call back?

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)
I love it. Let me guess, that's
supposed to be "a call from your
office", right? My God, she's
weirder than ever!

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

ON MICHELE

She's never seen her friend this emotional in public before. Romy's usual bravado has deserted her.

MICHELE
Romy.

Michele rallies all her strength. Fight or no fight, she's going to go rescue her friend.

ON ROMY

The A group is still cracking up.

CHERYL
She was always weird. Remember
that time you ate her hamburger?

KELLY
Oh yeah, and put magnets on the
other one's back brace. God, that
was so hilarious!

CHRISTIE

And remember the prom -- she asked Billy to dance with her. And he comes running up to us like, "What should I do?" And you go --

CHRISTIE & KELLY

"Cut off your legs!"

They're laughing so hard they're hyperventilating. Romy starts crying. Just then, Michele comes up.

MICHELE

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 -- be quiet! You guys always act like you're better than us. But that's bullshit. Because if you really were, you wouldn't need to make fun of us to feel better about yourselves.

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

MICHELE (CONT'D)

And why are you making fun of us, anyway?

(smug)

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

CHRISTIE

We're pregnant, you half-wit.

MICHELE

Oh. Well. Come on, Romy.

Michele grabs Romy's arm and pulls her away.

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

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 to this stupid thing? I hate this place. And I hate these people.

MICHELE

I'm sorry.

ROMY

(bitterly)

What are you sorry about? I made a big fool of myself and everybody laughed at me. At least they didn't laugh at you.

MICHELE

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

ROMY

(challenging)

Yeah? Like what?

MICHELE

(emotional but rambling)

Like... like losing your best friend because she hurt your feelings so bad that you said the meanest thing you could think of, even if you didn't mean it. But neither one of you ever apologizes, even when your friend is on her deathbed, so she probably dies and you never make up. That's worse.

Now Michele is also on the verge of tears.

ROMY

(sniffles; beat)

How much have you had to drink?

MICHELE

Nothing. I had this dream. Romy, 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)
Even though in my dream I did know the formula for glue.

They're interrupted by Heather.

HEATHER

Hey, listen --

ROMY

What do you want?

HEATHER

I didn't mean to blow it for you guys. How was I supposed to know you were telling everybody a stupid story?

ROMY

Well, we were. So thanks a lot.

MICHELE

Yeah.

HEATHER

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.

MICHELE

I guess 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 with a copy of "The Roundup".

TOBY

Heather, I'm off-duty. Since you never got around to doing 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 give her a thumbs-up.

HEATHER

Sure. Come on. I'll sign your stupid yearbook.

Heather throws a look over her shoulder to Romy and Michele as she walks off with Toby.

MICHELE

God, can you believe she's still obsessed with me from high school? How pathetic.

ROMY

I know. Like get over it already.

Michele turns back to Romy.

MICHELE

So... Romy. Are we friends again?

ROMY

Well, duh.

Romy smiles. Relieved, Michele smiles back at her.

MICHELE

Then who cares that we told some dumb lie? I only told about five people. Who did you tell?

ROMY

No one, really. Just the A Group.

MICHELE

See? Then it's no big deal.

ANGLE ON CHRISTIE

as she takes the stage and speaks into the microphone.

CHRISTIE

(into mic)

Hi, everybody. As your former head cheerleader, Girls League President, and prom queen, I have been asked to say a few words and formally welcome all of you to Sagebrush High's Ten-Year Reunion!

Everyone cheers and applauds.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

The last time we all saw each other, we were just embarking on exciting new lives. Today, ten years later, we are leading those lives. Some of us are raising the leaders of tomorrow. Some of us are the leaders of today. 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 roars with laughter. People start turning around to stare at them, nudging each other and pointing.

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

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

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Romy yanks open the ladies' room door and goes inside.

INT. HOTEL LADIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Romy bursts into the room. Michele enters behind her.

ROMY

Oh God, Michele. This is all my fault.

MICHELE

What? No it's not.

ROMY

It was my stupid plan. Damn it. Damn it!

She takes off her jacket and throws it in the trash.

ROMY (CONT'D)

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

MICHELE

No! Can I tell you the truth? I never knew we weren't that great in high school.

(MORE)

MICHELE (CONT'D)

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. I mean, okay, maybe it's possible I'm just simple, but I don't know why we care about impressing people that we don't even know anymore. The only person I really care about is you.

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

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Do you know what I think we should do?

ROMY

Please don't say hug.

MICHELE

Nooo. I think we should go back in there and show those people they don't matter to us.

ROMY

I don't know if I can.

MICHELE

Quit being a wimp, Romy.

Romy is shocked by Michele's sudden show of strength.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

These people laughed at you in high school. Are you going to let them laugh at you now? I'm not going to let them laugh at me.

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:

INT. BALLROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

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 black 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 feels suddenly self-conscious.

 MICHELE
 (sotto to Romy)
Uh, maybe this wasn't such a good
idea...

 ROMY
 (sotto to Michele)
Too late now. Just keep walking.

 CHRISTIE
 (mocking)
Nice outfits.

The people all around her laugh. Romy keeps going, her eyes straight ahead. Then something possesses her and she turns back.

 ROMY
Screw you, Christie. Screw all of
you.

INTERCUT WITH LISTENING FACES while Romy speaks:

ROMY (CONT'D)

(impassioned and sincere)
You all think you're so special.
But you know what? You're not
special. You're ordinary. And
dull. And... pregnant.

People look confused.

ROMY (CONT'D)

I mean, you're all just so fucking
predictable. At least Michele and I
tried something different. Maybe
we're not married. And we don't
have kids. But I'll tell you what
we've got.

(beat; emotional)

The best friend anybody could ever
want.

Michele, watching her proudly, smiles.

ROMY (CONT'D)

No matter what, we're always there
for each other. Can you guys say
that? Or are you just clinging to
each other in fear because you have
nothing else going on in your puny,
little lives? Come on, Michele.

A moment of silence. Romy and Michele continue walking
toward the bar with the utmost dignity. Then someone calls
out from the back:

OBNOXIOUS VOICE IN CROWD

Nice speech, Post-Its.

There's scattered laughter.

ANOTHER VOICE IN CROWD

God, what's their problem?

CHRISTIE

What isn't their problem?

More laughter.

ROMY

(whispers encouragement)

Keep going. We couldn't care less.

Ignoring the snickering, Romy and Michele keep walking.
But it's starting to get to them.

Suddenly, TOBY runs in from the lobby.

TOBY
(shouting)
Hey, everybody! You should see
this! A helicopter just landed in
the parking lot!

Romy and Michele turn, as does everybody else.

CHERYL
A helicopter?

TOBY
Yeah. It's Sandy Frink's.

HEATHER

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

ROMY AND MICHELE

share a look.

MICHELE
Sandy Frink has a helicopter?

ROMY
Yeah, didn't you hear? He's worth
like billions. He invented some
kind of special rubber or something.

With everyone's attention turned toward the ballroom doors,
Sandy Frink enters, surrounded by bodyguards and wearing a
six-thousand dollar custom tailored suit and 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
(to herself)
That's Sandy Frink? Huh. I
remember him as being a lot taller.

SOMEBODY ELSE
He's got bodyguards.

CHRISTIE
(stunned)
I don't believe this.

ANGLE ON SANDY

as he scopes out the room.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
(bubbly)
Sandy. Hi. It's so great you could
make it. We were all afraid you
couldn't because you are so... you
know... rich.

Sandy ignores her and continues searching until his gaze
locks onto

MICHELE

standing with Romy. Michele's eyes meet his.

ROMY
I can't believe that's the
Frink-a-zoid.

The room parts, creating a clear path from Sandy to
Michele. Everyone watches him go to her.

MICHELE
Oh my God, this is so cool.

Sandy finally stops in front of Michele.

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

Michele looks at Romy then back at Sandy.

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

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 ranch on Kauai...

SANDY STARTS TO MORPH INTO A MUCH CUTER GUY.

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 (CONT'D)

...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)

An indoor-outdoor swimming pool?

SANDY

I don't have you.

HE HAS NOW MORPHED INTO THE HANDSOME MAN FROM MICHELE'S DREAM. Another song comes on -- Cyndi Lauper singing the gorgeous romantic ballad "TIME AFTER TIME".

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.

ANGLE ON CHRISTIE

who looks especially shell-shocked.

CHRISTIE
(trying to regain her
composure)
I could do that if I wasn't
pregnant.

Lisa Luder turns and looks at Christie.

LISA LUDER
No, you couldn't.

Christie looks stricken.

BACK ON THE DANCE FLOOR

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

ON HEATHER AND TOBY

Heather gets a cigarette out of her purse and is digging
around for a match.

TOBY
Wow. Look at the way he's staring
at her. It's so romantic.

Heather glances up. But what she sees is the old,
un-handsome Sandy dancing with Michele and Romy.

HEATHER
Yeah, yeah, very moving. Hey, go
get me some matches.
(off Toby's look)
Please, Toby. Thanks, you're a
doll.
(a warm smile)

TOBY
(smiles)
Sure! Be right back.

Toby scampers off. Heather reverts to her usual face.

HEATHER
Idiot.

A cigarette butt is tossed at her feet. Heather looks up,
furious. The Cowboy stands there, wearing a black suit and
bolo tie, holding a lit cigarette lighter. He has a great,
craggy face and exudes a raw male sexuality. Heather is
immediately on guard and suspicious, but after a beat,
leans in for a light.

HEATHER

You. 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?

COWBOY

(laughs; then)

I deserve that. I was a jerk. I guess it's cause I was so unhappy at the time. High school was like this nightmare prison to me. I just couldn't... breathe there, y'know?

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 just wanted to talk.

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

HEATHER

Okay. Sure. That'd be great.
(he smiles, relieved;
as they head off together)
What's your name, anyway?

They disappear into the crowd. Toby runs up out of breath.

TOBY

Heather, I got your matches!
(looking around)
Heather?

Toby heads off in the direction of the exit.

BACK ON THE DANCE FLOOR

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. The ballroom erupts in thunderous applause. People whistle and shout.

ROMY

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

MICHELE

(out of breath)
Quick, let's leave now. It's never going to get any better than this.

SANDY

You don't really have to go, do you?

MICHELE

It's a long story. Come on, walk us to the car.

He takes each of them by the hand and they run out of the ballroom. The crowd watches in rapturous awe.

EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

As Romy, Michele and Sandy come running out of the hotel and head toward Romy and Michele's car, they suddenly hear what sounds like someone throwing up in the bushes.

ROMY

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

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

BILLY
Hey, how you guys doing?

ROMY
(grossed out)
Billy?

BILLY
(squinting to see)
Chubbo?

ROMY
My name is Romy.

BILLY
Oh, right.
(to Michele)
And you're...

MICHELE
Michele.

BILLY
And you're...
(squinting at Sandy)
Never mind, I don't care.
(then)
So. Romy and Michele. Weren't you like, madly in love with me in high school?

MICHELE
She was.

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

(scoffing)

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. So what about the room?

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 turns to Romy.

MICHELE

(shocked)

Romy!

ROMY

(vengefully)

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

Realizing what Romy is saying, Michele smiles.

SANDY

Listen, it's a long drive back to L.A. Why don't you take my chopper?

ROMY

(impressed)

Seriously?

SANDY

I'll get one of my bodyguards to drive your car back.

MICHELE

Okay! Cool.

SANDY

Hey, why don't I come with you?
You're the only one I really wanted
to see here anyway.

(seductively)

We could get reacquainted during the
ride.

Romy looks a little worried.

MICHELE

Sandy! I'm here with Romy.

Romy relaxes a bit.

SANDY

Okay. Well, what if I sat up in
front? And after we drop Romy off,
we could go out for a drink or
something.

MICHELE

Um, gee, Sandy, I don't know...

ROMY

It's okay. Really, Michele. You
should go.

(smiles her
encouragement)

MICHELE

(to Sandy)

Okay, then. Great!

SANDY

Great! So let's blow this pop
stand.

Sandy opens the helicopter door.

ROMY

(sotto to Michele)

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

MICHELE

(excited)

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

ROMY

That would be so cool.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Toby runs into the room.

TOBY

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

Everybody starts to head out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

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 and then gets into the front seat beside the pilot.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

It's like the inside of a plushly appointed limo, complete with TV and fridge. They look around, thrilled.

ROMY

Look: a little TV! And a little fridge! I can't believe this is the Frink-a-zoid's!

MICHELE

God, and can you believe how cute he's gotten?

ROMY

I know. 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.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

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

CHRISTIE

(calling)

Billy? I want to go home. Dammit, Billy! Where are you?

(finally looks up)

Hey, who's in back of the helicopter?

TOBY

(turning to Christie)

Romy and Michele.

CHRISTIE

You're shitting me.

ANGLE ON HELICOPTER

Romy and Michele are giving the finger out the window and laughing. As the helicopter continues to rise...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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 through the window, the helicopter soars into the night sky. There's no telling how long he'll wait there.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

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.

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

in heaven, as outside the window, the hotel falls away into the horizon. Michele laughs. She leans back and sighs contentedly.

MICHELE

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

ROMY

(in a more pensive mood)
Yeah... So I think Sandy really loves you, don't you?

MICHELE

Yeah.

ROMY

...So let's say you and he start dating. I mean, what will I do every night?

MICHELE
(stating the obvious)
You'll come with us.

ROMY
Okay. But what if Sandy doesn't
want me to come every night?

MICHELE
Romy, you know what guys are like
when you're dating. They'll do
anything you want.

ROMY
Okay. But what if you guys get
married? Then what?

MICHELE
Sandy has lots of houses. We could
easily be at the ranch in Kauai
while he's at the house in Aspen.

Romy leans back, satisfied.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

As it flies off into the starry sky.

ROMY (V.O.)
Then I hope you and Sandy hit it
off... because I really love this
helicopter.

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

ON A FLUFFY WHITE CLOUD - DAY

EXT. RANCH IN KAUAI - CONTINUOUS

A perfect warm, sunny day in Paradise. A light breeze
blows the palm trees. Lush gardens with waterfalls and a
koi pond surround the grotto-like pool. There's a corral
with six horses. It's all on a cliff overlooking the
turquoise Pacific. But it's strangely deserted except for
Snuffy the orange cat, who happily rolls on his back in the
sun. From out of nowhere appears the helicopter. It lands
on an expanse of emerald green lawn. Sandy Frink hops out.
A HOUSEBOY comes running out to greet him. As they head up
the lawn toward the magnificent plantation-style mansion:

SANDY

My God, Lewis, do you believe this day? Just spectacular, isn't it?

HOUSEBOY

Yes sir.

SANDY

Where is she? Where's Michele?

BEGIN CLOSING CREDITS as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SCREENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON A GIANT SCREEN WHICH IS PROJECTING "PRETTY WOMAN"

It's the scene where Julia Roberts is watching "I Love Lucy" and laughing. But the sound is low.

ROMY (V.O.)

(as Julia)

Ah, I'm laughing. Aren't I innocent?

MICHELE (V.O.)

(as Julia)

Yeah, I'm so sweet, I'm like a breath of fresh air.

Watching Julia Roberts, Richard Gere moves onto the other couch. Julia Roberts looks up at him.

ROMY (V.O.)

(as Julia)

Uh-oh, whoops, I just remembered I'm a hooker. Hmm. I guess I better have some kind of sex with him. Here. Let me unzip your pants.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ROMY AND MICHELE

in the darkened screening room. They wear pajamas and munch on popcorn, sprawled out on a massive sofa. Romy turns the volume up.

ROMY & MICHELE

(saying the actual dialogue along with the movie)

(Julia) What do you want?

(MORE)

ROMY & MICHELE (CONT'D)

(Richard) What do you do?

(Julia) Everything. Except I don't kiss on the mouth.

They roll around on the sofa, cracking up.

MICHELE

(as Richard)

What, no kissing? Oh all right, I'll let you blow me, but just this once.

More laughter. Sandy enters; sunlight streams in through the open door.

SANDY

Hey, you two. Lewis is setting up lunch on the lanai and it's a gorgeous day out. Care to join me?

MICHELE

(still watching the movie)

Uh, maybe later, honey. We're doing this right now. 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 know you just said "love you" like about three times?

MICHELE

Well, I do. I mean, he is like the perfect guy. Going to that reunion and meeting him again was the best thing we ever did.

ROMY

That's true. I mean, our lifestyle before was great. But this is better.

MICHELE

Much better. This big screen TV alone is worth it. Plus, I actually like Sandy. It's bizarre. Oh wait, I love this part.

ANGLE ON TV:

Julia Roberts, wearing her hooker outfit, is looking around the ritzy boutique. The salesgirls snub her.

ROMY (V.O.)

(as the salesgirls)

Okay, you guys, let's be mean to that girl over there for no reason other than to make the audience feel sorry for Julia Roberts.

MICHELE (V.O.)

(as salesgirls)

Hey you, girl with the boots. Get out, your money's no good here.

(as Julia)

Oh, you hurt my feelings. I'm the most sensitive hooker ever!

ANGLE ON ROMY AND MICHELE

laughing.

ROMY

Oh God, Michele, I think you are the funnest person I know.

MICHELE

Me too!

AS CREDITS CONTINUE...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END