



## **BoyToy**

Don Michael Paul  
Robert Henny  
10.06.10

---

**If You Can't Find Him... Build Him**

FADE IN:

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. 6:40 AM.**

*CREDIT SEQUENCE. WE FADE IN, ON PICTURES OF BOYS*, lots of boys. They plaster the walls of a young girl's room. Actors from Pitt and Clooney to Lautner and Pattinson. A big pile of *FASHION MAGAZINES* sits on a desk, alongside an iMac with an iPhone jacked in. A *PICTURE OF A YOUNG GIRL* in a tutu and ballet slippers. She's with her mom.

A BODY under the covers begins to stir, dreaming...

**INT. RECITAL HALL. NIGHT. DREAM SEQUENCE.**

The girl from the photo, ALISON LANE, 12, stands frozen with stage-fright, sweating profusely in her ballet outfit as she stares at the audience. LAUREN MUNROE, also 12, Alison's best friend, glides across stage, effortlessly. Lauren grabs Alison's hand and spins her across stage.

Alison loses control, trips over the lights at the edge of the stage. BOOM! THE LIGHT EXPLODES As Alison flies into -

THE ORCHESTRA PIT. The conductor is flattened by Alison, knocking over his music stand and sending SHEET MUSIC flying. A SHEET OF MUSIC floats along, and lands atop the burnt out light... and IGNITES. As a chain reaction of mayhem occurs in the audience and in the orchestra pit...

THE FIRE ALARM SOUNDS. FIRE SPRINKLERS shower the audience as SCREAMS and the FIRE ALARM blend into...

**INT. ALLISON'S BEDROOM. 6:45 AM.**

AN ALARM CLOCK SOUNDS. BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!!! THE FACE of ALISON LANE, now 17, rolls into frame.

ALISON

No! Not yet! Five more minutes!!

Alison's little brother, a major pain in the ass, MIKEY (12), pops his head in the door.

MIKEY

It's a big day in girly-ville, Sis. First day of senior year. You better bring the A-game. Hair, makeup, it better all be working just right. Question is, do you want it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alison's eyes snap open. She reaches for something.

ALISON

Don't do this, Mikey. Not today.

Mikey holds up A PAIR OF GLASSES.

MIKEY

Looking for these, Four-Eyes?!

Mikey tosses THE GLASSES to Alison. Alison puts them on.

ALISON

C'mon, Mikey, you took a shower last night.

MIKEY

Who said anything about a shower?  
(holds up toilet paper)  
I've got a moose in the chamber.

Alison jumps out of bed. Mikey takes off.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. EARLY MORNING.**

Alison rushes out of her bedroom after Mikey.

MIKEY

I call Dibs.

They whip past MOM (39), who's coming up the stairs with a cup of coffee. She wears workout clothes and is a looker.

MOM

No running in the house, Mikey.

Alison's gaining ground, but it's too late. Mikey ducks inside the bathroom and slams the door right in her face.

ALISON

Can't you use the guest bathroom?

Mikey cracks the door, peeks an eyeball out.

MIKEY

Not. Happening.

SLAM. SNAP. Locked.

MOM

Big day, sweetie. Want me to pluck your eyebrows?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

What's the point, I can't even shower?

Mom looks at Alison's bed-head hair. These two could not be more opposite.

MOM

Look at your hair, it's a mess.

GRANDPA (70ish), hearing aid, handlebar mustache, shuffles the hall. Everything he says is a few decibels too loud.

GRANDPA

Got some mustache wax if you need it.

ALISON

I'm good, Grandpa.

MOM

I just want this year to be great for you, that's all. I remember my senior year. It was the best year of my life. I really blossomed that fall semester.

GRANDPA

Your grandma had some jumbo jugs, too.

MOM

You know, I was voted Homecoming Queen.

ALISON

And head cheerleader.

MOM

Yeah, I wonder if I can still fit in my uniform.

ALISON

Something tells me you can.

MOM

Listen, Ally, I'm just looking out for you. Senior year is an important time in your life. Don't waste it. Go put some makeup on and blow out your hair. You gotta keep your bait fresh if you want to hook a boy.

ALISON

That's deep, Mom.

MOM

Remember, the right boy can make you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALISON

...and the wrong one can break you.

Alison goes back into her bedroom.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. MORNING.**

Alison shuts the door. She catches a glimpse of herself in a mirror. Alison's reflection looks back at her. Limp hair. Crooked glasses. Nothing about her is cool.

ALISON

I hate my life!

A HONK! Alison bolts to the window. On the street below, she sees A HUNKY JOCK in a sports car with an even hunkier driver. Meet DEWEY WHEELER (17), a bad-boy jock. Alison is bummed out when she sees RHONDA DAVIS (17) the resident "IT" girl, climb into the car with Dewey.

LAUREN

That skank needs a rabies shot.

Alison turns and there's her BFF, LAUREN MUNROE (17), who grubs a bowl of "Fruit Loops." Lauren's funky, blunt.

ALISON

Maybe, but she's got Dewey.

LAUREN

Big Whoopee-Cushion. Everything that girl does makes me want to punch her in the face.

ALISON

You know how much better my life would be if I had a guy like Dewey?

Alison goes to her closet and picks through her clothes.

LAUREN

To get a guy like Dewey you have to be hot-and-popular.

ALISON

Hot-and-popular. The words alone make me happy.

LAUREN

That's not us. We're the alternative chicks. Y'know, smart-and-diverse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

I'm tired of being smart-and-diverse, I want the hot guy.

LAUREN

Let me direct you to the GPA on Dewey's transcript. One day that kid's going to be mowing lawns for a living. As for Rhonda, she might be hot, but her mini skirts and country-club good looks are going to wear off. Her butt will spread to the point if she wears white pants we can show a wide-screen movie on it, and when this "ass-plosion" happens, Dewey will come knocking on your door. And by then, you won't even want him.

ALISON

Doesn't matter anyway, I could never get a guy like Dewey.

As Alison stares at Dewey on the street below.

**EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY.**

A beat-up CHEVY NOVA rolls through town, spitting smoke.

**INT. CHEVY NOVA. DAY.**

Alison rides shotgun. Lauren drives.

ALISON

Let's make this our year.

LAUREN

I didn't think last year was so bad.

ALISON

We didn't go to a single party.

LAUREN

Or dance. Conscious choice.

ALISON

Look at me, Lauren. I'm a senior in high school, and I've never even been kissed. That's pathetic!

LAUREN

No, that's a miracle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

I know, right?

LAUREN

You want a kiss. I get it.

ALISON

No, I don't want "a" kiss. I want "the" kiss. Y'know, the kind where fireworks go off behind you.

As if on cue, the Chevy BACKFIRES, loudly.

LAUREN

This is not good.

ALISON

Yeah, we should start riding the bus.

And Lauren turns into the parking lot.

**EXT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.**

A middle-American school, brick, idyllic, sycamore trees. The before-school freak-show is well underway.

Dewey and Rhonda rule the entrance with the hot-and-popular crowd. Girls apply makeup. Boys out cool each other.

THE NERDS watch from the fringe. Lauren's car bottoms out on the ramp. BACKFIRES! Everybody turns.

**INT. CHEVY NOVA. DAY.**

Alison ducks low in the seat.

ALISON

Wake me when it's over.

The car CONKS OUT, sputters to a stop. KIDS HONK. YELL.

Then, A WHISTLE BLASTS in their ears. Alison and Lauren turn, startled.

MRS. LLOYD

Ladies, move it along please.

Meet MRS. LLOYD aka LUNCHBOX LLOYD(40), whistle clenched in her front teeth, almost pretty. She carries a "HELLO KITTY" lunchbox and wears a school-issue track suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

Still rocking the lunchbox, Lloyd?!

Mrs. Lloyd blows her whistle as loud as she can. Alison and Lauren wince from the shrill sound.

MRS. LLOYD

Still rocking the mouth, Munroe?!

A TOW-TRUCK pulls up alongside them. It says PETE'S GARAGE across the side. J.D., an auto-shop kid, calls out. He's blue-collar cute with Dickies work clothes on.

J.D.

Don't worry, Mrs. Lloyd, I got this!

MRS. LLOYD

Clean it up quick.

Mrs. Lloyd moves off. J.D. jumps out of the truck.

J.D.

Put it in neutral, I'll push you.

As J.D. starts pushing.

LAUREN

Still think it's going to be our year?!

Off Alison's look.

**INT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. 5 MINUTES LATER.**

Alison and Lauren walk the hall with J.D.

J.D.

(mid-conversation)

You know, if you want I could do some work on your car. It's a cool ride. It just needs some tweaking.

LAUREN

I don't have the cash.

J.D.

No cash needed.

LAUREN

You'd do that?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

J.D.

Yeah, It'll be fun. Can you get around without it for awhile?

Lauren tosses J.D. the keys.

LAUREN

I think I can manage.

J.D.

Cool. I gotta go to shop. See'ya.

J.D. peels off down another hallway as PRINCIPAL MUDGE approaches with quick, turned out steps. He is anything but cool or slick. He's an earnest geek at heart.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

Hello, Ms. Lane, Ms. Munro. How was your summer?

LAUREN

Peachy, Mr. Mudge.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

Good to hear. How's your mom, Alison?

ALISON

She still fits into her high school cheerleading uniform.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

I bet she does...

(then)

Tell her I said hello and let's have a great year.

LAUREN

Will do, Mudge...

(Off he goes)

I can't believe he's had a thing for your mom since high school.

ALISON

I think it's cute.

Alison and Lauren stop outside a door. It reads: SENIOR LOUNGE. Alison looks like she's seen the face of God.

LAUREN

This is it, the Holy Grail of awesomeness!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALISON

Stop it, this is a big moment for me.  
This is where my mom and dad met.

LAUREN

How'd that work out?!

ALISON

C'mon, don't be so negative. It's the  
senior lounge.

LAUREN

OK, let's lounge.

ALISON

Wait! I'm starting to sweat.

LAUREN

C'mon, we're the dynamic duo. No one can  
touch us.

(Lauren holds out her hand)

Safety in numbers.

Alison takes off her glasses.

ALISON

Be my eyes.

As Alison takes Lauren's hand and they enter.

**INT. SENIOR LOUNGE. DAY.**

It's got a Seattle coffee-house vibe, without the angst filled singer and bad poetry readings. It seats about 100 comfortably, but this is opening day and it's wall to wall. SENIORS from every CLIQUE jam in, lying on couches, drinking designer lattes, gossiping and eating vending machine pastries. The CLIQUES are divided. STONERS play HACKY SACK. JOCKS toss A NERF FOOTBALL. BAND GEEKS compare sheet music. And THE PRETTY GIRLS act pretty. Rhonda is draped over Dewey, socializing.

Alison and Lauren walk through the room. Rhonda throws a nasty look, speaks an aside to Dewey and her friends.

RHONDA

That's the problem with this place, it's  
just not exclusive enough.

Alison acts like she can see, but everything's BLURRY without her glasses on.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

What's it like?

Lauren ducks as THE NERF FOOTBALL WHIZZES past her head.

LAUREN

Shallow and meaningless.

Lauren drags Alison over to the nerd couch, where another geek, GWEN, is trying to fit in. She turns on A FLIP VIDEO CAMERA and films Lauren.

GWEN

Didn't think I'd see you here?

LAUREN

That makes two of us.

GWEN

What do you have first period?

LAUREN

P.E.

GWEN

Very cool. What about second period?

LAUREN

Calculus.

GWEN

What about third period?

LAUREN

Why don't I scan my class schedule and text you a PDF?

GWEN

Very cool. Hey, check out my VLOG. I got 6 six hits last night.

Then, Lauren gets hit in the head with THE NERF FOOTBALL. Rhonda and her bitchy clique laugh.

LAUREN

OK. I'm out.

Lauren drags Alison out.

**EXT. QUAD. MINUTES LATER.**

Alison and Lauren move across the quad when BENNIE (16), falls in step with them. He's a 98 lb. weakling.

BENNIE

What up with the what ups?

LAUREN

Hi, Bennie.

BENNIE

That was a sick entrance you made this morning. Everyone's talking about it.

LAUREN

Yeah, yeah. We have rehearsal today, remember?

BENNIE

(hems and haws)

Uh...yeah, I wanted to talk to you about that...

LAUREN

Nothing to talk about. The Juilliard audition is in four weeks.

THE LATE BELLS RINGS.

BENNIE

I gotta go. We'll talk after class.

**INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM. DAY.**

ON RHONDA, tying a knot in the belly of her P.E. SHIRT so it exposes her mid-rift. Then, she rolls the waistband of her shorts, trying to make them tinier than they are. Her sycophantic friends, JULIE and CHERRY, both size 2s and flaming bitches, mirror her every move.

Rhonda puts her foot on the bench and ties her personalized Nikes. Whatever she does, she makes it look sexy. Alison and Lauren watch, in awe.

ALISON

You gotta give it to her, she makes tying her shoe look hot. You can't teach that.

LAUREN

Yeah, that's a great skill-set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rhonda turns, looks at them. Busted. Alison and Lauren look away. Rhonda approaches with her friends.

RHONDA

Aren't you my neighbor?

Alison gets very nervous and actually starts to sweat.

ALISON

Uh...I have been for fourteen years.

RHONDA

Why are you staring at me, neighbor?

ALISON

(tongue tied)

It's just you look...so...uh...

RHONDA

Yummy, I know.

JULIE

It's her nose, it's killer.

RHONDA

The rest of my face is good, but my nose pulls it all together.

CHERRY

It's what every nose job wants to be, but it's 100% natural.

RHONDA

So look, neighbor, I know it's hard not to stare, but if you're into chicks, you should join the softball team.

ALISON

OK, sure, yeah, sorry...

LAUREN

I had a pimple on my left butt-cheek last week, I stared at that too.

RHONDA

Ewww! You're disgusting!

(then to Alison)

And wipe your face, you're sweating.

Alison turns beat red and wipes the sweat from her brow.

**EXT. HIGH-SCHOOL TRACK. DAY.**

Alison and Lauren are jogging, lagging behind the class. Alison can't take her eyes off of Dewey, who does jumping jacks on the football field.

MRS. LLOYD

C'mon girls, let's pick it up. Feel the burn. You know what happens to people who don't work hard?

Alison and Lauren jog past Mrs. Lloyd.

LAUREN

Yeah, they become creepy gym teachers.  
(then)  
Race'ya...

And Lauren takes off, laughing. Alison's eyes drift back to Dewey, as he drops and does push ups. His eyes. His lips. His hair. His sweat. Perfect.

Alison suddenly runs onto the field towards Dewey.

Dewey runs to her. Alison takes off her glasses and looks into his eyes. Dewey licks his lips and leans in for "the" kiss. Their lips almost touch when...

RHONDA'S VOICE

It's never going to happen, neighbor.

ALISON JOLTS BACK TO REALITY! Her fantasy ends, as she sees RHONDA, jogging next to her with Julie and Cherry.

ALISON

Rhonda...I...

RHONDA

I hate to be a kill-joy, but you don't have the game for Dewey. You two are from different gene pools. If I were you, I'd be brutally honest with myself and get used to being average.

ALISON

That's a little harsh.

RHONDA

No. This is.

And Rhonda bumps Alison off the track. Alison catches the toe of her shoe on the curb and goes down face first in the long-jump pit. Rhonda runs past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lauren sees Alison face down and shoots across the track.

LAUREN

Ally, you OK?

Alison raises her head, her glasses twisted on her face. She spits a mouthful of sand. Mrs. Lloyd shouts at them through A BULLHORN, even though she's five feet away.

MRS. LLOYD

(into bullhorn)

Ms. Lane, Ms. Munroe. My office, after school.

LAUREN

What did we do?

MRS. LLOYD

It's not what you do, it's what you don't do.

Alison spits up some more sand, stunned.

**EXT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. AFTER SCHOOL.**

THE FOOTBALL TEAM trots out of the locker room, dressed for practice. Alison and Lauren head to detention.

ALISON

Don't you think it's a little weird, detention is usually in the library? Why are we going to her office?

LAUREN

It's Lunchbox Lloyd! She's not weird, she's insane!

Lauren spots BENNIE coming out of the locker room, wearing A FOOTBALL UNIFORM with A HELMET slung under his arm.

LAUREN

Bennie?! What're you doing?

BENNIE

I was trying to tell you earlier.

LAUREN

You're on the football team?!

BENNIE

My dad made me try out. He's trying to cure me of dancing.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

Why don't you just tell him you're gay  
and get it over with?

BENNIE

I did, he thinks it's a phase...

LAUREN

Bennie, you cry at *Glee*!

BENNIE

I'm sorry, Lauren. It was either this  
or military school.

LAUREN

What about Juilliard?

THE COACH yells from the field.

THE COACH

Jensen, hit the field! NOW!!!

BENNIE

I gotta go.

And Bennie runs off, leaving Lauren stunned.

**INT. MRS. LLOYD'S OFFICE. MINUTES LATER.**

Mrs. Lloyd faces off with Alison and Lauren. Her "HELLO  
KITTY" lunchbox sits on the desk in front of them. It's  
like the elephant in the room.

Mrs. Lloyd is drumming her fingers, sizing up Alison.

LAUREN

OK, can we talk about the lunchbox?

Mrs. Lloyd gives a quick glance to her lunchbox.

MRS. LLOYD

You want to see what's in my box?

LAUREN

Can you rephrase the question?

Mrs. Lloyd clicks open the lunchbox. She pulls out AN OLD  
LEATHER-BOUND BOOK and slides it to Alison.

MRS. LLOYD

Take a look at this.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Alison slowly opens the book. It is filled with PICTURES OF GIRLS, short ones, tall ones, big ones, small ones. Some photos are black & white, some sepia, some color, but all have one thing in common: THE GIRLS ARE PLAIN, GEEKY.

Alison leafs through page after page of girls.

LAUREN

Did you kill all these girls?

MRS. LLOYD

In a matter of speaking. You're looking at the before book.

Mrs. Lloyd removes a SECOND LEATHER-BOUND BOOK from the lunchbox. Slides it across the table. Alison opens it up. Again, it is filled with pictures of girls from all walks of life, but these girls are confident, beautiful.

MRS. LLOYD

This is the after.

ALISON

(disbelief)

These are the same girls?

MRS. LLOYD

Yes. We didn't kill them, we gave them life. This is the Book of Girls. BOG for short. It's a very elite club with a time-honored tradition...

(then)

Turn to the last page.

Alison turns to the last page and there's A PICTURE of her from last year's yearbook. She's all geek, glasses, acne.

LAUREN

OK, this is creepy.

MRS. LLOYD

You've been chosen, Alison.

ALISON

Chosen?! By who?

MRS. LLOYD

By me. You're this year's project.

LAUREN

Un-choose her.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LLOYD  
(re: the Book of Girls)  
I can't. It's already... in the books.

ALISON  
Why me?

MRS. LLOYD  
I knew it from the moment I saw you as a  
freshman. When I look at you, Alison, I  
see myself as a young, and very awkward  
woman...

(then)  
And now look at me. I know it's hard to  
believe, but I wasn't always this hot...

LAUREN  
No offense, but you're not that hot.

MRS. LLOYD  
Don't let her hold you back, Alison.

ALISON  
So I've been chosen for a makeover?!

MRS. LLOYD  
If only it was that simple.

LAUREN  
OK, this has gone off the rails.

Mrs. Lloyd hands A BUSINESS CARD to Alison. Locks eyes.

MRS. LLOYD  
Don't be afraid. Go to this address.  
Give him the card and tell him I sent  
you. Be brave. Change your life.

LAUREN  
O-kay. Great talk. Good times.

Lauren pulls Alison out the door.

**INT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. DAY.**

Lauren and Alison move down the hallway.

LAUREN  
That woman is serial killer! We should  
report her to the police...  
(then)  
What did she give you?

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

It's a business card with some Chinese thingys on it.

Lauren snatches THE CARD from Alison. The parchment paper is yellowed. CHINESE SYMBOLS and AN ADDRESS.

LAUREN

I know this has been a bad day, and you're trying to find something positive to hold on to. I get it. But there's nothing fun about what just happened in there. Whatever path she took, you're taking a different route.

Lauren tosses THE CARD into a trash can.

**EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY.**

The tow truck pulls Lauren's Chevy Nova through town.

**INT. TOW-TRUCK. DAY.**

J.D. drives Lauren and Alison.

LAUREN

You sure you're cool with this?

J.D.

Totally. I can hardly wait to get that thing on the rack and pull the motor.

LAUREN

Your such a gear-head.  
(then)

How do you get all that grease out from underneath your fingernails?

J.D. looks down at his fingernails.

J.D.

It never really comes out.

Then, SOMETHING blows through the window. It hovers right in front of Alison before landing on her lap. Weird.

Alison looks down. It's THE SAME CARD Lauren threw in the trash minutes ago. Same CHINESE SYMBOLS. Same ADDRESS. Alison picks up the card, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON  
Omigod! Lauren, look...

Alison shows Lauren the card.

LAUREN  
How many of those did Mrs. Lloyd give you?

ALISON  
One. It just blew in the window and landed on my lap.

LAUREN  
Yeah, right!

ALISON  
It did.

LAUREN  
Don't be a nut-job. I threw that card away. Now let's get past this and deal with the real world. End of discussion.

Lauren rips up the card and tosses the pieces out the window. Alison watches them drift into traffic.

**INT. HOTEL GRANDE BALLROOM. DAY.**

A charity gala is underway. Lots of people, hustle and bustle. Alison and Lauren are dressed like busboys, serving bread and butter to the guests.

LAUREN  
This job blows.

ALISON'S MOM approaches wearing a tag that says MANAGER.

MOM  
How's it going, girls?

LAUREN  
Awesome. Really good.

MOM  
Keep up the hard work.

And Mom's off.

LAUREN  
You know what we need?

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

Movie night.

LAUREN

Something cheesy and romantic.

ALISON

Something with Brad Pitt.

LAUREN

Wouldn't miss it.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. THAT NIGHT.**

Alison looks out her bedroom window at the party going on in Rhonda's backyard below. Every kid in the school is there even GWEN, who is videotaping somebody else for her VLOG. Lauren enters carrying a bunch of DVDs.

LAUREN

I just raided your mom's DVDs. Here's the choices; "Meet Joe Black," "Legends Of The Fall," "Thelma & Louise," and "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button."

ALISON

You pick.

LAUREN

It's like porn for housewives...  
(excited)  
Let's do a Pitt marathon.

Alison's Mom peeks her head in the door. She's dressed in a low cut unitard and a rock-climbing harness.

MOM

How do I look?

ALISON

Where are you going?

MOM

Rock climbing.

ALISON

At night?

MOM

Yeah, it's a mixer for the new rock wall at the gym.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

You don't rock climb!

MOM

When a man wants to go rock climbing, you become a rock climber.

LAUREN

Let me take a shot in the dark, he's good looking and rich.

MOM

I really think he could be the one...

(then)

He's a little short, but he's much taller when he stands on his wallet.

ALISON

You should zip up a bit.

MOM

You think?

ALISON

Yeah, there's a little too much bait on the hook.

MOM

Yes, mother.

Mom zips up and heads out the door. Alison turns back and looks out the window where the party rages below.

ALISON

I can't believe we're the only two kids in the entire school not invited to Rhonda's party.

LAUREN

Yeah, like I'm dying to go to a teenage kegger where some random dude tries to feel me up just before he hurls all over his Nikes. No thanks. I'm spending the night with Brad.

(then)

You want stress? Try having your dance partner bomb out on you four weeks before the biggest audition of your life.

ALISON

Yeah, sorry about that.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

Hey, why don't you audition with me?

ALISON

C'mon, I can't dance in front of people.  
That's why I quit, remember?

Lauren grimaces, recalling the fateful night.

LAUREN

You still having nightmares about that.

(Alison nods)

Me, too. But you had potential, kid!

Lauren spins into Alison's arms, who dips her like Astaire would have dipped Rogers. They laugh and fall into a chair by the window where THE TEEN PARTYGOERS can be seen below.

ALISON

Is that Mikey?!

MIKEY chats up some girls in the backyard.

LAUREN

That little spazz knows how to work it.

Mikey does A CANNONBALL into the pool, splashing the crowd. The high-school kids are digging his antics.

Then, SOMETHING drifts past Lauren and Alison. A mystical wind rustles the draperies.

ALISON

Did you see that?

Alison points to A SMALL OBJECT, hovering in the middle the bedroom, like a feather caught in a thermal. It's **THE CARD!!!** Yes, the very same card Lauren tore to pieces and tossed into traffic. It has an odd glow.

LAUREN

No. Way.

Alison and Lauren approach the card carefully.

ALISON

Still think it's a coincidence?

Lauren stares at THE CARD, numb.

LAUREN

It's not possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Alison stares at the card, half scared, half thrilled by the unknown. Then, she plucks THE CARD out of the air. SAME CHINESE CHARACTERS. SAME ADDRESS.

ALISON

I have to go.

LAUREN

No. You don't.

Lauren grabs the card from Alison and runs it through THE CROSS-CUT PAPER SHREDDER by Alison's desk. Lauren speaks into the paper shredder.

LAUREN

Take that, bitch!  
(taunting the card)  
What do you got now?

AND THEN, A POWERFUL AND MAGICAL WIND SWIRL THROUGH THE BEDROOM. IT BUILDS LIKE A GATHERING STORM.

ALISON

I think you pissed it off.

Thousands of tiny particles shoot from THE SHREDDER. The particles swirl around the room, FORMING A POWERFUL VORTEX of energy. It gets more and more intense and then, suddenly, the wind subsides, leaving behind the levitating CARD! It's fully assembled and back to its original form.

Lauren GASPS and FAINTS. THUD!

**EXT. BAD SIDE OF TOWN. NIGHT.**

Alison and Lauren stand in the mouth of a dark alley.

ALISON

This is it!

AND THEN A BLACK CAT darts across the alley and runs under A LADDER and past A BROKEN MIRROR.

LAUREN

(sarcastic)  
That's a good omen.

ALISON

Come on.

Alison and Lauren move down the alley, walking past BUMS gathered around a trashcan fire.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

They come to A STEEL DOOR. A single bulb flickers, illuminating the address #13. Alison KNOCKS! No answer.

THE BLACK CAT now jumps on a stack of crates next to the door. Its red eyes boring into them. Then, A HISS.

LAUREN

At what point do we turn around and get the bleep out of here?!

Alison knocks again. Lauren is starting to get fidgety. Then, A PEEPHOLE on the door slides open with A THUD. AN EYEBALL appears through the slit in the door.

THE EYEBALL

(heavy Asian accent)

Go away! Nobody home!

And the peephole SLAMS SHUT.

LAUREN

Well, we tried. Good work.

Alison knocks again. THE PEEPHOLE snaps open.

THE EYEBALL

Are you stupid?! We are closed...

ALISON

Uh...Mrs. Lloyd sent me...

(holds up THE CARD)

She gave me this card.

THE EYEBALL eyeballs the card. THE PEEPHOLE slides shut. And we hear the sound of what seems like A HUNDRED LOCKS, DEAD-BOLTS AND CHAINS being disengaged. Then, the door is flung open and Alison and Lauren are pulled inside.

**INT. MASTER-JIRO SAN'S LAIR. NIGHT.**

TOTAL DARKNESS. We hear the sound of what seems like the same hundred locks, dead-bolts and chains being engaged.

LAUREN

We're dead.

THE FACE OF THE EYEBALL is illuminated by A FLASHLIGHT underneath the chin.

(CONTINUED)

THE EYEBALL

If you are here, you are already dead...  
(adding)  
Socially speaking.

This is MASTER-JIRO SAN. Timeless in age, he doesn't have to be Asian, but he speaks with a heavy Asian accent. He wears a Fu Manchu mustache, long beard and silk kimono. He's part mad scientist, part new-age genius, 100% insane.

LAUREN

Do you have to do the flashlight thing,  
or can we get some light in here?!

MASTER-JIRO SAN

One must know darkness, to appreciate  
light.

LAUREN

What are you, a fortune cookie?!

MASTER-JIRO SAN

No. You have some?!

Master-Jiro San mystically waves his hands and a thousand CANDLES burn to life, casting the room in a gentle glow. Incense burns. It looks like AN ASIAN TOY SHOP, combined with a FORTUNE TELLER'S SHOP.

ALISON

Mrs. Lloyd said you might help me change  
my life.

Alison hands over the card.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Come with me.

Master-Jiro San leads them down a stairwell.

**INT. MASTER-JIRO SAN'S BASEMENT. NIGHT.**

Master-Jiro San approaches A OLD COMPUTER BOX. A single wire trails off to a machine-like wall of computer servers that have all been daisy-chained together. Candles burn. Wax drips. Master-Jiro San begins doing Tai Chi.

LAUREN

Are you kidding me?! Really?!

With a quick flip of his big toe, Master Jiro San hits a button on the computer box. The room goes dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE SOUND of a computer powering up fills their ears. All at once, the room fills with HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGES - ghost-like, not solid. A virtual computer TOUCHSCREEN encircles them. Thousands of alphabets from far and wide whirl around them: Chinese, Cyrillic, Alien, you name it!

Alison and Lauren look around, amazed.

ALISON

Did you build this?

Master-Jiro San smiles, and continues with his Tai Chi as if he's summoning the virtual gods. The touchscreen responds to wherever he looks or whatever he touches.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

What qualities does he possess? This boy you seek?

ALISON

What boy?!

MASTER-JIRO SAN

If you were to build the perfect boy, what would he be like?

LAUREN

You're going to build a boy?!

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Not A boy. THE boy. A BoyToy.

Alison sheepishly speaks up.

ALISON

Ah...I like Brad Pitt.

LAUREN

You can't be serious?! You're not actually going to play along?

Master-Jiro San reaches into a virtual folder and slides a life-size 3-D holographic image of BRAD PITT in front of them. It's the Brad Pitt with the long braided beard.

LAUREN

Ewww! That's Katrina Brad. You gotta go pre-Angelina.

ALISON

You mean "Thelma & Louise" Brad?

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

If you're going to do this, Ally, do it right... "Legends of the Fall" Brad.

Master-Jiro San does another move, grabbing an image of Brad Pitt from behind him and tossing it out front.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Better?

LAUREN

Much.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

More. I need more data.

ALISON

Zac Efron's got nice eyes.

LAUREN

Great...you stick with Zac and his eyes, I'll take Lautner's body.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

That's the spirit!

Master-Jiro San loads up Zac's eyes, Lautner's body, he's pulling images from everywhere. The images merge together as if they're on an electronic game board and...

THE LIFE-SIZE HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF A BOY starts to take shape on the screen in front of them. He's the perfect mixture of every boy they've mentioned.

LAUREN

While we're at it, make him fly.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Ah yes, Superman! The Man of Steel.

Master-Jiro San works the holographic computer as if he's conducting an orchestra. He's pushing images of SUPERMAN FLYING OVER THE CITY into the outline of THE BOY!!!!

ALISON

Can you make him smart?!

MASTER-JIRO SAN

The more brains, the less muscle. It's like a law of the universe.

ALISON

Split the difference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Master-Jiro San closes his eyes, conjuring up this boy.

Then, his hands start to fly across the touchscreen like a humming bird's wings. PICTURES and MUSICAL NOTES and JOKES and BODY PARTS and FOODS and TALENTS and LITERATURE and LANGUAGES and LIKES and DISLIKES and DATA unknown to us are all dragged and dropped into the outline of BOYTOY.

The servers WHIR, processing the millions of data bits. It a visual mosaic, weaving a tapestry of the perfect boy. Then, Master-Jiro San's hands come to a rest and his eyes gently drift open. He exhales, spent by the process.

THE 3-D LIFE-SIZE HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF THE BOY morphs into its final form, rotating on his axis.

LAUREN

Yahtzee!

ALISON

He's beautiful...

Lauren reaches to touch the virtual boy's chest and her hand passes through his holographic torso.

LAUREN

Is he done?

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Don't rush the process, Grasshopper.

ALISON

OK, it's just that it's getting late and it's a school night.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Do you believe?

ALISON

Yes.

LAUREN

No.

\*  
\*

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Did I hear a no?!

LAUREN

Yes! I'm not a science geek, so I don't know about any of this. I know I just saw a card levitate and reanimate, which is one kind of crazy, but making a virtual boy come to life!!!!

(doubting Thomas)

Dude, that's not possible.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER-JIRO SAN

You will see...

(a laugh)

So let's do this. Push the button.

Master-Jiro San holds out his hand, revealing a push button that looks to be attached to nothing.

Alison hesitates and gently hits the button.

The computer goes through some motions. Alison and Lauren lean in, waiting. MUSIC BUILDS. Candles flicker.

The virtual touchscreen snaps with energy.

THE HOLOGRAPH OF THE BOY expands and contracts.

THE MUSIC SWELLS, reaches a crescendo and...NOTHING!!!

LAUREN

This is bogus, dude. Where's the boy?!

MASTER-JIRO SAN

You get the chicken by hatching the egg, not by smashing it open.

LAUREN

Yeah, and a stitch in time saves nine.

Lauren grabs Alison, and they start to leave.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Wait!! There are rules.

LAUREN

Yeah I know, don't get him wet and never ever feed him after midnight.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

He's a BoyToy, not a Gremlin...  
(then)

Rule number one, BoyToys will only last for one lunar cycle.

LAUREN

One lunar cycle?! You mean one month?

MASTER-JIRO SAN

No. I mean 29.53059 days. On average.

LAUREN

And then what, poof?! This imagined boy just turns to ash and blows away.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER-JIRO SAN

One never knows the how. But he will go, this I know.

ALISON

What's rule number two?

Master-Jiro San sizes Alison up, sniffs the air around her as if he's channeling her desire.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

(knowing)

You are looking to fall in love. Rule number two, no falling in love.

LAUREN

Oh yeah! She can't fall in love with a cyber boy, who never existed, except in your twisted mind. She'll try not to do that.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Listen very closely to me, Alison. Your BoyToy will be very powerful, he will know your wants and desires and do almost anything you ask of him, but he does have limits.

ALISON

Limits?

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Yes, he will be able manipulate the laws of physics, but he cannot affect emotion...

(sly smile)

In laymen's terms, he can make you fart a Skittle and he can make people eat it, but he cannot make 'em enjoy it.

LAUREN

Thanks for the visual, Yoda...

(pulling Alison out)

May the force be with you.

Lauren drags Alison up the stairs and out the door. When they are out of view, the touchscreen BLINKS to life.

A message flashes across the screen:

***"BoyToy Under Construction"***

A PROGRESS BAR shows only 7% complete.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Master-Jiro San watches them go with a knowing smile.

**EXT. CITY STREETS. NIGHT.**

A full moon. Alison and Lauren walk home.

LAUREN

What a whack job that guy was!

ALISON

I really thought this was the answer.

LAUREN

The whole thing is some kind of sick joke, Ally.

ALISON

It all just seemed so magical.

LAUREN

Yeah, I saw a magician in Vegas throw a playing card through a plate-glass window and make it end up in somebody's beer bottle. That doesn't mean it's real.

Then, some DISTANT THUNDER ROLLS. A SLAG OF LIGHTNING flashes across the sky and it starts to rain. HARD.

ALISON

Oh, this is great.

Alison and Lauren duck into an alley and take shelter in a doorway.

A THUNDERCLAP rocks the city. LIGHTNING rips the sky in two. POWER TRANSFORMERS BLOW. Wild fingers of blue-ish, white electrical arcs spark off the floor of the alley conducting and snapping off two dumpsters.

LAUREN

Whoa!!!

Alison and Lauren watch in awe.

The strange electrical storm gives birth to a large ball of energy. It's like an electromagnetic exoskeleton, and it's growing in size.

INSIDE, A SHAPE FORMS!!!!

The ball of energy whites out with an massive THUNDERCLAP.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Our girls shield themselves from the blinding light. When it fades, they look up. An ethereal mist swirls. Through the clearing vapor, THE SHAPE OF A NUDE BOY appears. He's down on one knee and hunched over in a pool of rainwater.

LAUREN

It's isn't real, right? It's just your everyday garden-variety fantasy about a really hot naked boy...

ALISON

I don't think so.

LAUREN

Not the answer I was looking for.

Alison is half scared, half thrilled.

ALISON

The chicken has hatched.

LAUREN

This is not happening.

BOYTOY rises, dripping wet, clocking everything he sees.

ALISON

O.

LAUREN

M.

ALISON

G.

BoyToy's eyes meet Alison's eyes.

ALISON

Hi!

(gulp)

Are you OK?

Lauren looks at his body, embarrassed to go too far south.

LAUREN

He's more than OK....

(eyes scanning down)

He's perfect.

A POLICE SIREN WHOOPS. A XENON spotlight falls on BOYTOY. A POLICE CAR screams down the alley towards them.

Alison and Lauren grab BoyToy and run down the street.

**EXT. HOUSING TRACT. NIGHT.**

Alison, Lauren and BoyToy hop a fence and move through THE SIDE GATE of a small house, taking cover behind the wall.

THE POLICE CAR speeds past on the street beyond the wall.

Lauren stares at BoyToy, whose nudity is making her feel uncomfortable.

LAUREN

Hi, I'm Lauren.

BOYTOY

Hello, Lauren.

LAUREN

Why did you come like this?

BOYTOY

Like what?

Lauren glances down at his bare butt.

LAUREN

Dude, you're nude.

BOYTOY

How did you come?

LAUREN

Good point.

Alison spots AN APRON hanging on a clothesline and grabs it. She slings it over BoyToy and ties it.

ALISON

I'm Alison.

BOYTOY

Yes, I know.

LAUREN

We can't keep him, Ally.

ALISON

Why not?

LAUREN

He's not a gerbil. Where's he going to stay?

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

With me.

LAUREN

What're you going to tell your mom?!

**INT. ALISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

ON MOM, baffled.

MOM

A foreign exchange student?! You never told me about this.

Alison, Lauren and BoyToy stand across from her.

ALISON

Mom, we had this discussion six months ago when I signed us up to be a host family. You said it was a good chance to expose our family to another culture. You signed all the forms.

MOM

I did?

MIKEY

This smells, Mom. Dude's got his junk out with only an apron for cover.

Grandpa enters the room, using his walker.

GRANDPA

What's going on in here?

MOM

We have a foreign exchange student who's going to be staying with us.

GRANDPA

Why's he wearing an apron?

MOM

He's French.

GRANDPA

Ah, that explains it... You make sure you keep your wedding tackle in the tool box. Nice to meet you, now I gotta go snip a Snickers. That's American for dropping the kids at the pool.

(CONTINUED)

MIKEY

That's old man for taking a dump.

MOM

Mikey!

MIKEY

What? Grandpa said it.

Grandpa shuffles out.

MOM

What's your name?

BOYTOY

Brad Pitt.

MOM

Brad Pitt?! There's more than one?

ALISON

Yeah, weird, huh? It's actually a very common name in Paris.

MOM

Really?

ALISON

Yeah, something like 22% of male babies in France are named Brad. And Pitt is an abnormally common last name, it comes from the Pitt Dynasty from the...the...

LAUREN

The House of Pitt...

(blank looks)

They were an oppressive aristocracy that was defeated during a student uprising. You ever see Les Mis?

MOM

So there's lots of Brad Pitts?!

ALISON

Yeah, no one ever talks about it.

MIKEY

Where's the accent, bro?! Hablar some French.

MOM

Yeah, let's hear a little.

(CONTINUED)

BOYTOY

*Vous etes une belle femme. Merci de me  
laisser votre sejour dans la maison.*

MOM

Wow!!! I don't know what you said, but  
it sounded great.

MIKEY

Where are your bags?

ALISON

The airlines lost them.

MOM

OK, he can stay. But he's staying in  
Mikey's room.

MIKEY

Ah, Mom, this sucks monkey nuts.

MOM

House rules apply. I don't care where  
he's from. We wear aprons when we cook.  
And we wear clothes underneath...

(then)

Now get to bed. Mikey, show Brad your  
room. I'm sure he's exhausted.

Mikey reluctantly leads BoyToy upstairs.

LAUREN

I gotta get home. I'll be on the Bat  
phone if you need me.

Lauren gives Ally a wink and shoots out the door.

ALISON

Hey, how was rock climbing?

MOM

I got a wedgie that took me ten minutes  
to dig out.

ALISON

Are you going see him again?

MOM

Next week we're going sky diving.

ALISON

Mom, you're afraid of heights.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

You do what you gotta do.

**INT. MIKEY'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

Mikey is showing BoyToy his room.

MIKEY

Listen, Pitt, I don't care who you are  
or where you come from, this is my crib.  
I got it just how I like it...

(gets in his face)

If you mess it up, I will drop you like a  
bad habit. You feel me?

(BoyToy just smiles)

I sleep on the bed, you got the floor and  
if you snore, it's go time.

Alison sticks her head in the door.

ALISON

Mikey, I wish you'd just shuttup and  
go to sleep.

And Mikey drops on his bed and goes out like a light. He  
immediately starts snoring.

Alison looks at BoyToy, stunned.

ALISON

Did you do that?

BOYTOY

Good night, Alison.

ALISON

Yeah OK...

(holding his look)

'Night.

And Alison heads out.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Alison's iPhone vibrates on the bedside table. She  
answers and we INTERCUT LAUREN AND ALISON'S CONVERSATION.

**INT. LAUREN'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.**

Lauren WHISPERS into her cellphone, trying to keep quiet.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

He's just a regular guy, right? Please tell me we found a drunk guy in the alley. He'll sober up tomorrow and remember where he's from, and we'll go back to being high schoolers and not kids from Hogwart's.

ALISON

He just made Mikey fall into a dead sleep by looking at him.

LAUREN

Okay, this is bad. We've gotta get rid of this thing.

ALISON

He's not a thing, he's a BoyToy. And stop stressing, I'm freaking out enough as it is already. We just need to keep a low profile and figure things out.

LAUREN

Low profile, yeah, good thinking. Don't draw any attention to ourselves. Rendezvous in the morning. Night, Ally.

ALISON

Night.

Ally shuts off her phone, closes her eyes, and smiles.

**EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE. NEXT MORNING.**

Sunrise on suburbia.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. 6:44 AM.**

The alarm clock snaps 6:45, *BEEP!* Alison's eyes pop open. Her door is flung open by MIKEY. He twirls her glasses.

MIKEY

Wakey, wakey, eggs 'n bakey!!!

Alison runs for the door. Mikey takes off.

**INT. ALISON'S HOUSE. MORNING.**

Alison chases Mikey down the hall towards the bathroom. Mikey is about to beat her to the bathroom again when the door slams in his face. Mikey smacks into the door and goes down like a cartoon character.

The door swings open and BOYTOY appears, wearing some of Grandpa's clothes. Vintage, but cool.

BOYTOY

Everything's ready for you, Alison.

ALISON

Thanks.

Alison steps over Mikey and into the bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM. MORNING.**

Alison locks the door and looks in the mirror. The girl looking back looks different. Alison does a double-take, liking what she sees. Then, she notices...

ALISON

My glasses!!!!

Alison swings the door open. Mikey is just getting up off the floor, dazed. She snatches her glasses and shuts the door. Alison turns back to the mirror and puts her glasses on. Her vision is blurred by the prescription lenses. She takes them off. 20/20. On. Blurred. Off. Everything in focus.

As she's marveling at her magically corrected vision, one of her fashion magazines flips open to A BEAUTIFUL MODEL.

**INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.**

BoyToy stands at the counter adding flour and milk into a mixing bowl (he wears THE APRON from last night). Grandpa sits at the table gumming his Grape Nuts, wearing AN OLD TUXEDO with a bow-tie. He watches BoyToy, curiously.

BoyToy plugs a blender in the socket and flips the switch.

**INT. BATHROOM. MORNING.**

THE BLOW-DRYER SNAPS TO LIFE AND RISES OFF THE COUNTER ALL BY ITSELF!!!!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Alison jumps back, startled.

NOW A HAIRBRUSH RISES FROM THE VANITY ALONG WITH THE PAIR OF SCISSORS!!!

Alison is a little frightened, as these inanimate objects have come to life.

ALISON  
(complete wonder)

Dang!

THE BLOW-DRYER, THE HAIRBRUSH AND THE SCISSORS take a look at the photograph of the model. AND THEY GO TO WORK.

THE MAKEUP BRUSH gets in on the act. It whisks itself around in a pot of rouge as...

**INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.**

BoyToy whisks several eggs in a bowl. It's as if BoyToy's actions in the kitchen are controlling what's happening in the bathroom upstairs.

His movements are measured, elegant and extremely precise like a maestro guiding his orchestra.

Mikey enters and grabs a bowl.

MIKEY  
Morning, Gramps...  
(then to BoyToy)  
Hey douche!

BoyToy conducts his breakfast symphony, eyes closed.

**INT. BATHROOM. MORNING.**

As if they're being controlled by BoyToy's invisible hand, the brush starts brushing, the scissors starts cutting and the blow-dryer starts styling.

HER MAKEUP BRUSH animates, coming off the counter-top. It starts doing its thing.

Alison GIGGLES as all of these beauty products give her a magical model makeover.

**INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.**

Grandpa and Mikey stare at BoyToy and his one-man cooking show. Mom enters ready for work.

MOM

Mmm-mmm, what smells so good?

BoyToy slides a plate of food across the counter.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. MORNING.**

ON A PAIR OF SHOES, sliding across the floor to Alison. As Alison picks them up, she sees A NEW DRESS hanging on the door (it's the dress from the fashion magazine).

ALISON

This can't be happening!

**INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.**

The family is gathered around the table enjoying BoyToy's breakfast. Mikey is mowing into his food.

MIKEY

These are some good pancakes.

MOM

They're called crepes, Mikey.

GRANDPA

That's just French for pancake.

MOM

You're quite the chef, Brad.

Lauren walks through the kitchen door and immediately pours herself a bowl of "Fruit Loops."

LAUREN

Hey everyone.

MOM

Morning, Lauren...  
(sarcastic)  
Help yourself.

Lauren grabs some milk, pours it over her cereal.

LAUREN

What's up with the tux, Gramps?

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA

It's my wedding anniversary...  
(curmudgeonly)  
I was married in this suit, and I'll be  
buried in it.

LAUREN

How sweet...  
(then)  
Omigod. What is that?

She points up the staircase. Everybody turns. And there,  
coming down in SUPER SLOW MO is Alison. Hair done  
perfectly, makeup just right, NO GLASSES!!! She's styled  
LIKE THE MODEL IN THE MAGAZINE. The family's stunned.

MOM

Alison, what have you done to yourself?

ALISON

I...uh...stood in front of the mirror  
and just let things happen.

MOM

Wow, I didn't think you had it in you!

Off everyone's stunned looks.

**INT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY.**

Almost empty. Only a few kids, and they're all the freaks  
and geeks. Alison and Lauren step on and move down the  
aisle. The boys stare at Alison.

Lauren and Alison take a seat with BoyToy.

LAUREN

So much for the low profile.

ALISON

Maybe Brad could give you a makeover  
tomorrow.

LAUREN

Thanks, not for me. I'm not going to  
become a slave to makeup and curling  
irons. I dig my vibe.

A SKINNY FRESHMAN, leans forward and flirts with Lauren.

SKINNY FRESHMAN

I dig your vibe too, baby.

(CONTINUED)

Lauren pushes his face back with her hand.

LAUREN

Dude, this is my airspace. For you, it's  
a no fly zone.

Alison is looking at A MOON PHASE CALENDAR on her iPhone.

ALISON

OK, I've downloaded a Moon Phase web  
widget on my iPhone. One lunar cycle  
is 29.53 days.

(to BoyToy)

According to this calendar, we've got  
you until sometime around midnight on  
the 18th of October.

The Skinny Freshman leans forward.

SKINNY FRESHMAN

That's the Homecoming Dance...

(then)

You're in luck, I still need a date.

LAUREN

Why does that not surprise me?

Lauren pushes him back in his seat again.

ALISON

I've programmed my countdown widget. We  
have exactly 28 days, 18 hours, 43  
minutes and 27 seconds left...

(proud of herself)

Give or take.

Alison smiles and shows Lauren and BoyToy the digital  
countdown on her iPhone.

LAUREN

(harsh whisper)

Ally, you can't be serious. We can't  
just march this guy into school and claim  
he's a student. We gotta hide him.

ALISON

What's the point of having a BoyToy if  
you can't show him off?

Off Lauren's concerned look...

**INT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. DAY.**

BoyToy is flanked by Alison and Lauren. All the girls stare at BoyToy. The boys stare at Alison, who is not quite comfortable with all her newfound attention.

BoyToy is cool, confident.

LAUREN

Skank alert, dead ahead!

They pass Rhonda, Julie and Cherry.

JULIE

Who's the new girl?

Rhonda looks at BoyToy like he's a piece of candy.

RHONDA

Who's the new guy?

CHERRY

I don't know, but I'd like to verb his noun.

Rhonda looks at Alison, doesn't believe it's her...

JULIE

Isn't that the wallflower that lives next door to you?

RHONDA

It can't be!

Alison, BoyToy and Lauren are stopped by MRS. LLOYD.

MRS. LLOYD

Wow, Miss Lane! You scrub up pretty good.

ALISON

(awkward)

Yeah, about that?

MRS. LLOYD

I'm sure you have some questions.

Mrs. Lloyd walks and talks them down the hallway.

LAUREN

I have one. What the hell are we supposed to do now? I feel like we're harboring a fugitive. A really hot one.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LLOYD

BoyToys have a way of working things out.

LAUREN

Look, if this thing goes south, I'm an accessory to the crime.

Mrs. Lloyd shoots Lauren a sidelong glance.

MRS. LLOYD

Your hair is a crime. BoyToy is simply the fulfillment of Alison's dreams.

LAUREN

And why is it that he's Alison's? I was there when we built him, shouldn't I be able to reap a few of the benefits?

MRS. LLOYD

Everybody gets the journey they're ready for. You obviously don't need a BoyToy, although you look like you do...

(back to Alison)

Now, he did go over the rules, right?

ALISON

One lunar cycle, no falling in love.

Mrs. Lloyd gets a smile.

MRS. LLOYD

Did he give you the Skittle speech?

LAUREN

I've tried to block it out.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE approaches.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

Hello, ladies. Who's your friend?

ALISON

Ah...he's a...

MRS. LLOYD

Foreign exchange student.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

Is he now?

ALISON

Yeah, from France.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

That's odd, I never received any paper work.

MRS. LLOYD

You might want to check your in-box.

Principal Mudge's Blackberry sounds A MESSAGE ALERT. He does a quick check.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

Huh, here it is now...

(then to BoyToy)

Welcome to East Liberty High. What's your name, son?

**INT. SENIOR LOUNGE. DAY.**

ON RHONDA, stunned.

RHONDA

Brad Pitt?!

Alison, Lauren and BoyToy eat lunch at the popular table. THE GEEKS stare from across the lounge, one of their own is in enemy territory. Gwen quickly turns on her video camera, filming the scene like a documentarian.

ALISON

Yeah, Brad Pitt!

LAUREN

Did you think there was only one?

RHONDA

No, it's just kind of weird...

(awkward silence, then)

Anyway, this is our table...

Alison shies away from the confrontation.

ALISON

I'm sorry, Rhonda. We'll move.

Alison grabs her lunch and starts to leave.

BOYTOY

No, there's room for everyone...

(to Rhonda, not getting it)

Why don't you join us?

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA  
I'd rather cough up a fur ball.

ALISON  
(under her breath)  
I'd like to see that.

BoyToy takes Alison literally. He focuses on Rhonda. Her gag reflex kicks in, and she gets A TORTURED LOOK on her face. Rhonda heaves, puts her hand to her mouth. Another gag. More heaving. Everybody is looking at her.

Dewey leaves his jock buddies and crosses to Rhonda.

DEWEY  
Babe, you OK?

Rhonda opens her mouth to answer and wretches up A LARGE, NASTY FUR BALL. Everybody is shocked, disgusted.

LAUREN  
I always knew you were a pussy.

Rhonda runs out of the senior lounge, humiliated.

**EXT. QUAD. SECONDS LATER.**

Alison, Lauren and BoyToy on the move.

LAUREN  
That was the single greatest moment of my life.

ALISON  
No, it wasn't.

LAUREN  
Yes, it was. We just watched the hottest girl in school spit up a giant hair-ball. It's one of those moments you'll remember forever...

(beat)  
For example, where were you when Britney shaved her head?

ALISON  
I was doing Algebra homework. I remember the problem. The answer was X=4.

LAUREN  
This is one of those moments.

(CONTINUED)



ALISON  
(to BoyToy)  
Why did you do that?!

BOYTOY  
I do what you want.

ALISON  
Seriously?

BOYTOY  
You made me.

Alison sees a sign reading:

**CHEERLEADER TRYOUTS THIS THURSDAY!!!**

Alison points to the sign.

ALISON  
I want this.

LAUREN  
No you don't.

ALISON  
Yes, I do.

And we SMASH CUT TO...

**INT. EAST LIBERTY GYMNASIUM. THIS THURSDAY.**

Cheerleading tryouts. Rhonda, Julie, Cherry and MRS. LLOYD sit on the judge's panel. A CROWD of students sits in the bleachers. Dewey and a the FOOTBALL PLAYERS watch from the door.

GIRLS do dance combinations. Alison is on the sidelines with BoyToy and Lauren. She's sweating.

ALISON  
I changed my mind. I can't do this.

BOYTOY  
Yes, you can.

ALISON  
You don't understand, I can't do crowds.

BOYTOY  
If it's truly what you want, you can do it.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

It's what I want.

BoyToy wipes the sweat from her brow.

BOYTOY

No sweat.

LAUREN

Yeah, just imagine everyone watching  
is nude.

ALISON

Gross!

(then to BoyToy)

Don't do it. I don't want you to get  
this whole gym naked.

LAUREN

Yeah, pal. Let's keep it PG.

Rhonda speaks into a mic, reading Alison's name from a  
clipboard.

RHONDA

Alison Lane...

(aside to Julie and Cherry)

It's so not going to happen.

Cherry draws a line through Alison's name, X-ing her off  
the list.

Alison looks to BoyToy and Lauren.

LAUREN

Get out there and let your freak flag  
fly!

BOYTOY

Have fun.

Alison walks onto the floor, scared. She looks back at  
BoyToy and Lauren for support. She's frozen in fear.

LAUREN

She's going to need a jump-start.

BoyToy nods and starts tapping his foot.

As if on cue, THE MUSIC starts up. Something upbeat and  
sexy. The gym starts to VIBRATE from the bass-heavy beat.  
Heads bob to the rhythm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As if put in motion by a magical force, Alison takes off across the floor of the gymnasium like a gymnast. She does a heavy-duty tumbling pass capped off by a handspring with a double flip. She sticks a perfect landing.

Alison gets her bearings and looks at the crowd.

EVERYONE IS WEARING THEIR UNDERWEAR!!!

BoyToy turns to Lauren.

BOYTOY

How's that for PG?

LAUREN

They don't know, do they?

(BoyToy shakes his head)

Sah-weet.

A smile creeps across Alison's face.

ALISON

5,6,7,8...

And she launches into a highly-athletic and choreographed routine. Part hip-hop, part Laker Girl, all sex appeal.

Mrs. Lloyd grooves from the sidelines, proud of her pupil.

THE KIDS are digging Alison's action.

Even Julie and Cherry get into Alison's groove.

BoyToy watches from the wings with Lauren.

Alison rocks the house with her dance routine and when it's done, jaws are on the floor.

Everyone is fully dressed now.

Rhonda, Julie and Cherry can't believe their eyes.

Dead silence. Mrs. Lloyd starts to clap.

THE GYM ERUPTS IN APPLAUSE!!!

Alison runs off the floor, but not before catching eyes with DEWEY.

Rhonda watches this and turns to MRS LLOYD.

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA

I don't think she's right for our squad.  
It's about chemistry, and I just don't  
think she mixes...

(sour grapes)

I mean, she rides the bus to school.

CHERRY

Ewww!

JULIE

She's really good, but totally wrong.

MRS. LLOYD

That's why you're the students, and I'm  
the coach...

(grabs the mic and stands)

Alison Lane, that was the best tryout  
I've ever seen in my sixteen years of  
coaching. Welcome to the team...

Alison looks at BoyToy and Lauren and smiles.

**EXT. EAST LIBERTY GYMNASIUM. MINUTES LATER.**

Alison, Lauren and BoyToy walk through campus. Several  
underclassmen trail behind them, trying to catch a glimpse  
at the new star cheerleader.

ALISON

That underwear thing was a little over  
the top.

BOYTOY

They weren't naked. All it took was a  
little manipulation of the light spectrum  
to change how you see the world.

Gwen runs up with her FLIP VIDEO CAMERA.

GWEN

Hey, Ally. How's it feel to be the new  
"IT" girl?!

ALISON

I wouldn't say I'm the "IT" girl?

GWEN

I would. How's it feel?

ALISON

Good, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

GWEN

C'mon, don't be camera shy. Give us the real dirt, my vloggers want to know.

ALISON

I'm just happy I made the squad.

Cherry and Julie approach, insincere and two-faced.

CHERRY

You were so good, we're super psyched you made it.

JULIE

Yeah, we really pulled for you.

CHERRY

This is going to be the best squad ever.

LAUREN

Kumbaya!!!

There's A HONK from the parking lot. It's J.D. in his TOW TRUCK. Cherry and Julie look at J.D. with disgust.

J.D.

Need a ride?

ALISON

We'll walk.

JULIE

Good call.

LAUREN

See'ya at work!

Lauren runs off and climbs in the tow truck with J.D.

ALISON

(to BoyToy)

I want to take you someplace.

**EXT. WATERTOWER. SUNSET.**

Alison and BoyToy stand on top of an old watertower. They look out over sprawling city and farmlands.

ALISON

I've been coming here since I was a little girl.

(CONTINUED)

BOYTOY

I came here with all this information. I know what a sunset is, I know exactly how it looks, but seeing it for the first time is...

(a moment)

There's nothing like it.

ALISON

I never shared this with anyone before. It's always been my secret place.

BOYTOY

For a secret place, it's not very hidden.

ALISON

When you're a girl, you read the stories about the shining castles on the hill and the princesses who live inside. And you dream of being one of them. But deep down you know it's just a made-up place. Then I found this spot. And I made it my castle. I would come here and look down on the city and dream of my prince.

(embarrassed)

Silly, huh?

BOYTOY

Not at all.

ALISON

I can't believe this is happening. It's all so crazy.

BOYTOY

It's what you wanted.

ALISON

I guess it is. But I've dreamt of a lot of things, and every time I wake up, I realize I'm just the ordinary girl in the back of the room, and this is just a watertower.

(beat)

I didn't think you were going to come true.

Alison looks at BoyToy, inches away. She can feel his breath. She leans closer, wanting a kiss.

BOYTOY

We should get home.

(CONTINUED)

Alison is snapped back to reality.

ALISON  
No falling in love. Got it...  
(then)  
Hold on, I want to remember this.

Alison pulls her iPhone and puts her arm around BoyToy.

ALISON  
Say cheese.

As Alison snaps a PHOTOGRAPH.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Alison crosschecks her iPhone countdown widget with A WALL CALENDAR and puts a red X through DAY 21.

BoyToy and Lauren watch A DVD of the black-and-white Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers movie, "*Swing Time*."

Alison plops down next to them.

ALISON  
We should've added a little Fred Astaire when we were making Brad. Then he could have been your dance partner.

BOYTOY  
You want me to dance?

ALISON  
Can you?

BoyToy approaches the TV, speaks directly to Fred Astaire.

BOYTOY  
Hey, Fred. Mind if I cut in?

Fred Astaire stops dancing, and turns to BoyToy.

FRED ASTAIRE  
(on the TV)  
Sure, kid. Give her a whirl.

**AND THEN, BOYTOY STEPS INSIDE THE TV!!!**

It's like stepping inside a pool of plasma. The screen bends and sucks him on stage with Fred and Ginger.

Alison and Lauren share a look.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

Thank God it's not "Fight Club."

ON THE TV, BoyToy takes Ginger into his arms and starts dancing. Fred cuts in for some advice.

FRED ASTAIRE

(on the TV)

Arms up, kid. Light pressure on her lower back and don't drop your head.

BoyToy takes GINGER ROGERS into his arms again.

GINGER ROGERS

(on the TV)

Let your feet go, sweetheart.

BoyToy sweeps her across the floor, taking all of Fred and Ginger's advice. He's getting the swing of it. Ginger helps BoyToy along with her beautiful lines and partnering skills. Then, the door is flung open by MIKEY.

MIKEY

Dinner's ready...

(then noticing)

What're you insects watching?!

ALISON

We'll be right down.

Mikey glances at THE TV, does a double-take.

MIKEY

Is that Brad?

ALISON

Don't be an idiot. What would Brad be doing on TV?

ON THE TV, BoyToy looks right at Mikey and waves.

MIKEY

He just waved at me.

Alison jumps off the bed and goes to Mikey.

ALISON

Yeah, Mikey, the man in the TV just waved at you.

LAUREN

You've gotta stop eating paste, little man.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Alison pushes Mikey out the door and shuts it right in his face just as BoyToy steps out of the TV. A snap of electricity arcs up his body, then:

BOYTOY

Yeah, I can dance.

**INT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY.**

It's packed. MUSIC plays. No longer the "just for geeks" bus. A SOPHOMORE TOOL fires off from the back of the bus.

SOPHOMORE TOOL

Yo, Pitt?! I heard you were riding the big yellow. Alison, you rock!!!

Alison, Lauren and BoyToy step on the school bus and sit by Cherry and Julie.

JULIE

People are such followers.

CHERRY

Total sheep.

JULIE

The bus is the new car.

CHERRY

You know, I worked it out. If I ride the bus for the whole school year it's like taking 10 million cars off the road...

LAUREN

Nice math.

There's A HONK from outside. Everybody turns and there's RHONDA shooting daggers from the driver's seat of her BMW. Julie waves, smiles and turns back to everyone.

JULIE

Rhonda's an environmental pig.

LAUREN

(aside to Alison)

It's good to be you.

**INT. CHEMISTRY LAB. 3RD PERIOD.**

Rhonda, Cherry and Julie gather around a Bunsen burner and a beaker of boiling liquid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rhonda watches Alison and BoyToy, surrounded by CUTE GUYS and THE CHEMISTRY TEACHER. They're working on the same experiment.

RHONDA

What the F? We're doing a chem lab by ourselves. I don't do labs, cute boys do my labs.

CHERRY

They're all working with Alison.

JULIE

Yeah, if this keeps up, she might even win Homecoming Queen. It's like the end of our era.

RHONDA

What did you say?

JULIE

Nothing, it's just that she's IT right now.

RHONDA

She's not even going to get nominated for Homecoming.

CHERRY

I don't know, she's pretty popular now, and she's got a hot guy.

RHONDA

I've got a hot guy.

CHERRY

Yeah, Dewey's cute.

JULIE

But Brad's mysterious.

RHONDA

Something's fishy about this guy. The whole teenage world's gone upside down since he showed up. Without him, she's nothing again...

(to Julie)

You're on yearbook, right? You have access to office files?

Julie nods. A devilish smile creeps across Rhonda's face.

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA

Dig up every piece of dirt you can on him. I want the full TMZ job. I want to know where he comes from and what he's doing here? If he's got a skeleton, I want it pulled out of the closet.

JULIE

Done.

RHONDA

Isn't my sociology report due today?

CHERRY

Yeah, sixth period. Don't worry, I wrote it already. You just have to click your mouse and read off the powerpoint.

Rhonda looks over at Alison, shooting daggers.

RHONDA

We're going to do a rewrite.

**INT. HALLWAY. 20 MINUTES LATER.**

Alison pulls books out of her locker with BoyToy standing next to her. Lauren rushes up, holding TWO MOVIE TICKETS.

LAUREN

Save the date. It's my birthday two weeks from Thursday. They're showing "Swing Time" at the Vista. It's been digitally remastered.

ALISON

That's the Homecoming game.

LAUREN

Hello? You don't think I'd let my girl cheer without being in the stands?! That's why I got us tickets for the late show. We'll meet there after the game.

(the bell RINGS)

We gotta go.

**INT. SOCIOLOGY CLASS. 6TH PERIOD.**

Rhonda gives a Powerpoint presentation. A KAYAN TRIBAL WOMAN with an elongated neck, wearing brass neck rings, fills the screen. Alison, Lauren and BoyToy watch.

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA

As you can see, the women of the Kayan tribe in Southeast Asia wear brass rings to lengthen their necks, which is totally gross, but Kayan dudes think it's hot so the chicks do it...

Rhonda clicks her mouse. It's an image of A NEW GUINEA TRIBAL WOMAN with A BONE through her nose.

RHONDA

Then there are the New Guinea chicks, who prefer jamming bones through their noses to pull ass. So what do the brass-necks and bone-noses have in common?! Nothing. They don't mix. And if a brass neck tried to join the bone noses, she'd have to remove her brass rings. Then her neck would break and she would die. Ouch!

(then)

In our society, we also have tribes. There's the hot-and-popular tribe.

Rhonda clicks her mouse again and a picture of her and her CHEERLEADING SQUAD from the previous year fill the screen.

RHONDA

And there's the not so popular tribe. This would include the geeks and dweebs and dorks and douches and anyone else who's in band or glee...

(diabolical)

I'd like to give you a real-world example. Exhibit A, Alison Lane.

Rhonda clicks her mouse and A YEARBOOK PICTURE OF ALISON FILLS THE SCREEN. It's geek Alison from several years ago. Glasses. Braces. Acne. No confidence of any kind.

The whole class starts LAUGHING. Alison is humiliated and looks to THE TEACHER, who catches a cat nap in the corner.

RHONDA

(pointed, to Alison)

The lesson here is, people from one tribe should never try and join another tribe. Whether it's brass rings or nose bones, if you don't fit in, you should stay out. That way, nobody gets hurt. I say this out of love, Alison.

(bitchy smile)

The end!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cherry and Julie APPLAUD. THE TEACHER snaps out of his slumber with a snort.

THE TEACHER

Very good, Miss Davis. Nice work.

Rhonda flits by Alison, who steels her resolve.

**INT. HALLWAY. DAY.**

The between class hustle and bustle. Rhonda looks at her reflection in her locker mirror and reapplies her makeup with Cherry and Julie sucking up beside her.

CHERRY

Did you see the look on her face?!

Before Rhonda can answer, Alison appears in the reflection of Rhonda's mirror.

RHONDA

Oh, it lives!

Rhonda turns and faces off with Alison, Lauren and BoyToy. Through this scene, A JANITOR mops the floor in and around the discussion.

ALISON

I've been your neighbor for fourteen years and you've never even said "Hi." I've put up with your nasty looks and bitchy attitude, and I've never done anything mean to you. Until now.

RHONDA

Ooh, what're you going to do?! TP my house?!

ALISON

No, I'm going to destroy you.

LAUREN

Let it go, Alison. She's not worth it.

RHONDA

Listen to your friend, you don't want this fight.

ALISON

Yeah, I kinda do.

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA

Just put your glasses back on, wipe the lip gloss off your face and stick your hair in a scrunchy. Trust me, you're not cut out for what I do.

THE JANITOR MOPS between them, head down.

THE JANITOR

S'cuse me, ladies, coming through.

RHONDA

Can't you work someplace else? We're trying to have a fight here.

THE JANITOR

The mop does not choose where the dirt falls!

Rhonda looks at the janitor like he's nuts.

Then, PRINCIPAL MUDGE'S VOICE comes over THE P.A. SYSTEM.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

(over THE P.A., filtered)

Ladies and gentlemen, the results of the Homecoming Court have just come in. And the nominees for Queen are, Cherry Stanton...

(a scream)

...Julie Stanwick...

(jumps and giggles)

...and Rhonda Davis...

Cherry and Julie jump up and down. Rhonda's unfazed. She gives Alison a look.

RHONDA

As it should be. You might want to think about quitting the squad. You're not one of us.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

(over the P.A., filtered)

Oh, sorry, one more nomination has just been handed to me....

(dramatic pause)

Ms. Alison Lane will round out the Queen's Court. Good luck girls...

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA

It's not possible. You've been a  
wallflower your entire scholastic career.  
You can't be in contention for my crown.

Alison looks at Rhonda, musters up some courage and...

ALISON

It would have been enough for me just to  
be nominated...  
(her claws come out)  
But now, I'm going to take your crown and  
your boyfriend.

RHONDA

(slow burn)

He would never go for a loser like you.

ALISON

We'll see.

RHONDA

See you at the pep rally.

Rhonda walks out with Cherry and Julie in tow.

LAUREN

What're you doing? You're starting  
to sound like one of them.

ALISON

I know, right? I'm getting the hang of  
this.

LAUREN

It's a slippery slope. You know what  
they say, if it walks like a duck and  
talks like a duck, it's a bitch.

ALISON

What's your problem?! I'm just playing  
the game...  
(applies lip gloss)  
Quit trying to hold me back.

LAUREN

Alright, just being a friend...  
(then)  
But on my birthday, check your attitude  
at the door. I like the old Alison.

Lauren leaves Alison to think about her words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Then, THE JANITOR looks up from under his baseball cap. Alison catches eyes with him. It's MASTER-JIRO SAN.

ALISON  
Master-Jiro San?

MASTER-JIRO SAN  
Hello, Alison.

ALISON  
What're you doing here?

MASTER-JIRO SAN  
Cleaning up. You kids make quite a mess...

(then)  
Be careful when you play in the gutter, Alison. You will get yourself dirty.

And Master-Jiro San moves off whistling a tune.

Alison just watches him go.

**EXT. EAST LIBERTY GYMNASIUM. AFTER SCHOOL.**

PEP RALLY! The stands are packed. The band plays. Our team, THE JETS, wear their uniforms. Lauren and J.D. sit with BoyToy in the stands.

On the court below, Mrs. Lloyd rallies her squad.

MRS. LLOYD  
OK, girls, this is it. A new season, I want it to be better than last year. With this in mind, there's some changes, Alison you're out front. Rhonda you work the right side.

RHONDA  
The right side?! I'm head cheerleader.

MRS. LLOYD  
Not anymore.

The squad hits the floor and takes their positions for a big cheer routine. Rhonda sidles up next to Alison.

RHONDA  
If I were you, I'd cheer with one eye open.

(CONTINUED)



ALISON  
Suck it, neighbor.

THE MUSIC BLASTS, as Alison leads the girls in a rocking routine and we're launched into A MONTAGE...

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM. NIGHT.**

As the battle on the field rages, Alison leads the cheer squad in routine after routine, clearly the star of this show. Rhonda cheers on the right side, pissed.

BoyToy watches from the bleachers with Lauren.

Their cheering and dancing takes on a personal tone, as they battle for popularity.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. SEVERAL MORNINGS.**

Alison marks the BoyToy calendar with another red X. 10 days left. Over the span of several mornings we see her marking off pages. 9,8,7 days to go.

**INT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. DAY.**

Alison walks down the hallway and past Dewey and his gang of jocks. She smiles at Dewey. Dewey joins her, and they flirt as they walk down the hall.

Rhonda turns a corner to see Alison with Dewey. She does a slow burn.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM. NIGHT.**

Alison leads her squad with Rhonda boiling beside her.

Rhonda takes the competition to the next level by covertly ripping ALISON'S SKIRT OFF!!!

Alison is stripped down to her CHEER BRIEFS, embarrassed. Then, she decides to keep cheering.

The rest of the squad rips off their skirts, following Alison's lead.

Mrs. Lloyd watches, amused.

Rhonda is pissed her sabotage has backfired.

**INT. HOTEL GRANDE SALON. NIGHT.**

Lauren and BoyToy practice a ballroom dance routine on the Grande Salon dance-floor. They flow beautifully.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM. HOMECOMING GAME.**

HOMECOMING BANNERS are hung everywhere. Alison works the sidelines. She is in full control, totally confident.

Rhonda takes her position in the middle of THE CHEER SQUAD for the basket toss. She preps for her high-flying move.

RHONDA

High as you can, girls. I'm going for  
a triple-double.

There's desperation in the way Rhonda barks these orders.

CHERRY

Rhonda, you don't have to do this.

ALISON

Let her do it...  
(fake smile)  
We got you.

RHONDA

On three. 1, 2, 3...

And the cheerleaders heave Rhonda into the air.

Alison intentionally whips her too hard, sending Rhonda into the air and a little out of control.

Rhonda manages three twists and a flip and comes crashing down, face first in the long-jump pit.

Alison rushes over to Rhonda with the rest of the squad.

JULIE

Are you OK?

Rhonda slowly lifts her face out of the sand and clutches her broken nose. She shoots daggers at Alison.

RHONDA

You broke my nose!!!

ALISON

Don't worry, it'll grow back.

(CONTINUED)

Then, Mrs. Lloyd rushes over.

MRS. LLOYD

MEDIC!!!!

RHONDA

I don't need a medic, I need a plastic surgeon.

Mrs. Lloyd shoots a look at Alison, knowing.

ALISON

Whoops.

THE MEDICS rush over and start treating Rhonda.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM. AFTER THE GAME.**

A celebration on the field. GWEN interviews Alison with her FLIP CAMERA in hand.

ALISON

(mid-conversation)

I don't know, she just lost control.

GWEN

So, it was Rhonda's fault?

ALISON

It was an accident. Quit trying to make it something it's not...

(a little sharp)

And turn that video off.

GWEN

You don't have to be so bitchy about it, some people thought you broke her nose...

ALISON

(incredulous)

I broke her nose!!! How did I break her nose?

GWEN

It's just a theory, we all know you don't like her.

Alison puts her hand in the lens of Gwen's camera and pushes it down.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

Put your camera away. Nobody cares about your stupid vlog...

(mean)

Why are you even here? Don't you have a Chess Club meeting or something?

Gwen walks away dejected, as Dewey rolls up.

DEWEY

Hey Alison.

ALISON

Hey. Crazy what happened to Rhonda.

DEWEY

Yeah. That nose means a lot to her.

(then)

You looked good tonight.

ALISON

Thanks, so did you.

DEWEY

Why don't we go celebrate the win?

ALISON

What about Rhonda?

DEWEY

We're sort of doing our own thing now.

(then)

What about you and Brad?

ALISON

Just friends.

DEWEY

Cool. I know this great spot.

Then, A BAND MEMBER lights some FIREWORKS. They go off right behind Dewey.

ALISON

(to herself)

It's a sign.

Dewey turns, checks out the fireworks cascading into the night sky.

DEWEY

You like fireworks?

(CONTINUED)

ALISON  
(a nod)  
I'd love to celebrate tonight.

BOYTOY watches through the crowd, as Alison and Dewey walk off the field.

**EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER. NIGHT.**

Lauren waits outside, checking her watch while listening to her cellphone ring and ring. No answer. THE USHER peeks his head out the door, he's a geeky dude wearing a movie usher uniform and pillbox hat.

THE USHER  
We're starting the movie.

Lauren looks around one last time and goes inside.

**EXT. WATERTOWER. NIGHT.**

BoyToy stands on the watertower, looking down on makeout point where Dewey's sports car is parked. He watches.

Dewey and Alison sit on the hood, talking.

**EXT. MAKEOUT POINT. NIGHT.**

Dewey and Alison look out over a pasture below and the city lights in the distance.

ALISON  
You know, before this year, you didn't even know who I was.

DEWEY  
Didn't I cheat off you in pre-algebra freshman year?

ALISON  
No, I took that in junior high.

DEWEY  
What does it matter, you're beautiful and you finally hit my radar screen?

Alison forces a smile.

**EXT. HILLSIDE. NIGHT.**

GWEN trudges up a hill and peeks over the edge, revealing Alison and Dewey.

GWEN  
(under her breath)  
OK, IT-girl! You want a stalkerazzi,  
you got one!

Gwen ZOOMS in on Alison and Dewey with her video camera.

**EXT. MAKEOUT POINT. NIGHT.**

ON ALISON, studying Dewey.

ALISON  
You and Rhonda are totally done?

DEWEY  
Let's just see how tonight goes.

ALISON  
I thought you were going to Homecoming  
with her.

DEWEY  
I always keep my options open.

ALISON  
Really?

DEWEY  
I'm going to be straight up with you, I  
think we could be a couple.

ALISON  
You do?

DEWEY  
Yeah, totally. And I was even thinking  
we might go to Homecoming.

ALISON  
Are you asking me?

DEWEY  
Maybe.

ALISON  
Maybe?!

(CONTINUED)

DEWEY

Yeah, let's see where this goes.

Dewey leans in for the kiss, slowly.

**EXT. HILLSIDE. NIGHT.**

GWEN watches like a voyeur.

GWEN

Money shot, you naughty girl!

Gwen films Dewey closing in on Alison for the kiss. Then she loses her footing and stumbles backwards, letting out A YELP. She goes head over heels down the hill.

**EXT. MAKEOUT POINT. NIGHT.**

Alison hears GWEN'S YELP and pulls away from Dewey.

ALISON

Did you hear something?

DEWEY

You're just nervous. It happens.

Dewey keeps coming, full of himself. Alison stops him.

ALISON

This is so not right.

DEWEY

What're you freaking out for? You're acting like this is your first kiss.

ALISON

I want it to be special.

DEWEY

C'mon, give me a chance. Whatever you're looking for, it's right here.

Dewey leans in again.

ALISON

No, please, I want you to stop.

Dewey doesn't stop. WIND WHIPS through the trees. Then:

BOYTOY

She said, she wants you to stop.

(CONTINUED)

Dewey stops, turns and there's BOYTOY.

DEWEY  
What're you doing here, Pitt?

BOYTOY  
Looking out for a friend.  
(to Alison)  
Is this what you really want, Alison?

DEWEY  
Dude, get outta here before I shove your  
head up your ass.

BOYTOY  
Good idea.

**EXT. PASTURE. NIGHT.**

CLOSE ON A COW, letting out a tortured "MOOO." WE REVEAL, Dewey buried head-first up to his neck inside the cow's butt. Muffled screams from Dewey, as he flails and pulls his head out of the cow's bung-hole.

DEWEY  
What the hell?!

Dewey stands alone in the middle of A PASTURE filled with cattle, disoriented. He hears A SNORT and looks over his shoulder where an angry, and possibly jealous, ALPHA BULL scratches at the ground.

DEWEY  
Dude, it's not what you think!

THE BULL charges. Dewey takes off. THE BULL catches him and lowers his head. With a quick flip of the neck, the bull flings Dewey over the fence and into a tree.

**EXT. MAKEOUT POINT. NIGHT.**

Alison and BoyToy stand by Dewey's sports car.

ALISON  
What did you do to him?

BOYTOY  
I introduced him to a friend.



**EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER. NIGHT.**

J.D. stands outside, waiting. Lauren comes out the door.

LAUREN

Thanks for getting me, J.D.

J.D.

Not a problem.

J.D. tosses her A SET OF KEYS. Lauren looks curbside and there's her CHEVY NOVA, which has now been cherried out. New paint, pinstripes, a chrome-kit, and white-wall tires dressing up some vintage rims.

LAUREN

No way!!!

J.D.

Happy Birthday.

LAUREN

How did you do this?

J.D.

I just buffed it out.

LAUREN

I don't know what to say.

J.D.

Give me a lift home?

LAUREN

Hop in.

Lauren and J.D. climb in the car.

**EXT. WATERTOWER. NIGHT.**

Alison and BoyToy now on top of the watertower.

ALISON

I can't believe I had such a crush on him. What did I ever see in him?

BOYTOY

Sometimes we only see what we want to see.

ALISON

I'm such a loser.

(CONTINUED)

BOYTOY

You're not a loser, you're just a little  
lost. Take my hand.

A beat. Alison looks down at his hand, slowly takes it.  
BoyToy pulls Alison close, looking into her eyes.

ALISON

What're you doing?

BOYTOY

Giving you some perspective.

And he jumps off the watertower and they are airborne.

**EXT. SKY. NIGHT.**

BoyToy flies Alison through the sky. It's a spectacular  
flight, slaloming buildings, racing a few feet above the  
rooftops. Alison is amazed, laughing.

Then BoyToy takes her high into the sky. The city becomes  
a shimmering speck below. They hover in the atmosphere,  
face to face. Alison looks down in complete wonderment.

ALISON

This is crazy! I can't believe you  
can actually fly.

BOYTOY

You wanted Superman.

ALISON

Actually, that was Lauren's idea.

BoyToy looks down on the hustle and bustle miles below.

BOYTOY

Remember that day you took me to the  
watertower and we watched the sunset?

ALISON

Yeah, it seems so long ago.

BOYTOY

That was the second most beautiful thing  
I've seen since I've been here. I'll  
never forget the girl I met in the alley.  
She was filled with hope. That was true  
beauty. Someday you'll realize this and  
so will the guy who's smart enough to see  
the girl I first met.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

You mean that?

BOYTOY

I don't say things I don't mean. That's a human thing.

ALISON

I wish I could find a guy just like you, but without an expiration date.

BOYTOY

I'm still here until Homecoming.

Alison really looks at BoyToy, completely lost in him.

ALISON

Be my date?

BOYTOY

Sure.

ALISON

(a smile)

Now can you put me on the ground?

BoyToy smiles and they fly back towards the city.

**EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

BoyToy sets Alison down on the doorstep. The classic awkward post-date moment.

ALISON

What's going to happen when you're gone?

BOYTOY

I don't know exactly.

ALISON

Brad, I know I said I want a guy just like you, but the truth is, I want you. Can't we go back to the computer and change the program? Maybe we can fix it so that you can stay here forever.

BOYTOY

There are rules.

ALISON

To hell with the rules!

(CONTINUED)

TEARS WELL in Alison's eyes. She pounds BoyToy's chest.

ALISON

You say all these wonderful things to me  
and expect me to just pretend like  
there's not something between us? What  
is wrong with you? Don't you feel  
anything?!

BoyToy grabs Alison's hand, catching her off guard,  
breathless, as she stares into his eyes. He places her  
hand over his chest. Her steely gaze shifts, realizing...

ALISON

You don't have a heartbeat.

BOYTOY

I'm not like you Alison.

ALISON

So you don't have a...?  
(BoyToy shakes his head)  
Maybe you just need to find the right  
girl.

Alison can't help herself. Alison leans in, hoping for  
"the" kiss. BoyToy holds his ground, unwavering.

ALISON

You know, I've played spin the bottle  
like five times and it's never landed on  
me. Do you know what it's like to watch  
that bottle just spin right past you?

BOYTOY

I do.

ALISON

Why can't it ever be me?

BOYTOY

Everything has it's time.

The air comes out of her.

ALISON

I'm tired of waiting...  
(beat)  
And maybe this is easy for you because  
you don't have a heart. But I do, and  
right now it's aching. I've never been  
so sure of anything in my entire life.

(CONTINUED)

BOYTOY

No... don't.

ALISON

I love you!

It just hangs there. A tear slides down Alison's cheek.

Then, several STREET LAMPS blowout! ARCS of electricity SNAP off the power lines.

A PAIR of HEADLIGHTS sweeps across Alison and BoyToy. MOM drives her car into the driveway and hops out.

MOM

Did you see that electrical storm?

ALISON

(wipes her eyes)

Yeah freaky, huh?! Where have you been?

MOM

Sky diving with a total loser...

(on a rant)

I spent my day jumping out of an airplane from five thousand feet and when I hit the ground he tells me I'm not his type.

ALISON

You going to be OK?

Mom holds up a half-gallon of Häagen-Dazs.

MOM

Nothing a little Chocolate Chocolate Chip can't fix.

Mom goes through the door with Alison in tow. BoyToy hangs back, looks up to the sky. THUNDER ROLLS!

**EXT. RHONDA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Rhonda pulls the door open with a nose splint on her face.

RHONDA

What're you doing here?

GWEN stands there, looking disheveled after her tumble down the hill. She holds up her FLIP video camera.

GWEN

I have something you might want to see.

**INT. MIKEY'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

Mikey is asleep in his bed. BoyToy stands by the window, looking out at the stars. His eyes gently close.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Alison's sleeping. A cool breeze blows through the room. The pages of her fashion magazine whip shut!

THE SCREENSAVER on her iMac is THE PICTURE of Alison and BoyToy (from their day at the watertower).

The screen ripples with static, and **BOYTOY'S IMAGE BEGINS TO FADE!!**

**EXT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. DAY.**

NEXT MORNING. Lauren is pulling books out of her locker when Alison approaches. BoyToy hangs back, looking weak.

ALISON

What's up with you?! I've been calling all morning. You weren't on the bus.

LAUREN

I got a ride.

ALISON

You'll never believe what happened to me...

Lauren uses her sarcasm to mask her anger.

LAUREN

Let me guess, you broke a fingernail?

ALISON

No.

LAUREN

Split ends? Or worse?!

(then)

Your curling iron's busted?

ALISON

Are you upset with me?

THE LATE BELL RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN  
Listen, I gotta get to class.

ALISON  
Is everything OK?

LAUREN  
Yeah, I'm good.

ALISON  
See you at lunch.

LAUREN  
Don't make any promises you can't keep.

Lauren gives Alison something and leaves. Alison looks down at THE MOVIE TICKET for "*Swing Time*."

Then, A COMMOTION around a locker. A GROUP OF STUDENTS gather around, alarmed. Alison looks for Brad, realizing something is wrong. She rushes to the crowd to see -

BOYTOY PASSED OUT on the ground.

ALISON  
Omigod, Brad!

**INT. NURSE'S OFFICE. DAY.**

Alison waits nervously as A SCHOOL NURSE does a checkup on a shirtless BoyToy. The nurse looks into his eyes with a light, then grabs her STETHOSCOPE from around her neck.

ALISON  
(realizing)  
You don't have to so that. He's fine.  
Trust me, in a few days, you'll never see him in your office again.

Alison reaches for the stethoscope, but the nurse SLAPS her hand away, gives her the EVIL EYE.

SCHOOL NURSE  
One more word from you, Missy, and I'll have you suspended. I didn't get my RN to have some cheerleader tell me how to do my job.

She removes the thermometer. Shakes it. 0 DEGREES!

The nurse places the stethoscope on BoyToy's chest. Listens... nothing. She moves it around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A look of fear washes over her face. She grabs his wrist, searching for a heartbeat, and then she panics.

SCHOOL NURSE

Stay right here.

Then, Mrs. Lloyd enters, smiling.

MRS. LLOYD

There you are, Brad. I heard you had a dizzy spell. Must have been that cold medicine I gave you.

(to the nurse)

Everything OK? You look a little pekid.

SCHOOL NURSE

This boy doesn't have a heartbeat.

MRS. LLOYD

(laughing)

You know that's impossible.

SCHOOL NURSE

Something is definitely wrong with this boy, and I'm obligated to report it.

MRS. LLOYD

You're gonna report a boy without a heart and no temperature to the authorities? Good luck in psych ward.

SCHOOL NURSE

How'd you know he didn't have a temperature?

MRS. LLOYD

Look at him there, shirtless, muscled physique glistening ever so slightly from his perspiration. His chest heaving as he breathes in and out... in and out. Now, does he really look sick to you?

The nurse looks at Brad, soaking it all in.

SCHOOL NURSE

No.

MRS. LLOYD

You're a woman, I get it. Boy like this, it's no wonder you get flustered. Maybe you got nervous, put the thermometer in wrong, didn't check your equipment to see if it was working properly.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

The nurse hangs her head, sheepishly. Looks at her stethoscope. Mrs. Lloyd is definitely getting to her.

MRS. LLOYD

We all make mistakes, but I don't think there's any need to let this ruin your career. Now why don't you take an early lunch, ice yourself down and realize the only thing you did wrong today is allow yourself to feel young again.

(beat, then)

It stays in this room.

The nurse nods, hangs up her stethoscope, and calmly exits. Mrs. Lloyd turns to Alison.

MRS. LLOYD

I'll clean up the paperwork here, but I think you need to talk to Lauren.

Alison smiles a "thank you" to Mrs. Lloyd, and she's off.

**INT. COMPUTER LAB. DAY.**

Rhonda sits with Gwen, editing a computer. The broken nose and the accompanying nose cast has soured her mood.

GWEN

Does this mean we're friends?

RHONDA

Not exactly. It means we have an enemy in common.

GWEN

So we're partners in crime?

RHONDA

That I can live with...

(then)

Are you sure you can pull this off?!

GWEN

Consider it pulled.

Julie rushes in with SCHOOL FILES labeled: BRAD PITT.

JULIE

You wanted dirt. I bring you dirt.

**EXT. QUAD. MORNING RECESS.**

Alison chases after Lauren walking through the quad.

ALISON

Hey, Lauren, wait up...

(Lauren keeps walking)

C'mon, I know I screwed up. I'm sorry  
I missed your birthday.

LAUREN

Hope he was worth it.

ALISON

He wasn't. He was a jerk.

LAUREN

I told you he's a knuckle-walker.

ALISON

Let me make it up to you.

LAUREN

What're going to do?!

(cutting)

Give me a mani-pedi?

ALISON

OK, I deserved that. It's just that  
Dewey asked me out, and you know how  
long I've dreamed of that.

LAUREN

You're not the only one with dreams.  
Ever since Brad Pitt arrived, it's been  
the Alison Lane Show. I'm glad you're  
getting good ratings, but I don't want  
to watch anymore.

ALISON

But we're the dynamic duo, remember?

LAUREN

We were.

ALISON

I'm in love with him.

LAUREN

You just said he was a jerk.

ALISON

Not Dewey. Brad.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

You can't fall in love with him. It's a rule...

(silence)

Did you tell him you loved him?

ALISON

Yeah, but it's OK, he's still here and we're going to Homecoming tonight.

LAUREN

This isn't a fairy tale. It's not going to end well. He's gone tomorrow. Then what?

ALISON

I'm not sure.

LAUREN

Listen, Alison, you didn't show up for my birthday, I'll get over it, it's not like I hate you for life, I'm just angry. But I have to dance with him this afternoon. You better make sure he's there. After that, do whatever you want with him. But if you mess up my chances at Juilliard, I will never forgive you.

ALISON

It's not my fault. I can't help how I feel.

Then, Alison and Lauren both get EMAILS on their phones. They pull out their phones and look at...

AN E-MAIL. The subject line reads: **LOSER LANE!!**

ALISON

What's this?

Alison opens the e-mail and **AN MP4 MOVIE** begins to play. Some techno beats pour from her iPhone.

It's some kind of a musical remix.

THE TITLE, "**LOSER LANE**," sweeps across the screen with a photo of Alison.

Then, we are bombarded by video footage of Alison going from geek to chic (these are all the videos Gwen has shot over the course of the movie). Alison's very own words are used as the vocals. They are sampled, taken out of context.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The chorus is "**I'M THE IT GIRL**," looped over and over to make it sound as if she's singing. It makes Alison appear as if she's totally full of herself.

Alison's seen saying, "**I BROKE HER NOSE**." It's looped and obviously taken out of context. We hear ALISON'S VOICE and watch quick cuts of Rhonda falling on her face during the basket toss.

Then, a series of shots of Rhonda holding her broken nose, and THE MEDICS treating her.

Alison looks up, checking the campus.

KIDS all over campus are watching the burn video on their PHONES and PDAs. It was a targeted E-BLAST!

A GIRL passes, watching the e-blast video on her CELL.

THE GIRL

IT-Girl! Yeah right! Skank...

Alison is horrified. Lauren closes her phone.

LAUREN

Look at you, you're the most popular girl in school, but nobody likes you anymore. Remember, Brad can make people eat your Skittles, but he can't make them enjoy them. You got what you wanted, now you're getting what you deserve.

(then)

Hope you're happy.

And Lauren walks off, leaving Alison devastated.

**INT. SENIOR LOUNGE. DAY.**

Rhonda, Cherry, Julie and a clique of SENIORS are gathered around the television, watching the "**LOSER LANE**" video.

Gwen watches, proud of her work. ON TV, we see HD FOOTAGE OF DEWEY AND ALISON at makeout point. Dewey leans in to kiss Alison. From the oblique CAMERA ANGLE, it looks like their lips meet. A few girls GASP!

JULIE

No. Way. I'm so sorry, Rhonda.

Rhonda sheds fake tears as she pretends to be devastated.

(CONTINUED)

CHERRY

So cold.

Rhonda wipes away a fake tear and runs out, playing the victim. As she passes Gwen, she covertly winks.

**INT. HALLWAY. DAY.**

STUDENTS gather, watching THE ALISON BURN VIDEO, which has obviously been mass e-mailed.

GOSSIPY STUDENT #1

Did you hear, she broke Rhonda's nose,  
and she did it on purpose...

GOSSIPY STUDENT #2

Yeah, then she hooked up with Dewey and  
videotaped it on the same night.

GOSSIPY STUDENT #3

I heard Rhonda's suing the school for  
like 20 million, and Alison is going to  
have to pay for it.

GOSSIPY STUDENT #1

Sssh! Hear she comes...

Alison is moving down the hallway, everyone stares.

GOSSIPY STUDENT #2

Home-wrecker.

Alison continues past THE SKINNY FRESHMAN from the bus,  
who speaks to his buddies. They don't even notice her.

SKINNY FRESHMAN

I'm just saying, how can she be the IT  
girl if she rides the bus?! It's just  
not cool.

SOPHOMORE TOOL

You ride the bus!

SKINNY FRESHMAN

Not by choice, Special Ed. I'm a  
freshman.

Alison works her way past the whispers of her classmates.  
Then, she sees DEWEY surrounded by JOCKS. They watch the  
video on A BLACKBERRY, laughing and high-fiving Dewey.  
The jocks replay DEWEY LEANING IN FOR THE KISS.

(CONTINUED)

DUMB JOCK

Dude, you've scored the two hottest  
chicks in school.

(high five)

Nice pull, bro!!!

Alison stops dead in her tracks, looks at Dewey.

ALISON

Dewey, tell them the truth.

DEWEY

Truth is, we had a night.

DUMB JOCK

I never pegged you for a sleaze.

THE JOCKS jeer Alison, who is crushed.

THEN, A LOCKER SLAMS! J.D. turns, faces off with Dewey.

J.D.

(quiet anger)

Watch your mouth, pal.

DEWEY

I'm not your pal.

J.D.

Say you're sorry.

DEWEY

Or what?

J.D. snaps off a hard right. Dewey goes down. The Jocks  
rush J.D., pinning him against a locker. Fists fly. He's  
outnumbered, but J.D. holds his own.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE rushes down the hallway.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

Alright, break it up!

Principal Mudge pulls bodies off J.D. Dewey stands up,  
crying, holding his bloodied mouth. He's missing a tooth.

DEWEY

He broke my toof!

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

Did you start this, J.D.?

(CONTINUED)

J.D.  
No. I finished it.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE  
Both of you are suspended until further  
notice.  
(to Dewey)  
Clean yourself up and go see the nurse,  
Mr. Wheeler.

ALISON  
I don't think she's in.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE  
Miss Lane, my office now.

**INT. PRINCIPAL MUDGE'S OFFICE. DAY.**

Principal Mudge enters with Alison to find Mom and Rhonda.

ALISON  
Mom, what're you doing here?

MOM  
Sit down, Alison.

ALISON  
What's going on?

PRINCIPAL MUDGE  
I have a list here of all the foreign  
exchange students from France directed to  
our district. There is no record for  
Brad Pitt from Leone.

ALISON  
I'm sure there's some kind of mistake.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE  
That was my first thought. So, I checked  
with the Office of International Exchange  
Programs. They have no record of Mr.  
Pitt either. So I tried his emergency  
contact number, as well as his home. All  
goose eggs...

(to Rhonda)  
Miss Stevens was kind enough to bring  
this to my attention. She found this  
irregularity while doing her research for  
this year's yearbook.

Alison looks to Rhonda.

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA

Sorry, Alison. I just thought they should know. I was worried for you.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

This is very serious liability for this school, Miss Lane. I was hoping you could shed some light on the situation.

Alison doesn't know what to say.

MOM

Alison, tell him what you know.

ALISON

He is...

(beat)

Brad Pitt. From France.

A SECRETARY sticks her head in the door.

THE SECRETARY

Mr. Mudge, the police are here.

ALISON

The police?!

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

If you don't know who he is or where he comes from, then I'm left with no choice.

Principal Mudge leaves. Alison follows him.

**EXT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. DAY.**

BoyToy is being escorted off school property across the grass by two POLICE OFFICERS. Alison pushes past a GROUP OF STUDENTS watching the scene, rushing up to BoyToy.

ALISON

I did this, didn't I?

BOYTOY

Goodbye, Alison.

THE POLICE take BoyToy to a waiting POLICE CRUISER, leaving Alison devastated. As he's pulled further and further away, ALISON'S VISION starts to BLUR.

BoyToy looks back at Alison. The look doesn't last long but it means a lot.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Then, he goes completely out of focus, as Alison's vision fails her. All she's left with are distorted shapes and a deep sense of loss.

STUDENTS and TEACHERS look on as Alison blindly walks across the grass, and straight into -

A MUD PUDDLE. Alison goes down, face first. As she gets to her feet, she's covered in mud, her hair a filthy mess.

Rhonda steps up to Alison.

RHONDA

I told you...

(twisting the knife)

You're not cut out for what I do.

And Alison's world crashes down on her.

**INT. MOM'S CAR. DAY.**

Mom and Alison driving home. Alison is a mess of crusted mud and tears.

MOM

I know it hurts, Ally. I'm sorry.

ALISON

You don't understand...

(then)

What have I done?

MOM

You didn't do anything. He was the one who lied.

ALISON

No he didn't. I've been lying...

(crisis of conscious)

To myself. I'm not a cheerleader. And I don't even like being popular, it's too much work. Brad made me see that.

MOM

You should never try to become something you're not.

ALISON

You mean like a rock climber?

Mom pauses, realizes Alison's busted her.

(CONTINUED)

MOM  
(a smile)  
Or a sky diver.

**INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM. THAT AFTERNOON.**

Alison sits on her bed. She looks like the old Alison as she stares out of the window with her GLASSES ON!!!

On the street below, A LIMO pulls up with a bunch of JOCKS hanging out of the sunroof with Cherry and Julie, acting like typical teens on the night of a big dance.

Dewey gets out of the limousine, as Rhonda comes down the steps of the house next door. Dewey pins the corsage on her dress. RHONDA'S MOTHER takes pictures.

Rhonda, NOSE SPLINT on, catches sight of Alison. Smirks. Dewey throws a cocky, TOOTHLESS SMILE and chuckles.

Cherry and Julie and THE JOCKS join in the laughter. Then, THE SPRINKLERS come on, drenching Rhonda, her mother and Dewey. They both cover their heads and run for the limousine, which is also getting soaked.

Cherry, Julie and THE JOCKS duck in the sunroof, but they get stuck in the small opening. The sprinklers soak them!

Alison watches, amused.

MIKEY  
Nice, huh?

Alison turns and there's Mikey.

ALISON  
You didn't?

MIKEY  
I might of changed the timer on their  
sprinklers...  
(then, a smile)  
Nobody messes with my sister but me.

Then, MOM sticks her head in the door.

MOM  
There's somebody here to see you.

**EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE. SECONDS LATER.**

Alison moves out the front door where MRS. LLOYD waits.

ALISON

Where is he?

MRS. LLOYD

He's gone, Alison.

ALISON

But the lunar cycle isn't over yet.

THE GARDENER, who has been pruning rose bushes, speaks from underneath his CHINESE COOLIE HAT.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

If you cut a rose at just the right time, it's bloom will last for weeks. It's all about timing, knowing the moment.

The Gardener looks up. It's MASTER-JIRO SAN.

ALISON

Master-Jiro San?

MASTER-JIRO SAN

You broke the rule, Alison.

ALISON

I'm 17 years old and Brad is everything I've ever dreamed of. How could I not fall in love with him? You tell me, what was I supposed to do?

MRS. LLOYD

Fall in love.

Alison looks confused.

MRS. LLOYD

You did exactly what you were meant to do, Alison. We all fall in love with our BoyToys. It's part of the plan.

ALISON

You did this to me on purpose?!

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Purpose, yes. He served his purpose well, you have become everything you wanted to be.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

Yeah, look at me. I'm worse off than I was before. I'm hated at school and my reputation is destroyed.

Master-Jiro San snips a rose and hands it over.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Every rose has its thorn. One cannot know life until one knows love. You have loved... and now you can live!

MRS. LLOYD

It's the real things in life that matter.

MASTER-JIRO SAN

Like friendship.

A light bulb goes off.

ALISON

Oh no, Lauren!

**INT. HOTEL GRANDE SALON. DAY.**

Lauren wears dance gear and paces with J.D beside her. At a table, A JUILLIARD JUDGE (40s) packs up. She is a stern New Yorker who'd give Cruella De Vil a run for her money.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

I have fourteen other cities to get to. They're filled with girls just like you.

Lauren pleads her case.

LAUREN

Five more minutes. I know my partner will be here.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

I have a plane to catch. I'm sorry, Miss Munroe. There's always next year.

And she's out the door. Lauren is crushed.

**EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY.**

Alison rides behind Master-Jiro San, as he throttles his CHINESE MOPED.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON  
Can you step on it?

MASTER-JIRO SAN  
Hang on, this might get gangsta.

Master-Jiro San swerves, jumps the curb to avoid traffic and weaves in and out of PEDESTRIANS on the sidewalk.

**EXT. HOTEL. DAY.**

Lauren throws her dance bag in the back of her Chevy Nova.

J.D.  
Look, if you don't want to go to the dance tonight, I get it. We can just hang out.

LAUREN  
No, I want to go. See'ya there?

MASTER-JIRO SAN and ALISON slide to a stop in the parking lot on the smoking moped. Alison hops off the back.

MASTER-JIRO SAN  
Good luck, Grasshopper.

And Master-Jiro San burns out, driving full-speed through A HEDGE! Alison runs to Lauren and J.D.

ALISON  
Lauren, I'm so...

LAUREN  
Save it. All I asked for is one thing.

ALISON  
But you don't understand...

LAUREN  
Actually, I do understand. It was a stupid dream anyway.

Lauren drives off in her car. Alison turns to J.D.

J.D.  
You're too late. The judge flies out tonight.

ALISON  
Is she staying in this hotel?

(CONTINUED)

J.D.

Yeah, but it doesn't matter. It's over.

ALISON

Not yet, I have an idea.

**INT. BANQUET OFFICE. MINUTES LATER.**

J.D. looks on as Alison logs into her MOM'S COMPUTER.

J.D.

Are you sure we're not going to get  
busted?

ALISON

Relax, it's my mom's office...

(then)

She would have checked in yesterday with  
checkout for today. You say she seemed  
a little high maintenance?

J.D.

A lot high maintenance.

Alison reads off the computer screen.

ALISON

Lorraine Robbins, room 424, Hertz rental  
car, three calls to the front desk to  
complain about her sheets, four separate  
orders to room service to order organic  
berries, whole-grain toast, no crust.

J.D.

That's gotta be her.

ALISON

How are you at popping locks?

J.D.

(a smile)

You little criminal.

A smile creeps across Alison's face.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.**

ON THE JUILLIARD JUDGE, as she pulls her door open to find  
Alison dressed as A BELLMAN with A LUGGAGE CART in hand.

(CONTINUED)

ALISON  
You called for a bellman?

JUILLIARD JUDGE  
Yes, I'm in hurry...

The Juilliard Judge's BAGGAGE is by the door.

ALISON  
Don't worry, ma'am, I can bring these  
right to your car.

JUILLIARD JUDGE  
That would be great.

ALISON  
I need to know where you've parked.

Off Alison's smile.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.**

The Juilliard Judge steps off the elevator with Alison in tow, the suitcases on the luggage cart. They pass J.D.

ALISON  
(surreptitiously)  
Dark blue Chevy Malibu, back left corner  
of the parking lot.

J.D.  
Give me 5 minutes.

J.D. peels off and out the door.

Alison unlatches A SUITCASE on her luggage cart and DUMPS IT over, spilling it onto the floor.

The Juilliard Judge looks on in disbelief.

JUILLIARD JUDGE  
What have you done?!

ALISON  
I'm sorry, ma'am.

Alison reloads the suitcase. A BELLHOP rushes over.

THE BELLHOP  
Alison, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

ALISON

Hey, John. You can take it from here...

(then)

Have a nice trip, ma'am.

The Juilliard Judge stomps off.

**INT. RENTAL CAR. DAY.**

The Juilliard Judge turns the key. NOTHING!!! She tries several more times, but it won't turn over. Then, A HONK. She looks over to see A TOW TRUCK with PETE'S GARAGE painted on the side.

J.D. jumps from the truck wearing MECHANIC'S COVERALLS and a greasy STP TRUCKER CAP. He makes his way over.

J.D.

Having some car trouble?

JUILLIARD JUDGE

Yes...but how did you...

J.D.

Word travels fast around here. I'll get you hooked up.

**EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT. MINUTES LATER.**

J.D. drives the tow truck with THE JUILLIARD JUDGE riding up front, who is busy doing IMs on her Blackberry. THE RENTAL CAR is hitched to the back. As the tow truck pulls into traffic, we reveal ALISON watching it drive away.

Alison smiles and looks down at A SPARK PLUG in her hand.

**INT. ALISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Alison runs through the door and finds Grandpa and Mikey sitting in front of the TV.

ALISON

Grandpa, I need to borrow your tux.

GRANDPA

What do you need it for?

ALISON

I'm going to embarrass myself.

(CONTINUED)



GRANDPA  
Mind if I come along?

MIKEY  
Yo Gramps, there's no I in team. I'm  
part of this crew. If she's going to  
embarrass herself, I'm coming.

Alison smiles.

**INT. EAST LIBERTY GYMNASIUM. NIGHT.**

The Homecoming Dance is underway.

A COVER BAND plays. DISCO BALL spins. KIDS dance. GWEN  
films everyone and everything with her video camera.

Lauren enters wearing a beautiful dress, scanning the gym  
for J.D. Rhonda, nose still bandaged, taps Lauren on the  
shoulder, Cherry and Julie in tow.

RHONDA  
I heard about your audition.

JULIE  
So sad.

CHERRY  
Yeah and Alison's disqualification  
from the Homecoming Court is tragic.

RHONDA  
Looks like you guys will have to go  
back to being nobodies.

LAUREN  
(facetious)  
How will we ever recover?

PRINCIPAL MUDGE grabs the microphone.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE  
OK, everybody, it's the moment you've  
all been waiting for. Can I please  
have the Homecoming Court on stage?

RHONDA  
That would be us.

Oh by the way.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

Just remember, no matter who wins, you all lose. 'Cause no matter what happens in your lives, you will never be this young or pretty again. You've peaked. Every year, you'll add more makeup, more plastic surgery and more divorces, just trying to relive your glory days, but it'll never be enough. So live it up.

Rhonda tries something pithy, but the best she's got is...

RHONDA

You're ugly!

Rhonda flits off with her friends as Mrs. Lloyd passes by on her way to the dance-floor.

MRS. LLOYD

(re: Rhonda)

She's a nasty little ho-bag that one!!

A wink and she's gone.

**EXT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. NIGHT.**

THE TOW TRUCK pulls into the school parking lot.

**INT. TOW TRUCK. NIGHT.**

The Juilliard Judge looks up from her Blackberry.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

What're we doing here?

J.D.

It's a little detour.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

My flight is in an hour. I don't have time for detours.

J.D.

You need to make time.

The Juilliard Judge starts dialing her phone.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

I'm calling the police.

(CONTINUED)

J.D.

Please don't. You really need to see her  
dance.

Something in the way J.D. says this makes the Juilliard  
Judge soften.

**INT. EAST LIBERTY GYMNASIUM. NIGHT.**

Principal Mudge places A CROWN on Dewey. The Homecoming  
Court applauds.

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

And this year's Homecoming Queen is...  
(dramatic pause)  
Rhonda Davis!

Rhonda acts surprised as A SPOTLIGHT hits her. APPLAUSE.  
She blows kisses. Principal Mudge puts a crown on her.  
Dewey tries to upstage her by stepping into the spotlight.  
Rhonda snatches the mic first.

RHONDA

Thank you so much. I've waited my  
entire life for this moment, and it's  
everything I dreamed it would be. I'm  
just sorry more of you can't experience  
what it feels like to be me...  
(the lights SNAP OFF)  
What the what?!

Rhonda storms over to PRINCIPAL MUDGE.

RHONDA

Hey Mudge, what's up?! This is a total  
J.V. ceremony, I didn't even get to  
finish addressing the student body...

Rhonda trips over A MICROPHONE CORD and goes down.

Dewey is on her heels and trips on top of Rhonda, pushing  
her face into the ground. Her nose goes CRUNCH. Broken.  
Again. A SCREAM!!!

Then, over THE P.A. SYSTEM we hear...

ALISON

(filtered, over the P.A.)  
Lauren Munroe, may I have this dance?

THE CROWD QUIETS! THE SPOTLIGHT shines on LAUREN, who is  
a little stunned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another SPOTLIGHT finds ALISON moving through the student body, dressed in her GRANDPA'S TUXEDO. Her hair is pulled back in a ponytail. She's not the glammed-out Alison we have come to know, but she looks great.

Mrs. Lloyd looks on, smiles.

MRS. LLOYD

This oughta be good.

Lauren looks shocked. STUDENTS laugh.

Alison stops right in front of Lauren.

LAUREN

What're you doing?!

ALISON

This is your audition.

Alison throws a look across the gymnasium. Lauren turns and sees J.D. with THE JUILLIARD JUDGE.

LAUREN

How did you get her here?

ALISON

Don't ask...

(then)

I'm sorry, Lauren. I was a bad friend.  
Forgive me?

Lauren thinks a beat and nods. Then:

LAUREN

You sure you can handle this? Brad's not here. It's just you.

Alison gives J.D. a nod and turns back to Lauren.

ALISON

No sweat.

Alison offers her hand.

Lauren takes it, and they go center stage.

J.D. joins his BUDDY behind the sound-mixing board.

J.D.

Let's do it.

THE MUSIC FADES IN, something contemporary and cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gwen pushes through the crowd with her video camera.

Alison leads Lauren across the dance floor.

THE SPOTLIGHT follows their every movement. It's graceful and balletic. Young ballroom dance with a modern spin. This is not your grandparent's ballroom dance routine.

Then, THE MUSIC segues into a faster beat, up tempo. The crowd is starting to get into it, rocking with the groove.

GRANDPA and MIKEY watch along with the rest of the crowd.

Lauren and Alison are good.

But Lauren is really good, whirling like a dervish all over the dance floor, taking everyone of Alison's leads.

J.D. steps up to THE JUILLIARD JUDGE, who's like stone. Only a gently tapping foot belies her icy exterior.

J.D.

Whadd'ya think?

JUILLIARD JUDGE

I think you should be out there dancing with her.

J.D.

I'm not a dancer.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

No. But she is.

J.D.'s mind starts to race.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, Lauren and Alison give it their all.

ALISON

Show her what you've got!!

Lauren gives her a nod, and Alison releases her into a combination of spins and quick steps.

Lauren works the floor solo, having a blast, dancing her heart out.

THE KIDS are grooving to her routine, which has taken on a decidedly rock edge.

J.D. turns to his BUDDY, who mans the sound board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

J.D.

Light this place up!

J.D.'s BUDDY hits a few buttons.

CONFETTI CANNONS go off! And BALLOONS are released from the ceiling. The gym is filled with streams of confetti and a downpour of balloons.

RHONDA sits on the stage crying, holding her broken nose, completely upstaged on her big night.

RHONDA

Those are my balloons!

Lauren glides through the fanfare, giving the kids quite a show. She is a great dancer.

Then, J.D. steps out of the crowd and onto the stage.

Lauren whirls towards J.D. and right into his arms. She leads him across the floor, dancing all around him. His greasy Dickey work clothes are a sharp contrast to her beautiful chiffon Homecoming dress.

J.D. is rough around the edges, but somehow they make the perfect couple.

As THE MUSIC crescendos, J.D. puts Lauren into a deep dip.

THE CROWD ERUPTS!!!

Alison rushes over to Lauren and J.D., hugging them.

THE STUDENTS rush the floor and surround them.

Our trio pushes through the kids to THE JUILLIARD JUDGE.

ALISON

Sorry we kidnapped you. It was the only way.

The Juilliard Judge checks her watch.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

I missed my flight.

Lauren visibly deflates.

ALISON

I booked you a seat on the next plane out. It leaves in an hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The Juilliard Judge looks Lauren up and down.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

You're lucky to have friends like these,  
Ms. Munroe...

(cracks a smile)

And Juilliard will be lucky to have you.

LAUREN

Shut. Up.

JUILLIARD JUDGE

Is that any way to speak to a teacher?!

Lauren and Alison hug. Lauren jumps into J.D.'s arms and hugs the Juilliard Judge. Pure joy. THE MUSIC pumps back up. Everyone hits the dance-floor.

GRANDPA approaches the Juilliard Judge, offers his hand.

GRANDPA

You want to cut a rug, young lady?

JUILLIARD JUDGE

Why not?

Grandpa sweeps her onto the dance floor.

MIKEY rolls up on Cherry and Julie, grooving to the music.

MIKEY

Hey girls, check it. I'm too much man  
for one woman. What say you share me?

Cherry and Julie look at Mikey like he's insane, as Mikey takes their hands and pulls them on the dance floor.

Alison finds herself standing alone.

MOM

Nice dancing, Ally.

Alison turns and there's Mom with Principal Mudge. They are holding hands and look like a complete mismatch.

ALISON

Mom, what are you doing here?

MOM

Norm and I went to high school together.

ALISON

Yeah, I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PRINCIPAL MUDGE

I finally worked up the nerve to ask her to Homecoming.

MOM

And next week, we're going to the opera.

ALISON

You love the opera.

MOM

Yes, I do...

(then to Principal Mudge)

And I love to dance.

Principal Mudge offers his arm and leads Mom to the dance floor. A VIDEO CAMERA is put in Alison's face by GWEN.

GWEN

You're amazing, Ally. Even when you lose you win! Tell me, what's it feel like to be you?

Alison adjusts her glasses and smiles at Gwen, proud to be her old bespectacled self.

ALISON

It feels good.

Alison turns back to the dance-floor where everybody is having a blast!! Lauren and J.D. rock beside Grandpa and the Juilliard Judge. Mikey dances with Cherry and Julie. And Mom is happy dancing with Principal Mudge.

Alison catches eyes with her Mom.

A shared smile between them says it all.

With everything right in the teenage universe, Alison leaves this Homecoming dance behind her.

**EXT. EAST LIBERTY HIGH. NIGHT.**

Alison walks through campus, alone. A RAINDROP hits her face. Lightning flashes. Rain. Alison runs ahead and takes cover in the tunnel leading into the football stadium. She wipes the rain from her glasses.

THEN, she hears A BEEPING SOUND.

Alison reaches into her pocket and pulls out her iPhone.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

THE COUNTDOWN TO THE LUNAR CYCLE reads: 45,44,43...

SUDDENLY...THE STADIUM LIGHTS SNAP TO LIFE!

Alison turns. Looks. At the end of the stadium tunnel, the field is bathed in a blinding glow.

Alison is drawn to THE LIGHTS.

Alison accidentally kicks an empty BOTTLE. It bounces off the wall and spins. She watches it closely. It gradually slows. Then stops. Pointing right at her. The spinning bottle has finally landed on her.

Alison runs out of the tunnel and onto...

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. NIGHT.**

Alison moves through the rain to the 50 yard line. Then, out of the glow of the stadium lights, BOYTOY emerges.

Alison meets him at mid-field.

BOYTOY

Hello, Alison.

ALISON

I thought you were gone forever.

BOYTOY

So did I.

BoyToy grabs Alison's hand and places it on his chest. THUMP THUMP! THUMP THUMP!

BOYTOY HAS A HEARTBEAT!!!

ALISON

Your heart is racing.

BOYTOY

I'm scared.

ALISON

I'm not.

BoyToy smiles and removes her glasses. They hold a look, everything has led to this moment. To this...

KISS!! It's the mother of all kisses. "THE" KISS Alison has been waiting for. It's a magical moment, made more so when A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES THE STADIUM LIGHTS.

(CONTINUED)

"BoyToy"  
CONTINUED:

10/6/10

105

THE FIELD IS SHOWERED WITH SPARKS!!!

Alison pulls away, marveling at the magic of it all.

ALISON  
(softly)  
Fireworks.

3,2,1,0...BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!!!

Alison throws a quick glance at her iPhone. The countdown to this lunar cycle is over.

IN THE STADIUM BLEACHERS ABOVE, MRS. LLOYD AND MASTER-JIRO SAN can be seen under an umbrella, watching.

MRS. LLOYD  
Why did you bring him back?

Master-Jiro San smiles a knowing smile.

MASTER-JIRO SAN  
I didn't. Love did.

Alison and BoyToy kiss inside this beautiful cloudburst of sparks and rain. And we pull up, up and away, leaving all this teenage angst behind.

HOLD ON THIS. AND...

FADE TO BLACK. ROLL END CREDITS.