

RISE OF THE PINK LADIES

"Pilot"

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**BEFORE WE BEGIN...**

**A NOTE ABOUT MUSIC:**

All song titles and lyrics within are placeholders. Temp lyrics are meant to convey the general plot, content, and tone of each song until the real songs can be written. In some instances temporary lyrics are formatted like this:

CHARACTER  
*[I AM A FAKE LYRIC, I AM NOT REAL.]*

While in other instances it made more sense to include a summary of what characters are singing about, like so:

CHARACTER  
*[Character sings about how they can't wait for real lyrics to be written.]*

**A NOTE ABOUT RACE/ETHNICITY:**

Characters' races and ethnicities are noted where relevant to this and future episodes. If a character's race or ethnicity is not noted, it means the casting of that character may be open to more than one race/ethnicity.

**EXT. OVERLOOK POINT - RYDELL, CA - NIGHT**

A starry night. A *NO PARKING* sign. Underneath, a '54 Chevy overlooks Rydell. Closer, we see the windows are fogged up.

**INT. BUDDY'S CAR - NIGHT**

JANE (16, Italian/Puerto Rican-American, NY accent, square) and BUDDY (16, white, earnest) are *heavy* petting. His hand slides up her thigh. Her glasses slide crooked from the feverish kissing. Her hair is a disheveled mess.

BUDDY

You're so beautiful.

JANE

So are you.

They pause. Then share a laugh. And dive back in. Buddy's hand disappears under her skirt. After a beat, Jane lets out an accidental SEX MOAN. They snap upright, freaked out.

BUDDY

Jane, we need to talk.

Buddy looks suddenly serious. Jane's expression darkens.

JANE

Before you say anything, I just want to thank you for the best summer of my short life.

BUDDY

What? I should be thanking you! You saved my hide planning the pep rally when everyone else bailed.

JANE

Oh but I enjoyed it!

BUDDY

And then *this* happened. And this-

He tucks a piece of hair behind her ear. She melts.

JANE

--Has been a dream. But I need you to know I'm not some naive girl. You're popular and I'm not and those are just the facts.

BUDDY

Come on. It's not like that.

JANE

Have you told your friends about us?

BUDDY

Well... no.

(off her look)

It's complicated, with Susan...

Aw, Jane, I was going to!

JANE

It's okay. It's probably better if you don't. Just imagine if everyone found out "Mr. Class President Football Star" spent his summer nights with "Brainy Janey."

BUDDY

Hey. I like your brainy. Janey.

JANE

Thanks. For everything. It wasn't easy being the new girl last year. Making friends in a place where everyone seems to already have their group. Even aside from... *this*, planning the pep rally is the first I've felt maybe there is a place I could fit in at Rydell. I even had an idea-- no, it's stupid.

BUDDY

Let's hear it. I doubt you could have a stupid idea if you tried.

JANE

No, I just-- I had this dumb thought I could run for student council. I know popular kids usually win but I do think I have sort of a knack for this stuff.

(embarrassed)

...And I thought it'd be a way I could still spend time with you. Even if it'd just be as friends.

BUDDY

Wow. That *is* a stupid idea. We're not going to be friends.

Jane closes her eyes. She should never have hoped.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

At least I hope not. 'Cause I've been trying to ask you to go steady.

JANE

What?

BUDDY

And you should absolutely run for student council! I'll endorse you!

JANE

You will?

BUDDY

Sure. That's what I've been trying to tell you, Silly. This isn't the end. It's just the beginning!

Cue the iconic opening horns of Grease is the Word and...

**EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Buddy opens the car door and Jane, wearing his letterman jacket, emerges into the bustling drive-in like Cinderella at the ball. She whispers something in his ear and, as Grease is the Word's (all new female) vocals begin, we follow Jane as she splits off from Buddy and weaves through the drive-in. All of Rydell High is here: EGGHEADS, WALLFLOWERS, BAND KIDS, THESPIANS, WANNABES, etc. As Jane approaches, heads turn.

GOSSIP WALLA

Is that Buddy's jacket? / How'd *she* get *it*? / Susan's gonna flip.

Oblivious, Jane ducks under a group of ASIAN TEENS swing dancing to music from a car radio. ONLY NANCY (16, Japanese-American, artsy) opts out. She sits atop the car, in a chic lamé turban, reading VOGUE. GEORGE (16) talks at her anyway.

GEORGE

So you like fashion, huh?

Nancy looks up, uninterested, then back at her magazine.

NANCY

No. I love fashion. I'm going to go to design school in New York some--

GEORGE

I don't get it. It's so frivolous. A waste of girls' time and intellect.

NANCY

Do you like sports?

GEORGE

Do I! Johnny Antonelli's my hero. 21  
wins with an ERA of two-- hey...

Belatedly offended, he gathers his BUDDIES and takes off.  
Nancy's boy crazy pals EDITH and ELEANOR despair.

EDITH

Oh Nancy, please stop being so  
strange! It scares the boys away!

They scurry to catch up with the boys as we catch up with-

**JANE**

Who coughs her way through a row of smoking Thespians. Jane  
spots eggheads, GUS AND ORSON, on their bicycles.

JANE

Hi Boys. See you at the pep rally  
tomorrow? It's going to be a gas.

ORSON

Pep rallies aren't "rally" our thing.

GUS

But we'll come if you're asking...

JANE

Terrific! See you later!

GUS

Ugh. Is she gonna quit debate now  
and become one of them? A *soc*?

ORSON

I'm afraid "*soc.*"

Gus groans as we travel their sightline to...

**THE CONCESSION STAND**

Under bright lights we meet THE SOCS, top-of-the-food-chain  
athletes, cheerleaders, and student council kids with that  
upper middle class sheen. ROSEMARY (16, gossip maven), LINDA  
(16, athletic), and DOT (16, their punching bag) sip sodas.

DOT

Are those eggheads looking at us?

LINDA

Afraid it'll make your thirteen-  
year-old boyfriend jealous, Dot?

DOT

I told you! He's just a friend from church!

ROSEMARY

We're only teasing. So is he coming or does he have to be home by the time the street lights turn on?

The girls cackle. Dot desperately searches for a distraction.

DOT

Brainy Janey's in Buddy's jacket!

LINDA

Oh no. I hope Susan doesn't see.

ROSEMARY

She'd be crushed... But better if she finds out from us, right?

Linda nods and three run off, giddy. But then... SCREEEEEECH!

**A BEAT UP CAR WITH THE T-BIRDS LOGO ON THE HOOD**

Has stopped inches from the girls petticoats. RICHIE (16, Mexican-American, cool) turns on his million watt smile.

RICHIE

Sorry ladies, hope I didn't get your skirts dirty.

Linda and Rosemary sneer, but Dot is so entranced by Richie's bad boy charm they have to yank her away. The trunk pops open to reveal GIL (16, Italian-American, always looking for action), SHY GUY (16, the heavy, barely talks), and POTATO (16, Mexican-American, relentlessly positive).

GIL

Tell me again why I gotta sneak in the trunk of my own car?

SHY GUY

We're broke.

POTATO

And the ticket girls looove Richie. It's fun! Like we're stowaways!

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Ahem!

The guys scramble up to reveal OLIVIA (16, Mexican-American, sardonic). She army crawls out of the trunk, annoyed.

Olivia was that first-girl-to-get-boobs-in-junior-high and has had to develop several kinds of armor to protect herself ever since. She steps out, looks around, wary.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
*Sé me olvidó que no me gusta  
 está gente llévame a la casa.*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE  
 I forgot. I don't like any of  
 these people. Take me home.

RICHIE  
*Has estado en la casa todo el  
 verano. Relájate. Todos ya  
 están chismeando de alguien  
 mas. Ten, comprate un nieve.*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE (CONT'D)  
 You've been home all summer.  
 Relax. Everyone's probably  
 flapping their traps about  
 somebody else by now. Here,  
 go get yourself an ice cream.

Unconvinced, she takes his dime plus two more and heads off.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
 Nobody watch my sister walk away.

The T-Birds quickly avert their eyes, cough, kick the ground.

**ON OLIVIA, WALKING**

BOYS WALLA  
*[wolf whistle] / Hey Chica.*

Olivia crosses her arms, irritated but used to catcalls. A boy runs up and starts walking beside her.

BOY  
 Hey Olivia, are you a turtle?  
 (off her confused look)  
 Then why do you snap!

He SNAPS her bra and runs off. Pissed, she walks toward him.

HIS FRIEND  
 Uh oh we've angered *teacher's pet*.

"Teachers pet" stops her cold. They run off, laughing. She's left shaken as a low rumbling grows to a ROAR and we whip to-

**A RICKETY MOTORCYCLE**

CYNTHIA (16, butch, boisterous, boy clothes) charges toward the T-Birds, waving a jug of liquor in the air.

CYNTHIA  
 HAPPY LAST DAY OF SUMMER DIPSTICKS!

The T-Birds CHEER. We track past them to rejoin...

**JANE**



who approaches the Ladies Room. She straightens Buddy's jacket, smiling to herself. But when she opens the door...

**INT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jane faces a throng of SOC GIRLS surrounding SUSAN (16, white, melodramatic). She's been crying. "*Grease is the Word*" echoes out into awkward silence.

JANE

Oh. Sorry.

LINDA

What are you sorry for?

JANE

I don't know...

ROSEMARY

Have a fun summer, Jane?

SUSAN

Girls, that's enough. They're just feeling protective because Buddy and I used to go together.

Jane shifts, uncomfortable.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But that's old news. Now you're going with him. Steady. Wow! That makes me so... happy.

DOT

It does?!

SUSAN

Of course. When Jane came to Rydell last year I really felt for her. I saw how she got teased for her accent and her coughing fits and those funny colored socks she wore-- which *I liked*. I suppose I shouldn't have worried though. Looks like-- like you fit right in.

She chokes back sobs. Her friends protectively huddle around.

JANE

Susan, I'm sorry. I didn't--

ROSEMARY

See you later, alligator.

The hive leads Susan out, leaving Jane alone and rattled.

**EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

The Soc Girls follow Susan out. She bravely wipes her tears.

LINDA  
It won't last.

SUSAN  
Girls, I'm fine. Truly. Buddy's  
moved on and so will I. Just watch.

Susan's sights have landed on Richie with the T-Birds, across the drive-in.

<p>DOT The T-Birds?!</p>	<p>LINDA ("gross") They're JDs.</p>
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ROSEMARY  
Susan, you wouldn't.

Susan flashes a mischievous smile at them and walks off.

**THE T-BIRDS**

And Cynthia lean against the car. Pass the liquor jug around.

CYNTHIA  
Whatddya say, gentlemen? Let's  
ditch this passion pit and have  
some real fun. Get loaded, go do  
donuts down by the river. Ooh! Or  
we could head to the country club--  
(off their looks)  
Do a little hubcap shopping?

She pulls a screwdriver from her pocket.

GIL  
Sorry, Cynthia. T-Birds are on the  
prowl tonight. All right, Boys.  
First to get a girl gets the keys.

POTATO  
But Richie's gotta give us a five  
minute head start. On account of  
we're not as dreamy as he is.

Richie mimes shooting a race pistol. Gil and Potato play it cool at first, then sprint off. Shy Guy hangs back.

RICHIE

I'm with you, Shy Guy. You kiss one Rydell girl, you've kissed 'em all.

Shy Guy nods as he gazes at Cynthia, who he clearly harbors a misguided crush on. She takes a swig of booze and belches.

CYNTHIA

You might have actually "kissed 'em all" Richie.

RICHIE

Well if you don't kiss 'em, they talk. Which'd be great if they had anything interesting to say. Me? I have lots of interests. Politics, poetry, philosophy...

Susan perks up her boobs and marches over to Richie.

SUSAN

Buy me a soda, Richie?

RICHIE

Yeah, okay.

CYNTHIA

Looks like a real Aristotle!

Richie walks Susan off, catching Gil's keys mid-air. Cynthia slumps next to Shy Guy. He straightens. This is his chance.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What a drag, summer's over. I'm already freezing my teats off.

SHY GUY

You-- you want to borrow my jacket?

CYNTHIA

Please. I'm not the type of gal who-- wait, your T-Birds jacket?!

Cynthia snatches it from him. Puts it on with reverence.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Hey-o! Fits me to a T. Get it?

SHY GUY

It suits you. I'd-- I'd like to see you in that jacket more often.

CYNTHIA

Finally someone says it! I've been too afraid to ask. You think the other guys'd consider it?

SHY GUY

Oh, I meant, um--  
(losing his nerve)  
Maybe.

CYNTHIA

Wow. My own T-Birds jacket. Night's looking up! I think I'll go eat my weight in hot dogs.

Cynthia slaps him heartily and struts off in his jacket.

#### **AT THE CONCESSION STAND**

A flustered Jane slows as she approaches Buddy. He's with soc guys NEIL (16, white, life of the party), CARL, FRED, and RALPH and the Soc Girls (minus Susan). Buddy pulls Jane over.

BUDDY

Everyone, I've got an announcement. Jane and I are going steady.

NEIL

Wow. That's a big commitment... just to get a girl to help you with your homework!

The Socs all laugh. Jane shrinks. Buddy shoots him a look.

NEIL (CONT'D)

I'm just ragging ya, welcome Jane!

The guys ad-lib welcomes. The girls return icy stares.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Aw, ignore them. They get like this every time there's a break up in the group. It's Girl War Three for a week and then they're back to being mad at us again.

ROSEMARY

You're just happy 'cause you're sweet on Susan.

NEIL

Get bent, Rosemary. I am not.

LINDA  
 Good thing, considering...

**NEARBY**

Susan fixates on Buddy and Jane. She's not listening at all to any of Richie's earnest attempts to connect.

RICHIE  
 I wanna travel lots after I graduate. Tahiti, Machu Picchu...

SUSAN  
 Bless you.

Then, the Socs look *right at them*. In response, Susan laughs loudly, runs a hand down Richie's arm. Richie is perplexed.

**BACK ON BUDDY, JANE, AND THE SOCS**

Neil is crestfallen. Buddy sees exactly what Susan is doing.

BUDDY  
 Come on, the movie's about to start and we don't want to miss anything.

**INT. BUDDY'S CAR/EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - LATER**

The movie is Marilyn Monroe's *RIVER OF NO RETURN*. But Buddy and Jane make out, missing every second. Jane pulls back.

JANE  
 Do you think the other girls will really come around? Like Neil said?

BUDDY  
 Sure they will. Who wouldn't want to be friends with this mug.

He squeezes her cheeks. Goes in for a kiss, but:

JANE  
 (mouth squished)  
 And Susan?

BUDDY  
 Yes. By our 20 year reunion for sure.

Jane punches his arm playfully. He laughs.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 Hey aren't you warm? Don't you want to take that jacket off?

JANE  
 (suggestive)  
 I'd like to keep it on.

She yanks him by the lapels on top of her and they go at it.

**MEANWHILE, IN THE T-BIRDS CAR**

Susan mauls Richie with sloppy, wet kisses. Desperate for a breather, he turns her face to the screen. Wipes his own.

RICHIE  
 Watch this part. It's very romantic.

Susan smiles, pleasantly surprised she's being romanced.

**WITH THE SOCS**

Dot practically melts at the passion onscreen.

ROSEMARY  
 Dot, isn't that your boyfriend?

Dot looks with a mixture of fear and hope to see... a TODDLER stumbling down the aisle toward them. The Socs crack up.

**IN THE OPEN SEATS**

Olivia sits alone. She watches Marilyn sing, cleavage out, but in complete control of the men around her. She's rapt.

**IN BUDDY'S CAR**

Buddy and Jane topple into the back seat. Jane lets out another SEX MOAN. They stop. Buddy looks into her eyes. She nods, blushing. A sweet, intimate moment before... they dive back in. We tilt up to the stars...

Then WHIP BACK DOWN to:

**THE PAYPHONE**

DOT  
 Mother! I don't need an  
 interrogation, just pick me up.

But then Dot double takes. From her vantage she can see inside Buddy's car. Her jaw drops. Her eyes widen. As Dot hauls ass back to the Socs, we tilt up again to see our--

**TITLE: GREASE: RISE OF THE PINK LADIES**

**INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Jane wakes up in her princess pink bedroom. Buddy's jacket draped over her. She inhales it. In love. We hear music and--

**INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Jane sings **Everything's Going to Be Different** as she gets ready for school.

JANE

[YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ONE WAY THE WHOLE  
OF YOUR LIFE. BUT IN THE FIRST WEEK  
OF SEPTEMBER, YOU CAN TRANSFORM  
OVERNIGHT! THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL'S  
A ONCE-IN-A-TWELVE-IN-A-LIFETIME  
OPPORTUNITY, TO ANNOUNCE TO THE  
WORLD THE NEW AND IMPROVED PERSON  
YOU'RE SUDDENLY GOING TO BE...]

Jane slips on Buddy's jacket and sighs, dreamily.

JANE (CONT'D)

[EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE  
DIFFERENT, THIS-]

But she's interrupted by whines and stomps outside her door.

FRAN (O.S.)

Mother, please!

KITTY (O.S.)

I'm done talking about it, Fran!

**INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LATER**

Jane quietly hangs Buddy's jacket on a hook by the door. In the kitchen, KITTY (30s, Puerto Rican-American, pragmatic) slaps together sandwiches. Jane's little sister FRAN (14, high-spirited fast talker) pesters her mom.

FRAN

But it's my last year of junior  
high. I'm practically a woman!

KITTY

Pierced ears are for fast girls.

FRAN

But Betty's doing hers!

KITTY

So what does that tell you?

Jane gingerly grabs her lunch. Kisses her father FRANK (30s, Italian-American, gentle) who paints a "**Toaster Sale!**" sign.

FRANK

Have a good first day, Princess.

FRAN

*Pero te hicieron las  
pantallas cuando eras bebé!*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE

But you got your ears pierced  
when you were a baby!

KITTY

Because in Puerto Rico everyone did  
it. Here nobody does it. So you're  
not doing it. The same goes for  
Spanish. We left that in New York.

FRAN

Yeah, with *Abuela*.

KITTY

You're half Italian, speak that.

FRAN

Daddy doesn't even speak Italian!

FRANK

Sure I do. *Rigatoni!*

Jane laughs. The doorbell rings. Twice. Then incessantly.

FRAN

Oh that's Betty! Gotta go!

Jane tries to sneak out too. But Kitty steps in her path.

KITTY

Please talk to your sister!

JANE

Me? Why?

FRANK

Fran could learn a lot from your  
example. You've adjusted so well to  
Rydell, making good grades, getting  
involved in school activities. And  
I know you're trying to hide that  
jacket from us... but we think  
Buddy's a fine fellow.

Jane blushes.



KITTY

And this Betty character is a bad seed. And you know our Fran. She's so...

FRANK

Malleable?

JANE

Okay. I'll talk to her... later!

Jane bolts, snatching Buddy's jacket on her way out.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Jane sings on her way to school. In front of a dress shop, she play acts as if the mannequins are her peers.

JANE

*[THIS YEAR I WON'T HOVER OUTSIDE  
LOOKING IN. SPINNING ABOUT WHO TO  
SAY WHAT TO WHEN. THAT WAS ALL THEN,  
BUT TODAY I FIT IN! TODAY'S THE  
START OF MORE THAN A SCHOOL YEAR.  
TODAY I SAY I BELONG, I AM IN, ONE  
OF THEM-- I MEAN US! I AM HERE.]*

Jane turns a corner and takes in the sight of Rydell High.

**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - DAY**

Jane writes her name on the "**JUNIOR CLASS STUDENT COUNCIL NOMINATIONS**" sign-up sheet outside the school.

JANE

*[EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT  
THIS--]*

MCGEE (O.S.)

Jane!

This time she's cut off by Assistant Principal MCGEE (60s, overworked). McGee drags a giant ladder, huffing and puffing. She starts to set it with great difficulty. Jane helps.

JANE

Gosh Miss McGee are you all right?

MCGEE

I told Principal Nicholson you requested a ladder to hang your pep rally banner.

(MORE)

MCGEE (CONT'D)

And he said there was no need to bother a janitor when I have "two working arms and legs."

Jane nods a thank you. She climbs the ladder and finally:

JANE

[EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT THIS YEAR.]

But just below her... the Rydell rumor mill is churning.

DOT

[HEAVING AND MOANING, LIMBS AKIMBO! FOGGED UP WINDOWS. THOSE ARE FACTS.]

EDITH

[YES BUT BE SPECIFIC. WHAT EXACTLY WERE THEY DOING, DOT?]

DOT

Oh... uh, you know... the usual...  
(then, covering)  
[UNSPEAKABLE ACTS!]

This starts a chain of gossip that jumps clique to clique.

ELEANOR

[WOW THAT'S FAST TO GO ALL THE WAY.]

NANCY

[GOSSIP IS BORING.]

BAND BOY

[SHE \*IS\* FROM NEW YORK...]

NANCY

[NEW YORK?! TELL ME MORE--]

BAND GIRL

[I HEARD SHE SEDUCED HIM. POOR GUY TRIED TO RESIST BUT--]

ROSEMARY

[WHAT DO YOU THINK SUSAN?]

SUSAN

All I can say is Buddy was always a perfect gentleman with me.

ALL

[THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT JANE, DID YA HEAR? SHE'S NOT THE GIRL WE THOUGHT SHE WAS LAST YEAR.]

NEIL  
*[SHE SHOWED UP OUT OF NOWHERE.  
 KINDA SUSPICIOUS...]*

LINDA  
*[WHY'D SHE REALLY LEAVE NEW YORK?]*

NANCY  
*[AND WHAT PART DID SHE LIVE IN?]*

ROSEMARY  
*[WHAT'S SHE HIDING? SEX? DRUGS?  
 CRIME? LIQUOR?]*

ALL THE OTHER BOYS  
*[WHO CARES? SHE SOUNDS FUN. DOES  
 SHE HAVE A SISTER?]*

**INT. RYDELL HIGH - DAY**

Inside, Buddy hangs pep rally signs. Guys give him way-to-go back pats and wink-wink nudges. His brow furrows, confused.

**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - DAY**

Kids head in, whispering as they arc around Jane's ladder.

ROSEMARY  
*[HER LAST NAME'S ITALIAN. PROBABLY  
 MAFIA.]*

THESPIAN GIRL  
*[I HEARD SHE'S PG!]*

THESPIAN BOY  
*[GOT A BUN IN THE OVEN.]*

ORSON  
*[BUT THE BABY'S NOT BUDDY'S. IT'S  
 AL CAPONE'S GREAT GRANDSON!]*

ALL  
*[SHE'S NOT A BRAINIAC, SHE'S A  
 NYMPHOMANIAC!]*

Jane finishes hanging her sign in blissful ignorance.

JANE  
*[EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE  
 DIFFERENT, THIS YEAR.]*

EVERYONE  
*[THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT  
 ABOUT JANE, DID YOU HEAR?]*

**IN THE PARKING LOT**

Olivia cackles. She and the T-Birds have just parked.

OLIVIA

That goody-two shoes Frigidaire?  
Dream on, boys.

GIL

I heard she made it with half the  
Brooklyn Dodgers before she left.

POTATO

Hey she should go back, they had a  
great season that year!

RICHIE

Look! It's the belle of the ball!

Cynthia, miserable in frumpy girl clothes, putters up.

CYNTHIA

Change your face, Richie, or I'll  
rearrange it.

OLIVIA

Let her do it, *Chato*. Can't get  
uglier than what you've got now.

RICHIE

*¿Qué te pasa, calabaza? Estás  
de buen humor.*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE

What's up, buttercup? You're  
in a good mood.

OLIVIA

*Este año no me va a importar  
lo que digan de mí...*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

I've decided that this year  
I'm going to stop worrying  
about what everyone's saying  
about me...

RICHIE

*¡Que bien! Eso es lo que  
quería--*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

Yes! That's what I've been--

Olivia removes her coat revealing a sexy bombshell outfit.  
Like moths to a flame, all the boys nearby start nudging  
their friends. Even the girls can't look away.

OLIVIA

*--Voy a ser lo que quieren  
que yo sea.*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

--and just lean into it.

RICHIE

*Hey hey hey, no puedes entrar  
así! Que va a decir la gente?*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

Hey hey hey. You can't go in  
there in that. What will  
people say?

OLIVIA  
*Vamos a ver.*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE (CONT'D)  
 Let's find out.

**ON OLIVIA**

She sashays away leaving Richie behind. Wolf whistles fly at her but now she soaks 'em in. A BAND BOY catches up with her. She puts out a hand, in case he's going to snap her bra. But:

BAND BOY  
 Hi Olivia, would you like to sit  
 with us at lunch?

OLIVIA  
 (smiling, Marilyn-esque)  
 Sorry, maybe you've heard, I don't  
 fraternize with high school boys.

All the boys watching gape in respectful awe. Olivia slinks off, singing to herself.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
*[I AM GOING TO BE UNTOUCHABLE THIS  
 YEAR.]*

**BACK ON THE T-BIRDS**

Richie whips back to the T-Birds. They quickly look elsewhere.

POTATO  
 Ooh goody goody the pep rally!

GIL  
 Rah rah shish boom BLAH.

As the group passes under Jane's ladder, the guys' eyes dart up her skirt. Jane catches them.

JANE  
 I beg your pardon!

CYNTHIA  
 Excuse my friends, they've just  
 never been to the Big Apple.  
 (off Jane's confusion)  
 And we heard under your skirt is  
 New York's most visited tourist  
 attraction!

Gil, Potato, and Shy Guy crack up. Richie doesn't.

RICHIE  
 Let's go, morons.

Climbing down from the ladder, Jane suddenly realizes all the eyes of Rydell are upon her. She runs to catch up with Richie.

JANE

Wait! What are people saying about me?

RICHIE

My name's Bennett and I'm not in it.

JANE

You were in it enough to look up my skirt just now.

Richie rolls his eyes, but Jane's earnest distress disarms him. From a distance, Susan sees the two together. She fumes.

RICHIE

Fine. They're saying you had to flee the New York mafia to seek treatment for your nymphomania, but it didn't work and now you've given Buddy Aldridge venereal disease.

JANE

What?!

GIL

You're knocked up too.

POTATO

Twins!

SHY GUY

Different fathers.

Off Jane's horrified expression...

**INT. RYDELL HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY**

Jane desperately searches the hallways. She turns a corner and finally spots Buddy. He's with Neil.

JANE

Buddy! Something terrible happened. People are saying--

BUDDY

I've heard. Meet me under the bleachers at lunch.

Jane is taken aback by his coldness. He disappears into a classroom. The hallway clears, leaving only Jane and her sinking feeling. The P.A. System crackles on. DING DONG DING!

PRINCIPAL NICHOLSON (O.S.)  
Welcome Rydell to a brand new year!

**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - LUNCH TABLES - DAY**

Olivia does her sex goddess walk through the lunch area. Some NEWSPAPER BOYS hurriedly scoot to make room for her on their bench, inadvertently knocking two GIRLS off the other end.

NEWSPAPER BOY  
Olivia, you can sit here.

Olivia look at the expectant boys.

OLIVIA  
I think... I'll go read a book.  
Alone.

She sashays off past Nancy who also sits alone, sketching a fashion. Edith and Eleanor try to pass by undetected.

NANCY  
Edith! Eleanor! Over here.

EDITH  
Sorry, Nancy. We promised Roy and Bill we'd eat with them today.

ELEANOR  
You can join. George will be there.

NANCY  
No thanks. Those boys are dullsville. We'll eat together tomorrow.

Edith and Eleanor exit past Susan. She perks up, spotting Richie, and waves "seductively" to him. Richie winces and takes a hard right towards the far bleachers where the T-Birds are.

In a nearer part of the bleachers, Olivia settles into a spot and opens a dog-eared copy of J.D. Salinger's *Nine Stories*. She crosses her legs for show, feeling boys' stares, feeling powerful. Off her self-satisfied smile, we drop down...

**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - UNDER THE BLEACHERS - DAY**

Into the shadows, where Jane waits for Buddy. She's nervous.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Richie! Hi!

Jane jumps, but it's only Susan and Richie out on the track. Though they're on the other side of the bleachers from Jane, she can see and hear them through the bleacher's open slats.

RICHIE  
Oh... hiya Susan.

SUSAN  
I had a wonderful time last night.

**EXT. RYDELL TRACK - DAY (INTERCUT WITH UNDER BLEACHERS)**

Richie riffles through his lunch bag to show his disinterest.

RICHIE  
Oh yeah, great flick. Ya like it?

SUSAN  
If you liked it, I like it.

Ugh. This girl. Bored, Richie turns to look for an escape but instead catches Jane's eyes through the slats, watching him. He squints, amused, as if to say, "you again?" We hear Susan's warbled flirtations as Jane and Richie hold each other's gaze. An unexpected moment of connection. Until:

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Richie! Are you going to ask me on another date or what?

RICHIE  
Listen I'm real sorry, but I can't.

SUSAN  
Why not?

RICHIE  
Because kissing you is like going through a car wash without a car.

The T-Birds and Cynthia hoot and holler. Susan shrieks.

SUSAN  
Richie Valdovinos you're despicable!

BUDDY (O.S.)  
Jane?

Jane startles. Buddy stands nearby. And he looks serious.



**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - LUNCH TABLES**

The Socs hear Susan's yelling and look over. Neil stands.

**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - UNDER THE BLEACHERS - DAY**

Things are more quietly tense with Jane and Buddy.

JANE

Of course I didn't tell anybody  
about last night. Why would I?

BUDDY

I don't know, I'm hearing some  
pretty shocking things about you.  
And the mafia. And Johnny Antonelli?

JANE

Do you hear how silly that sounds?  
Buddy, they're just crazy rumors.

Buddy softens. They *do* sound crazy. But before he can say so they're interrupted by a CRY. They go to investigate, but:

BUDDY

Maybe you should stay here. Lay low.

**EXT. RYDELL TRACK - DAY**

Susan whimpers to Neil. The T-Birds, Cynthia, and Olivia, are now on the track too, but far outnumbered by the Socs.

SUSAN

I had *one* soda with him last night,  
to be nice. And now he won't leave  
me alone! He's stalking me.

RICHIE

She's flipped! She's been tracking  
me like a bloodhound all day!

SUSAN

As if I would chase a boy like him.

OLIVIA

What's *that* supposed to mean?

NEIL

It means she doesn't want to be  
bothered by any low-life, poor,  
dirty-

(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)  
 (a slur)  
*greasers.*

Neil is way up in Richie's face now. Things are tense.

OLIVIA  
 She's a liar!

Olivia SPITS on Susan. Susan yelps. Buddy arrives.

BUDDY  
 Hey! Everybody cool it!

NEIL  
 Tell that to him! And then tell his  
 sister to save her spit for the  
 teacher's lounge.

Oh HELL no. Richie lunges to throw a punch. But Carl and Fred  
 handily knock him back. Richie slams to the ground, spine  
 first. Under the bleachers, Jane gasps.

CYNTHIA  
 AHHHHHHHHHHH!

Cynthia charges at Carl. But he flees, not wanting to hit a  
 girl. She chases him in circles. Bystanders laugh.

NEIL  
 You T-Birds always let your chicks  
 do your fighting for you?

JANE (O.S.)  
 Stop!

Jane runs toward the group, waving her arms.

OLIVIA  
*¿Qué diablos está haciendo?*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE  
 What the hell is she doing?

RICHIE  
*No lo sé, los anglos están  
 actuando locos hoy.*

ENGLISH SUBTITLE (CONT'D)  
 I don't know, the anglos are  
 all acting crazy today.

JANE  
 Richie's telling the truth. I saw  
 it. I was under the bleachers--

LINDA  
 That figures.

Titters. All eyes back on Jane. She makes eye contact with  
 Buddy. This isn't exactly laying low. She forges on:

JANE

Richie rejected Susan, not the other way around... he *was* rude about it.

SUSAN

What? Are you after him too, Jane? Are you so insatiable you just can't get enough of every boy I like?

JANE

So you admit you like Richie?

Susan flinches. She takes in the tension. Neil all puffed up. T-Birds ready to rumble. And Buddy, watching her.

SUSAN

I may have exaggerated. A little.

BUDDY

Okay, that's it. Everybody move on.

NEIL

Fine. Just remember your place at Rydell... Turkeys.

The jocks head off, gobbling. The T-Birds head off, fuming. Alone again, Buddy turns to Jane.

BUDDY

That was brave. Sticking to your guns even though you knew they'd say all those lies about you.

JANE

But you believe me? Oh Buddy, that's all I need. I don't care what anyone else thinks.

BUDDY

Sure but... who's gonna vote for a president- or student council member- if they think they're sex-crazed maniacs? With each other!

JANE

Oh. Right.

BUDDY

I've been class president since sixth grade, but none of it matters because this is the year colleges look at. They don't even let you in the doors at Stanford unless you're a class president or valedictorian.

JANE

I know. That's where I want to go too.

BUDDY

(lighting up)

It is? Wow. That'd be something if we could go together...

JANE

It'd be everything.

(then)

Listen. The nomination assembly isn't until tomorrow. We've got plenty of time to clear up all this nonsense about my past before then. Before the pep rally tonight even!

BUDDY

What about last night? Someone saw us.

JANE

But we didn't go all the way. We did... other things. But that's different. And private.

They can't help but smile dopily at each other. This is genuine head-over-heels puppy love.

JANE (CONT'D)

Anyhow, how difficult can it be to clear up a few ludicrous rumors?

**INT. RYDELL HIGH - GYM - LATER**

A basketball is launched at Jane's chest during a drill.

LINDA

Don't even try to talk to us. Not after what you did to Susan.

JANE

This isn't about Susan. I'm trying to set the record straight about--

ROSEMARY

We don't care. You humiliated our friend. You're already dating the love of her life, did you really have to make a federal case about Richie giving her the brush off too?

Nearby, Olivia has witnessed the exchange.

**INT. RYDELL HIGH - AUTOSHOP - DAY**

Five pairs of legs stick out from under a car. The T-Birds roll out on their mechanic creepers to air grievances.

GIL

We've gotta do something. The T-Bird name demands respect.

POTATO

The T-Bird jacket demands respect!

CYNTHIA

Speaking of jackets...

SHY GUY

Let's just forget the whole thing.

RICHIE

You mean "know our place?"

GIL

Our place is at the top.

CYNTHIA

I want to be a T-Bird!

Richie, Potato, and Gil exchange looks... and burst into laughter. Shy Guy feels bad for Cynthia but stays quiet.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

C'mon fellas I'm serious. I'm with you guys all the time anyway. I always bring the booze and reefer.

POTATO

You got us one half of one used reefer one time.

CYNTHIA

And you smoked it. Please I'll earn my spot. A bona fide initiation!

RICHIE

Initiation? What are you gonna do?

They roll back under the cars. She's losing them.

CYNTHIA

I'll get you revenge.

The guys roll back out, interested.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

The world's changing, Boys. Howdy  
Doody Joe College, he's on the way  
out. The Wild One. Marlon Brando.  
The T-Birds. That's who's next. We  
got the cars. The bikes. The charm.  
Yeah we're covered in grease.  
That's why we're so slick. We just  
gotta let 'em know it.

Cynthia holds court, singing *T-Birds Rule*.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

[NO MORE DISRESPECT. NO MORE  
GETTING DECKED, UNCHECKED. MIGHT BE  
CATHOLICS BUT WE WON'T GENUFLECT.]

SHY GUY

I'm Jewish.

CYNTHIA

[DOWN WITH PHONIES AND UP WITH--]

Cynthia whips out a comb. Runs it slooowly through her hair.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

[COOOOOOOL. IT'S TIME FOR THE T-  
BIRDS TO RULE THIS SCHOOL.]

Cynthia hops up to sit on the hood of the car.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

[GENTLEMAN. WHY DO THE SOCS RULE  
THE SCHOOL? GET ALL THE RESPECT AND  
GLORY AND GIRLS? ]

GIL

[THEIR PARENTS ARE RICH?]

RICHIE

[THEY'RE ANGLOS. NO OFFENSE.]

POTATO

[AND THEY GOT CRYSTAL CLEAR SKIN!]  
You ever notice that? No?

Cynthia glides on a mechanic's creeper over to a tool box.  
She withdraws a caged work light and a lug-nut.

CYNTHIA

[HIGH SCHOOL IS A MACHINE THAT  
PUMPS OUT HEROES...]

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 (the light flicks on)  
 AND ZEROES.]

She squints through the lug-nut, framing the T-Birds.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 [BUT IT'S ALL SMOKE AND MIRRORS  
 WHICH IS WHICH. OUR FOOTBALLERS,  
 FOR EXAMPLE, IN ALL OF THEIR GLORY,  
 HAVEN'T WON A GAME SINCE 1946!]

She hands grease rag "pom poms" to the guys.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 [BUT THEY GIVE A FEW POM POMS TO  
 THE PRETTIEST GIRLS AND THE WHOLE  
 TOWN CHEERS 'EM ON. IT'S OBSCENE!  
 AND WHEN THEY LOSE? NO BIG DEAL,  
 THEY JUST WALTZ TO THE DANCE AND  
 GET CROWNED OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.]

Richie and Gil jack Potato and Shy Guy up. Cynthia "crowns"  
 Potato with a steering wheel. Gives Shy Guy a wrench "scepter."

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 [SO WHY DO THE SOCS RULE THE  
 SCHOOL? BECAUSE, GENTLEMAN, THEY  
 CONTROL THE MACHINE. BUT NOW--]

ALL  
 [IT'S TIME FOR THE T-BIRDS TO RULE  
 THE SCHOOL.]

CYNTHIA  
 [NEWSPAPER, YEARBOOK, STUDENT  
 GOVERNMENT, SPORTS, ALL WEAVING A  
 TALE STARRING THEM. IN WHICH THEY  
 RULE THE SCHOOL WHEN WE KNOW THAT  
 AIN'T TRUE. AT LEAST NOT FOR MUCH  
 LONGER BECAUSE...]

Cynthia, Richie, and Gil "dethrone" Potato and Shy Guy.  
 Everyone dances on top of the car together.

ALL  
 [IT'S TIME FOR THE T-BIRDS TO RULE  
 THE SCHOOL.]

POTATO  
 Wait. Do we gotta join student  
 council? I don't extracurricularize.

CYNTHIA

No. We're gonna disrupt their dumb  
hero worship ceremony tonight.

RICHIE

The pep rally? I like it.

CYNTHIA

And if we pull it off I get my own  
T-Birds jacket.

GIL

Hell if we pull it off, I'll give  
you mine.

Cynthia turns to break into a huge grin. She's going to be a  
T-Bird! But when she turns back she plays it...

CYNTHIA

Cool.

She pops her collar and all of a sudden we're in a FANTASY  
DANCE NUMBER. Cynthia is decked out in full T-Birds regalia,  
hair greased, looking fresh as hell. The other T-Birds, also  
glowed up, follow Cynthia's every move in a thrusting,  
masculine dance, as they imagine their social rise to glory.

ALL

[TONIGHT THE T-BIRDS RULE!]

MR. POLLAK (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing? Get  
off Principal Nicholson's car!

BACK TO REALITY. MR. POLLAK leans his head out of his office  
where he's been eating a sub and listening to the radio.

MR. POLLAK

Zdunowski, your mother didn't sign  
the permission slip. You're  
supposed to be in Home Economics.

CYNTHIA

Home Ec? I'd rather--

### INT. HOME ECONOMICS - DAY

MISS ADCOCK (20s) reads from a "The Modern Woman" textbook.  
Cynthia stews. Next to her, Jane fidgets nervously.

MISS ADCOCK

...Cook, clean, raise children, sew,  
and budget for the home.

(MORE)



MISS ADCOCK (CONT'D)

Now what else are you all excited to learn about being a "Modern Woman?"

SUSAN

I hear Jane could teach us a few things.

Girls laugh. Cynthia watches Jane shrink. She feels bad.

CYNTHIA

Hey, Sorry about that joke I made earlier. About the Big Apple?

But Jane is too flustered to listen. She raises her hand.

JANE

May I go to the restroom?

**INT. GIRLS ROOM - DAY**

Jane freaks out in a bathroom stall. Head in hands. No idea what to do. Suddenly, she begins to cough. Really cough.

JANE

Excuse me? Could you put that out?  
Breathing in smoke makes me [*coughs*]

OLIVIA (O.S.)

So stop breathing.

Jane steps out to see Olivia smoking. She hacks harder. Grimacing, Olivia stubs it out. Puts the nub in her purse.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Geez okay. But only because you helped my brother out. I'm sure you had an angle... but I appreciate it.

JANE

I just told the truth.

OLIVIA

You know that's your problem right?

JANE

Pardon me?

OLIVIA

When the gossip train's already running around here, the truth is the last thing that's gonna stop it.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You've got to get on the train in the direction it's going or you're going to get run over.

JANE

Is that what happened to you?

OLIVIA

Just trust me. The truth is complicated. The lie is easier for everyone.

(then, impatient)

Move.

Startled, Jane realizes she's blocking Olivia's exit and moves aside. She's left alone, inhaler still in hand.

**INT. HOME ECONOMICS - DAY**

The class has grouped up. The Soc Girls cook, Nancy happily sews, Cynthia diapers baby dolls, and Olivia reads *Nine Stories* hidden in her textbook. Jane re-enters.

JANE

Miss Adcock, I passed the office and they said there's some supplies for you? Some, um--

MISS ADCOCK

It must be the Spam for the creamed Spam canapés! Back in a jif, Ladies.

Jane waits for Miss Adcock to exit. Then announces:

JANE

Everything Dot saw happened.

DOT

It did? -- Of course it did.

JANE

The heavy breathing. The moaning. The frantic loosening of clothing--

DOT

It was the frantic-est.

JANE

I was having an asthma attack. I didn't want anyone to know because I've been teased before. Buddy was just helping me through it.

SUSAN

That's awfully convenient.

CYNTHIA

I saw it too. What a riot! He was like this-- "Kiss Me Jane!" And She was like this-- [*mock wheezes*].

Everyone laughs at Cynthia's hammy impression. Dot too.

DOT

It did sort of look like that!

JANE

See? Nothing you've heard is true.

SUSAN

Wait. That explains the drive-in. But what about *all* those other rumors. Did they just pop up out of thin air?

JANE

No-- they-- well, which one?

Olivia shakes her head, this girl is hopeless.

SUSAN

Just spit it out Jane. Well, don't *actually* spit. Some girls here might get confused.

That. Is. It. Channeling Marilyn, Olivia begins to sing **Give Up the Good Girl Act.**

OLIVIA

She's never going to tell you what happened in New York. But I will.

(singing)

*[Olivia explains her cousin in New York told her about Jane. See, the girls in New York are different. Dangerous, sex-crazed, gang-affiliated. Little Miss Goody Two Shoes Jane didn't fit in.]*

SUSAN

You're saying every girl in New York is some sort of vixen delinquent like in the movies?

JANE

How do you think they got the idea for the movies? Out of thin air?

Cynthia and Olivia look at Jane, impressed.

OLIVIA

[EVER SINCE THEY WERE TODDLERS,  
PLAYING DICE IN THE ALLEYS, THE NEW  
YORK GIRLS WOULD STUB OUT THEIR  
SMOKES IN JANE'S DOLLY'S EYE AND  
SAY, 'COME ON JANE, GIVE UP THE  
GOOD GIRL ACT. HAVE A LITTLE FUN.']

NANCY

[THESE NEW YORK GIRLS... WHAT DO  
THEY WEAR?]

OLIVIA

[SWEATERS SO TIGHT THEY RIP AT THE  
SEAMS. HEELS SO HIGH THEY CAN  
BARELY STAND. LIPSTICK SO RED IT  
STOPS TRAFFIC FOR A MILE. AND  
PANTS! TO SCHOOL!]

The girls squeal, giddy. Nancy furiously sketches.

JANE

Isn't this a little much?

OLIVIA

Just get on the train, Honey.

(singing)

[Olivia sings about how the New  
York Girls tried their best to  
seduce Jane into a life of drugs,  
crime, and sex but Jane was just  
too unfun. They'd smoke and she'd  
cough. They'd hook and she'd pray.  
They'd shoplift and she'd pay. Plus  
tip! She'd sneak \*into\* school when  
they were truant-ing! She went to  
confession after her first kiss.  
And that was with a poster of  
Eisenhower! After Jane turned them  
into the fuzz for selling a few  
giggle smokes to sailors, the girls  
had had it, they told her and her  
family to scram. OR ELSE!]

It's working. All the Girls (minus Susan) are rapt now.

LINDA

[DO THEY SWEAR?]

JANE

[OH, LIKE SAILORS.]

ROSEMARY  
[DO THEY DRINK?]

JANE  
[GALLONS OF... BEER?]

DOT  
[DO THEY FIGHT?]

JANE  
[WITH BARRETTES MADE OUT OF RAZORS.]

GIRLS  
[DO THEY GET KNOCKED UP?]

JANE  
[TWICE A YEAR!]

Olivia acts out a domestic scene in the kitchen with her as a beleaguered housewife serving Cynthia, the husband.

OLIVIA  
[BEING A GOOD GIRL IS NEVERENDING WORK. AND WHAT'S YOUR ULTIMATE REWARD? COOKING-AND-CLEANING-AND-MENDING-AND-MUDDLING-AND-SERVING-AND-POPPING-OUT-KITTENS-FOR SOME DUMB JERK! I GOT BAD NEWS LADIES. BEING A SAINT, IN THE END, PAYS BUNK! BUT IF YOU GIVE UP THE GOOD GIRL ACT AND START LIVING, YOU CAN BE THE LOUSY DRUNK!] Want to try it? Give up the good girl act and have a little fun?

The girls nod, eager to play along.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
[FIRST, SHOW OFF SOME SKIN.]

SUSAN  
[AS IF THEY'D LISTEN TO YOU!]

But they do. They tighten skirts. Reveal shoulders. Getting the hang of this, Jane gets in on the action.

JANE  
[NOW PICK UP A SMOKE.]

The Girls use pencils, carrots for pretend cigarettes.

OLIVIA  
[NOW DANCE THE DIRTY BOP.]

The Girls shimmy to a squat, pulling their skirts up as they go down. They're laughing and having great fun.

JANE

[NOW SHOW US WHAT YOU'VE GOT!]

The room erupts into a frenzy of dancing as good girls play bad girls. They swig from baby bottles in paper bags. Seduce dress forms. "Knife" each other with butter knives. Stick babies under their sweaters, pretending to be pregnant.

SUSAN

[STOP IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?]

CYNTHIA

[HAVING FUN, TRY IT SUSAN!]

Ms. Adcock returns to the class in unladylike chaos.

MS. ADCOCK

Stop it! Stop it at once! Ladies!

Just when Ms. Adcock thinks it can't get any worse, Nancy rises to model her Balenciaga-does-Bad-Girl masterpiece. She walks the sewing table like a runway. Only, part of her hem is stuck in the machine. She tugs at it. Miss Adcock rushes around trying to settle the girls. But it's cacophony until:

NANCY

Aahhhhhhhhhhh!

Nancy has sewn through her finger! Blood runs down her arm.

MS. ADCOCK

Who started this?!

A grin spreads over Susan's face.

**INT. ADMIN OFFICE - DAY**

Jane, Olivia, and Cynthia sit crowded on a bench, waiting for the principal. Terrified, pissed, and bored. Cynthia gets up.

CYNTHIA

Hall passes, anyone?

JANE

Oh please sit down. We don't want to get into any more trouble.

Cynthia opens drawers, riffles through papers.

CYNTHIA

Bingo! One ticket out of Home Ec.

She pulls out a paper, triumphant and get to work forging it. A door opens and Nancy exits the Nurse's Office, her middle finger bandaged, flipping them all the bird.

JANE

Nancy! Are you okay?

NANCY

Who cares? What's New York like?  
Are the sidewalks like runways?

JANE

Not in Queens. Oh, this is a disaster! I was supposed to repair my reputation and now look where I am. I probably won't even be allowed to go to the pep rally I spent all summer working on.

CYNTHIA

Mm. Maybe for the best.

OLIVIA

Will you *please* shut up. You know it's your fault we're all here.

JANE

...I didn't force you to help me.

OLIVIA

That's a pretty strange way to say "thank you."

CYNTHIA

Relax. You're squarer than a sugar cube. You'll get a slap on the wrist. And everyone totally bought all that bad girl stuff.

NANCY

Wait. There's no bad girls?

OLIVIA

I've only seen 'em in movies.

Nicholson and McGee enter, mid-conversation.

MCGEE

I was just wondering *when* we'd be hiring a new secretary. Marge retired months ago and--

They stop at the sight of the ragtag girls.

NICHOLSON

I have lunch with the boosters.

McGee slumps. Another thing on her plate.

**INT. MCGEE'S OFFICE - DAY**

McGee digs an old sweater out of a dusty Lost and Found box.

MCGEE

For your neckline, Miss Valdovinos.

OLIVIA

Smells like Friday nights at home.  
From your personal collection?

MCGEE

I'm calling your mother.

OLIVIA

No! Please, she said if I screw up  
again she'll send me to the girls  
reformatory. They shave your head.

McGee puts down the receiver. She's got a heart.

MCGEE

Last year, after Mr. Daniels was...  
*encouraged* to accept that position  
at St. Bernadette's, you promised  
you'd behave yourself this year. So  
I don't want to see you or your  
décolletage in my office again this  
year. Understood?

Olivia nods, chastened.

**INT. MCGEE'S OFFICE - LATER**

McGee stares at a piece of paper, frowning.

CYNTHIA

That's her exact signature, you can  
trust me on that. Perfect match.

McGee narrows her eyes, then gets up. She walks into...



**INT. ADMIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Where Jane is the only girl left waiting to be seen.

MCGEE

Jane, did you see Cynthia commit forgery on this permission slip?

Behind McGee, Cynthia silently pleads not to rat her out.

JANE

No, Miss McGee. She was right here.

MCGEE

Fine. But a warning, Ms. Zdunowski-- try as you might, you will never be "one of the boys."

CYNTHIA

Kinda like how you'll never be a real principal, eh?

McGee steams and Cynthia scrams before she changes her mind. McGee turns to Jane, who readies herself for the ax to fall.

MCGEE

Just go. And Jane? Don't get mixed up with those two again. A girl's reputation is everything.

**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - DAY**

The final bell RINGS. Teens pour out of Rydell. Jane spots the Socs chatting on the lawn. She approaches, trepidatious.

LINDA

Jane! That was a riot! You didn't get in too much trouble did you?

DOT

Can you ever forgive me? I didn't realize you were having an asthma attack! I feel just crummy about it.

ROSEMARY

Us too. We're sorry we believed all those dumb rumors- especially after what you really went through! I hope we can still be friends.

LINDA

Yeah you're actually kind of fun for a square.

JANE

Thanks... Is Susan all right?

ROSEMARY

She's mad at us for having fun. She can be so unreasonable.

Susan stares daggers at the group from across the lawn. Neil (gladly) comforts her. Buddy walks up to Jane.

BUDDY

What's going on? I heard you were in the principal's office.

JANE

I did it. I cleared our names. We can run for office again. I had to tell some white lies but--

BUDDY

Whatever works. Gosh, that's swell. I've got to get to practice but--

Buddy kisses Jane goodbye in front of everyone. The Soc Girls react with playful "ooohs." Jane blushes. This is it. This is fitting in. As Buddy jogs over to meet Neil. We see the T-Birds and Cynthia. And they're, running in distress.

GIL

What the hell?!

They reach the T-Birds car. It's been oiled and feathered. "Turkeys" scrawled across the hood over the T-Birds logo.

RICHIE

That's it! This. Is.--

POTATO (PRE-LAP)

Really nice!

### **EXT. PIER - NIGHT**

The T-Birds walk in a phalanx down a busy pier. Only Potato looks around in his usual state of wonder.

POTATO

You think we have time for a ride?

CYNTHIA

Afraid not, Potato. We've gotta get ready to show our school spirit.

She motions to some RYDELL MASCOTS suiting up on the beach.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

A banner announces: *"This Year Rydell Goes All the Way!"* The band tunes up near an impressive bonfire. Cars park right on the beach. Jane, in a full majorette costume with its enormous dorky hat, directs Buddy and some other Socs.

JANE

Make sure cars don't park past those cones. And Buddy, make sure you've got all the players. Do a head count! Oh and make sure--

BUDDY

-- my girlfriend stops for second and looks at what she's done?

He turns her to take in the scene. Laughing teens sitting on neatly arranged logs. Mingling teachers. Kids working together, directing cars where to park.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

There's not a person here who won't vote for you after tonight. Especially after they see the show. Those puppets...

JANE

You like the puppets?

BUDDY

Look at me. I love-  
(a beat)  
--the puppets.

She laughs. He leans in to kiss her.

FRANK (O.S.)

Hello Buddy. Jane.

Buddy startles at Frank's voice. Jane's family walks up. Kitty is practically dragging Fran.

BUDDY

I'll go do that head count!

FRANK

We're so proud of you, Princess.

KITTY

Yes. And it's nice to have a reason to be proud of your daughter.

JANE  
What's wron-- OH!

FRAN  
Aren't they stunning?

Reveal Fran's earlobes are horrifically swollen. Nestled in the redness, two tiny, shiny earrings.

KITTY  
Betty did it to her. And she gave your sister the most vulgar nickname: "Frenchy." You've just got to talk to her. It'll be more impactful coming from--

Jane notices Olivia sitting on the hood of the T-Birds car, surrounded by so many boys she's had to put her book down.

JANE  
I will. Later! I promise.

Jane approaches Olivia, who soaks in the attention from the Boys... by ignoring them.

THESPIAN BOY  
Are you sure you don't want to sit with us? I've got a front row log.

ORSON  
If you sit with us, you can have as many of my mother's snickerdoodles as you want!

He holds up the bag of cookies.

OLIVIA  
Thanks, but I prefer the view from up here. You can leave the snicker-doo-dads if you like.

Orson sets the cookies next to her. The boys cross off. Olivia happily takes a cookie and starts munching.

JANE  
So many admirers.

OLIVIA  
Don't you have some cheerleaders to stack in a pyramid or something?

JANE  
I don't blame you for being upset with me.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

That's why I wanted to apologize.  
It was my fault you got in trouble.  
I didn't even get in trouble. And  
that's not fair--

OLIVIA

And that's the difference between  
us. You expect things to be fair.

JANE

I'm sorry about what happened to  
you last year. With Mr. Daniels.  
It's none of my business but I just  
know people have got it all wrong.

OLIVIA

Not all wrong. But mostly wrong.

Suddenly they're both aware the Soc Girls are watching them.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Be careful with them.

JANE

They're not all like Susan. Hey,  
why don't you come to the Frosty  
Palace with us after?

OLIVIA

You're kidding.

JANE

I've just noticed you're always  
alone and... well wouldn't high  
school be more fun with friends?

OLIVIA

People like you have fun in high  
school. People like me survive.

Rosemary runs up to Jane, full of pre-show excitement.

ROSEMARY

Jane, everyone's hopelessly  
confused about their cues. Help us?

Olivia shoos Jane off with Rosemary. As Jane leaves, Olivia  
opens her book again. On the bookmark, a note: "***I think  
you'll love this one. LD.***" As Olivia looks at it...

We float over to Nancy, who speaks with Edith and Eleanor.  
She's wearing an over-the-top red and white dress. Roy and  
Bill are nearby.

EDITH

It's nothing personal. We know we used to be the three musketeers.

ELEANOR

But Edith and I... we've matured.

EDITH

And you're still playing dress up. Which is fine! But you should find friends who share your interests.

ELEANOR

Nancy? Are you gonna say anything?

Nancy flips up her splinted middle finger.

**EXT. BEACH - LATER**

A WHISTLE BLOWS to kick off the show. The Majorettes' batons fly high into the air. The band strikes up a raucous fight song. Nicholson and McGee clap along.

CHEERLEADERS

Come on Red! Come on White! Come on Rydell! Fight Fight Fight!

PRINCIPAL NICHOLSON

Now introducing our Rydelllllll Rannnnngers!

The FOOTBALL PLAYERS jog out and the crowd goes wild.

POTATO (PRE-LAP)

Hurry up! They already started!

**UNDER THE PIER**

The gang beats up the Mascot Kids: a Rydell Ranger, a Rangerette, and a two-person operated horse costume. Cynthia tussles with the Kid who is the back end of the horse.

CYNTHIA

Let! Go!

She succeeds. The Mascot Kids flee half-naked into the darkness. Richie dons the comically large Rangerette head.

RICHIE

Let's ride.

**BACK AT THE BONFIRE**

PRINCIPAL NICHOLSON

And number eleven Buddyyy Aldridge!

Cheers. Buddy winks at Jane. As if on cue, two fifteen-foot papier-mâché Rydell puppets of a football player and cheerleader rise into the air. The crowd oohs, awe-struck. Jane soaks it in, until she notices something amiss.

JANE

Wait. Where are the mascots?

(whisper-shouting)

Jump to the big finale! The signs!

Linda nods at Jane, then to the rest of the cheerleaders.

CHEERLEADERS

This! Year!

Jane drops into the splits to give them time to pick up their signs. The cheerleaders turn one-by-one, revealing them, with Busby Berkley style-precision. They read:

**Jane Facciano  
Rydell High Goes All The Way!**

Gasps. The T-Birds arrive, unprepared for... this. Jane, still cheeses to the crowd, unaware. But then she catches sight of her parents' stunned faces. Olivia's. Buddy's. Her baton whirls to a stop. She turns. And sees it.

CYNTHIA

Now! Go! Go! Go!

The T-Bird "Mascots" dash in front of the signs, drop trou, and moon the crowd. Everyone roars with laughter. Across their butt cheeks is another message:

( T )( B ) ( I )( R ) ( D )( S ) ( R )( U ) \_ \_

PRINCIPAL NICHOLSON

What in the Sam Hill is going on?!

MCGEE

Ta-bir-dsru? Maybe it's a anagram.

GIL

Cynthia! Get with the program!

But Cynthia, the back end of the horse, suddenly realizes she has the wrong side exposed. Everyone can see her face, including McGee. She fumbles with her costume, but it's stuck on her belt. Aw, screw it.

CYNTHIA

T-Birds Rule! That's what it says!  
The Rydell Rangers are losers!  
Haven't won a game in eight years!

The crowd boos Cynthia.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Oh crap.

McGee lunges for Cynthia. Cynthia jumps back, but trips over her "hooves." She stumbles backward into the BOY operating the giant papier-mâché cheerleader puppet...

BOY

Ahh!

The stick controlling the puppet flies from his hand, sending the oversized pom-pom plummeting into the bonfire. Cynthia's eyes widen as the papier-mâché alights.

DOT

Fire!

Panic erupts. Jane tries to help, but the puppet's arms flail wildly, dropping fireballs haphazardly on the beach. The one perfectly-organized-by-clique crowd flees in a stampede.

**EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER**

It's chaos as everyone hops into cars, zooms off the beach. SIRENS near. Just before Cynthia can hop onto her bike--

MCGEE

Got you!

McGee grasps Cynthia's "tail." Cynthia sighs in resignation. She watches the T-Birds, still in costume, run off, jump-clicking their heels down the beach.

Nearby, Jane catches up with Socs piling into Linda's car.

JANE

Why did you all do that?! You said  
we were friends.

ROSEMARY

That's before we found out you lied  
to us. We believed you, Jane.

JANE

And who do you believe now? Susan?



SUSAN

No. Buddy.

(off her look)

He told Neil exactly what you did  
to get that jacket.

**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - DAY - MICRO FLASHBACK**

In a different angle on the after-school scene earlier, we see Neil put his arm around Buddy as they head to practice.

**INT. RYDELL HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - DAY - MICRO FLASHBACK**

Neil cajoles a bashful Buddy into talking. Buddy finally relents, looking around, then leaning in to spill the beans.

**EXT. BEACH - BEFORE THE PEP RALLY - MICRO FLASHBACK**

Neil and Susan tell the other Soc Girls the news. They react, betrayed. Then look over at Jane as she talks to Olivia.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT**

The girls drive off, leaving Jane in a daze. She snaps out of it just in time to make eye contact with her mother. Crap. It's a fight or flight moment. And Jane sprints.

FRAN

Wow, Jane's fast!

(then)

Poor choice of words.

**EXT. FROSTY PALACE - NIGHT**

The scene outside the Frosty Palace is lively.

BAND BOY

Fire dropped *right* into my tuba.

BAND GIRL

Bobby, you could have died!

They impetuously and clumsily kiss. We whip from their kiss to two cars drag racing down the block.

**IN THE T-BIRDS CAR**

CUTE GIRLS SCREAM, hair whipping their faces. Gil skids to a stop. The girls look like they've been through a wind tunnel. Gil and Richie's greased 'dos haven't moved an inch.

GIL

You girls should see how fast the back seat goes.

They let the Girls out and join Shy Guy and Potato, who are soaking in their hero moment.

GEORGE

That was a real kick! Maybe now they'll actually win a game for us.

WALLFLOWER GIRL

You think you'll get in trouble?

POTATO

I don't know what you're talking about. I have no idea who was behind those masked derrieres!

Potato pulls his pants down to reveal the letters on them. Cynthia buzzes up on her motorcycle.

SHY GUY

Hi. Where have you been?

CYNTHIA

McGee caught me. She's promising some "huge punishment" but don't you guys worry, I told her it was all my idea.

GIL

Thanks Cyn. You're a champ.

CYNTHIA

So. You need my measurements for that jacket or...?

But she trails off as she notices the looks on their faces. Shy Guy and Potato look to the ground.

A few feet away, Jane arrives, scanning for Buddy. But first she sees Cynthia and the T-Birds in their awkward moment.

GIL

The thing is.... the T-Birds just got a little respect around here.

RICHIE

We can't let a girl in the gang now.

POTATO  
You can still pal around with us!

SHY GUY  
Yeah. We all agree.

Cynthia's heart sinks. She slowly backs away.

CYNTHIA  
Aw don't worry about it. It was a stupid idea anyway. Hey I'll catch you guys later--

Cynthia almost backs into Jane in her hurry to get away.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Oh sorry.  
(then, remembering)  
Oh. Hey-- sorry. Tough night.

JANE  
Yeah.

They've both been through it. Jane can see Cynthia is in a lot of pain. But behind Cynthia, she spots Buddy through the window.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I have to go.

CYNTHIA  
Yeah. Sure. I get it.

Cynthia mounts her bike and zooms off into the night.

**EXT. FROSTY PALACE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Buddy and Jane talk outside. They're still in full view of the kids dining and dancing inside.

JANE  
Did you tell Neil we went all the way?

BUDDY  
What? No.

Jane looks at him. Waits.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
It's just how guys talk. No one believes half of it.

She waits again.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

He said he wouldn't tell anyone.

JANE

Neil? He's got the biggest mouth at Rydell!

BUDDY

Well we *almost* went all the way. And you *were* pretty eager to do the things we did.

JANE

So were you.

BUDDY

Yeah but girls are supposed to, ya know, put up a fight.

JANE

What?

BUDDY

It just makes me wonder...

JANE

How many times do I have to prove myself to you? How *could* I?

(then)

And what if I had done things before you? What would that change? I've never asked what you did with Susan.

BUDDY

Okay, you're right. Sorry. This isn't as bad as it seems. These things blow over.

JANE

Maybe for you.

This is too much. Jane walks away.

BUDDY

Wait. I'm sorry. I'm a jerk. Don't go. We can get through this. I love you. Okay? I love you.

Jane slows. She believes him. This is a mess, but they're in this mess together.

JANE  
Okay. So what now?

BUDDY  
I've thought it through. And I  
think we have to break up.  
(scrambling to explain)  
Just publicly. Until after I figure  
out how to spin this for the  
election. But we can still see each  
other. It'll be like summer.

Jane just stares at him a beat. She takes off his jacket.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Good thinking. Make it look like--

But we see Jane is fighting back tears. This is real.

JANE  
It was a wonderful summer. But  
summer's over.

Jane walks away, trying to hold it together. Buddy stands  
outside the muffled sounds from the Frosty Palace, in shock.

**EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jane stands in front of her house at night. Prepares herself.

**INT. JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jane's parents wait for her in the living room, stone-faced.

FRANK  
I'll be in my study.

Frank heads off, leaving Kitty and Jane facing off.

**AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS (INTERCUT WITH LIVING ROOM)**

Fran, in a nightie and curlers, secretly listens in.

KITTY  
You humiliated your father tonight.  
Everyone in town saw. Customers!

JANE  
I'm sorry, Mother.

KITTY

After you ran off to God Knows  
Where we had a talk with Assistant  
Principal McGee. She says you've  
been hanging around a bunch of JDs.

JANE

They're just girls. We had a little  
too much fun in class.

KITTY

Do I have to remind you about the  
last time you had "a little too much  
fun?" Fun has consequences.

Jane freezes up. Kitty realizes she's crossed a line.

JANE

You promised. You said we'd never  
have to talk about it again.

Fran strains. She has no idea what they're talking about and  
can only hear bits and pieces... *"last time"...*

KITTY

I'm sorry. You're right. ...But *you*  
also promised it'd be the last time.

Jane has had it. She heads for the stairs.

KITTY (CONT'D)

You still need to talk to your  
sister.

(off Jane's confusion)

Yes. Now more than ever. Let her  
learn from your example.

Jane sighs, resigned and frustrated. As she leaves:

JANE

Buddy and I didn't go all the way.  
Not that you've asked.

Upstairs, Fran is testing the limits of the banister now  
trying to hear. Then: footsteps. She fumbles to pull her head  
out of the bannister, scrambles to her room, dives into bed.

**INT. FRAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jane opens the door. Fran feigns grogginess. Jane is annoyed  
to do this, but trying to keep it to herself.

FRAN  
Jane? I'm asleep.

JANE  
Sorry. Mother wanted me to talk to you about your friend Betty.

FRAN  
Betty?

JANE  
Yes, tell me about her.

FRAN  
Oh she's a real bully. When we moved here she made fun of how fast I talked and how strange I talked and how much I talked and I'd just laugh it off, ya know. Because what else can you do? Except talk... less...

Fran realizes she's talking too much.

FRAN (CONT'D)  
But then one day a boy was teasing me about the very same things. And Betty walked up and kicked him right in the family jewels! He crumpled up like a Dixie cup. Honest, I don't know why she did it but ever since that day, Betty Rizzo bullies the bullies for me.

To both of their surprise Jane, laughs.

JANE  
(through her laughter)  
That's terrible. You shouldn't hurt people.

FRAN  
I know. And I know Mami doesn't like her but I can't help it! When I'm with Betty, something comes over me. I feel powerful. Like we can get away with anything... Which is exactly how we get in trouble.  
(then)  
I suppose you think I should drop her too.

JANE  
I don't have any friends like that.

FRAN

I know...

JANE

But I wish I did.

Fran looks up, surprised.

JANE (CONT'D)

If I had someone who stood up for me like that, made me feel the way Betty makes you feel? I'd never drop them. She sounds wonderful, Frenchy.

Frenchy glows at this big sister validation. But Jane's mind is clearly already elsewhere.

**INT. RYDELL HIGH - AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Olivia does her sex goddess walk down the aisle in a tight turtleneck and long pencil skirt. Boys gawk. McGee, on her way to the stage double takes.

MCGEE

Miss Valdovinos! Your attire.

OLIVIA

What? I'm covered from shin to chin.

McGee shoots her a look, but lets her continue on. Olivia scans for a seat but the auditorium is pretty full. A cute ORCHESTRA BOY approaches her, respectfully.

ORCHESTRA BOY

Olivia, do you want to sit with us?

Olivia looks around. It is pretty full. And he *is* pretty cute. She smiles, friendly.

OLIVIA

Sure.

He ushers her to an open seat but when she lowers down, he sticks his palm under her and gooses her ass.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Ah!

He and his friends keel over with laughter. And like that, she's shaken back to old Olivia.



She scrambles into the aisle where she finds herself looking right at Jane, who has just witnessed the incident. Jane gives her a pity-filled smile, but Olivia's angry eyes flash past her. Not in the mood.

MCGEE

All candidates to the stage please.

Jane stands in the aisle as other KIDS pass her, heading towards the stage. But Jane takes in the glares directed at her. She's a pariah now. In this moment of decision... she takes a seat. She's suffered enough.

**INT. RYDELL HIGH - AUDITORIUM - LATER**

Buddy speaks into the microphone. He's solemn.

BUDDY

I want to promise you all that nothing like the shenanigans of last night's pep rally will ever happen again. As the current class president, I take responsibility for that. I failed you.

In the audience, Jane overhears Kids' reactions.

AUDIENCE WALLA

It wasn't his fault. / Poor Buddy.  
/ He's such a good guy.

Jane looks up to find Buddy looking right back at her. She realizes... he's talking to her.

BUDDY

But know that because I've failed you, I'll work harder than ever to win back your trust.  
(lightening)  
And if you vote for me, I promise things will go back to like before. So we can all just have fun again!

The students burst into applause. Buddy has been forgiven. He smiles, relieved. Neil steps to the mic.

NEIL

And I endorse him!  
(chanting)  
LET'S HAVE FUN LIKE WE DID BEFORE.  
VOTE FOR BUDDY IN '54!

NEWSPAPER BOY  
 (into mic)  
 Uh- I was going to run but  
 now I'm just going to vote  
 for Buddy.

KIDS  
 LET'S HAVE FUN LIKE WE DID  
 BEFORE. VOTE FOR BUDDY IN  
 '54!

MCGEE  
 All right, that's enough. Now for  
 the next candidate. Jane Facciano.

The crowd breaks into murmurs. McGee searches the stage for Jane. Jane wants to crawl into a hole and die. But she has no choice. She gets up, walks to the stage.

JANE  
 I-- I don't want to run anymore.

MCGEE  
 All right Jane, you may be seated.

VOICE IN CROWD (O.S.)  
 Slut!

MCGEE  
 Who said that?!

Jane looks out at the sea of faces. It could have been anyone. She steps back to retreat, but then goes to the mic.

JANE  
 I just want to say that I don't  
 think Rydell was so fun for  
 everyone "before." It wasn't for  
 me. And I know it hasn't been for a  
 lot of kids who don't fit in for  
 whatever reason. Because we're  
 considered strange--

Nancy looks up from trying to sketch with her wonky cast.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 or the wrong type--

Cynthia, miserably squeezed to the edge of the T-Birds orbit by their new GROUPIES, perks up.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 The truth is most of us in this  
 auditorium aren't popular.

In their seat, Band Kids, Thespians, Wallflowers, and other fringe kids listen intently. She's talking to them.

JANE (CONT'D)

Some don't even want to be! We just want to be ourselves. But we haven't been able to do that. Or to "have fun." Because we're too busy trying to survive high school.

Jane makes eye contact with Olivia. She's continuing their conversation from last night.

JANE (CONT'D)

And maybe you've accepted that. Maybe you're used to things being that way at Rydell. But as the new girl I'll tell you it's-- it's crap!

Cynthia WHOOPS, impressed at Jane's "strong" language.

MCGEE

Jane, if you're not going to run--

OLIVIA (O.S.)

I endorse her.

Everyone looks to see Olivia standing, arms crossed. She's resumed her sex goddess confidence.

SUSAN

You can't endorse her, she's not running for anything.

Cynthia stands too. Calls out:

CYNTHIA

Well maybe she should. I endorse her too!

As Olivia sashays to the stage and Cynthia steps over the armrests, a middle finger shoots into frame.

NANCY

Me three!

Already in the front, Nancy clambers onto the stage and whispers to Jane.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm in the market for some new friends and everyone else here is boring.

Jane smiles as the other girls join her on stage. Some kids applaud. But they're quickly overshadowed by others, who BOO.

VOICES

Get off the stage! / Dyke! / Tramp!  
/ Spaz!

The girls stand, absorbing the blows. McGee has had enough.

MCGEE

I will give you *all* in detention!  
(as they settle)  
Now Jane, would you like to throw  
your hat back in the ring?

The girls look to Jane. Buoyed by their support, she smiles.

JANE

Yes.  
(then)  
For President.

BUDDY

What?!

Cynthia, Olivia, and Nancy squeal. The Booing picks up. But now it's competing with an equal measure of cheering. In response, Cynthia yanks down her skirt. Moons the crowd.

CYNTHIA

Vote for Jane! Make Rydell fun for  
everyone!

MCGEE

Oh!

The students go nuts. Laughing, screaming, shrieking, freaking. Inspired, Nancy drops trou and moons the crowd too.

MCGEE (CONT'D)

Pull those skirts up right now!

Jane and Olivia exchange smiles. And then, in sync, pulls down their skirts too. They laugh wildly. *This* is fun. Even the T-Birds are shocked speechless.

SUSAN

This is indecent!

THESPIAN GIRL

This is fantastic.

POTATO

I'm developing a sudden interest in  
politics.

CYNTHIA

Come on!

Seeing McGee coming for them, Cynthia motions for the girls to follow her. They take off.

**EXT. RYDELL HIGH - DAY**

The girls burst out of the doors and into freedom.

OLIVIA

This way!

They race to the T-Birds car. Cynthia begins hot wiring it. Kids pour out of the school to watch the drama unfold. McGee pushes through them, shuffle-running in her heels.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Hurry up, Cynthia!

GIL

Hey! That's my car!

CYNTHIA

Burn it!

Olivia slams the car into reverse. They peel out.

RICHIE

I taught her that.

Richie laughs and whoops, impressed. He watches Jane's hair fly in the wind as they go. McGee limps to the curb as they disappear from view.

**EXT. RYDELL, CA - DAY**

The Girls SCREAM with laughter. They swerve through Rydell, high on adrenaline, singing **That was Crazy.**

JANE

[WHAT DID WE JUST DO!]

OLIVIA

[THAT WAS CRAZY!]

CYNTHIA

[THAT WAS FUN!]

NANCY

[NO GOING BACK NOW!]

JANE  
*[WE DID IT! IT'S DONE!]*

Rydell RESIDENTS shake their head in disapproval as the car careens down the streets. They fly by FACCIANO'S APPLIANCES, where Jane's father adjusts his toaster sale display, oblivious. Jane's face drops.

JANE (CONT'D)  
*[WHAT DID WE JUST DO? THAT WAS CRAZY. THAT WAS DUMB.]*

NANCY  
*[AND THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW.]*

Cynthia sees the other three's faces have all dropped now.

CYNTHIA  
*[WELP. THAT WAS FUN.]*

**INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jane paces. Cynthia sighs, side-eyeing Jane's pink frilly decor. Nancy sketches them all in detention. Olivia lays with her head hanging upside down off Jane's bed and sings.

OLIVIA  
*[GO AHEAD, SCHEDULE THE LOBOTOMY BECAUSE I'M DEFINITELY HEADED TO THE REFORMATORY.]*

CYNTHIA  
*[I'D PREFER THAT TO BEING DOOMED TO A LIFE OF HOME EC. MCGEE IS RIGHT, I'M NOT ONE OF THE GUYS. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BEING A GIRL? I'M SHIT.]*

JANE  
*[RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT. AM I CRAZY? WHAT'LL MY CAMPAIGN BE? "PRESIDENT SLUT! VOTE FOR ME!" TWO DAYS AGO I WAS IN BUDDY'S JACKET. I BELONGED. WHY COULDN'T I JUST SHUT MY MOUTH? GO ALONG TO GET ALONG.]*

Jane is so upset, the other girls go quiet. Except Nancy.

NANCY  
*[SORRY, BUT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS DUMB AND WRONG.]*

They all blink at her. Exchange looks.

NANCY (CONT'D)

*[IT'S TRUE WE'RE SCREWED WHEN IT COMES TO SCHOOL BUT YOU'RE ACTING LIKE BOYS ARE THE GOD OF JACKETS. THEY'RE NOT! ALL THIS LONGING FOR THEIR UGLY OUTWEAR? THAT'S WHAT MAKES 'EM THINK THEY'RE BIG SHOTS.]*

CYNTHIA

Hey, the T-Birds jacket isn't ugly, it's cool! And so is being a T-Bird. Which I... can never be.

Something flickers on in Jane's eyes. Something exciting.

JANE

So don't be a T-Bird. Be something better.

CYNTHIA

What's better than being a T-Bird?

JANE

*[THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW BUT WHO WANTS TO GO WHERE WE'VE BEEN? WE'RE OUTCASTS, BUT WHAT IF BEING AN OUTCAST WAS IN?]*

Jane steps onto her bed, now a general talking to her troops.

JANE (CONT'D)

*[NO ONE HERE IS GOING INTO STRAIT JACKETS OR LETTERMANS OR LEATHER, WE'RE POWERLESS APART, BUT WE COULD BE POWERFUL TOGETHER.]*

OLIVIA

*[YOU MEAN START OUR OWN GANG?]*

JANE

*[MAYBE IT'S CRAZY, BUT WITH YOU ALL I FEEL LIKE I CAN DO ANYTHING.]*

The girls exchange looks of excitement at this idea. A light shines on JANE so brightly that suddenly we're in a 1950s SOUNDSTAGE MUSICAL FANTASY SEQUENCE. Jane speaks to the girls from behind a presidential dais.

JANE (CONT'D)

*[THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW, TRUE, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. BUT GOING FORWARD, FOUR COULD BE MORE THAN ONE AND ONE AND ONE AND ONE.]*

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
 IF WE BACK EACH OTHER UP, WE CAN  
 BUILD A LITTLE CLOUT.]

NANCY  
 [WE'LL CHANGE THE FASHION AT RYDELL  
 FROM FITTING IN--]

Nancy pulls a ribbon on her modest dress. WHOOSH! It transforms into an avante garde masterpiece.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 [...TO STANDING OUT.]

Olivia, decked out à la Marilyn, walks in stilettos over the backs of the boys who've harassed her.

OLIVIA  
 [THOSE WHO TRY TO MESS WITH US WILL  
 HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE REST OF US.]

Olivia rides in on her motorcycle, in full butch glory.

CYNTHIA  
 [AND IF ANYONE TRIES TO TAKE US  
 DOWN, WE'LL JUST USE IT AS FUEL.]

ALL  
 [TO RISE UP. AND WE WON'T GIVE UP.  
 UNTIL WE RULE THE SCHOOL.]

SNAP. Back to reality. The girls look expectantly at Jane, still standing on the bed.

OLIVIA  
 Okay. But what? We just walk in to  
 school and say "we're a gang now?"

Jane thinks, then a smile spreads across her face.

JANE  
 We're going to need some jackets.

**END OF PILOT**