

FADE IN:

INT. TEENAGE GIRL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Instead of the expected posters of rock and movie stars - posters of Frank Sinatra, Benny Goodman and other musicians of the Swing Era cover the walls. From a tape deck, Frank Sinatra sings the last two lines of MY WAY.

ON A DOOR TO A BATHROOM AT THE SIDE OF THE ROOM

The door is slightly ajar. Above the sound of RUNNING WATER, a female voice joins Sinatra in the last line.

SINATRA & FEMALE VOICE (OS)
And I did it my...way.

TIFFANY LOWTER, seventeen, wearing a hooded sweatshirt with a lion on the back and the word JUNIOR stenciled on the front, enters drying her hair with a towel.

Sinatra kicks into Don't Get Around Much Anymore, Tiff sings along, changing the lyrics and dancing ala Ginger Rogers - this girl can dance.

SINATRA (VO)
Missed the Saturday dance.

TIFFANY
I won't miss my Friday night prom.

SINATRA (VO)
Could have gone, but what for?

A KNOCK. Tiffany lowers the music and sings

TIFFANY
Heard a knock on my door.

Tiffany opens the door to RODOLFO MURCIA, twenty, Latino. Behind him stands a SMALL GROUP of Latinos. They all raise pencils and notebooks. Tiffany grins and waves them in.

TIFFANY
My class is growing, Rodolfo.

RODOLFO
Senorita Tiffany, you are a very

good teacher of the English.

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - LATER

BIG BAND MUSIC plays in the background. Sitting on the floor, each of Tiffany's students has a doll. She points to a matronly woman holding a bridegroom doll.

TIFFANY

Your turn. Please tell us your story.

Shyly, the woman lifts the bridegroom doll.

MARTONLY WOMAN

I am a man who is coming to be
married and I bery nervous
because I will meet this woman
and I will not know if she is
loving me and so I will be---

A KNOCK at the door interrupts. The door opens and TRACEY MILLER, seventeen, and MOLLY 'MOZ' GRAHAM, seventeen, peek into the room. Tiffany points to Tracey and Moz and explains to her class.

TIFFANY

We're going to a big school dance
next week. Our Junior Prom. And
we must make plans.

The class nods as one, grab their materials and with many "gracias," they shake hands with Tracey and Moz and depart.

Tracey, chubby, fighting a battle with her weight, collects the abandoned dolls like a protective hen.

TRACEY

I was wondering why you wanted
my dolls.

Tiff inserts a new tape and a Benny Goodman tune fills the room.

TRACEY

How about some rock and roll?

TIFFANY

It's my house. My music.
(flops across her bed)

Okay, here's the plan. Trace, Chris and I'll pick you up first, first, then we'll drive over to Neil's.

TRACEY

Neil's going to the prom alone if he doesn't watch his hands and stop giving me hickeys.

Tracey points to her neck and flaunts a red mark to Moz.

Moz reaches over and touches the 'hickey.' Unconsciously covering her own mouth to hide the braces she hates.

MOZ

Neil shouldn't do that to your neck. It's really bad for your skin.

TIFFANY

Neil's a pecker-head, Moz.

Tracey flashes Tiff a look.

MOZ

Pecker-head is an obscenity, Tiffany. That will be one dollar to the self-improvement pot.

Moz reaches into her backpack and whips out a clear plastic purse filled with dollar bills and coins.

TRACEY

Should be two dollars to the pot. One for swearing and one for ragging on my man, Neil.

TIFFANY

Pecker-head isn't a swear word. It's in the dictionary.
(crosses her heart)
I swear.

TRACEY

We know you swear.

MOZ

(unsnaps the purse)
Pay up, Tiff. One dollar. We all made a vow... You said you wanted to stop swearing.

TRACEY

(waves a Calistoga bottle)

I'm going to lose some weight. Candy
and cookies are demons in disguise.

Tiffany takes a dollar from her bureau and starts to drop it
in the purse, stops and gives Moz a long look from head to
toe. Moz always dresses horribly. Tiff looks at Tracey.

TIFFANY

What about Moz? I'll pay if she does.

Tracey takes the purse. Moz stiffens.

MOZ

I thought we're here to discuss
prom plans.

Tiffany and Tracey give her a look. Moz looks at her outfit.

MOZ

Bad combination?

TRACEY

Bad? It's awful. Why do you,
dress like that?

MOZ

(touches her blouse)

Didn't you lend me this?

Tracey nods. Moz looks at Tiffany and touches her skirt.

MOZ

And I believe this is yours?

Tiff nods. Moz folds her arms across her chest satisfied.

TIFFANY

Tracey's blouse is super.

TRACEY

And Tiffany's skirt is fresh. But
together, they're hella ugly.

Tiffany points to the speaker of the tape recorder from
which the Benny Goodman Band is STOMPING AT THE SAVOY.

TIFFANY

It's like our music. I like Sinatra
and a big swing band.

TRACEY

(snaps her fingers)
And give me that good old Rock
and Roll.

TIFFANY

(to Moz)
And you love jazz and Mozart...
But you'd never find a C.D. or a
concert with all of them together...
Would you?

Moz shrugs.

Tracey jiggles the coins in the purse.

TRACEY

Come on pay up. Both of you. Give.
We have prom business to tend to.

Reluctantly, Tiffany and Moz drop in dollars.

With relish, Tracey snaps the purse closed.

TIFFANY

Okay. After we pick up Trace and
Neil...the neck biting sexfiend.

(to Moz)

We'll pick up you and Ricky.
Then---

Moz sighs and looks away.

TRACEY

Moz, has Ricky asked you?

TIFFANY

The prom's in one week!

MOZ

He's shy.

TRACEY

Chill girl. You ask him.

TIFFANY

What the hell are you waiting for?

Tracey and Moz exchange 'got-her'grins.

Tiffany pleads her case so loud, no one hears a soft RAP on the door.

TIFFANY

Hell is in the Bible. You can
say hell. Anyone can say hell.
Hell isn't---

The door opens. The girls turn. MRS. LOWTER, forties, enters holding a garment bag at arms length.

TIFFANY

Mom. Mom, you got it!

TRACEY AND MOZ

Hi, Mrs. Lowter.

Tiffany pulls a gaudy purple, prom dress out of the bag, holds it up to her chest and twirls round the room. Tracey and Moz applaud.

MRS. LOWTER

You look beautiful, hon. Mister
Christopher Balcon is a very lucky
young man. But, aren't you supposed
to be studying?

TIFFANY

Mom, it's Friday night.

MRS. LOWTER

(shrugs and leaves)

Girls.

MOZ

Tiff, try it on.

TRACEY

Come on. Come on.

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Tiffany enters from the bathroom in her prom dress. She's put on makeup and the towel is off her head.

MOZ

Wow!

TRACEY

Nuclear. Wait until Chris sees you in that. He'll be just like Neil. Hands everywhere. BET he tries for for a grand-slam home run.

TIFFANY

My Chris isn't like your Neil!

MOZ

I thought Chris was on the swimming team. Does he play baseball too?

TRACEY

God, Moz...Grand-slam means---

The telephone next to Tiffany's bed RINGS. Tiffany grabs it. (In the background, during the following conversation, Tracey tries to explain a grand-slam to Moz.)

TIFFANY

Hello?

INT. OF A COLLEGE DORMITORY ROOM - INTER-CUT SCENE

Two desks - two beds. On one bed lies CHRIS BALCON, nineteen, a tan, handsome snake in the grass. As he talks on the phone, he stares out the open door and flirts with every GIRL that passes.

CHRIS

Hi, Tiff.

TIFFANY

Chris! I have my dress.

CHRIS

Tiff, they screwed up my schedule.

TIFFANY

It's beautiful. Wait 'till you see it.

CHRIS

I have a final on Saturday morning.

TIFFANY

It's purple with--- What?

CHRIS

Tiff, I can't take you to the prom.

TIFFANY

NO! Chris, please. You're teasing?

CHRIS

I'm really sorry. They changed
the date of my final. Why don't---

Chris waves to TWO COEDS who have parked themselves in his door. They flirt and go through a bleeding heart routine as

CHRIS

Why don't you ask someone else?
I'll understand.

The coeds giggle and approach his bed.

TIFFANY

I want to go with YOU!

CHRIS

It's my final in English Lit.
Try to understand.

TIFFANY

I understand.

CHRIS

Honey, I have to go and---

One of the coeds places a hand on Chris' thigh. He jumps.

CHRIS

Study. I'll be down there in a week.

Chris hangs up. The coeds squeal and race out of the room.
Chris gives chase.

Tiffany holds the phone for a second, then sets it down.

Tracey hands a dollar to Moz.

TRACEY

Chris is a pecker-head too.

TIFFANY

Damn it! He's in college. He has a test.

(proud of her man)

In English Literature.

MOZ

I won't ask Ricky, and you and I could go to the prom together.

TIFFANY

Right!

Tiffany throws herself on the bed and covers her head with pillows.

TIFFANY

The most important night in our lives and you want to be my date.

MOZ

We don't have to dance.

TRACEY

What are you going to do?

TIFFANY

Join a convent.

MOZ

You're not even Catholic.

TIFFANY

Leave me alone. Please.

INT. OF AN ULTRA MODERN KITCHEN - MORNING

Tiffany shuffles through the door dressed in black. Mrs. Lowter, dressed in tennis whites, hears her enter but doesn't look up as she spoons coffee into a paper filter.

MRS. LOWTER

Morning, hon. Next, Friday night is going to be a special evening for both of us.

Tiffany leans against the refrigerator.

TIFFANY

Yeah.

MRS. LOWTER

I'm taking your father to the
Black and White Ball.

(turning she sees Tiffany)
Who died?

TIFFANY

Me.

Tiff breaks into tears and runs into her mother's arms.

TIFFANY

Oh, Mom.

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Tiffany and her mom sit at the kitchen table sipping coffee.

MRS. LOWTER

Sometimes men need a little push.
Give Chris a call. Promise to
leave the prom early then he'll
have plenty of time to get back
for his test.

(off Tiff's shrug)

Give it a try, honey. The worst
thing he can say is no.

There are several RAPS on the patio window. Mrs. Lowter
turns.

At the window, stand TWO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN dressed for
tennis. Behind them is one tall ASIAN MAN, GORDON WANG,
fifties, dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, but wearing
tennis sneakers. Gordon Wang would rather be in hell!

THELMA KETT, late forties, a good soul, but fighting a
battle with alcohol, staggers forward and CLANKS a Bloody
Mary against the glass.

MRS LOWTER (OS)

Dear God, don't team me with
Mrs. Block.

MRS. BLOCK, Thelma's sister, pushes her aside, slides the
glass door open and waves three white tickets.

MRS. BLOCK
Did you get your tickets to the ball?

Mrs. Lowter shakes her head no.

Mrs. Block swings her tennis racket terribly.

MRS. BLOCK
Partners?

Mrs. Lowter sighs and gathers her tennis gear. Tiffany whispers.

TIFFANY
Mrs. Block?

MRS. LOWTER
Mrs. Block, Thelma, Mr. Wang.
this is my daughter, Tiffany.

TIFFANY
Hello, it's nice to meet you.

Mrs. Block gives Tiffany an abrupt nod and goes out the door. Thelma raises her glass in a toast. Gordon Wang bows politely.

Mrs. Lowter follows the trio out the door.

TIFFANY
Good luck, Mom.

MRS. LOWTER
Same to you. Give Chris a call.

Tiffany stares at the phone for several beats, then dials.

INT. SAME COLLEGE DORMITORY ROOM - INTER-CUT SCENE

SCOTT SENDER, Chris' roommate, closes a Superman comic book as the phone RINGS.

SCOTT
Daily Planet, Clark Kent speaking.

Tiffany gives the phone a 'who's-this-clown' look.

TIFFANY

Is Chris Balcon there?

SCOTT

Not right now sweet thing, but give me your name and I'll stick it in my column.

TIFFANY

And I'll stick a lump of Kryptonite in your jockey shorts. Where's Chris? Studying for his English Lit test, right?

SCOTT

Right. He's studying. Studying black shoes, cummerbunds and tuxedos.

TIFFANY

He's getting his tux?

SCOTT

Yeah, he's getting fitted right now. Say?

TIFFANY

Super! Love that guy. Way to go Chris!

SCOTT

Can you get a few more tickets?

TIFFANY

You want to go to a prom?

SCOTT

(laughs loudly)

Chris said you were a kidder. Come on. Can you get two more tickets? I wanna go, too.

TIFFANY

Huh?

SCOTT

To the ball. To the Black and White Ball.

She slams down the phone.

TIFFANY

That scummy rotten --

The patio door slides open.

TIFFANY

Mom, Chris isn't studying for a---

Rodolfo from the English class enters the kitchen carrying a stack of mail. He hands it to Tiffany.

RODOLFO

Good morning. I am pleased to be bringing you the mail. My English is better, yes?

TIFFANY

Si. Gracias, amigo...Can we practice later. I've got---

Rodolfo sees her distress, smiles and exits.

Tiffany glares at the phone while idly fingering through the mail. She gasps as she comes to a black and white striped envelope, then holds it up to the light.

TIFFANY

No way. I couldn't.

She buries the envelope in the stack and lays the mail on the counter. She paces around the kitchen. Her eyes return again and again to the pile of envelopes.

TIFFANY

Impossible. I couldn't pull it off.

She returns to the counter, shuffles the mail, then slowly deals it onto the formica until she comes to the striped envelope. Lettered on the front

INSERT: YOUR TICKETS TO THE BLACK AND WHITE BALL

TIFFANY

The hell I couldn't.

INT. MOZ'S LIVING ROOM - THE SAME MORNING

Moz, dressed horribly, strides through a Joplin Rag on an upright. On top of the piano rest several pictures of a distinguished looking man at a piano. From out of nowhere appears the hand of KAREN THE BRAT, Moz's twelve year old sister. She snatches one of the pictures and taunts.

KAREN

I bet he's a pervert.

Moz stands, bares her braces and balls her fist.

MOZ

Sister from hell, take your
pubescent paws off Keland
Boussard or you are history.

Karen shrieks, returns the photo and tears out of the room.
Moz sits, flips a page of music, rubs her fingers and the
phone RINGS.

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - INTER-CUT SCENE

Out of her black mourning outfit, Tiffany's dressed for war
in red sweatpants and a red sweatshirt with a white lion on
the back.

TIFFANY

Moz, I need your help. Can you
meet me at Tracey's?

MOZ

I just started practicing. Give
me two more hours and -

TIFFANY

Moz, please?

MOZ

Are you really going to become
a nun?

TIFFANY

Moz, I need you.

MOZ

I'm on my way.

INT. OF TRACEY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Against one wall stand three glass cases filled with dolls.
All of them are labeled, dated, and meticulously dressed.
They are all in couples: from Paris and Helen of Troy to
Bill and Hillary Clinton.

Tiffany ignores the beat of rock and roll music as she paces. Moz and Tracey sit on the floor.

TIFFANY

Chris isn't taking a damned test, he's going to the Black and White Ball.

MOZ

What's the Black and White Ball?

TIFFANY

Moz, you're kidding. The Black and White Ball? The biggest party on earth? Five different bands, playing at five different places, all on the same night?

TRACEY

It takes up three blocks of downtown San Francisco. There are jugglers, magicians...

(smacks her lips)

Tables of hors d'oeuvres, champagne, and everyone is dressed in black and white. It's hella fresh.

MOZ

Well, that explains it.

Moz folds her arms across her chest. Tiffany and Tracey exchange a look of confusion.

MOZ

It sure sounds a lot more exciting than a junior prom.

TIFFANY

I know that!

MOZ

Then what are you so mad about?

TIFFANY

Moz, Chris didn't ask me. He's going with someone else.

TRACEY

Who?

MOZ

(does a karate chop)
Yeah, what's her name? These hands can
do more than play piano and tweak
computers.

TIFFANY

I don't care who Pinocchio's going
with. Chris lied to me.

Tiffany dumps a shopping bag onto the floor. Out comes a
pile of newspaper clippings, a photo album, the striped
envelope, and two tickets to the Black and White Ball.

TIFFANY

The Wicked Witch of the West
wants revenge.
(kneels)

I'm going to the Black and White Ball.

Tiffany flips open the photo album to pictures of her
parents at previous Black and White Balls. Moz points to
people in the crowd.

MOZ

You'd look dorky in a prom dress.

TIFFANY

That's where Tracey comes in.

She leaps, rushes to a doll case and grabs the handle.

Tracey dives for Tiffany's leg, misses and screams.

TRACEY

No! Don't open that.

A CLICK. The door flies open and bags of cookies and candy
bars tumble to the floor.

Moz gives Tracey a look of disappointment and takes out the
clear plastic purse.

TIFFANY

Damn it! No fines today. I need
help you guys.

Moz and Tracey freeze.

TIFFANY

Trace, you've designed incredible clothes all your life.

She takes out the Cleopatra doll (the only one in black and white) and turns to Tracey.

TIFFANY

Couldn't you make one dress like this for me?

MOZ

Is it a costume party?

Tiff gives Moz a look. Moz backs off and picks up a ticket to the ball. Tiff turns to Tracey.

TRACEY

Tiff, I make doll clothes.

TIFFANY

But you want to be a fashion designer, don't you?

Tracey nods.

TIFFANY

This is your chance. The real thing. One dress for the Black and White Ball.

Tracey considers. Moz points to the ticket.

MOZ

How are you going to get one hundred and fifty dollars?

TIFFANY

That's where you come in.

MOZ

Oh, sure. I have like five dollars.

She jiggles the money in the clear plastic purse.

MOZ

Even if we give you the money from the self-improvement pot you'd still need exactly one hundred and --

TIFFANY

Don't be negative.

TRACEY

Negative? She's being real.

TIFFANY

Moz, you can do anything with a computer. Can't you make one, little, tiny ticket to the ball?

MOZ

You want me to be a counterfeiter?

TIFFANY

Counterfeit isn't the right word. An imitation? A substitute?

MOZ

How about fake or forgery? And I can think of a few more F words.

Tracey motions Moz to calm down.

TRACEY

How would you get there?

TIFFANY

I've got a car.

Moz points to the luxury cars in the photographs.

MOZ

A Volkswagen Beetle?

TIFFANY

Moz, will you give me a break?

Tracey studies the second ticket.

TRACEY

Tiff, you have to be twenty-one.

TIFFANY

Pinocchio isn't twenty-one. And besides haven't you ever been to a bar? Been served a drink?

They give her a look.

TIFFANY

Well me either. But all dressed
up and lookin' fresh. Hey this
is an adventure. There have to
be challenges. Will you guys help?

Tracey and Moz exchange glances for a long beat.

TRACEY

Suppose I could make a gown. I'd
need something to start with.

MOZ

Would your mom buy you another dress?

Tiff and Tracey give her a look.

MOZ

Bad idea.

TIFFANY

I'm doing this on my own.

Moz and Tracey nod.

TRACEY

We could start at the mall. And --

MOZ

Garage sales!
(mimicking Carl Sagan)
There are billions and billions
of garage sales in the universe.

TIFFANY

Yeah! Can you make me a ticket?

Moz inspects the print on the ticket, then feels the texture
of the paper.

MOZ

I don't know. But it would be fun
to try.

TIFFANY

TO THE MALL!

TRACEY AND MOZ
TO THE MALL!

A MALL - AFTERNOON

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS - DONE UNDER MUSIC

- A) In different shops Tiffany and Moz model while Tracey sketches on a drawing pad.
- B) They look into various windows, check prices and check out the boys, who are checking out the girls.

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR OF NORDSTROM

They stop and stare.

MOZ
Who can afford anything in here?

TRACEY
We're not buying. We're borrowing ideas. Concepts. And you---

She checks out Moz's outfit and shakes her head.

TIFFANY
(innocently to Moz)
I wasn't going to say anything.

MOZ
I didn't have time to change.

Tracey takes Moz by the arm.

TRACEY
This girl needs serious help.

Tiff takes her other arm and points to the Nordstrom sign.

TIFFANY
Maybe the Wizard is home.

They march through the door singing

ALL THREE GIRLS
"We're off to see the Wizard..."

INT. NORDSTROM - SECOND FLOOR - GIRLS AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING

The girls pick through the racks. A persistent SALESWOMAN follows them suspiciously. Moz stands in front of a mirror holding a beautiful black velvet dress in front of herself.

MOZ

Tiff, Trace.

They join her and nod approval.

TRACEY

There may be hope after all.

TIFFANY

(to Tracey)

Can you make something like this?

Tracey looks at the gown from several angles, hems and haws.

TRACEY

If I had the---

THREE OTHER GIRLS APPEAR IN THE MIRROR - BEHIND THEM

The new trio are CHERREE, seventeen - going on thirty, a snot and her two cohorts, YVONNE and APRIL. Tiff hands Moz a dollar.

TIFFANY

The wicked bitch of the east and her cousins.

CHERREE

(taunts)

Well did you girls finally get dates to the prom?

YVONNE

I'll bet they didn't. They're probably going together.

CHERREE

(to Moz)

Too bad Rickyyy decided to go with me.

MOZ

He's going with YOU? Rick wouldn't take you to a ---

CHERREE

Snooze, you lose, sister.
 (sticks out her chest)
 Rickyyy likes real women not
 chrome mouthed---

MOZ

(swings a punch)
 You---

Tiff stops her arm in mid-air. Cherree back steps.

CHERREE

Testy, aren't we? That time of
 the month? Why don't you go home
 and play Mozart...Mozy?

Moz starts to attack. The Saleswoman intervenes.

SALESWOMAN

Girls, girls, this is Nordstrom!
 (searches for words)
 There are rules. Sacred laws.
 Nordstrom is a temple. A place of
 peace.

As she rambles on, both groups give the woman a 'is-she-for-real' look and begin to separate. The Saleswoman's eyes dart from one group to the other as she winds down.

SALESWOMAN

Conflict here is verboten. Arguments
 are not allowed...

Cherree and her friends head to the escalator. Satisfied, the Saleswoman clasps her hands behind her back and leaves.

MOZ

(to Tiffany)
 You should have let me smack her.

TIFFANY

I would have. But --

MOZ

But what?

TIFFANY

They're only going to a junior prom.

You and I have a date at the Black
and White Ball!

Moz gives Tiffany a dubious look, then starts to lose it.
Tears form.

MOZ

I'm a nerd. No, I'm a nerdess.

Tiffany fishes in her backpack.

MOZ

And I can't pass for twenty-one.
(bares her teeth & braces)
I open my mouth I look like a
barbed wire fence. And my mom---

Tiffany pulls out a poster and dangles it in front of Moz.
Moz stares, for a beat, then takes the poster. On it is a
picture of Keland Boussard at a piano. Lettered on top:

THE KELAND BOUSSARD TRIO WILL BE APPEARING AT THIS YEAR'S
BLACK AND WHITE BALL

Moz clutches the photo and ecstatic turns to Tracey.

MOZ

If I make two tickets, can you
make two dresses?

A beat, then Tracey nods, but with a hint of envy as Moz and
Tiffany let out a hoot.

TIFFANY

Tomorrow we'll hit the garage sales.

INT. TIFFANY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tiffany dances into the room, then freezes when she sees her
mother thumbing through the stack of mail. Tiff tries to
retreat, but it's too late to make an about-face.

TIFFANY

How was the tennis, mom?

MRS. LOWTER

Horrible. How did it go with Chris?

TIFFANY

(almost spills the beans)
He's not study -- He can't come to
the prom.

MRS. LOWTER

At least you tried, hon. And there
must be a hundred boys---Young men
that would love to take a woman
like you to the prom.

TIFFANY

Moz and I are going stag.

MRS. LOWTER

You and Moz? In my day, girls didn't---

TIFFANY

Mom, please?

Mrs. Lowter nods and returns to the mail.

MRS. LOWTER

Sorry. No lectures. Tiff, have
you seen---

Mrs. Lowter looks up to an empty kitchen.

INT. MOZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CHOPIN CONCERTO blares out of the speakers beside two
single beds. Moz sits at a computer station studying a
single ticket to the Black and White Ball. The bedroom door
flies open as Karen the Brat bursts into the room.

KAREN

(like Bugs Bunny)
Eh...What's up, Sis?

Moz stuffs the ticket into a drawer and turns.

MOZ

Nothing, twerp.

Karen palms her ears against the classical music.

KAREN

Do we have to listen to that?

MOZ

Do what ever you want.

Karen takes a suspicious look at the clock on the wall.

KAREN

Why aren't you practicing piano? You
always practice at seven-thirty.

MOZ

I'm busy.

Moz turns back to the desk. Karen gives her sister a look of concern.

KAREN

Sis?

MOZ

What!

KAREN

Are you pregnant?

Moz flies out of the chair. Karen cowers.

KAREN

It was a question. Just a --

Moz stops, grins and laughs. A beat and Karen joins in.

EXT. MOUNT TAMALPAIS - OVERLOOKING THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE -
INSPIRATION POINT - NIGHT

Several cars are parked at discreet distances.

EXT. ONE BEAT UP HONDA CIVIC

The windows are fogged over. The car rocks a bit.

TRACEY (OS)

YOU want to WHAT?

A CLICK. The passenger door flies open. Tracey flies out and
slams the door. The window rolls down.

NEIL

Tracey! Okay, forget it.

NEIL, seventeen, sticks his head out.

NEIL

I was only kidding. It was a
joke. Just a joke.

TRACEY

(gives him the finger)
This isn't.

NEIL

You can forget the prom. I'm not
taking you to the prom. And no
one else will either, chubbo.

Tracey runs down the road several yards, stops, looks down
at her stomach and starts to cry.

TRACEY

Screw you, Neil. Go home and play
with your pimples.

She wipes away the tears, takes a few deep breaths and jogs
into the night.

EXT. STREET - ROWS OF HOUSES - NIGHT - MUCH LATER

Tracey pants and staggers up the steps to a dark house. She
fishes for a key in her purse. The interior lights go on.
Tracey looks at her watch: 2:15. The front door opens.

TRACEY

Hi mom. Why are you still up?

INT. OF MOZ'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Debussy's Children's Corner plays loudly. Moz, dressed
terribly, sits at a computer. Karen lies on the floor amid a
pile of tapes listening to a Walkman. She changes tapes and
shouts above the music.

KAREN

This is my new favorite song of
all time! You wanna hear it?

Moz gives her a look, then flips over a U.S. History report
and inspects the ticket to the Black and White Ball.

From nowhere Karen snatches the ticket.

KAREN

What have we here?

MOZ

Give me that you little flatulence!

KAREN

I am not a fart.

Karen makes a fart sound and jumps over the bed, out of Moz's reach. Moz leaps. Karen somersaults over the second bed and inspects the ticket.

MOZ

I want that ticket!

KAREN

You're going to the Black and White Ball?

MOZ

(about to kill - stops)

How do you know about the Black and White Ball?

KAREN

Who doesn't? The most incredible party on planet earth. Five different---How did YOU get a ticket?

Karen waggles a finger at her sister.

KAREN

Keland Boussard! You're going to see Keland Boussard. You're a groupie.

Moz dives. Karen pulls back her hand, too late. The ticket rips in half and flutters to the floor. Moz bends and picks up the pieces.

MOZ

Look...LOOK what you did!

Moz swings, misses. Karen cowers. From outside the BLARE of a Volkswagen horn.

KAREN

You're a pianist. Don't hurt your hands. Maybe you can audition for Keland Boussard at the ball.

Moz considers. O.S. another blast of a VOLKSWAGEN HORN. Moz glares at Karen, looks at her hands, then exits slamming the door. Karen wipes a bead of sweat from her brow.

EXT. OF MOZ'S HOUSE - YELLOW VOLKSWAGEN

Tiff and Tracey wave hello as Moz reluctantly approaches the car. Tiffany, bursting with excitement, nudges Tracey who polishes off a candy bar.

TIFFANY

Tell her Trace. Give her the smut.

Moz climbs into the back seat. Tracey hands her several dollar bills and rips the wrappings off a Baby Ruth. Moz gives Tracey a look of disappointment.

TIFFANY

She broke up with Neil.

MOZ

I'm sorry.

TIFFANY

Ask her why?

Moz doesn't want to intrude. Tiffany nudges Tracey on.

TRACEY

Last night he took out a condom and told me...He didn't ask... He told me we should do IT!

Moz lays her hand on Tracey's shoulder.

TRACEY

Then he called me...chubbo.

Tiff hands Moz a dollar and turns on the MOTOR.

TIFFANY

Men are pecker-heads!

Moz stares at the dollar for a beat, then excitedly.

MOZ

Trace, then you can come to the ball!

TRACEY

No way. I'm grounded until I'm ninety years old. My mom thinks I was doing what Neil wanted to do. And when I tried to explain...

EXT. GARAGE SALE - TWO STORY HOUSE - MORNING

The yellow volks is parked at the curb. Inside, Tiff holds the torn ticket in the palm of her hand.

TIFFANY

My mother is going to kill me.

MOZ

I'm really sorry. But you said it wasn't going to be easy. And I'll need the other ticket.

TIFFANY

(reluctantly hands it over)

Will one be enough?

MOZ

I hope so. But one of your parent's tickets will be counterfeit.

TIFFANY

Why?

MOZ

How would you explain a ticket that's been ripped in half?

TIFFANY

I'm dead!

EXT. A RANCH STYLE HOUSE - SIGN: GARAGE SALE - AFTERNOON

A DOZEN PEOPLE wander by an open garage. Above it hangs a sign: EVERYTHING MUST GO.

In the middle of a weed patch lawn rests a stuffed chair. In it sits a POT BELLIED SLOB, fifties, tattooed, in a tank

top, smoking a cigar. Insects buzz around a Chihuahua that lies asleep on his lap.

An ELDERLY WOMAN holding a blue vase approaches.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Six dollars?

POT-BELLIED MAN

(points to himself)

Name's Hamilton Grover Fickholder,
but you can call me Ham.

A FLY lands on his arm. He takes a furious swat and misses. The Chihuahua stirs. Hamilton blows out a puff of smoke.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Okay Ham. Six dollars for the vase.

HAMILTON

Name's Hamilton, Lady. Not stupid.
(dodges more insects)
Damn bugs. I hate 'em.

ELDERLY WOMAN

This isn't worth more than ---

HAMILTON

I'm selling this crap, Lady.
Not giving it away.

The elderly woman throws the vase at Hamilton. He catches it. The Chihuahua SNARLS.

HAMILTON

Down Mercedes. Down boy.

The elderly woman grabs the arm of an ELDERLY MAN.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Assholes.

Tiff, Tracey and Moz pass behind Hamilton. Bugs gather on his can of beer. He grabs a can of OFF and sprays the can forever. The insects die. He smiles, picks up the beer and downs it, bug spray and all. The trio gags loudly.

HAMILTON
(to the girls)
Hate the little suckers.

The girls stare for a beat then head across the lawn.

TIFFANY
That guy has a problem.

MOZ
So do we. This is the tenth place
we've---

Tiffany shoots her a glare.

MOZ
I know. Negative thoughts.

Tiff nods, then walks into the garage. Moz and Tracey stop at clothes rack on the driveway and finger through the dresses.

MOZ
I wish you were coming with us.

TRACEY
Me too.

TIFFANY (OS)
(from inside the garage)
Moz, Trace come here!

INT. OF THE GARAGE - DARK

Tiffany stands radiant in a beam of light from the window, holding a very old fashioned black dress in front of her chest. Next to her rests an ancient, leather trunk. The lid is open.

TIFFANY
Isn't it beautiful?

TRACEY
(touches the cloth)
It's hand sewn pane, black-velvet.

TIFFANY
(points to the chest)
There's more...It's magic.

Moz speeds past Tracey and dives into the chest. She emerges in ecstasy as she lifts out a blue-black satin gown and runs her fingers erotically along the fabric. She begins to turn ever so slowly, almost in a waltz with an imaginary partner. She begins to hum the opening notes of the Blue Danube waltz.

MOZ

Dum, dum, dum dum dum,
da da, da da.

TIFFANY SWAYING - HEARS - MY WAY

Tracey, with a touch of envy, stares at the two girls, then inches toward the trunk and takes a peek.

TRACEY

It's an omen!

She takes out a faded, white lace wedding dress.

TRACEY

Alençon lace! Hand sewn. It
must be a hundred years old.

TRACEY HUGS THE WEDDING DRESS CLOSE AND HEARS YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL TO ME.

TRACEY

Somehow...someday...I'm going to
the Black and White Ball.

They dance in a dream. A moment of peace, fantasy and beauty. Each of them sways to the tune of her own drummer, until a huge shadow crosses the light; followed by a very little four legged one named Mercedes.

HAMILTON

What in the hell are you kids doing?
(exhales a puff of smoke)
You kids been smoking that funny
shit? Stuff can kill you.

The girls snap back to reality.

MOZ
(starts to say)
(These are so beautiful)
These are soooo B---

Tiff grabs her arm and squeezes it hard. Moz winces.
Tiff walks out of the garage holding her dress at arms
length. Tracey and Moz shrug and follow.

EXT. GARAGE

Tiffany pushes her dress toward Hamilton.

TIFFANY
Yes, these are soooo B--bug infested,
but, we may be able to de-louse them.

HAMILTON
(retreats)
Bugs? We don't have any bugs.

Tracey points to a black speck on her dress and loudly.

TRACEY
Probably just a flea or a tick.

Hamilton backs onto the lawn. A MAN picking through a stack
of books, hears Tracey's comment, grabs his WIFE by the arm
and heads toward the street.

MAN
He's got fleas and ticks!

TWO WOMEN looking at cocktail glasses, drop them. There is a
CRASH.

FIRST WOMAN
This place is infested.

MOZ
Can you get rabies from fleas and ticks?

SECOND WOMAN
RABIES!

EVERYONE runs for their cars. Tiffany points to the dog.

TIFFANY
Is that yours?

Hamilton nods. Mercedes shies away.

TRACEY

Dogs are the worst.

Hamilton retreats and smacks into a stack of dishes. They CRASH to the ground. Mercedes YELPS.

The last patrons drive away with a SCREECH of rubber.

MOZ

He has a dog! This could be serious.

TRACEY

Very serious.

TIFFANY

Has he had his shots recently?

HAMILTON

(flops in his chair)

I don't... remember.

A fly lands on his hand. He swings and misses. Mercedes tries to climb his leg. Hamilton kicks. Misses.

MOZ

He doesn't remember.

TIFFANY

Oh? He should. With all the fleas and ticks around.

Hamilton pushes Tiffany's dress away from his face.

TRACEY

Ticks. And what about the maggots?

MOZ

And bacteria and fungus?

HAMILTON

Maggots and fungus?

TIFFANY

And fleas and ticks.

TRACEY

Breeding in the cloth.

MOZ

Billions and billions of them.

The girls push their dresses toward Hamilton. He cringes.

HAMILTON

Take 'em. They're free! Get 'em
out of here.

TIFFANY

We should call the Board of Health.

MOZ

Maybe the S.P.C.A. His dog could
be rabid.

Mercedes cowers and covers his face with his paws. The girls
fold their dresses and walk toward the car.

TIFFANY

They'll probably have to shoot him.

TRACEY

In the brain.

Mercedes YELPS and tries to nuzzle up to Hamilton, but he
gets a kick instead and scampers toward the house.

The girls hop into the Volkswagen.

MOZ

We're all going to the ball!

TRACEY

We need a code word. Someone at
school is bound to hear us planning.

TIFFANY

Since we're going to the Black and
White Ball...How about BLACKOUT?

EXT. VOLKSWAGEN CONVERTIBLE - MOVING AWAY

ALL THREE GIRLS

BLACKOUT!

INT. TIFFANY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

A Count Basie rendition of APRIL IN PORTUGAL echoes through the garage. Soapsuds fly. And as Tiffany and Rodolfo scrub the windows of the Volkswagen, Tiffany incorporates an impromptu English lesson on the various parts of the car.

TIFFANY

Rear window.

RODOLFO

Rear window.

TIFFANY

(starts on the trunk)

This is the trunk.

Rodolfo looks up puzzled, then dangles his arm across his nose and BLEATS like an elephant. They laugh.

INT. MOZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She fiddles with the graphics on her computer attempting to copy the ticket to the ball.

INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She lies on the floor doing sit-ups. She grunts and groans.

TRACEY

Four...five...five and a half.

She stands and studies the three dresses that now hang on her doll cases. In the light they do not look as beautiful as they did in the garage. She checks them from various angles, then, frustrated, sits on her bed and munches on a candy bar.

TRACEY

Damn it. I make doll clothes.

EXT. WOODLAND HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

PARKING LOT - AND STAIRCASE

TEACHERS and STUDENTS hurry toward the building.

At the top of the staircase, MR. FRANK, forties, leers through dark glasses at the young coeds racing to class.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

I'm watching you Buffalo Breath.

Mr. Frank turns and sees MARIE RUEFF, thirties, a computer genius, who always wears cowgirl outfits. She knows of Mr. Frank's predilection for young girls and has made it her personal goal to protect the virginity of the girls from Woodland High --- at least from Mr. Frank.

Mr. Frank glares and speeds toward the building.

MARIE

Burro Brain.

PARKING LOT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE

A green M.G. SCREECHES into a teacher's only stall. At the wheel is a knock-out, twenty-four year old blond. CAROL, but all the girl students call her 'Scarlet' O'HARA.

ON FOUR BOYS CLIMBING THE STAIRS

RICK SUBRY, the boy that Moz wanted to ask to the junior prom. STEVEN SPENSER and DALLAS WEBER, huge, wearing football jerseys and carrying football helmets. CARY PARKS, a black intellectual and co-editor of the school newspaper.

O'HARA (OS)

Good morning, Gentlemen.

They turn as one and watch O'Hara wiggle past. They drool.

FOUR BOYS

Good morning, Ms. O'Hara.

DALLAS

Need a hand, Ms. O'Hara?

O'Hara, smiles no, then seductively saunters away.

RICK

Wow!

STEVEN

Ditto!

CARY PARKS

So fine.

DALLAS

I want to have your baby.

O'Hara disappears through the main door. Etched in the wood above the door.

WOODLAND HIGH - HOME OF THE MIGHTY LIONS

On the wall beside the door are two signs one above the other. The top one reads: JUNIOR PROM. The lower one: 5 - DAYS LEFT.

CHERREE (OS)

Rickyyyyyy.

The four boys turn and see Cherree beckoning from the corner of the building.

CHERREE

I have something for you, Rickyyy.

She disappears around the corner. Cary gives Rick a poke.

CARY PARKS

The call of the wild.

DALLAS

And she's got something for you,
Rickyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.

RICK

I should have asked Moz.

EXT. SIDE OF THE SCHOOL

Rick rounds the corner sees Cherree, Yvonne and April leaning against the wall sharing a cigarette.

YVONNE

Hi ya sailor. How long are you
going to be in town?

CHERREE

(mad to Yvonne)
He's mine.

RICK
I'm nobody's. What do you want?
I have to get to class.

The warning BELL for first period sounds. Cherree's leer disappears and is replaced by a darling little girlish pout. She hands Rick two white tickets.

CHERREE
Don't be mad, Rickyyyyy. Here are our tickets to the prom. We're going to have such a rad time.

RICK
(walks away)
Yeah. Well I gotta go.

YVONNE
Bye, bye, Sweet Cheeks.

CHERREE
(with venom to Yvonne)
Get your own date, slut.

YVONNE
Chill. You don't own him.

CHERREE
After Friday night, I will.

INT. CORRIDOR OF WOODLAND HIGH - CROWDED

Cary Parks has been collared by MRS. GIMBLE, sixty, the principal, with a moustache and false teeth that make an awful CLICK each time she speaks. STUDENTS pass. One says

MALE STUDENT
Cary, you're a kiss ass.

MRS. GIMBLE
Come here and say that!

The hall goes silent. Mrs. Gimble grins.

MRS. GIMBLE
You'll get it in the paper?

Cary nods, then walks to a door lettered: THE PRIDE - WOODLAND HIGH'S NEWSPAPER. The final bell RINGS.

INT. PRIDE OFFICE

Moz and SEVERAL OTHER STUDENTS spread the front page of the paper on a large table. Moz looks up as Cary enters.

INSERT: JUNIOR PROM WILL CELEBRATE A HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY

MOZ

Cary, we're just finishing the headline.

CARY PARKS

We'll have to add a story...
Gimble stopped me in the hall---

BOY STUDENT

Gums?

The boy flaps his lips like toothless old people do.

CARY PARKS

Yeah, and were her teeth clicking.
(checks the page)
Anyway, they're going to lock up the whole school.

MOZ

Lock it up. Why?

CARY PARKS

She said that last year's class was running all over. Drinking and smoking.

BOY STUDENT

What's that got to do with us?

CARY PARKS

(shrugs)
Moz, will you write the story?
I'll owe you one.

MOZ

Sure, that's what friends are for.

CARY PARKS

You're a saint.

MOZ

Yeah, sure.

Guilty, Moz turns away and looks at the ticket to the Ball in the palm of her hand.

INT. OF A SCIENCE CLASSROOM - CROWDED

As Rick, Steven and Yvonne and the rest of the class copy an assignment written on the chalk board, Carol 'Scarlet' O'Hara walks up to Tiff.

O'HARA

I had to give you an "F" for the last quarter, Tiffany.

Furious, Tiffany opens her binder.

TIFFANY

I turned in almost every assignment.
(flips the pages)
You never gave them back.

O'HARA

Because you never turned them in.

O'Hara saunters to the front of the class. Tiffany leans over to a FEMALE STUDENT.

TIFFANY

She's a liar. I really did do... most of them. How come all the boys in this class get A's and B's and the girls get D's and F's?

The female student nods in agreement.

O'HARA

Are there any questions?

The passing bell RINGS. The students dash for the door. O'Hara watches the rears of the departing male students.

O'HARA

Remember, this ASS...ignment is due Friday.

TIFFANY

Friday. Damn.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CROWDED - NOON

Mrs. Gimble sits at the head of the faculty table. Scarlet O'Hara is on her left. Across from O'Hara is MR. KNIGHT, forty, a school counselor, who would love to get next to Scarlet O'Hara. On his right is PAMELA MARTIN, thirty, a gym teacher, who would love to get next to Mr. Knight.

At the end of the table, Mary Rueff glares at Mr. Frank as she places peas on the back of her fork with a knife.

MARY

You deleted the entire attendance file for March, weasel waste.

MR. FRANK

It was an accident.

MARY

I told you to stay away from my computer, fertilizer brain. If I had...

They argue through the rest of lunch.

MRS. GIMBLE

(to O'Hara)

I understand you won't be attending the Junior Prom.

MR. KNIGHT

(to O'Hara-disappointed)

I didn't mean to eavesdrop. But, aren't you going to the prom?

Pamela Martin gives Mr. Knight a longing look.

O'HARA

My mother is very sick.

MR. KNIGHT

I'm sorry to hear that.

MRS. GIMBLE

Sick? Really?

O'HARA

(rises from the table)

Yes. We don't know what it is.

MRS. GIMBLE

I do. She's dead.

The whole table goes quiet. O'Hara backs away nervously. Gimble shoves in food. Her teeth click.

MRS. GIMBLE

When you took two weeks off in February you said you were attending your mother's funeral.

O'HARA

Oh, that was my step-mother. This is my real mother. Gotta go.

Mrs. Gimble gives O'Hara a look as she wiggles her buns across the cafe to a trash can.

At a table, Rick, Cary, Steve and Dallas stare.

At another table, Tiff takes out a dollar and hands it to Moz.

TIFFANY

Bitch. I knew she'd flunk me.
If my mom sees my report card...
(runs a finger across
her throat)
We won't have a ride.

MOZ

We could take the bus. At three dollars a piece, it would---

Tiffany and Tracey give her a look.

MOZ

Bad idea.

TIFFANY

I have to get back to my house and get my report---

Cherree, Yvonne and April step up to their table.

CHERREE

Did you lovers have a nice lunch?

Yvonne and April fake a kiss. Tiff stands and pushes her chair away. It CRASHES on the tiled floor. The students immediately around her go silent.

Cary and Rick turn as Tiff screams at Cherree.

TIFFANY

What did you say?

Everything stops. Heads turn. Rick, Steve, Dallas and Cary leap to their feet. Tiffany moves in for the kill.

TIFFANY

What did you say?

FROM PEOPLE AT ONCE

GIRL FIGHT! GIRL FIGHT!

All the teachers except Mr. Frank rush toward the scene. Mr. Frank stands on a chair and rubs his hands eagerly.

Tiff and Cherree stand eye to eye. Rick tries to break it up.

RICK

Forget it Tiff.

TIFFANY

(shrugs him off)

What -- did -- you -- say?

MRS. GIMBLE

(at the edge of the crowd)

Girls. Girls.

FEMALE VOICE

Smack her, Tiff.

Neil, Tracey's ex-boyfriend pops out of the crowd and sneers at Tracey.

NEIL

Go for the hair, Cherree.

Tracey balls her fist and starts to head for Neil, but Mr. Knight blocks her path as he grabs hold of Tiffany and pulls her away.

Ms. Martin grabs Cherree.

MS. MARTIN
What's going on?

CHERREE
She started it.

Tiffany hears Cherree's comment, spins out of Mr. Knight's grasp and charges toward Cherree.

TIFFANY
I did what?

Cherree cowers and just as Tiff goes for the throat, Mr. Knight grabs her again.

MR. KNIGHT
Tiffany, I've never seen you like this. What's going on?

TIFFANY
Mister... Knight...

Mr. Knight nods, encouraging her to tell the story.

TIFFANY
That...that...BITCH, CALLED ME
A DYKE.

INT. OF MR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

At his desk, Mr. Knight flips open Tiffany's student record file.

MR. KNIGHT
You've got an "F" in Chemistry, and now this incident in the cafeteria.

TIFFANY
Cherree started it. I was---

Mr. Knight opens a drawer, pushes aside a large key ring and brings out a pen and a small pad of paper.

MR. KNIGHT
Cherree Addams has been nothing but trouble since --
In any case, whatever transpired between you and Miss Addams this

afternoon has to stop.

He scribbles his name on a Home Pass and hands the slip to Tiffany. She tries not to smile, but can't help herself.

MR. KNIGHT

Don't take this matter lightly,
young lady.

Mr. Knight returns the pad to his drawer. In the front corner, Tiffany sees the large key ring.

MR. KNIGHT

I want you to go home and cool off.
And no more outbursts. Do you
understand?

TIFFANY

Yes, Mister Knight.

MR. KNIGHT

Kids.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE KNIGHT'S OFFICE

As Tiffany races down the hall a hand reaches out and grabs her. Tiff gasps and touches her heart.

TRACEY (OS)

Tiff, what happened?

TIFFANY

You scared the ---

MOZ

Are you expelled?

TIFFANY

(shows off the Home Pass)
He told me to take the day off.
I've got to step or we won't
have a ride.

Tiffany runs down the corridor. Tracey and Moz share looks of concern.

MOZ

If we split the cost of a taxi
three ways it would ---

TRACEY

Moz.

MOZ

I know. Negative thoughts.

EXT. OF TIFFANY'S HOUSE - FRONT - AFTERNOON

The Volkswagen SCREECHES to a stop behind a battered pickup truck load with gardening tools. Tiffany vaults over the door, peers into an empty mailbox, then runs along the side of the house.

EXT. SIDE OF TIFFANY'S HOUSE

The HUM of hedge clippers grows louder as she races around the side of the house and runs right into Rodolfo who turns off the machine.

RODOLFO

This is one hella chillin' afternoon, yes?

TIFFANY

Rodolfo, you're amazing.

MRS. LOWTER (OS)

Tiffany, is that you?

Tiff waves down to the swimming pool where her mother, Mrs. Block and Gordon Wang bask in the sun.

TIFFANY

Hi, mom.

MRS. LOWTER

May I speak with you a moment?

Tiffany folds her hands in prayer and looks to the heavens.

TIFFANY

Please. I'll be good.

EXT. POOL - SECONDS LATER

Mrs. Lowter and Mrs. Block lie on a chaise lounge. Gordon Wang, dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, kneels next to Mrs. Block applying #15 suntan lotion to the back of her legs.

Tiffany approaches.

MRS. LOWTER

You remember Mrs. Block, Mr. Wang
and---

THELMA (OS)

Hi, Tiffany.

In the pool, Thelma Kett (Mrs. Block's sister) sits in a rubber chair, pushing around a gin and tonic which rests in a miniature, yellow life preserver.

TIFFANY

Hello Thelma, Mrs. Block, Mr. Wang.

Thelma glides by and waves. Tiffany waves back. Mrs. Block listens as Mrs. Lowter picks through a stack of mail and pulls out a report card. Tiffany winces.

MRS. LOWTER

You've always been a good student.
Why are you flunking chemistry?

TIFFANY

I deserved a B. I don't know
why...but Ms. O'Hara hates me.

MRS. BLOCK

(quietly to Wang)

I always did well in chemistry.

Gordon Wang never says a word aloud. We only hear his
THOUGHTS.

WANG

(his thoughts)

It was called alchemy when you
went to school.

TIFFANY

I'm doing a paper on nuclear fusion
for extra credit.

MRS. LOWTER

You mean bombs?

Thelma glides to the side of the pool and clings to the gutter.

THELMA

Not bombs. Nuclear fusion. The fusion of lightweight atomic nuclei, as of deuterium or tritium, into a nucleus.

Impressed, Tiffany nods. Mrs. Block shoots Thelma a steely glance. Thelma paddles away.

TIFFANY

The stuff of sun and the stars.

MRS. BLOCK

(quietly to Wang)

I was good in astronomy, also.

WANG

(his thoughts)

You mean astrology.

TIFFANY

It'll only take a few days.

MRS. LOWTER

Until you're passing chemistry...

(holds out her hand)

I want the keys to your car.

MRS. BLOCK

A fitting punishment.

WANG

(his thoughts)

You'd prefer thumb screws and a public flogging.

TIFFANY

Mom, honestly. I --

MRS. LOWTER

The keys.

In the background, Rodolfo watches and listens as he digs at the base of rose bush. Tiffany hands over the keys.

TIFFANY

Mom, I'm going to pass -

MRS. LOWTER

Tiffany you have everything. A car,
a pool, a beautiful home. And how
do you show your thanks?... By
ignoring your responsibilities
at school.

MRS. BLOCK

She has everything.

WANG

(his thoughts)

So do you and you never worked
a day in your life.

Wang gives Mrs. Block a mean pinch on her calf.

MRS. BLOCK

Ouch. Easy, Gordon.

MRS. LOWTER

And what about Chris? He's up at
college slaving away. Do you---

TIFFANY

Chris? Chris Balcon is a piece of---

MRS. LOWTER

That will be all, young lady.

TIFFANY

Mom, I'm sorry.

MRS. LOWTER

That will be all.

Tiffany runs up the steps toward the house. Mrs. Lowter pats
the stack of mail and turns to Mrs. Block.

MRS. LOWTER

We still haven't gotten our
tickets to the ball.

MRS. BLOCK

I wouldn't worry. We only
received ours on Saturday.

Block turns to her side and smiles at Gordon Wang.

MRS. BLOCK

Gordon you should have been a masseur.

WANG

(his thoughts)

I was an engineer in China you hag.

EXT. PATIO - NEAR THE KITCHEN

Tears flow down Tiffany's cheeks as Rodolfo approaches.

RODOLFO

Señorita, Tiffany? I should not come between you and your mother...But I could not help hearing...The prom is very important, no?

Tiffany wipes away the tears and gives him a confused nod. He puts a finger across his lips.

RODOLFO

I tell you something and you will keep the secret?

Tiffany snuffles a nod.

RODOLFO

I have another job.

TIFFANY

Are you leaving us?

RODOLFO

No, no. But I may be able to help. How you say?

(stretches out his hands)

At night...sometimes I drive the big cars.

TIFFANY

Limousines?

RODOLFO

Si, the limousine. And maybe I would be driving you to your junior prom?

TIFFANY

A limo! The only--- How much would it cost?

RODOLFO

Señorita, you have spent much time with me and my friends teaching us the English... And the high school is not very far.

TIFFANY

High school?

RODOLFO

Si. The prom is at the high school, no?

Tiffany's face fills with disappointment.

RODOLFO

There is a problem?

TIFFANY

Can I tell you something?

She puts her finger over her lips, Rodolfo mimics.

TIFFANY

It's a long story.

INT. - OUTER OFFICE OF THE LOIN'S PRIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Moz's fingers fly over a computer keyboard. A printer HUMS, then goes quiet. She wades through a sea of paper to the printer. Concentrating on the texture of the paper and the poor rendition of a Black and White Ball ticket, Moz doesn't hear the door CLICK open.

MOZ

The image is still horrible and this paper is the pits.

CARY PARKS (OS)

I think we have a damn good paper.

MOZ

(startled)

Don't do that.

CARY PARKS

I knocked, but you were busy. What are you doing here so late?

MOZ

Working on the "Lock Out Article."

CARY PARKS

Let me see it.

MOZ

(blocks his path)

No, no. It's not ready.

CARY PARKS

Hey Moz. This is Cary Parks your friend since sixth grade ---

MOZ

Fifth grade.

CARY PARKS

Come on, let me see.

MOZ

Fade or I'll tear it up!

CARY PARKS

Okay, okay...Women?

Cary exits.

Moz hurriedly picks up all the papers except ONE which is jammed between a waste paper basket and the printer.

INT. OF TRACEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tracey moves around the room awkwardly to the beat of a rock tune. She has straight pins in her mouth and high heels on her feet. She hobbles to her bed, picks up one of a dozen charcoal sketches and looks at the three dresses hanging on the doll cases. They haven't been touched.

From a red sewing kit, she takes a wooden handled seam ripper and approaches Tiffany's dress, studies it, then discouraged, sits back down on the bed.

TRACEY

I make doll clothes.

A long beat as she looks from her drawings back to Tiffany's dress. Finally she stands and with resolve slits two small threads near the throat of the dress. It falls apart and crumbles to the floor.

TRACEY

Dear God, help me.

EXT. THE CURB IN FRONT OF TIFFANY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Excited, Tiffany hurries around the hood of an ancient station wagon. Downcast, Rodolfo gets out of the car.

RODOLFO

For my teacher of the English, I would do anything. But this Friday night...

(sadly)

I must be driving for a fiftieth wedding anniversary. A fiftieth wedding anniversary is an important celebration, is it not?

TIFFANY

Very important, mi amigo. Thanks for trying.

They hug. Head bowed, Rodolfo opens the door to the station wagon. Tiff starts to walk away.

RODOLFO

Señorita?

Tiffany whirls.

RODOLFO

Could you and your friends meet me at the high school?

TIFFANY

Yes. Sure. Why?

RODOLFO

It is close to the freeway...and close to the anniversary party.

Tiffany doesn't quite get it. Rodolfo holds up two fingers.

RODOLFO

I must have two time offs. We
drivers have the strong Union.
If I will have the break at nine
and midnight...maybe...I could---

Tiffany gives Rodolfo a smack on the lips. Rodolfo falls
against the station wagon in surprise.

TIFFANY

If we --- Where can I call you?

Rodolfo pulls a card from the visor and hands it to Tiffany.

RODOLFO

I wish it were green.

TIFFANY

You don't have your green card?

RODOLFO

Green Card? I don't even have
the driver's license.

INT. CORRIDOR WOODLAND HIGH - CROWDED - MORNING

Moz and Tracey wait as Tiff opens her locker. On the wall
above them a poster reads: JUNIOR PROM Hawaiian Holiday -
FRIDAY, MAY 12. The first period warning BELL sounds.

TRACEY

Tiff, do I have this right? First
we're going to prom and then we're
going to the ball?

Tiffany nods. Tracey looks at Moz. Moz shrugs.

TRACEY

And if Rodolfo can't drive us?

Tiff pulls out a textbook, shuts her locker and gives Tracey
a look. Tracey looks at Moz. Moz shrugs.

MOZ

That's negative thinking. But we can't
wear our new dresses to the prom.

TIFFANY

I know. I have a plan.

She pulls them into a huddle. Heads pop up one at a time.

TRACEY

You wouldn't?

TIFFANY

Wanna bet?

MOZ

If we get caught it could mean---

Tiff and Tracey give Moz a look.

TIFFANY

(to Tracey)

How are the dresses coming?

Tracey feigns a grin and gives a so-so sign.

TIFFANY

(to Moz)

And the tickets?

MOZ

I've got a good copy on disk,
but I'll need a laser printer
and much better paper.

TIFFANY

See, everything is falling into
place. We're doing great!

TRACEY

Great? I'm grounded. We don't have a
ride and honestly the dresses are --

MOZ

Actually the tickets are horrible.
And I'll never look twenty-one with
these braces.

TIFFANY

Okay, we have to work out a few
minor details. But --

The second bell RINGS. The hall is empty. All three girls
exchange a look, then race in different directions.

TIFFANY

Remember, Knight's office, at lunch.

EXT. MR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE - LUNCH TIME

Tiff, Moz and Tracey slap a nervous high-five and whisper

THE TRIO

Blackout.

Tiff raps on the door. It opens immediately, Ms. Martin (from the cafeteria scene) exits.

MS. MARTIN

Then I'll be seeing you at the Prom, Douglas? Hi, Tiffany.

TIFFANY

Hi, Ms. Martin. I just came to apologize. But, if you're busy.

MS. MARTIN

Nope, we're all finished.
(ushers Tiffany in)
See you later, Douglas.

At the second 'Douglas,' Mr. Knight stares after Ms. Martin confused. Tiffany isn't.

TIFFANY

Ms. Martin has the hots for you, Mister Knight.

Her comment doesn't register. Mr. Knight stares at the door. Tiff clears her throat several times. Mr. Knight finally comes around.

TIFFANY

I'm really sorry about yesterday.

MR. KNIGHT

Yes...well...that is the appropriate, mature response. Which displays a certain level of...well, maturity. Thank you for displaying such a---

A blood curdling scream comes from outside the office door.

MOZ (OS)

She can't breathe! She can't breathe!

Mr. Knight bolts past Tiffany out of his office.

INT. CORRIDOR IN FRONT OF MR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE

Tracey lies on the floor, clutching her throat, gasping for breath. Moz races up and down the hall going nowhere.

MOZ

She can't breathe. Help! Help!

MR. KNIGHT

(drops to one knee)

Are you all right?

Tracey gives him a look. She can't believe he asked such a stupid question.

INT. MR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE - SAME MOMENT

Tiffany opens the top drawer, grabs the ring of keys, runs out the door, flashes them to Tracey and Moz and disappears.

TRACEY

I can't...breathe....

MOZ

Help! Help!

Down the hall, the principal's door flies open and smacks against the wall. Other doors open. HEADS stick out.

MRS. GIMBLE

Saints in Heaven!

INT. STAIRWELL - SECONDS LATER

Tiffany flies down the steps two at a time.

INT. CORRIDOR IN FRONT OF MR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE

Mrs. Gimble sinks to her knees. Her teeth CLICK as she turns to Knight.

MRS. GIMBLE

Do you know C.P.R.?

Knight shakes his head no. Mrs. Gimble shoves him aside.

MRS. GIMBLE

Well, I do. Move it.

She takes Tracey's neck and brings her moustache and false teeth toward Tracey's mouth. Tracey winches. Mrs. Gimble licks her lips with a fuzzy white tongue and drops her head.

Tracey stares.

The lips, covered with minute black hairs, inch closer.

Tracey gags, retches and drools. Mrs. Gimble backs off and grabs Mr. Knight by his jacket.

MRS. GIMBLE

Don't just stand there. Get a nurse.

EXT. FRONT OF THE GIRL'S GYM

Tiff races across a courtyard. The door is chained and locked. She glances around furtively, sees no one, brings out the key ring and turns the lock around. It's a combination lock.

TIFFANY

Give me a break.

She hurries around the side of the gym, down a gravel road, then stops and looks up to a window ten feet above her head.

TIFFANY

Damn.

She spies a debris box ten feet down the road.

DEBRIS BOX - SECONDS LATER

Tiffany puts her back to the box and shoves. Nothing. She tries again. Nothing. Moz appears.

MOZ

Thought you might need some help.

Tiff smiles thanks. They push. The box doesn't budge. They push harder. Nothing. They step away, look at each other.

Moz grins, looks at Tiffany, rubs the palms of her hands and puts her back to the box.

MOZ

So, who do you think Chris is taking
to the Black and White Ball?

Tiffany snarls and puts her back against the box.

TIFFANY

Probably someone with huge boobs.

MOZ

Monsters.

They grunt and push. Nothing.

They turn face to face, shoulders to the box and dig their feet into the ground.

TIFFANY

Do you think Cherree and Ricky
will have a good time at prom?

Moz sucks in oxygen and gives Tiffany a look. They shove.
The box CREAKS up the incline.

THE DEBRIS BOX - UNDERNEATH THE GYM WINDOW - MINUTES LATER

Tiff climbs on the railing and reaches for the window ledge.

The bin begins to roll. Moz can't hold it. She screams.

Tiff leaps to the window ledge.

The bin careens down the hill, CLUNKS against the wall of
the gym, CRASHES into a cyclone fence and rolls to a stop.

Moz looks up as Tiff disappears through the gym window.

TIFFANY

Meet you at Knight's office.

Moz glances around and hurries back up the road.

INT. OF A GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM

Two doors separate the gym from the locker room. On one is
stenciled: GIRL'S GYM - ENTRANCE. On the other: EXIT ONLY.

Tiffany kneels next to a door trying to match a key to the lock. There is a CLICK as someone shoves a key into the lock from the gym side of the door. Tiffany dives between the lockers as

Ms. Martin enters and drops an armload of clean towels beside the door to keep it open.

MOZ (OS)

Ms. Martin? Oh, Ms. Martin?

MS. MARTIN

Who is it?

MOZ

Molly. But everyone calls me Moz.
Are you busy?...I have a problem.

Tiff peeks out from between a row of lockers and sees Ms. Martin's keys dangling from the lock. She crawls forward.

Inside the gym, Ms. Martin walks toward Moz.

MS. MARTIN

How may I help you, Molly?

At the door, Tiff eases Mrs. Martin's keys from the lock.

MOZ (OS)

Please call me Moz. It's about
birth control.

Tiff grabs her throat and gags.

MS. MARTIN

Molly, you're awfully young to be---

MOZ

It's Moz. And I'm almost seventeen.

Tiff frantically tries to match the locker room key to one of the keys on Knight's ring.

MS. MARTIN

Seventeen? That's awfully young to---

Moz turns and starts to walk away.

MS. MARTIN

Moz, I'm sorry. How can I help?

Tiff matches the key to the lock, but in her excitement she drops the key ring.

Moz sees it falling.

Just as Tiffany catches it with a CLINK.

Moz goes into a short flamenco dance on the floor.

MOZ

Bugs. I hate 'em.

Ms. Martin stares.

MOZ

Anyway, this dude asked me to go steady --

Tiff returns Ms. Martin's key to the lock and gives Moz a 'thumbs-up' sign.

MS. MARTIN

And?

MOZ

And nothing. If that punk thinks that I'm going to put out...Just because he plays football and drives a fine car -- Thank you Ms. Martin.

MS. MARTIN

Anytime.

Moz walks out of the gym. Ms. Martin picks up a stack of towels and walks into the locker room.

Tiffany steps into the gym at exactly the same moment.

INT. CORRIDOR - MR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Tiffany slides around a corner. A hand grabs her. Tiff gasps. Moz points to the door.

MOZ

He's in there.

TIFFANY

Do it again. You were sensational.

MOZ

Do what?

TIFFANY

What you did in the gym. I'll --

MR. KNIGHT (OS)

Where the hell are my keys?

From inside of the office drawers BANG open and shut.

Tiff pushes Moz toward the door. She doesn't want to go. Tiff shoots her a glare and ducks around the corner.

Moz approaches the door. It bursts open. Mr. Knight hurries out and almost bowls her over.

MOZ

Mister. Knight, do you have a moment? I have a problem.

Around the corner, Tiff slips one key off his ring.

MR. KNIGHT

So do I.

MOZ

More important than helping one of your students?

Mr. Knight starts to walk away, then guilty, he stops in the hall and waits for Moz to continue.

Tiff slips behind him, enters the office, lays the key ring on the floor, slips back out the door, then disappears around the corner. Moz steers Knight back into his office.

MOZ

It will only take a moment.

Knight sees the keys, picks them up and turns to Moz smiling.

MR. KNIGHT

Now, what seems to be your problem?

MOZ

(leaves the office)

You're right. I'll just have to
study harder. Thank you for
your help, Mister Knight.

Knight stares at the open door.

EXT. WOODLAND HIGH - STEPS TO THE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Students and teachers hurry out of the building. Moz, Tracey
and Tiff stand on the steps.

TIFFANY

You both were great.

Tracey and Moz congratulate themselves as O'Hara hurries
past.

TIFFANY

She's in a hurry. Probably has an
appointment to molest a Boy Scout
Troop.

TRACEY

Cub Scouts.

The girls laugh. Tiff brings them back into focus.

TIFFANY

Okay, we've got the key to the
locker room. And Tracey's
finishing our dresses.

Tracey turns away embarrassed, but Tiff's on a roll. She
doesn't notice. Moz does.

TIFFANY

And Moz is making the tickets.

MOZ

My tickets will never get us into
the ball.

TIFFANY

And I'm working on the ride.

(looks at her watch)

I forgot. I'm busing it.
Gotta go.

Tiff runs down the steps to a waiting bus. For a beat, Moz and Tracey exchange despondent looks.

MOZ

You're having trouble with the dresses.

TRACEY

How're you doing with the tickets?

MOZ

Terrible. I need a laser printer and Vellum Cover Paper.

Tracey gives her a puzzled look.

MOZ

That's what the tickets are printed on. Counterfeiting isn't easy....
Can I help you with the dresses?

Tracey shakes her head no, then with a sly grin.

TRACEY

Moz, if you can get the paper! I know a nasty man with a laser printer.

MOZ

(dubious, points to another bus)
Here comes your taxi.

Tracey tightens her backpack and starts down the stairs.

TRACEY

Bus? Ha. I'm jogging home.

EXT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Tiffany and Rodolfo stand beside a devastated 1971 Oldsmobile. Tiffany stares at the wreck.

TIFFANY

This won't be the---

RODOLFO

You do not like this beauty?

TIFFANY

(sighs)

But you're still free at nine and
midnight?...You think?...

RODOLFO

Si. I think we can do it.

TIFFANY

I'm going to ask my mother if we
can adopt you.

RODOLFO

I like America.

INT. TRACEY'S ROOM - DUSK

ROCK MUSIC plays from a radio. Tracey rips a can of Diet Pepsi from a six pack and pops it open. She studies a charcoal drawing of Tiffany's black velvet dress, then looks up at the real dress - now held together with clothes pins and strips of masking tape. She glances back and forth from the drawing to the dress, then sets down the Pepsi and with utter resolve she picks up the seam cutter.

TRACEY

I am a dress designer.

INT. TIFFANY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen appears empty. Tiff enters from the patio grinning from ear to ear.

TIFFANY

We got a ride! We got ---

MRS. LOWTER (OS)

Ssh. Tiff this is very important.

Tiffany turns and sees her mother step into the kitchen from the hallway with a cordless phone. Tiffany nods and tiptoes toward the refrigerator.

MRS. LOWTER

No. I don't want to talk to anyone
else. You're the third person I've
talked to. Keep checking.

Tiff rummages through the fridge. Mrs. Lowter puts her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone and looks at Tiffany.

MRS. LOWTER

Honey you look so happy. Is Chris coming to the prom after all?

TIFFANY

Mom, can I tell you something?
Chris is --

Mrs. Lowter waves her off and returns to the phone.

MRS. LOWTER

Where the hell are my tickets? I sent a check in two months ago. I have the damn thing in my hand.

Mrs. Lowter waves the check. Tiff goes numb.

MRS. LOWTER

They should have been here last week.....Yes, I'll wait.

Gently, Tiff shuts the refrigerator and backs out of the room.

MRS. LOWTER

What do you mean you sent them?
Listen to me, you horses ass...

INT. OF TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - INTER-CUT

Frank Sinatra sings: THE LADY IS A TRAMP. Tiffany holds a phone and paces around the room like a caged panther.

TIFFANY

Moz, I have to have the tickets.

INT. MOZ'S ROOM - NIGHT - INTER-CUT

A WALTZ plays in the background as Moz wobbles around on high heels talking on the phone.

MOZ

You mean ticket.

TIFFANY

Shit...I forgot.

MOZ

Ding. That will be one dollar.
Shit is a swear word.

TIFFANY

I'll pay. Moz, I need the---

MOZ

All we need is the right printer and
the right paper. You can't hand your
mom a torn ticket?

TIFFANY

Damn it.

MOZ

Ding. One more dollar please.

TIFFANY

Damn it isn't swearing. Moz, give
me a break.

MOZ

Sorry, Tracey said she has a idea.

TIFFANY

Great, Tracey has an idea and I'm
going to prison for tampering with
the United States mail.

MOZ

Your parents wouldn't press charges.
There would be witnesses, affidavits,
attorney fees....But you might get
on a talk show! Parents arrest child
for --

TIFFANY

Moz, freeze it.

Moz sits on her bed, takes off the high heels and rubs her
feet.

MOZ

You're right. Let's forget it.

She sticks her hand in a shoe, moves it in and out,
rubs the sides.

TIFFANY

Huh?

MOZ

Tiff, without the right paper and printer my tickets will be horrible... Tracey won't admit it, but she's having trouble with our dresses... And Chris probably isn't going to the ball anyway. I'll bet his roommate was lying.

Tiffany glares at a picture of Chris on her dresser.

MOZ

Even if we got there. They're not going to let us in... We'd probably be arrested and have to come home in handcuffs.

Tiffany takes the picture of Chris and flips it in a waste basket. The glass SHATTERS.

TIFFANY

Pinocchio's waiting for me, Moz. And Keland Boussard is waiting for you.

(a beat)

We're going. Somehow, someway, we're going to the Black and White Ball.

A CLICK. Moz smiles slyly, twirls the phone by the cord, hangs it up, puts on the high heeled shoes and limps around the room.

MOZ

Reverse psychology, really works.

INT. TRACEY'S ROOM - MORNING

ROCK MUSIC still plays from the radio. Empty cans of Diet Pepsi litter the floor.

Tracey lies asleep on her bed among drawings and remnants of cloth. She awakes, rubs her eyes, again and again as she stares across the room at

TWO BEAUTIFUL GOWNS HANGING - FROM THE DOLL CASES

The black velvet and blue satin dresses have been completely transformed into elegant gowns. Tracey's white alençon lace dress hasn't been touched.

Tracey rises in a trance, she doesn't hear the RAP on the door as she approaches her creations.

MRS. MILLER

Honey, it's time for scho --

Startled, Tracey turns. MRS. MILLER, forties, walks toward the dresses in awe.

MRS. MILLER

Honey....These... Are beautiful.

TRACEY

Do you really think so?

MRS. MILLER

(touches the material)

Think so? I know so. But, you've always made doll clothes. Why --

Tracey frowns with disappointment.

MRS. MILLER

Trace, this...This thing with Neil.
As a widow...Raising you alone...
You understand why I have to---

TRACEY

(gently)

There was no "thing" with Neil, mom.
That's why I was so late. He wanted
to...I didn't. I jogged home.

Mrs. Miller pulls Tracey close.

EXT. WOODLAND HIGH - MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING

Mr. Knight tries to keep pace with 'Scarlet' O'Hara, but she ignores him and eyes the boys.

Tiff, Tracey and Moz stand beneath the

JUNIOR PROM SIGN - 2 MORE DAYS!

Rick and the boys pass and greet the girls. Moz looks wistfully at Rick. Tiff pulls her back to reality.

TIFFANY

(to Tracey)

How are the dresses coming along?

Tracey gives her a thumbs up.

TIFFANY

That leaves the tickets and the printer.

TRACEY

(looks past Tiff)

Here comes the solutions to the printer problem.

MOZ

Solutions?

Marie Rueff, dressed in a black cowgirl outfit, and Mr. Frank walk past the girls.

MARIE

(to Mr. Frank)

Touch my computer one more time you horse's ass and I swear...

TIFFANY

The letch and the cowgirl?

MOZ

The records office! Their laser would make perfect tickets. Now all we need is the right paper.

TIFFANY

Paper! The prom tickets. They're almost the same color.

MOZ

Cary and Rick are on the prom committee. They'll know where the tickets were printed.

TRACEY

How can get past the cowgirl and
the pervert?

TIFFANY

(looks over Moz's shoulder)
Speaking of perverts.

Cherree, April and Yvonne approach dressed in sexy, almost
matching outfits. Mini-skirts, etc. Cherree points to the
sign 2 MORE DAYS

YVONNE

Not much time, girls.

Tiffany gives the trio the finger.

CHERREE

Tsk, tsk. She's bad in math.
(to Yvonne and April)
She can only count to one.
(points to Moz)
Hey, tinsel teeth, I'll say hi
to Rickyyy for you.

Moz starts to move, Tiff and Tracey restrain her.

TIFFANY

Save your strength for Mr. Frank.
I have an idea.

They huddle. Their heads bob and weave as Tiff outlines a
plan.

TIFFANY

Well, what do you think?

MOZ

I won't do it. Never. Nope.

Tiff plays an imaginary piano.

TIFFANY & TRACEY

Keland Boussard's waiting for you.

Moz flashes a sly smile. The warning bell RINGS.

INT. OF THE PRIDE OFFICE

Cary Parks and a GROUP of students are busy about the office. Moz comes through the door as the final bell RINGS. She hands Cary a sheet of paper.

MOZ

Here's the 'Lock Out Story.' And
I've been thinking.

Cary waits.

MOZ

I think we should send out thank you
notes to everyone who helped with
the prom.

CARY PARKS

Good idea.

MOZ

I'll make a list. Chaperons, decorating
committee....Oh, who printed the
invitations?

CARY PARKS

The invitations?

MOZ

Shouldn't we thank everyone?

CARY PARKS

Don't dis me, Moz.

MOZ

Forget it.

CARY PARKS

Rainbow. Rainbow Press printed them.

MOZ

Thanks. If you think of anyone
else, let me know.

Cary gives her a wary look as Moz walks into a rear office.

CARY PARKS

Something's going down.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF WOODLAND HIGH - AFTERNOON

TEACHER and STUDENTS race down the steps to the parking lot and waiting buses. Tiff, Moz and Tracey pause at the top of the stairs.

TIFFANY

I have to meet Rodolfo at the gym.

TRACEY

I have to finish my dress. And make an appointment with Mister Frank.

MOZ

We have an appointment. Nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

TRACEY

You did it?

TIFFANY

How?

MOZ

(starts down the steps)
Now I have to buy the paper.

Tiffany and Tracey stare after her.

TIFFANY

There's hope for that girl.

TRACEY

But she still can't dress.

EXT. SIDE OF THE GIRLS GYM

Rodolfo and Tiffany stand underneath the window on the gravel road. Parked near them is a battered, yellow school bus. Rodolfo looks up at the window in amazement.

RODOLFO

Si, but how will you come down?

TIFFANY

We're working on that. But we'll meet you over there.

Tiffany points to a door marked EMERGENCY EXIT.

RODOLFO

Wouldn't it not be easier to come
out the doors?

TIFFANY

Sure, but then everyone would know.

RODOLFO

(scratches his head)

Si. Of course.

EXT. WOODLAND HIGH - FRONT DOORS - MORNING

On the outside wall, the prom sign reads: 1 DAY LEFT.

INT. CORRIDOR WOODLAND HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Tiff and Tracey, dressed to kill, pace in front of a marbled
glass window stenciled: STUDENT RECORDS OFFICE.

Moz hurries around a corner wearing a low cut blouse and
short skirt. Tiff and Trace give her a 'thumbs up.'

TIFFANY

Awesome.

MOZ

Thanks.... Okay, we're finishing an
assignment for design class. Got it?

Moz reaches into her backpack and hands Tiffany three sheets
of thick white paper.

TIFFANY

This is it? Three sheets of paper?

MOZ

It was five dollars and twenty-seven
cents a sheet. If I bought six sheets
at five dollars and twenty-seven cents
a sheet, it would have cost us --

Tiffany and Tracey hold out their hands for her to stop.

INT. RECORDS OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Moz, Tiff and Tracey walk up to a counter. On the other
side, Marie Rueff tips the side of her stetson hat.

MARIE

Howdy. What brings you fillies to these parts?

MOZ

Mister Frank said we could use the school computer and printer for a class project.

MARIE

Did he now?... Do you know one darn thing about computers, missy?

MOZ

Yes ma'am. Yes, I do.

MARIE

Suppose you want to interface two blocks of text between documents?

MOZ

Using what program?

MARIE

How's about Word Perfect 6.1?

Tiff and Tracey grimace.

Moz thinks for a beat, then she goes into a rapid fire explanation.

MOZ

I'd move the cursor to the first character of the first paragraph in the document. Press block - alternate-F4 and press the arrow key, highlight the entire section I wanted to move. Then I'd hit Move Control F4. Type 2, to select copy block, press Switch F3 and move to the second document. Where I'd set the cursor to the end of the sentence. Press move control F4 to display the move menu. And type 5 text to retrieve what I've cut from the original document. That's about it.

Tiff and Tracey look from Moz to Marie. Marie lifts the hatch and shakes Moz's hand.

MARIE

That's exactly it. Come into the corral,
ladies. But watch out for the trail boss.
He's got long horns.

MOZ

So we've heard.

MARIE

Make yourselves comfortable and
I'll ring the supper bell.
(to an inner office)
Burro brains, you've got company.

Mr. Frank appears in the door. He ogles the three girls.
They smile back innocently. Marie points to the trio.

MARIE

One thing out of line, one move and
I'll be on you like thorns on cactus.

INT. MR. FRANK'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Moz sits at a computer. Mr. Frank reaches for a cigar.

MR. FRANK

Do you mind if I smoke?

MOZ

Of course not. We need more organ
donors... Not black, cancerous,
lungs of course.

MR. FRANK

(drops the cigar)

Well, yes you're young. You have
to acquire a taste.

Moz sticks a diskette into the drive slot. Frank leans
forward and peers into Moz's cleavage.

MR. FRANK

Tell me about your projects.
Er, project.

She flashes an angelic smile, then her fingers fly. Frank
watches with mounting amazement.

MR. FRANK

Would you like a job in this office?
A certain cow woman may be leaving
her position and I will be --

A COUGH. Frank turns and finds Marie at the door. She waggles a finger at him. He gulps. Moz stifles a laugh and yells to the outer office.

MOZ

Tiff, are you ready? Anyyy problems?

OUTER OFFICE

At the printer, Tiff and Trace get the message.

TIFFANY

We can't get the paper in the printer.

Marie leaves her post at the door and walks back to offer a hand, but Frank almost bowls her over as he bursts from the office and takes the three sheets of paper from Tiffany.

MR. FRANK

Let me help.

He bends over and stares at the girls legs, pulls open the printer, adds the paper, stares some more, then slams the printer door shut on his thumb. He winces in pain.

TIFFANY

Moz? How's it going?

MOZ (OS)

Mister Frank? Something's wrong with
this computer.

Frank races past Marie.

MARIE

Touch one key on my machine
and I'll --

INT. MR. FRANK'S OFFICE - MOZ - AT THE KEY BOARD

On the screen are four perfect tickets to the Black and White Ball. Moz hits the enter key as Frank races in. The screen goes blank.

MR. FRANK
What's wrong?

MOZ
It's okay now, Mister Frank.
(she shouts)
Tiff?

OUTER OFFICE - AT THE PRINTER

The printer HUMS, then stops. Tracey pulls out the paper and shows it to Tiffany. They shake their heads no.

With growing interest, Marie tips her chair against the wall and watches.

TIFFANY
Mister Frank, the printer
sounds funny.

MR. FRANK (OS)
I'll be right there.

INT. MR. FRANK'S OFFICE

Frank bolts. Moz strikes the enter key. The tickets reappear on the screen.

OUTER OFFICE

MR. FRANK
What seems to be the problem?

TIFFANY
It's okay now, Mister Frank.

TRACEY
Moz, we need another run.

MR. FRANK
Maybe I can---

MOZ (OS)
Mister Frank, I need your help.

MR. FRANK
I'm coming.

Marie watches as Frank trots back to his office.

INT. MR. FRANK'S OFFICE

The monitor goes blank as Frank enters. He takes a look down Moz' blouse. Moz whirls and catches him in the act.

MOZ

Did a nasty man touch the printer?

Frank shakes his head no.

MOZ

Would you check it for me?

Like a bad little boy, he sulks out of the office.

OUTER OFFICE

Marie takes a quick glance at Frank and the girls as her fingers quietly strike her keyboard.

Tiff and Tracey check the latest printout.

TIFFANY

Mr. Frank?

MR. FRANK

What?

TIFFANY

Will you please tell Moz we need a rerun.

MR. FRANK

(yells over his shoulder)

Run the damn thing.

MARIE

Watch your language or I'll put a bridle in your mouth and ride you round this school house.

INT. MR. FRANK'S OFFICE

Moz hits the enter key and folds her hands in prayer.

MOZ

This is it.

OUTER OFFICE

The printer HUMS. Tiff and Tracey share a look of doubt.

TIFFANY

The last sheet.

As the paper exits the printer, Marie strikes the enter key on her computer. Frank starts to approach Tiffany and Tracey. Marie gawks at the monitor and whispers.

MARIE

Well, I'll be damned.

She hits a function key, grabs Frank by the shoulder of his jacket and spins him around.

MARIE

I warned you to stay away from my computer.

MR. FRANK

I didn't touch a thing!

MARIE

Then how do you explain this donkey dung?

She shoves Frank's nose against the monitor which is alight with crazy symbols.

Tiff and Tracey look at the printout.

TIFFANY

Beautiful.

Moz exits the inner office. Marie and Frank argue. The three girls head for the door.

THREE GIRLS

Thank you, Ms. Rueff and Mister Frank.

Frank turns and watches them shut the door.

MR. FRANK

Yes, anytime. Come back soon.

Marie grabs her cowgirl purse.

MR. FRANK

Where are you going?

MARIE

You broke it. You fix it. I'm heading to the outhouse.

MR. FRANK

I didn't touch it. I hate it. It hates --

EXT. HALLWAY - RECORDS ROOM

Tiff, Moz and Tracey are huddled. Marie slams the door and heads straight for the trio.

TIFFANY

Watch it. Trouble.

Marie breaks the circle and stands eye to eye with Moz.

MARIE

That was something. May I borrow the disk?

MOZ

You accessed?

MARIE

Wouldn't you?

Moz nods. Tiff and Tracey are lost. Moz hands the diskette to Marie.

MOZ

Are you coming?

MARIE

The Black and White Ball? Child, that's almost as good as the Grand National Rodeo.

INT. PRIDE - SCHOOL NEWSPAPER - FRONT OFFICE

Moz shoves down the arm of a paper slicer and the last of five perfectly cut white rectangles flops on the table. Tiff picks up two tickets and inspects them carefully.

TIFFANY

Which one's the original?

MOZ
Take your pick.

TIFFANY
My mom and dad might get
counterfeit tickets.

MOZ
They're bound to get one.

Tiffany stares.

MOZ
Tiff, it would take an expert to tell
them apart.

TRACEY
How are we going to get out of the gym
window? And when are we going to hide
our dresses?

A door opens with a CLICK. The girls don't hear it.

MOZ
All we need is --

CARY PARKS (OS)
To get our paper out before the prom
is over.

Cary heads for the table. Tiff snatches up the tickets. But,
not before he catches a glimpse. Tiff and Tracey wave good-
bye and take off.

CARY PARKS
Will you give me a hand?

Moz picks up a mat and scans it, then turns over a second
mat and looks at Cary. He hasn't moved.

CARY PARKS
Moz, what's going down?

MOZ
What're you talking about?

Cary hands her the lost printout of the tickets.

CARY PARKS

This.

MOZ

You don't want to know.

CARY PARKS

Try me.

INT. KITCHEN - TIFFANY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Lowter paces with the phone.

MRS. LOWTER (OS)

No, Mrs. Block. I still haven't
gotten the damned things. I --

Tiffany flies through the door and hands her an envelope.

TIFFANY

Mom, I found them. They must have --

Mrs. Lowter rips it open and takes out two tickets. She
smiles at Tiff, points to a wrapped present on the counter.

With guilt, Tiff takes the package and backs out the door.

TIFFANY

Thanks, mom.

MRS. LOWTER

(over the phone)

You are not going to believe this, Mrs.
Block. But we didn't even get a
program. Just the damned tickets.

INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tracey folds each dress, puts them into separate shopping
bags, then lies on the floor and starts doing sit-ups.

TRACEY

Blackout-one. Blackout-two.

INT. MOZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Karen rolls over and looks at Moz in the other bed.

KAREN

You're up to something.

MOZ

Did I ever tell you the story of the sister who went crazy and plucked out her younger sister's eyes, cut off her tongue and --

KAREN

Fine. And I'm not going to tell you about Mom's big surprise. Nope. You won't get it from me.

Curious, Moz peers out from under the sheets. Karen grins and disappears under the covers. Moz turns off the light, then whispers from the darkness

MOZ

Blackout.

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The "present," a corsage of carnations and a note lie open on her bed. Tiff picks up the note and the shattered picture of Chris.

INSERT - NOTE

Dearest Tiffany,
I'm sorry about my History exam.

TIFFANY (OS)

You said the exam was in English Lit.

Please, wear this corsage, and think of me. Have a wonderful time. I'll see you soon.

TIFFANY

Sooner than you think, Pinocchio.

Tiffany reads the last line of the note: Love, Chris and flips Chris' picture like a frisbee across the room into a waste paper basket. A beat and a CLUNK.

EXT. WOODLAND HIGH - JUNIOR PROM SIGN - TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT!

EXT. GIRL'S GYM - AFTERNOON

Tiff, Moz and Tracey, each holding a shopping bag, stroll across the patio to the girl's gym. STUDENTS pass with huge

paper palm trees, pineapples etc. Tiff hands Moz the three tickets to the Black and White Ball.

TIFFANY

You made them. You're in charge.

Moz smiles, takes a black beaded purse from her shopping bag and slips the tickets inside.

TRACEY

Now all we need is a way out the window.

TIFFANY

Give me the bags. I'll put 'em in my locker. Tonight we won't have time to open all three. Give me two minutes and I'll meet you inside.

INT. OF THE GIRL'S GYM - TWO MINUTES LATER

Students yell back and forth as they decorate, Hawaiian style, under the critical eyes of Mrs. Gimble and Ms. Martin.

INT. GYM DOOR TO THE GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM

Tiffany exits and sees Tracey and Moz sitting on a yellow painted - emergency ladder. They grin and wave. Tiff runs across the gym.

TRACEY

Look what we found.

TIFFANY

It's now or never.

She points to Gimble and Ms. Martin.

TIFFANY

(to Moz)

Make sure they don't turn around.
Trace and I can handle the ladder.

Moz nods and starts across the gym. Tiff and Tracey nonchalantly grab opposite ends of the ladder.

A GRASS SHACK IN THE GIRL'S GYM - SECONDS LATER

Tiffany's head peers out from one side and Tracey's from the other.

Moz comes up behind Gimble and Martin. Behind her back Moz gives the "go" sign.

Tiff and Tracey race along the side of the gym with the yellow ladder and hide behind a pre-fab bandstand. Their heads bob up and down.

Mrs. Gimble and Ms. Martin turn slowly surveying the work.

MRS. GIMBLE

Quite nice. Quite nice.

MOZ

Nice? It's beautiful.

MS. MARTIN

Why, thank you, Les -- Moz.

Moz points to the ceiling. Gimble and Martin follow the gesture.

Tiff and Tracey struggle to get the ladder in the door of the Girl's Locker Room.

MOZ

But shouldn't the moon be closer
to the stars?

A MALE STUDENT high up on a twenty foot ladder raises a crescent moon up on a long piece of rope. TWO other STUDENTS cling to the legs.

MRS. GIMBLE

(to Moz-CLICKING)

You're quite right.

(to the student on the ladder)

Move the moon.

STUDENT

(leans over)

Say, what?

MRS. GIMBLE

Move the moon.

The ladder rocks. The student waves his arms for balance and loses the rope. The moon CRASHES to the floor. The student on the ladder screams. Gimble screams back.

MRS. GIMBLE (OS)

Stop it or you're suspended!

More afraid of Gimble than falling, he steadies the ladder.

Tiff and Tracey join Moz and they head for the exit.

THREE GIRLS

Blackout.

INT. TRACEY MILLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tracey stands in front of the mirror in her prom dress.

TRACEY

I look like a bimlette...but --

She opens one of the doll cases, takes out her stash of cookies and drops them in a wastepaper basket.

TRACEY

I'm making progress.

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She pulls and tugs, adjusting the purple prom dress from the first scene.

TIFFANY

I look horrible. But, ready or not,
here I come Christopher Balcon.

INT. MOZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On one of the beds, Karen watches her sister slip on a prom dress covered with bows and roses. (NO full frontal shots of Moz until the girl's bathroom scene)

KAREN

You look beautiful. But you aren't really going to the prom. Are you?

MOZ

Yes and no.

Karen jumps off the side of the bed and admires her sister from every angle as Moz applies her make up.

KAREN

You're going to the Ball I know
it. You're going to the Ball.

MRS. GRAHAM (OS)

(calls from downstairs)

Moz, Tracey's here.

MOZ

Coming, mom.

(to Karen)

You won't rat on me.

Karen makes a zippering motion across her lips and gives her sister a big hug.

KAREN

Have a ball.

Moz grins and walks out of the room.

KAREN

Sis, you're not a nerd.

INT. OF THE GIRL'S GYM - HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY

A HIP HOP TUNE blares from the speakers on the stage.

Tiff, Moz and Tracey make their way through the crowd, past the grass shack in front of the Girl's Locker room.
Tiff points to the clock on the gym wall: 9:00.

TIFFANY

Fifteen minutes.

Cary, Rick, Steve and Dallas come out of nowhere.

RICK

(to Moz)

Remember, you promised me a dance.

Moz starts to reply, but Cherree, Yvonne and April interlope. They look nice but very "promish." The two groups of girls eye each other. Cherree takes Rick by the arm and turns to Moz.

CHERREE

Nice dress.

(to Rick)

Come on, that's my...our song.

Let's dance.

Cherree drags Rick onto the floor. Moz gives her the finger.
Tiff points to the clock on the wall: 9:02

TIFFANY

Thirteen minutes.

The trio slips behind the grass shack, around the trunk of a very tall palm tree and as Tiffany fumbles with the key to the locker room, Moz looks up, gasps and points to

MOZ (OS)

No! No!

A large section of green crepe paper that has peeled off one side of the palm tree - exposing their yellow ladder.

TRACEY

Tiff, that's our ladder.

Tiffany takes a quick glance, then a CLICK as she unlocks the door and pushes it open.

TIFFANY

Plan B. Come on. We're running out of time.

MOZ

We don't have a plan B.

TIFFANY

We do now!

INT. OF THE GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - DARK

Tiff struggles with the locker combination.

TRACEY

Hurry. Hurry.

Tiff gives Tracey a look, then returns to her task.
Finally, a CLICK. The locker opens. Tiff pulls out the

shopping bags, hands one to Tracey and starts to hand one to Moz, but she is gone.

TIFFANY

Where the hell is Moz?

MOZ (OS)

I'm by the window.

Tiff and Tracey scale a few benches and find Moz at the window making a rope out of a pile of shower towels. She ties two towels together.

MOZ

We can throw these out.

(tugs on the towels)

And climb down the side of the---

The towels fall apart.

MOZ

Bad idea.

Tiff and Trace drag Moz back toward the gym.

INT. OF THE GYM - GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM DOOR

Tracey and Moz stand guard. Tiffany relocks the door. They all glance at the CLOCK: 9:06, then hurry across the gym floor and into the girl's bathroom.

Next to the bandstand, Cary Parks scratches his head as he watches the girls disappear. Steven and Dallas join him.

STEVEN

Aren't you going to dance?

CARY PARKS

Something went wrong. Get Rick.

DALLAS

Wrong with what?

Cary puts his arms around Dallas' and Steven's shoulder.

INT. OF THE GIRL'S BATHROOM

Tiffany's friend from chemistry class and three other GIRLS watch as the trio begin to change. A beat and two of the girls bolt for the door.

INT. OF THE GYM --- A TROPICAL BAR - SAME TIME

Mr. Knight and Ms. Martin sip on "virgin" Mai Tai's. Mr. Knight notices a steady stream of girls entering the girl's bathroom. Ms. Martin follows his gaze.

MS. MARTIN

Young girls always do that.

(snuggles closer)

Do you have any rum, Doug?

Mr. Knight finally gets the picture.

MR. KNIGHT

I have an old bottle of Meyer's
at my apartment, Ms. M...Pam.

They exchange lusty glances.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM

A CROWD of girls block the view of the make-up table. All we can see are the backs of Tiffany, Moz and Tracey. The girl from chemistry class stuffs the trio's prom dresses into shopping bags. Tiffany nods a thank you.

TIFFANY

Three minutes.

GIRL IN THE CROWD

Three minutes to what?

ANOTHER GIRL

Ssh.

TRACEY

I'm ready.

MOZ

Me too.

The bathroom door flies open and WHACKS the wall. Cherree, Yvonne and April push through the group.

CHERREE

What the hell is going on?

A path forms between Cherree and her clique and Tiffany, Moz and Tracey. They stand as one and turn around. The crowd gasps.

ON TIFFANY, TRACEY AND MOZ

The three young juniors have been transformed. They are three beautiful, sophisticated, elegant young women. Moz opens her mouth and smiles. Her braces are gone!

SILENCE then the crowd bursts into a rousing cheer and applause. Cherree's mouth drops open as Tiffany, Moz and Tracey (fifteen pounds lighter) glide past.

EXT. GIRL'S BATHROOM DOOR

Cary, Rick, Dallas and a small CROWD of students stand by the bathroom door as the girls emerge.

CARY PARKS

Wow.

STEVE

Ditto.

Tiff points to the clock on the wall: 9:14

TIFFANY

One minute. Rodolfo can't wait!

Moz steps up to Cary and Rick. They wave her away.

RICK

Leave it to us...Moz, have a great time.

CARY PARKS

Steve, Dallas, give us the wall.

Cary directs as Steve, Dallas and several other boys form a shield around the three girls and usher them to the emergency exit.

ON THE TROPICAL BAR - SAME TIME

Mr. Knight sees the crowd forming near the exit door, lays down his drink and starts across the floor.

MR. KNIGHT
 Could be a fight.

ON THE EXIT DOOR

Cherree breaks through the wall of kids. So does Neil,
 Tracey's ex-boyfriend. He stares at Tracey dumbfounded.

TRACEY
 Eat your heart out, Dorko.

TIFFANY
 (ready to push the handle)
 Thirty seconds.

At the rear of the crowd, Mrs. Gimble approaches.

GIMBLE
 There will not be any---

Moz gives Rick and Cary a kiss on the cheek.

MOZ
 Now, Cary.

Knight, Martin and Gimble try to peer over the crowd.

Cary raises his hand, orchestrates and shouts to the kids.

CARY PARKS
 ARE YOU READY!

GROUP OF STUDENTS
 YES! WE'RE READY!

CARY PARKS
 ARE YOU REALLLLLYYYY READY?

STUDENTS
 YES -- WE'RE REALLLYYYY READY.

CARY PARKS
 GIVE ME AN "L"

STUDENTS
 L.

With the exception of Cherree, EVERYONE else breaks into a deafening rendition of the Woodland High Fight Song.

CARY PARKS
GIVE ME AN "I"

STUDENTS

I.

Tiff pushes down the emergency bar. The door opens. An ALARM that SOUNDS high in the rafters is barely audible above the din of the ROCK MUSIC and the chanting students.

Tiff, Moz and Trace step into the night.

Rick pulls the door shut. The alarm stops. The chorus ends.

STUDENTS ALL
LIONS - LIONS - LIONS
FIGHT - FIGHT - FIGHT

Cary, Rick, Dallas and Steve "high-five." Cherree glares at the emergency door, then heads toward Mrs. Gimble. Rick blocks her path.

RICK
One word to principal and I'd be forced to tell her about smoking on school property. Cutting classes---

CHERREE
Do you want to dance?

RICK
Nope.

Yvonne appears out of nowhere.

YVONNE
How about me, sailor?

RICK
Sure.

Cherree screeches.

EXT. OF THE GYM - EMERGENCY DOOR - NIGHT

Beneath a floodlight, Tiffany, Moz and Tracey wait. A flash of lightning is followed by an ominous RUMBLE of thunder. The trio looks around the grounds anxiously.

TRACEY

I didn't waterproof these dresses.

A few rain drops fall.

TIFFANY

Negative thoughts.

A long beat of silence, then the PURR of a perfectly tuned engine breaks the quiet. They turn and stare in awe as they are bathed in the headlights of a

PEARL WHITE - 48FT. LIMOUSINE

Rodolfo, in his chauffeur's uniform, leaps from the driver's compartment, gives the girls an appreciative look, tips his hat and opens their door.

RODOLFO

Good evening, Señoritas.

No one moves. Rodolfo gently prods them onto an "L" shaped sofa. The girls sit stunned. Rodolfo follows them in, opens a cabinet and pulls a bottle of Dom Perignon from a bucket of crushed ice.

RODOLFO

Señorita Tiffany, this small gift
I present to you on behalf of
your English class.

Tiffany's eyes glaze over. From the cabinet he takes three glasses, expertly uncorks the champagne, pours, hands each girl a glass and returns the bottle to the ice bucket. He gestures around the interior as he exits.

RODOLFO

For your comfort there is a forty inch
color television, three telephones,
a bedroom and a lounge... If you
desire anything, please dial 111 to
reach me. Your wish is my command.

(as he shuts the door on the
stunned trio)

If there is nothing further, then

I believe we should be on our way.
I understand that you ladies have
an appointment at the Black and
White Ball.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOMENTS LATER

The trio slowly gets over their shock. Outside the night
rolls by.

TRACEY

Tiff, when you get a ride, you get
a ride.

TIFFANY

(reaches for the stereo)
Classical, Swing or Rock an Roll?

TRACEY

Anything!

MOZ

Who cares.

Tiff pushes a button at random and the limo fills with
MUSIC. Moz leaps to her feet.

MOZ

Let's explore.

Unnoticed, her black satin purse slips into a nook in the
sofa.

TIFFANY

Explorations in a minute. First
A toast. To your tickets.
(she clinks Moz's glass)
To your beautiful creations.
(she clinks Tracey's glass)
And to a certain college freshman
named Chris, "Pinocchio," Balcon
who made this evening possible.

They raise their glasses high.

TRIO

Blackout.

EXT. LIMOUSINE AT DAVIES HALL - NIGHT

Expensive cars jockey for space in the bumper to bumper traffic. Black and White balloons are everywhere. PEOPLE, most of them dressed in black and white, jay-walk through the traffic, then stop to gawk as the pearl white limousine comes to a halt at the curb. Rodolfo opens the door. Tiffany steps out.

A WOMAN ON THE CURB

I know her. She's on that soap opera.

Tracey gets out.

MAN ON THE CURB

She was in that Rob Reiner movie.

WOMAN ON THE CURB

I know that.

(as Moz alights)

She won an Oscar in ...What's the name of that film?

MAN ON THE CURB

Who cares?

The Woman gives the Man a jealous jab and points to Moz.

WOMAN ON THE CURB

She's thirty-five years old and she's spent two thousand dollars on her teeth.

Moz hears the remark and flashes a big smile.

MOZ

Thirty-eight. And five thousand for the teeth.

A HORN blasts behind the trio as Rodolfo speaks.

RODOLFO

Remember midnight, no later.

Absorbed in the celebration, the girls barely hear him.

RODOLFO

Midnight...Señoritas...Please.

He returns to the limo, but it doesn't get far in the traffic.

Fireworks EXPLODE, jugglers juggle, bands play, a parade marches past. Tiff links arms with Moz & Trace.

TIFFANY

We're off to see the Wizard,

THE TRIO

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO DAVIES HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Two Guards wait to take the tickets. Tiff turns to Moz with her palm up.

TIFFANY

And the tickets please.

Moz smiles, then searches for her bag, goes ballistic, turns, sees the limousine stopped at a traffic light and darts back down the stairs.

TIFFANY & TRACEY

NO!

EXT. LIMOUSINE - MIDDLE OF THE STREET

The traffic light turns green. Moz dodges between cars. The limousine pulls away. Moz runs along side, but loses ground. Horns HONK. People YELL.

MOZ

Rodolfo, Rodolfo!

She BANGS on the roof, then the rear fender, then the trunk. More horns HONK as Moz stands in the middle of the street, oblivious, tears stream down her face.

Tiff and Trace find her and guide her back to the curb.

Tracey pulls out a tissue and wipes away a tear from Moz'cheek.

Tiff looks down the street in the direction of the limousine and pulls out Rodolfo's card.

TIFFANY

Rodolfo has a phone in the cab.
I think I can reach the company
he works for. They might be
able to call him.

Moz and Tracey look up with renewed hope.

TIFFANY

But it might cost him his job.

Tracey and Moz consider, then shake their heads no. A muni
bus pulls up to the curb. The doors HISS open.

MOZ

We could go back to the prom.

Tracey almost nods in agreement.

TIFFANY

Negative thoughts, Moz. No Keland
Boussard...And do you really want to
spend the night watching Cherree
dance with Rick?

TRACEY

Tiff, she feels bad enough.

TIFFANY

(points to their gowns)
And don't you want to show off your
creations?

Tracey and Moz share 'what-can-we-do' shrugs.

MOZ

It's all my fault. I feel terrible.

TRACEY

Me too.

TIFFANY

Me three. But somewhere in this
party is a skunk named Pinocchio
and I'm going to find him.

MOZ

I wanted to hear Keland play.
Watch his hands.

TRACEY

And I didn't slave over these dresses
to hangout on a street corner.

TIFFANY

Well, are we going to the Black and
White Ball or not?

MOZ

The tickets are perfect.

TIFFANY

Were perfect. Past tense.
(points to the celebration)
There's our future if you're up for it.

They link arms and head back to Davies Hall.

EXT. DAVIES HALL - GATE - MINUTES LATER

The trio watch a guard shred the tickets of a Handsome
Couple and exchanges them for plastic wrist bands.

TIFFANY

I was wondering how they did that.

MOZ

How they do what?

TIFFANY

How you can go from building to
building after they've taken your
ticket.

MRS. BLOCK (OS)

Move away. Make room.

TIFFANY

If we each had a wrist band, we
could---

Tiff almost falls over as Gordon Wang, shoved by Mrs. Block,
backs into her. He turns to apologize, recognizes Tiffany
instantly and whispers in admiration

WANG

What an incredible transformation,
Miss Lowter.

He looks at Mrs. Block, then back to Tiff and winks.

WANG

Though, of course, I've never seen you
before in my life.

Mrs. Block bulls her way out of the crowd dragging her
sister Thelma by the wrist. Thelma almost drops a cocktail
glass she's carrying. Mrs. Block shoves Wang again.

MRS. BLOCK

Damn it, move along, Wang.

Tiff ducks and runs smack into Thelma. They stare at each
other. A MAN in line yells at Mrs. Block.

MAN IN LINE

Wait your turn, lady.

Mrs. Block glares him down. Thelma whispers to Tiffany.

THELMA

You look sensational. How did you --

Mrs. Block yanks her arm. Thelma winks at Tiff, then
wrenches herself from her sister's, raises her glass high in
the air and races into the crowd.

THELMA

Free at last. Dear God almighty, I'm
free at last.

Mrs. Block shoves Gordon Wang.

MRS. BLOCK

Get her, Wang. She's drunk.

Wang glares, then leisurely walks interference as Mrs. Block
follows him into the crowd.

TIFFANY

Let's get out of here. There has
to be another way in.

HAYES STREET - THE REAR OF DAVIES HALL - MINUTES LATER

A BOOM, then the flash of fireworks. The din fades as the
girls hurry down the empty street to a rear door.

MUSIC from a swing band comes from inside. Tiffany squeezes between two garbage cans and pulls the handle. It doesn't budge.

They continue up the street along a high brick wall.

TIFFANY

There has to be a way.

A series of lights blink on behind the wall followed by laughter and SWING MUSIC.

Tiff turns and sprints back down the street.

TIFFANY

Come on.

MOZ

The door was locked.

TIFFANY

I know that.

BOTTOM OF THE BRICK WALL - A GARBAGE CAN - MINUTES LATER

Tiff takes off her high heels, hops on the can, scales the wall and looks down.

EXT. EMPTY COURTYARD

VOICES and SWING MUSIC escape from a slightly open door. Tiff laughs and drops over the wall.

TIFFANY

We're in! We're in!

EXT. WALL

Tracey cups her hands to give Moz a boost.

TRACEY

You first.

Moz, reluctant, stares up at the wall then back to Tracey.

MOZ

Maybe I could find another way.
I don't think I can---

TRACEY

Keland Boussard is waiting.

Moz sticks her shoe in Tracey's palm. Trace boosts her up. Moz reaches for the top of the wall. Suddenly, Tracey grabs her leg and pulls her back to the ground.

MOZ

You told me to go first. I didn't---

Tracey points to a black and white police car cruising up the street. They slide in front of the garbage can. From the other side of the wall

TIFFANY (OS)

Hurry up! Let's go.

The police car closes.

TRACEY

Tiffany, shut up.

TIFFANY (OS)

What's the matter? We're missing the party.

EXT. POLICE CAR

A window rolls down.

TRACEY

Good evening, Officer.

INT. COURTYARD

Tiffany slaps her hand over her mouth.

TIFFANY

Oh, shhh -- damn!

EXT. POLICE CAR - YOUNG OFFICER

Y.O.

Is everything okay, ladies?

TRACEY

We're just fine, thank you.

MOZ

We had to get away from the crowd.
Girl talk. You understand.

He doesn't, but he looks up and down the street then gives his partner the signal to go on. The car moves away.

Y.O.

Stay with the crowd. This part of town can be dangerous.

MOZ

Yes, thank you, Officer.

INT. OF THE BLACK AND WHITE - AT A CROWDED INTERSECTION

Young officer looks at his partner, a WOMAN, thirty.

Y.O.

What do you think?

WOMAN OFFICER

They were acting a little bizarre.
Hookers?

Y.O.

Crashers?

EXT. BLACK AND WHITE

A SQUEAL of rubber and the blare of a SIREN as the Black and White makes a U-turn.

EXT. WALL

Tracey disappears over the top of the wall as the car returns, passes and speeds down the street.

INT. COURTYARD

The girls huddle behind the wall until the SIREN fades, then slap a "high five" and help each other reassemble their outfits. Tiff ushers her Trace and Moz to the open door.

TIFFANY

The gateway to dreams.

INT. OF A LARGE KITCHEN

COOKS and WAITERS move about in orderly confusion. The girls look totally out of place. Tracey grabs a package of linens, signals Tiffany and Moz to do the same and maneuvers her way to the exit. She almost makes it, but an IRATE WOMAN grabs her arm.

WOMAN

Who the hell are you?

Tiff grabs a clip board and a pencil from the wall. With Moz in her wake, she marches across the kitchen floor and breaks the woman's grip on Tracey's arm.

TIFFANY

(to Tracey)

I told you to distribute the linen.

TRACEY

Yes, ma'am.

Tracey flies out the door. Tiffany turns to the woman.

TIFFANY

Now who are you?

WOMAN

Me? I'm in charge of the salads.

TIFFANY

(points to Moz)

And this is Ms. Margaret Von der Flaggen. I'm sure you are aware that Ms. Margaret Von der Flaggen is in charge of accoutrements.

Exactly like the woman in the Nordstrom scene, Moz clasps her hands behind her back, sticks her nose in the air, gives the woman a look of total disdain and surveys the kitchen.

Tiff whacks the clipboard with the pencil.

TIFFANY

Dear woman. Are you going to show us the salads or not?

SALAD WOMAN

Why yes. Certainly.

They walk into the salad area where CHEFS slice and dice. Tiff sticks the tip of her finger into the dressing and lifts it to Moz's lips. Moz takes a lick.

TIFFANY

Do you approve, Ms. Van der Flaggen?

Moz mimics a wine taster. She runs her tongue along her lips and across her palate.

MOZ

Adequate. Presentable. But,
lacking that certain---
(pinches her fingers)
Je ne sais quoi?

The salad woman winces. Tiff glares over her shoulder at Moz. But Moz is really into the role. She folds her arms across her chest and begins an inspection tour of the kitchen.

The Salad Woman tugs Tiffany's arm.

SALAD WOMAN

Does she like it?

TIFFANY

More oregano.

Moz pauses at the entre table and studies a Salmon Mousse, then walks to the dessert section where a CHEF, wearing a cowboy hat and boots, spreads a knife full of icing on a vanilla, three layer cake.

MOZ

Very nice. You, sir are an artiste.

CHEF

Why, thank you, ma'am.

MOZ

I have a preference for chocolate myself. Vanilla is rather plebeian, don't you think?

The Chef nods. Tiff nudges Moz to the door.

TIFFANY

Shouldn't you check the place settings, Ms. Van der Flaggen?

MOZ

The place settings? Of course.

Moz exits. The Salad Woman grabs Tiffany's arm.

WOMAN

What place settings? This is a buffet. There aren't any place settings.

TIFFANY

If you want her back in here, fine. But frankly, she's been driving me nuts.

Tiffany shoves the exit door open and yells.

TIFFANY

Ms. Van der --

The Salad Woman grabs Tiffany's arm, shakes her head no and smiles gratefully.

INT. DAVIES HALL - EXIT DOOR FROM THE KITCHEN

In heaven, Tiffany scans the throng of men and women dressed in black and white. Unconsciously, her foot beats to the Tommy Dorsey Band playing TUXEDO JUNCTION. She spins.

A HANDSOME MAN steps out of the crowd, taps her shoulder and gestures to the dance floor. Tiffany hesitates, takes his and then drops it go when she sees

MOZ AND TRACEY

The Young Officer and his Female Partner are taking Tracey and Moz out of Davies Hall.

MOZ

I am Ms. Margaret Von der Flow...
Wagen.

FEMALE OFFICER

Yeah, and call me Madonna.

Tiffany struggles through the crowd after Tracey and Moz. A large group of people block her progress. From over her shoulder, a glass of champagne appears.

THELMA (OS)

Have a cocktail, Professor Einstein.

Thelma steps in front of Tiffany. She is definitely not as drunk as she appeared earlier.

THELMA

Your friends aren't being arrested. They're being escorted from the premises...Something about an illegal entry. How is your paper on nuclear fusion progressing?

Tiffany shrugs and gives her a wary look. Thelma smiles.

THELMA

Looks like we're both on the lam. I'm shredding my sister and you're hiding from the guards. But you can't abandon your friends.

Tiffany shakes her head no. Thelma points to the exit door.

THELMA

As long as my sister's outside looking for me, I'm staying here.

Thelma slips the band from her wrist and hands it to Tiffany.

THELMA

Keep it. Just in case you change your mind. You look stunning and it would be a shame to waste such a beautiful dress.

Tiffany plants a kiss on Thelma's cheek and heads for the exit. Thelma beams.

EXT. FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF THE WAR MEMORIAL BUILDING - LATER

People sway to the music of a REGGAE BAND.

A MOUNTED POLICE MAN rides on the street.

A BAG LADY pushes a Safeway cart through the crowd.

Trace and Moz dip their hands in the fountain obviously disappointed.

Tiffany slips out of the crowd.

TRACEY

You were inside. Why did you leave?

MOZ

We would have waited.

TIFFANY

We're all going or no one's going.

THREE OBNOXIOUS NERDS appear and gesture for the girls to dance. The girls nod no. Two of the Nerds light cigarettes. The girls try to back away. Nerd 1 grabs Tiffany's wrist.

NERD 1

Let's party, babe.

Tiffany eases him away.

TIFFANY

Let's get out of here.

Nerd 1 grabs her again. Mrs. Block breaks his grip with a karate chop. She doesn't notice Tiffany as she bulls her way toward the fountain followed by Gordon Wang. Wang winks at Tiffany.

MRS. BLOCK

The drunken sot must be around here somewhere. Thelma? Where are you?

Undeterred, Nerd 1 approaches Tiffany. Nerd 2 blows smoke in Tracey's face. Nerd 3 moves in on Moz.

NERD 3

Hey foxy lady, let's dance.
Don't be a bitch.

Moz gives Nerd 3 a ferocious shove toward the fountain. He tumbles backward and grabs Mrs. Block. She reaches for Gordon Wang. Wang side-steps, she misses and grabs the coat of Nerd 3. He tries to push her away, but she weighs too

much. Mrs. Block screams. They fall over backward into the fountain.

The other Nerds stare at their friend, then take a swing at Tiffany, Moz and Tracey. They duck and use the Nerds momentum to shove them both into the crowd setting off a chain reaction: done under the beat of REGGAE MUSIC.

MANY OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE GET INTO A SHOVING MATCH

FOUR MORE PEOPLE GO INTO THE FOUNTAIN

THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN TRIES TO KEEP ORDER, BUT HIS HORSE WHINNIES AND BOLTS DOWN THE STREET

NERD 1 LANDS IN A PILE OF HORSE MANURE

NERD 2 CONTINUES TO BACK PEDDLE

THE BAG LADY DIPS HER SHOPPING CART, SCOOPS HIM UP AND DISAPPEARS IN THE CROWD

BAG LADY

I got one! I got young one!

TRACEY

(to Moz and Tiff)

Let's jam.

Tiffany wants to leave, but full of guilt, she starts toward the fountain where Mrs. Block splashes and screams at the top of her lungs.

MRS. BLOCK

Wang! Damn it, Wang!

Mrs. Block tries to use Nerd 3 to get out of the fountain, but he uses her instead. She falls back into the water. Gordon Wang comes up behind her. She doesn't see him.

MRS. BLOCK

Wang! Where the hell are you?

Tiffany offers a hand, but Gordon Wang politely waves her off and slowly pushes Mrs. Block's head under the water.

WANG (OS)

One, two, three.

Wang releases his hold. Mrs. Block's head reappears. Wang pulls her upright and deftly slips the band off her wrist. Mrs. Block spits out a stream of water and sputters

MRS. BLOCK

Gordon, you saved my life.

She shivers as Wang helps her over the lip of the fountain.

MRS. BLOCK

You did. You saved my life.

WANG

I know.

MRS. BLOCK

How can I thank you?

Wang takes off his coat and wraps it around her head and shoulders.

WANG

We'll think of something.

He ushers Mrs. Block past Tiffany handing her two wrist bands.

WANG

She'll bully her way back in if she wants to. Have a good time.

Gordon Wang and Mrs. Block stroll into the crowd.

Tracey and Moz join Tiff and stare at the wrist bands.

TRACEY

One more and we're chillin'.

Tiff hands Trace and Moz a wrist band, then dramatically pulls out the one that Thelma gave her.

TIFFANY

Ta da.

MOZ

You had one all along?

TRACEY

Tiff, you're incredible.

Tiffany accepts the accolade then points to Davies Hall.

TIFFANY

Come on Pinocchio's in there somewhere.

INT. DAVIES HALL - MINUTES LATER

Tiff searches the crowd as Tracey and Moz sway wistfully to the Dorsey Band's rendition of WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD.

MOZ

Wish I had a partner.

TRACEY

Don't look too eager. Or -

She points to three, dapper, ELDERLY GENTLEMEN dressed in Tux's with top hats and canes.

MOZ

They're cute.

An impeccably dressed WOMAN in her forties, makes her way between the men and receives an appreciative glance from each. The Woman blatantly admires the girls' dresses.

MOZ

At least we'd be dancing.

TRACEY

Moz, they're old enough to---

TIFFANY

Champagne, any one?

They head for the bar. The band PLAYS. The WOMAN follows.

Still searching the crowd, Tiffany passes out three glasses of champagne.

Moz and Tracey step to a large table of hors d'oeuvres, pick out a morsel and just about to take a bite they both freeze. The Woman taps Tiffany on the shoulder.

WOMAN

Excuse me? I'm...

(hands Tiff a business card)

Allison Ryder. I design clothes.

And I'm dying to know where you
purchased your gowns.

Tiffany proudly points to Tracey.

TIFFANY

We didn't buy them. My best friend made --

Tiffany's eyes go wide.

ON THE FAR END OF THE HORS D'OEUVRES TABLE

Ms. Scarlet O'Hara, Tiffany's chemistry teacher, places a
stuffed olive into the mouth of Chris Balcon, Tiffany's
college boyfriend.

TIFFANY

That bitch!

TRACEY

Pecker-head!

TIFFANY

Visit me in prison.

She grabs the neck of a bottle of champagne from the bar and
starts toward Chris and O'Hara.

TIFFANY

I'm going to kill them both.

Tracey and Moz grab her. She kicks and squeals. Tracey puts
a hand over her mouth.

Allison Ryder watches with amusement.

The trio stares at Chris and O'Hara as they walk onto the
dance floor and spin to the BIRTH OF THE BLUES.

TIFFANY

Why? And why Scarlet O'Hara?

MOZ

She's twenty-four. She's beautiful
and she has big --

TIFFANY

Moz, give me a break.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

O'Hara places her arms around Chris' neck exposing her wrist band and nibbles on his ear.

TIFFANY

No wrist band. And the parties over.

Tiff pulls her friends into a huddle. They peek out at Chris and O'Hara dancing and re-huddle.

MOZ

Isn't there another way?

TIFFANY

I don't have any better ideas. Trace?

TRACEY

Nope, I like yours.

She unzips her purse, takes out the wooden handled seam cutter and hands it to Tiffany.

TRACEY

Always prepared.

Tiffany marches straight towards the three Elderly Gentlemen. Moz and Tracey follow.

TIFFANY

I'm looking for a white knight.

All three men step forward. One touches his temple.

ELDERLY MAN

Would a grey knight suffice?

Tracey, Moz and the other two men listen in as Tiffany whispers and points to Chris and O'Hara.

ELDERLY MAN

The knave.

ELDERLY MAN'S FRIEND

The cad. And with your chemistry teacher.

The men exchange grins.

ELDERLY MAN

We would be delighted to assist you.

They pair off and glide onto the floor. These men can dance. The Elderly Man steers Tiff toward Chris and O'Hara, who do a long slow dip. Chris's cuff comes up exposing his wrist band.

Tiffany moves. The blade flashes. The wrist band disappears and reappears in Tiffany's hand. She holds it up for the other couples to see. They cheer silently.

Chris ends the dip and dance away. The Elderly Man guides Tiffany after them.

The music segues into another tune. Some DANCERS leave the floor, but not Chris and O'Hara. She interlocks her fingers around Chris's neck fully exposing her wrist band and pulls Chris toward her open mouth. They kiss long and wet.

Tiffany slashes, fast and clean.

Mission accomplished, the Elderly Man whirls Tiffany around the floor for several beats, then they stop and rejoin the others

ELDERLY MAN

Young lady, you are a superb dancer.

TIFFANY

Thank you, sir. But definitely not in your league.

The men bow. The girls curtsey. And they separate.

MOZ

That was fun.

Chris and O'Hara leave the dance floor.

TIFFANY

Phase two.

THE HORS D'OEUVRES TABLE

O'Hara and Chris pick disgustedly through what's left. The band starts playing SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Tiff, Trace and Moz stalk toward the table.

ON THE KITCHEN DOOR EXIT

A COOK tries to make his way through the crowd carrying the salmon mousse above his head.

COOK

Excuse me. Pardon.

Like locusts, people close in on the poor man. His knees buckle. O'Hara and Chris reach for the plate. Over it goes. Food flies. O'Hara grabs the cook and points to a speck on her dress.

O'HARA

Look what you've done. You idiot.

The cook tries to apologize.

TIFFANY

Skip phase two. Phase three.

Trace and Moz gasp and dive under the hors d'oeuvres table. Tiff stares in disbelief.

The Young Police Officer and his Female Partner push through the crowd. Tiff points to Chris and O'Hara.

TIFFANY

Officers, I was wondering. Do you think that young boy is twenty-one?

The Y.O. shrugs indifference, but he glances at Chris who looks helpless and young as O'Hara wets the edge of a napkin with her tongue and wipes a piece of salmon from his eye brow.

TIFFANY

Then you condone serving alcohol to minors?

The Y.O. and his partner move toward Chris, but O'Hara stops them and points to the cook, then to a spot on her dress.

O'HARA

Arrest that old pig.

On the word "old," in the background, the THREE ELDERLY GENTLEMEN congratulate themselves on their good judgment.

O'HARA

He should be in a convalescent home.
Look what he did to my gown.

The Y.O. moves O'Hara aside and grabs Chris. The Female Officer steps in front of O'Hara.

FEMALE OFFICER

May we see your wrist bands?

O'Hara and Chris don't bother looking down. Confidently, they each stick out a wrist and glare at the officers.

Y.O.

(to Chris)

Would you come with me.

Now they look and both start to talk at once.

O'HARA

They must have fallen off.

CHRIS

They've been stolen.

Y.O.

Do you have an I.D., young man?

O'HARA

(reaches into her hand bag)

I have one. Right here.

FEMALE OFFICER

Not you, ma'am. Your son's.

O'HARA

MY WHAT?

The Female Officer holds O'Hara at bay and turns to Chris.

FEMALE OFFICER

Do you have an I.D.?

Chris casts his eyes downward.

Y.O.

You'll have to leave.

O'HARA

I bought the tickets. We had bands.

FEMALE OFFICER

You can stay.

She takes Chris' arm and gives O'Hara a look of disgust.

FEMALE OFFICER

This child's coming with us.

O'Hara is livid as they escort Chris away. She starts to follow when Tiff brazenly steps in front of her.

TIFFANY

Having a good time, Ms. O'Hara?

A long beat before she recognizes Tiffany.

O'HARA

What are you doing here, you adolescent from hell?

TIFFANY

Studying chemistry. Body chemistry.

O'Hara gives Tiffany a wary look.

TIFFANY

Chris is a real good dancer, isn't he?

O'HARA

Are you trying to blackmail me?

TIFFANY

Does the Board of Education approve of teachers dating their former students?

O'HARA

You can't prove a thing you little ---

TIFFANY

(taps her purse)

I can't wait to develop the fresh pictures I took for the yearbook. You and Chris make such a cute couple.

O'HARA

You'll pass.

TIFFANY

I earned a B.

O'HARA

Maybe I did forget to return a few of your assignments.

TIFFANY

Nine to be exact.

O'HARA

You'll get a...B.

O'Hara starts to go after Chris. Tiff blocks her way.

TIFFANY

And the rest of our sisters?

O'Hara gives her a suspicious look.

TIFFANY

There are thirteen other girls in that class. You're so busy. I'll bet you misplaced quite a few assignments.

O'Hara grits her teeth. Tiff taps her purse. O'Hara nods acquiescence, then looks through the crowd for Chris.

O'HARA

Why aren't you at the prom?

She turns back. Tiff is gone.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The trio compare notes. Trace flashes a white business card and points to Allison Ryder several yards away.

TRACEY

And she handed me this.

INSERT CARD: ALLISON RYDER - FASHION DESIGN

TRACEY

Allison Ryder! And she wants to see more of my designs. Can you believe it?

TIFFANY

Believe it? I knew you were a genius.

MOZ

Me too.

(to Tiff deadly serious)

How do you feel? Shakespeare says
revenge is sweet. Is it?

TIFFANY

(with hesitation)

Not really. O'Hara was just using
Chris. But I'm getting a B in
Chemistry.

(looks at her watch)

And we only have an hour and
half left.

TRACEY

Time for some Rock and Roll!

EXT. OF THE WAR MEMORIAL - MINUTES LATER

Ready for action, the trio climb the stairs and join the end
of the line waiting to enter. Above the door a sign reads:
HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS. From the front of the line

MRS. LOWTER (OS)

What do you mean counterfeit?

TIFFANY

Oh, crap!

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE WAR MEMORIAL

Mr. and Mrs. Lowter struggle with a GUARD inspecting their
tickets. Mrs. Lowter tears them away. The guard tries to
snatch them back. Mrs. Lowter grabs her husband by the arm
and pushes her way back into the crowd.

GUARD

I don't know where you got those
lady but ---

MRS. LOWTER

We are going to find out who is
in charge.

IN THE LINE

Tiffany tries to move, she can't. Her mother and father get
closer... closer. The line advances. A small gap opens in

front of the three girls. The Lowters march right toward it. Mrs. Lowter pauses, slaps the tickets in the palm of her hand.

MRS. LOWTER

I want blood.

She drags her husband through what is now a large gap in the line. Tiff, Trace and Moz seem to have disappeared.

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL

Facing the wall of the building are THREE MEN dressed to the hilt including top hats and canes. A beat, then one by one the girls peek over their shoulders looking for Mr. and Mrs. Lowter. They are gone.

TIFFANY

(to the man hiding her)

Thanks. That's the second time tonight you've come to our rescue.

The trio steps back and gasps. Expecting to see the Elderly Men who helped them earlier, they find instead

THREE HANDSOME YOUNG MEN

The men smile and tip their top hats to a jaunty angle.

THREE YOUNG MEN

Would you like to dance?

Each girl hears a different voice. A different invitation.

INT. OF THE WAR MEMORIAL - MINUTES LATER

A thousand black and white balloons hide the ceiling. The auditorium is packed and everyone dancing.

ON STAGE - HUEY LEWIS SINGS DOING IT FOR MY BABY

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

The girls have coupled up and rock to the music.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR - LATER

During a slow song, they get involved in animated conversations, each couple becoming more comfortable with each other.

ON THE STAGE - THE MUSIC STOPS

ANNOUNCER

Huey Lewis and the News will return
in ten minutes.

The crowd protests mildly.

CHAMPAGNE BAR

The couples gather and go through the introductions.

TRACEY

This is Hansen.

TIFFANY

This is Paul.

MOZ

And this is Mark.

TIFFANY

Paul, Mark and Handsome.

The three couples break into laughter.

TRACEY

(to Hansen)

Should we wait until the break is over
or check out the rest of the ball?

Everyone talks at once.

ON TIFFANY AND PAUL

TIFFANY

Paul, do you like...swing music?

Paul tips his hat, TAPS his cane on the floor and gives Tiffany a couple of spins. Tiffany loves it.

ON MOZ AND MARK - BOTH NERVOUS AND FLUSTERED

MOZ

This may sound strange ---

MARK

(bows)

Your wish is my command.

MOZ

There...is a...pianist

MARK

Keland Boussard! You like Keland
Boussard?

Tracey and Hansen give the other couples a strange look.

TRACEY

What's wrong with good old---

HANSEN

Rock and Roll.

TRACEY

(takes his arm)

Let's do it.

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Half way down the stairs a PHOTOGRAPHER holds out his hand
and stops the couples.

PHOTOGRAPHER

May I have a picture?

The couples shrug.

TIFFANY

Sure.

The photographer snaps a picture and moves to a different
angle.

Paul lifts Tiff into his arms. Mark and Hansen follow suit.
Paul steps down a stair. Mark and Hansen close in behind. A
CROWD gathers. The girls wave. Flashbulbs flash.

A TELEVISION CREW comes on the scene.

MEMBER OF CREW

Stay there.

TIFFANY

Anyone want to be on the morning news?

MOZ

Not me.

The couples hurry past the television crew. One of the CREW grabs Tiff and pleads.

MEMBER OF CREW

How about one shot?

TIFFANY

I'd loved to. But, I'm supposed to be making a film in Spain. And if my husband saw me with --

(she tilts her head and gives Paul a kiss)

This hunk...

Tiff and Paul wave into the camera and rush down the stairs.

PAUL

Are you married?

TIFFANY

You could be my fourth.

ON THE FOUNTAIN - SECONDS LATER

Tiff separates herself from Paul and the other two girls do the same. They huddle. Tiff glances at her watch.

TIFFANY

It's ten to eleven. We have one hour.

MOZ

Only one hour?

TRACEY

(looks at Hansen)

No fair.

TIFFANY

We'll meet here at ten to twelve.

She sticks out her hand, palm down. Trace and Moz place their hand on top.

ALL THREE GIRLS

Blackout.

INT. OF THE CITY HALL ROTUNDA - MINUTES LATER

The rotunda is relatively empty. Only FIFTY PEOPLE are crowded around the Keland Boussard Trio: Piano-bass and drums. Though attentive, the group is very sedate. Polite applause echoes through the rotunda as the trio finishes a number.

Boussard acknowledges the applause, then European style, takes a long drag from a cigarette and looks around the meager crowd until he sees

Moz and Mark several feet away, also looking at the empty room in total dismay.

MOZ

Where is everybody?

BOUSSARD

(to Moz - gently)

Everybody? The Rock and Roll party's in the next building, love.

MOZ

(embarrassed)

I didn't mean that. I --

Boussard holds out his hand. A casual, no-offense-taken sign. He smiles and turns to small group of people.

BOUSSARD

Since we're a rather...intimate group, are there any requests?

No one says anything for a long beat, then Moz takes off.

MOZ

Midnight in Moscow? I have your whole arrangement. I practice it almost everyday.

The crowd gives Moz a confused look as she speeds on.

MOZ

It's one of my favorite songs of all time. Especially, --

(embarrassed)

I sound just like my little sister.

Mark smiles, then motions her to turn around. Moz does and sees that Boussard has moved to the far side of the piano bench. He pats the empty space next to him.

BOUSSARD

I wrote it as a duet.

Moz wants to die. She looks up at Mark who gives her a smile of encouragement. She looks back at Boussard and starts to shake her head no, but a hand touches her on the shoulder.

She turns and sees Marie Rueff, dressed in an all white cowgirl outfit -- on her arm is the cowboy cook from the kitchen scene. He gives Moz a smile of recognition.

MARIE

Honey, the piano man wants you to play in his saloon. What the blazes are you waiting for?

INT. OF DAVIES HALL - SAME TIME

ON THE STAGE - THE TOMMY DORSEY BAND

The trumpets blare out I GOT RHYTHM. Hand in hand, Tiffany and Paul stand at the edge of the crowd watching the dancers. Their feet begin to tap to the beat. Tiffany looks up at Paul. He takes her other hand and they step on to the floor.

A bit awkward at first, they go through the feeling out process. They try a few tentative turns. With each success they become more daring. Every dip goes lower, their steps become more complicated. They meld. Each challenging the other to go for it all. These kids can dance!

INT. THE OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

Most of the packed crowd has stripped off articles of clothing. The room pulses with the beat of ROCK and ROLL. At one edge of the crowd, Mr. and Mrs. Lowter dance to the music fifties style. At the other edge

ON TRACEY AND HANSEN ROCKING LIKE CRAZY

The music comes to an end. Trace pants as Hansen gathers her in his arms. Oblivious of everyone, they kiss. The MUSIC starts again, slow, enticing. They begin a slow sensuous dance.

INT. CITY HALL ROTUNDA - LATER

ON STAGE - THE KELAND BOUSSARD TRIO AND MOZ

The crowd has grown dramatically. THE DRUMMER pounds out a frantic solo.

The BASS PLAYER kicks in for a few bars, then mutes the strings and smiles at

BOUSSARD AND MOZ ON THE PIANO BENCH

A beat and Boussard does a solo on the bass keys - He stops, nods toward Moz. A beat and Moz goes to work on the treble keys....The drummer whacks the cymbal. The bassist picks up the beat and the quartet wails through the final twelve bars of the WIZ.

THE CROWD GOES WILD

Boussard nods to the applause. Moz sits exhausted until he motions her to stand. Tears fill her eyes as she accepts the accolades. Mark moves to her side.

MARK

Wow!

They kiss gently, then with more fervor. O.S. BELLS toll. A voice shouts as if he's celebrating New Years Eve.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Midnight! Let's party.

MORE VOICES

Midnight!

MOZ

No, no. It's too soon.

Mark doesn't know what's happening.

MOZ

I've got to go.

MARK

Why? It's only---

Moz interrupts with a kiss. The BELLS continue. They break and kiss again.

MOZ

I wish...I wish...

Moz turns and sprints away. Keland Boussard appears out of nowhere and grabs Mark's shoulder.

BOUSSARD

Who is she?

MARK

I don't even know her last name.

BOUSSARD

Find her, lad. She's a genius.

Mark races after Moz.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

Confetti flies, BELLS RING, HORNS blast as everyone celebrates midnight. Trace and Hansen complete a long kiss. Hansen checks his watch.

HANSEN

We only have two hours left.
Do you want to --

TRACEY

Oh, my god! No. No. It's not fair.

HANSEN

What's wrong?

Trace puts a finger over his lips and then they kiss passionately. Tears stream down her face as she breaks away. She turns and looks at the crowd in wild celebration.

TRACEY

Why?

The BELLS stop. Trace kisses Hansen and runs.

HANSEN

What happened?

INT. OF DAVIES HALL - SAME TIME

The TOMMY DORSEY BAND is in full swing. Alone on a chair, at the side of the room sits Mrs. Block, wrapped up in her fur coat, cold, wet and miserable.

On the dance floor, Gordon Wang and Thelma share a bottle of champagne and dance away to: STOMPING AT THE SAVOY. But, they come to a stop along with most of the other couples to make way for

TIFFANY AND PAUL TEARING UP THE FLOOR

They look like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Tiffany's skirt flies, Paul TAPS his cane to the beat of the music. The music comes to an end and the couple receives a loud round of applause. As the clapping dies down, LOUD BELLS, toll midnight.

Tiff freezes, looks at her watch, then pulls Paul close. Their kiss is warm as the BELLS continue. Tiff breaks away and caresses his face, the tears fall.

TIFFANY

I have ... to go.

She turns away and then back. She gives Paul another kiss then runs for the exit.

Paul tries to follow but has a difficult time in the crowd.

EXT. THE FOUNTAIN - MINUTES LATER

Tiff joins Trace and Moz. All of them are melancholic. Tiffany looks up and down the street for Rodolfo. FIREWORKS EXPLODE. A parade featuring twenty black and white grand pianos moves past slowly. Moz wipes a tear.

MOZ

Do you think we missed Rodolfo?
(hopefully)
Maybe he won't come back.

TRACEY

It was so wonderful.

They all nod in agreement and try to smile. None of them can.

ON A CURB DOWN THE STREET

Mark has Hansen on his shoulders. Paul rushes up to them.

PAUL

You too?

Mark and Hansen nod.

PAUL

The fountain?

Hansen jumps to the ground.

They dodge between the pianos as they sprint across the street.

ON THE CURB - UP THE STREET

The trio searches for the limo, but instead the beat up 1971 Oldsmobile pulls up to the curb. Rodolfo sticks his head out of the window and shouts.

RODOLFO

Tiffany. Señoritas.

Tiff turns to the voice and sees Rodolfo and the heap. Rodolfo explains rapidly

RODOLFO

I was in a little...accident. We must hurry. I should not be here.

The girls hurry to the car and open the doors.

The three boys break through the crowd.

PAUL

Tiffany.

Tiff stops and whirls.

MARK

Moz.

HANSEN

Trace, just give me your number.

She looks from Tiffany to Moz.

TIFFANY

(whispers)

It would ruin everything.

MOZ

They'd know we're in high school.

Hansen, folds his hand in prayer and pleads.

TRACEY

I can't.

RODOLFO

Señoritas, please.

Tiff gives Paul a kiss and the other girls follow suit.
Horns HONK.

The Mounted Patrol Man rides up to the car and motions
Rodolfo to get moving.

Reluctantly, Tiff climbs in the front and Trace and Moz into
the back. Paul presses his face against the glass.

PAUL

Tiff, just your last name?

Tiffany's eyes glaze over.

RODOLFO

Tiffany, please.

TIFFANY

I...can't....We have to go.

EXT. OLDSMOBILE PULLS INTO TRAFFIC

Paul and Mark try to stop the car. They can't. The car
BELCHES down the street and makes a left hand turn.

PAUL

All I wanted was her last name.

INT. OF THE OLDSMOBILE

Tiff leans against the door and close to tears, looks into the back seat.

TIFFANY
Oz was wonderful.

TRACEY
I wanted to stay there.

MOZ
Me too.

Tiff looks at her two friends and slowly her sad face turns into a huge smile. Moz and Trace exchanges puzzled glances. Tiffany's eyes glaze over.

TIFFANY
What a night! Wasn't Paul a hunk?

TRACEY
Paul? You should have seen Hansen dance.

MOZ
Dance? I played piano with Keland Boussard. Then Mark (hugs herself) took me in his arms and --

EXT. OLDSMOBILE - GOING UP DOYLE DRIVE

INT. OLDSMOBILE - THREE GIRLS

TRACEY
The whole crowd was watching us---

TIFFANY
I hope doesn't Paul really think I'm married.

MOZ
Did you see his eyes. They were soooo blue.

EXT. OLDSMOBILE - ON THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

INT. OLDSMOBILE

TRACEY

We did it! We really did it!

TIFFANY

And no one will ever know.

MOZ

No one.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

The Newspaper Boy rides down the street on a bicycle. He whistles and flips a paper onto a doorstep. The paper hits with a THUD. A beat, then the door opens.

A Female in slippers and a robe bends down, and unfolds the paper to the front page and the headlines.

INSERT:

EVERYONE WAS SWEEPED OFF THEIR FEET

AT

THE BLACK AND WHITE BALL

Below the headline is a huge black and white picture of PAUL, MARK AND HANSEN WITH TIFFANY, TRACEY AND MOZ IN THEIR ARMS.

An ear piercing shriek, then

ON CHERREE FLAILING AWAY IN A JEALOUS RAGE

ROLL CREDITS HERE

EXT. WOODLAND HIGH - MORNING - FIVE (5) WEEKS LATER

Our trio climbs the steps and head for the front door. They pause and stare up at a sign.

SUMMER SCHOOL NOW IN SESSION

TRACEY

This isn't such a bad punishment.

MOZ

My mom's still mad, but a little
proud too. And my sister thinks
I'm a God.

TIFFANY

I will probably be grounded until
I'm thirty, but it was worth it.

They exchange 'hi-fives' and enter the school.

INT. WOODLAND HIGH - MAIN CORRIDOR

The hallway is crowded with STUDENTS waiting to register for
summer school.

There are two long lines; our trio stands at the rear of
one. Tiff turns to Trace.

TIFFANY

Did you talk to Allison Ryder?

Trace nods, then goes comatose as she stares over Tiffany's
shoulder. Moz does the same thing as she stares over
Tiffany's other shoulder. Curious, Tiff turns and sees

PAUL, MARK AND HANSEN - IN THE OTHER LINE

FADE OUT:

THE END