

PRETTY IN PINK

(A screenplay inspired by the
original by John Hughes)

by

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FADE UP:

INT. WALSH HOUSE -MORNING

We see the funky/girlish bedroom of what we can assume is a teen-age girl with eclectic tastes. A sewing machine and clothing design paraphernalia are strewn in a corner. The camera CLOSES on a shock of red hair on the pillow. An ALARM goes off from the clock on the bedside table and a feminine hand with pink nail polish comes into frame to hit the snooze button. Next, we hear the CROW OF A ROOSTER, then a SIGH. The covers fly back revealing the redhead. She is ANDIE WALSH, 17ish. She's quite pretty in a very natural, approachable way. She's wearing somewhat boyish pajamas as she gets out of bed and puts on a robe. She goes to the window as we hear the ROOSTER CROW again.

ANDIE

Is that even legal?

She exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. -LIVING ROOM -MORNING

The house is modest and of modest means. But it's clean and tidy. Andie crouches in front of the TV, a clunky, beat up 70's console and turns it on. She goes to the cable box and manually selects a channel. The CAMERA CLOSES on the screen as we see the opening shots of the Psychedelic Furs "Pretty In Pink" video as the CREDITS come up. The SONG continues to play over scene:

As the credits roll, we watch Andie as she moves about the house; which, as it isn't very far from one end to the other, often brings her past the TV. We hear the P-Furs video diegetically as:

Andie prepares coffee in a retro percolator.

Andie KNOCKS on her father's bedroom door.

ANDIE

Daddy, come on, get up. It's 7:30. I made your coffee!

SCENES:

ANDIE getting dressed: CLOSE on her legs as she puts on pink stockings.

ANDIE looking out her bedroom window as the rooster CROWS again.

ANDIE gathering her school books and tossing them in a bag.

ANDIE putting on a pink cardigan over her funky but chic dress.

ANDIE swatting the TV power button to OFF.

And finally, Andie entering her father's room with a cup of coffee. She opens the shade and puts the coffee on his night table.

ANDIE

Daddy, sit up now and sip your coffee before I leave. You have that interview today.

We hear a GROAN from under a pillow.

She stands and waits until he flips the covers off himself, exactly as she had.

A pillow is removed and we get a good look at the MAN'S face. This is Andie's dad, JACK WALSH, late 50's. He has a scruffy, unkempt appearance and looks much older than he actually is. His bearing is of someone who has had more than his share of life challenges. And, is he maybe nursing a hangover?

JACK

Am I hearing a rooster?

ANDIE

Yes. I think the neighbors might have one in their backyard.

JACK

You've gotta be kidding...

ANDIE

I kid you not. I gotta run.

JACK

Hold on, let me look at you. Is this your latest creation?

ANDIE

Yeah. The dress is Goodwill, the hat is Salvation Army. The sweater was--is-- mom's--

JACK

I thought it looked familiar. It looks real pretty on you honey.

ANDIE

Thanks. Okay. I gotta run. Promise me you won't go back to sleep.

JACK

I promise.

She leans over and kisses his cheek.

ANDIE

Good luck!

She hurries out the door. He of course punches his pillow and lays back down; but the rooster starts up again. He GROANS.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDIE'S CAR -DAY

CLOSE on cassette player as Andie jams a mix tape into it and hits PLAY. "Breakout" by Swing Out Sister comes through the tinny speaker. We see her point of view through the windshield as she pulls into the school parking lot, passing a sign that reads: MEADOWBROOK HIGH SCHOOL She pulls her beat-up Karmann Ghia into a space. Andie turns off the ignition as she puts some finishing touches on her make-up. As she gathers her things, she looks at the school building and sighs. She turns up the volume on the music and starts singing along and then dancing in place. Steeling herself for the day. She gets into a bit of a reverie and shocked out of it when she hears a KNOCK on the windshield. She looks up. On the other side of the glass is a young man wearing designer sunglasses. His hair is shaggy but "just so." He smiles; a rather bemused one at that, showing perfect, white designer teeth. Everything about him is designer and louche. He is STEFF MCKEE, high school age; but maybe he's been held back a few years? The real question is, why didn't he go to boarding school in Switzerland? Andie, embarrassed, snaps off the radio and scurries out of the car and locks it.

STEFF

Can I talk to you for a second?

ANDIE

I'm gonna be late.

STEFF

I'll vouch for you.

ANDIE

Gee. Thanks.

She starts walking at a brisk pace. He follows.

STEFF

We're in the same chem class this year.

ANDIE

We've been in the same chem class for the past three years.

STEFF

I know that.

ANDIE

Really? What's my name?

STEFF

Come on Andie...I'm trying to be nice.

ANDIE

Why now?

STEFF

Because we have chemistry together. And we need partners, so I thought maybe--

ANDIE

That we could be partners?

STEFF

...yes.

ANDIE

Why? So that you can for once get a passing grade and finally be free of Meadowbrook?

STEFF

Maybe. Maybe I-- You know, I've really learned to love this place. It feels like home.

ANDIE

(LAUGHS) That's funny. No one here has ever made me feel at home.

He doesn't respond. He knows she's right. He looks at his shoes.

ANDIE

I'll think about it.

She's through the door as the BELL RINGS. Steff leans against the stair railing and lights a cigarette and smiles to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM -DAY

Andie is at her desk. Across the aisle from her is her friend, DUCKIE DALE, 17ish. He's decked out in thrift store rockabilly finery, including a porkpie hat and sunglasses. Cute and boyish, he's the de facto class clown. The teacher is not present and we hear the CHATTER of the other students. Duckie turns to Andie, who is reading, and spekas into his pencil like it's a

microphone.

DUCKIE

I'm here on the red carpet with the stunning Andie Walsh, ladies and gentlemen. Andie, you look mondo-rondo as usual. I'm just gonna consult my vocabulary list here... (He pulls a slip of paper from his notebook and scans it): I am, ah...in a hooroosh here, trying to figure out how you manage one exciting, nay--earth shaking--look after another...and I should mention, the last time I durst question your fashion sense, I was annuitant for hours afterwards!

ANDIE

You might want to go over that list a few more times.

DUCKIE

And may I ask where you're lunching today? Le Cirque? Maxim's? Spago Bell?

ANDIE

(In perfect French) Mon endroit convoite habituel au cafe Meadowbrook.

DUCKIE

(In a Chevallier accent) Ahhh...mon dieu mademoiselle! Zees is English class! Quelle abzuurd!

The English teacher, MR. BYRON comes through the door. He's in his 30s, bearded, handsome and quietly sexy. Just the sort of

teacher any student might become smitten with.

MR. BYRON

Sorry I'm late; but please, do as I say, not as I do. (Notices Duckie) Mr. Dale, we don't wear hats in class.

Duckie takes off his hat.

MR. BYRON

And I don't know about you; but I only wear my sunglasses at night.

DUCKIE

Yes, Sir, Mr. Byron Sir!

He removes his sunglasses.

MR. BYRON

All right. So, let's get into some Moby Dick!

There are TITTERS from the class.

MR. BYRON

(Blushing) Or, The Whale. Yes, The Whale!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA -DAY

Andie and Duckie, trays in hand, approach a table where sits a gaggle of students who don't quite match the majority of their well-heeled classmates. Spiky hair, piercings, black leather, thrift-store slacker is the look of the day. Andie and Duckie stand out like a pair of exotic birds: left of, left of center. The pair nod and exchange greetings as they squeeze in next to another friend, JENA HOEMAN, 17 or thereabouts. She has a decidedly "over it" attitude but she's undeniably cute and affable. She looks over Duckie and Andie's trays as they settle in.

JENA

Oooh, tots! Don't mind if I do...

DUCKIE

Help yourself. I'm on a diet.

JENA

Really, which one?

DUCKIE

"The Box it Came In" Diet.

ANDIE

What's that?

DUCKIE

(Poking at food) It's when the box it came in tastes better than the actual food.

While Jena and Duckie goof around, Andie looks up to see Steff walking across the cafeteria towards her. There is another boy

with him, one that Andie has of course seen in the hallways, but she's never met him or seen him up close and personal, as she is about to.

JENA

Are they lost?

DUCKIE

They just crossed the line!

As Steff encroaches on their space (he owns the school, natch) his friend stands back, clearly uncomfortable. This is BLANE MCDONAGH, 17ish. He is handsome with a kind of shambling, shabby-chic thing happening with his look. He seems shy and distracted, with the eyes of a Keane painting, which he focuses on Andie.

STEFF

(To Andie) Have you thought about it yet?

DUCKIE

Thought about what?

JENA

If you're asking if I've I thought about throwing this dripping with ketchup tot at your pristine white yachting jacket, the answer is a resounding "yes."

STEFF

I was talking to your friend.

Everyone's heads turn toward Andie.

ANDIE

Sure. If you can answer a question first.

STEFF

Shoot.

ANDIE

What is the chemical formula of water?

STEFF

(Sipping from his flask) Scotch and water?

ANDIE

Any water.

Steff thinks a moment. Does he actually not know? He looks to Blane.

STEFF

Blane can vouch for me.

Andie returns Blane's stare. He smiles bemusedly. He's not sure if Steff knows.

BLANE

(Chuckles) Of course he knows! H₂O. Everybody knows that. Right Steff?

STEFF

Slainte! (He drinks again).

One of the BOYS at the table stands. He's twice as big as Steff, and higher still with his mohawk. His name is KONG. He may have been at the school longer than Steff.

KONG

Are these guys bothering you Andie?

ANDIE

Thanks Kong. No bother at all.

Steff offers his flask to Kong, who remains on guard.

ANDIE

Steff, I'll happily be your chemistry partner as long as your friend vouches for you.

She gazes up at Blane.

STEFF

Oh, right. Andie this is Blane. Blane, Andie.

Blane reaches out his hand. There is a collective holding of breath at the table. This interaction is a first at Meadowbrook High. Andie returns his grasp. She doesn't seem to want to let go as much as he doesn't. The spell is broken when Jena BURPS. LOUDLY.

JENA

Oops. 'Scuse me...

STEFF

(Turning to Blane) Well come on bud. We've got PE and were gonna shoot some hoops; so, if we're gonna shoot we gotta shake it.

He heads off and as Blane turns, he looks back at Andie over his shoulder and smiles. Exeunt. There is a pronounced SILENCE at the table. Andie turns to her left and right to see a phalanx of accusatory stares.

ANDIE

What?

CUT TO:

INT. TRAX MUSIC STORE -DAY

Andie is going through a carton of records as her boss, IONA 30s, counts the cash in the register drawer. Iona is a mercurial, pixyish woman with a retro-chic look: sort of Blade Runner meets I Love Lucy. She purses her bright red, cupid's-bow lips.

IONA

I can't stand counting the money. It makes me nervous. I feel like every Tom, Dick and Barry the Bandit can see me doing it.

ANDIE

They can see you doing it. You're standing in front of the window.

IONA

Good point.

ANDIE

(Holding up concert album) Iona, were you at Woodstock?

IONA

Well no. I mean, I was eighteen but I was still kind of in my folk music stage. And believe me; I was all kinds of "folked" up.

ANDIE

So, you didn't just say no?

IONA

That word wasn't really in my vocabulary.
(LAUGHS) Still isn't. Let's just say I was a good friend of Puff the Magic Dragon.

Andie holds up another LP: Madonna's True Blue.

ANDIE

I love this picture of her. We should put this in the window.

IONA

She's not quite our demographic; but put her stuff in the disco section--

Duckie comes flying through the door.

DUCKIE

Did somebody say disco?

He does a few Travolta moves. They ignore him. He basically lives in the store. He goes behind the counter and retrieves a LOST AND FOUND box and starts rummaging through it.

IONA

I told you to stay out of there.

DUCKIE

Oooh, this is cool. This is so you Andie. Try it on!

He holds out a magenta angora beanie to her. She grimaces.

IONA

Oh, don't worry honey, I sprayed everything in that box.

Iona holds up a can of Bowling Shoe Spray. Andie SIGHS and puts the hat on her head. It's quite becoming. Duckie's eyebrows shoot up and he goes to the turntable, finds a record and puts it on. It is Prince's "Raspberry Beret." As the song launches into its percussion line, Duckie goes to the floor in front of the bins and begins to sing along and dance. When the song gets to the part about the girl coming through the door, he extends a hand to Andie, which she takes and joins him. They improvise a number on the spot as Iona watches, delighted. Although she may seem reticent, Andie gets into it and starts singing as enthusiastically as her friend. Eventually, Andie gets as caught up in everything as Duckie and no one seems to notice when Blane comes in through the IN door (there's only one) and stands by it and watches. On the line: "The thunder drowns out what the lightning sees" Duckie spins Andie and she does a kind of pirouette and nearly collides into Blane on the "movie star"

line. She stands staring at him, embarrassed. Duckie freezes in mid-stance and Iona, not knowing what to do, grabs the nearest record and puts it on in an attempt to change the mood. She drops the needle on the track and we hear the theme from *Love Story*. Iona realizes her mistake too late and throws her hands in the air. Duckie's face drops when he sees Andie's reaction to Blane.

IONA

Come on Duckman, I need some help with the new inventory.

DUCKIE

But--

IONA

No buts. If you're gonna hang out here, you're gonna do some work. Now get your butt in the back!

She grabs his arm and hauls him to the back. Andie, the spell broken, goes to the turntable and we hear this, legit, for maybe the first time in recent movie history: THE SOUND OF A RECORD NEEDLE BEING DRAGGED ACROSS THE GROOVES.

ANDIE

Hello. How can I help you today?

Blane grabs a pair of cheapo sunglasses off of a mannequin and puts them on.

BLANE

Are these for sale?

ANDIE

Well, there's a price tag hanging off of them, so, ah, I'm gonna say, "yes"?

BLANE

Oh, so there is. I feel like Minnie Pearl.
(Imitating)Howwwdeeeee!

ANDIE

I think they'd look great in any cornfield.

BLANE

Well, I like your style so I'll take your advice.
And I'll take the glasses.

ANDIE

I'll ring you up.

She looks at the tag and starts working the register.

BLANE

You're a great dancer. Are you trying out for the
musical?

ANDIE

Oh, well, I don't know. I'm not really into
music...

BLANE

(Looking around) ...you work in a music store...

ANDIE

Musical. I meant musicals...that'll be eight
dollars and thirty-two cents, with tax.

Blane pays in cash and Andie makes change.

ANDIE

Would you like a bag?

BLANE

(Puts on the glasses) No, I'll wear them out.

ANDIE

(Pointing) Would you like me to take the tag off?

BLANE

No, that's okay. I like it. It's punk. Bye.

He smiles and backs out of the store, then lingers at the window. Andie blushes and smiles. Blane does a goofy little dance and then disappears around the corner. Andie LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

INT. STEFF'S BEDROOM -DAY

Steff is lying on his bed in his luxuriously appointed bedroom. But it's so bereft of what one would expect in a teenage boy's bedroom, it almost seems more like a hotel suite. Instead of posters on the walls, there are genuine high-end paintings. Mostly abstracts. Cy Twombly, Clyfford Still. In a far corner of the room is a punching bag and some gloves. He sips from a crystal lowball glass; what appears to be a cocktail as he looks at a yearbook from Meadowbrook High. It's the '84 issue.

INSERT SHOTS: A PAGE WITH "JUNIORS" ON IT AND ROWS OF PHOTOS. CLOSE ON PICTURE OF ANDIE WITH HER NAME BENEATH. The phone RINGS and Steff ignores it. He finally picks up.

STEFF

Hello? Oh, hi Benny.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -DAY

Steff's on again, off again girlfriend/potential business merger wife is dressed for golf. She's on the phone at the front desk of the country club. This is BENNY HANSON, high school age. She is beautiful and rich and she knows it. She's also what rhymes with "rich"? Why? Because she can be. The CALL

cuts between the two locales.

BENNY

Steff, where are you? We're about to tee off and we can't stall anymore--

STEFF

Go on without me.

BENNY

But daddy's partner is here. Remember?

STEFF

No darling. Who is that?

BENNY

Are you kidding me? Steff, **darling**, you damn well better know who he is because you're going to be answering to them come this September.

STEFF

I've got a cold.

BENNY

You've got a hangover. This is the last time I'm letting you break a promise.

STEFF

Is that a threat?

BENNY

It's a **promise**. Look Steff--

He places the receiver in the cradle as she's still talking.

BENNY

Hello? Hello? OH! He did not just hang up on me!

She furiously redials. The phone RINGS again and Steff unplugs it. He goes to his stereo set-up, a sleek expensive looking affair and finds an album. He puts it on the turntable and lowers the needle. The song, The Cars "It's All I Can Do" starts and Steff goes back to his bed and picks up the yearbook again. He takes another sip of his drink. He puts the yearbook carefully back on a shelf and the drink on the nightstand and goes to the punching bag. He puts on his gloves and starts hitting the bag.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM -DAY

Duckie is sitting on the bench between the rows of lockers in his gym clothes. He takes off his t-shirt and wipes his armpits and sniffs the shirt and shrugs. Boys in various states of undress are coming from or heading to the showers. Blane turns the corner and stops short when he sees Duckie. He knows Duckie is Andie's friend and he knows Duckie doesn't like him. But he tries anyways, as he opens his locker.

BLANE

(To Duckie) Hey...

DUCKIE

Hey.

BLANE

You're really good with the b-ball.

DUCKIE

You mean the basketball?

BLANE

Yeah. Couple of times it was nothing but net, man.

DUCKIE

Does that surprise you?

BLANE

I--well, no. I just meant that--

DUCKIE

Look. Please don't try to be nice to me. It won't work.

Duckie rises from the bench and takes his shorts off. He's standing there in a jock and Chuck Taylors. Blane looks at him a little longer than he should; and now he really is surprised. Duckie is usually under twenty layers of clothing. Who knew "all that" was under there? Blane looks away.

BLANE

Sorry. I'll just shut up.

Two boys come into the space. They are perfect physical specimens with even more perfect hair. The first boy, ALAN, 17 sits.

ALAN

Hey Blane.

BLANE

Hi.

The second boy, JOSH, 17 opens his locker and looks at himself in the mirror.

JOSH

(To Alan) You have chem with Steff, right?

ALAN

Yeah, fifth period.

JOSH

I heard he asked that girl to the prom; the one who's always in the crazy dresses and funky hats...

ALAN

Yeah, she's his partner. She's quiet but she's actually really cute. What's her name?

JOSH

Sandy or Candy or something?

Blane and Duckie exchange a glance. Blane storms off.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER AREA -DAY

Blane, still dressed, comes charging into the area, his head turning left and right. He spots Steff in the showers and rushes towards him. Steff is talking to another BOY who motions towards Blane. Steff turns and looks Blane up and down.

STEFF

(Smiling, not understanding) Hey Blane. You know, most people usually do this part in their birthday suit.

BLANE

Did you ask Andie Walsh to the prom?

STEFF

Blane, this isn't really the time or place--

BLANE

Just answer the question.

STEFF

Yes. Yes, I did. Benny has--

BLANE

I don't care about Benny. Why? Why did you ask Andie?

STEFF

Well, not that it's your business; but she hasn't given me an answer--

BLANE

But it is my goddamn business Steff. I told you I liked her.

STEFF

Well, if we waited for you to make a move, Hamlet, she'd be a sophomore in college.

He LAUGHS and some of the other boys join him.

STEFF

(To Blane) You're all wet my friend.

BLANE

You're not my friend.

Blane pushes Steff aggressively, and stands his ground. Steff has placed the final straw in their relationship and knows it; and knows Blane wants a fight. Steff assumes a boxing stance.

STEFF

Blane, you know I'm the club champ. You don't want to do this.

Blane doesn't answer and charges at Steff, nearly taking him down. CRIES of "A FIGHT!" "FIGHT" and the SHOUTS of excited boys ring out through the locker room. Duckie, now dressed, looks up and sees other boys running towards the showers. He drops his book bag and goes to see.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWERS -DAY

Blane is a lover, not a fighter and he's really no match for Steff. Steff is more or less holding him off. but he's also on

a tile floor with running water, and is thusly more concerned with not falling. He pushes Blane who reels backwards and slips. He goes down. Steff stands over him and offers him a hand up but Blane, now as much embarrassed as enraged, lunges for Steff's legs. Steff goes down and Blane straddles him, getting in several blows, enough to draw blood.

STEFF

Thanks Blane, now I'm gonna get athlete's foot of the ass.

Blane gets in another punch. Steff is over it. He pushes Blane off and his pals help him up. Blane comes at him again and this time Steff puts an end to it with a precise left hook. Blane falls backwards dazed, nearly cracking his head on the floor.

ALAN

Here comes Coach!

Once the boys hear this, most of them go scampering back to their lockers. Steff tries one last time to make amends.

STEFF

Is this settled?

Blane doesn't answer. Steff strides off. Blane, now soaked to the skin, GROANS. Maybe he's really hurt. Duckie goes into the shower and kneels next to Blane.

DUCKIE

Are you okay?

BLANE

Kay-oh'd maybe...

Duckie helps him to his feet as the ATHLETIC COACH comes into the area. He is COACH HARRIS, 40ish.

COACH HARRIS

What the hell is this?

Boys are milling around. Nobody speaks. The coach turns to Steff, who is toweling off like nothing happened.

COACH HARRIS

(To Steff) I know you had something to do with this, McKee.

STEFF

You would be wrong coach.

COACH HARRIS

Then why is your nose bleeding?

Steff touches his finger to his nostril and looks at the blood. He shrugs.

STEFF

The air is really dry in here?

COACH HARRIS

The three of you get dressed and come to my office.

He shakes his head and walks off. The three boys look at one another.

CUT TO:

INT. COACH HARRIS' OFFICE -DAY

Steff, Blane and Duckie, looking like three bedraggled hunting dogs are standing in front of Harris' desk.

COACH HARRIS

Who started it?

He is met with silence.

COACH HARRIS

I'd put money on it that it was you, McKee. And McDonagh why are you even here? Why did you decide **not** to skip class today?

BLANE

I--

COACH HARRIS

Your father may have the electrical contract for this school; but this is the last time I'm looking the other way. I have a good mind to--

DUCKIE

It was me Coach. I started the fight.

Coach Harris looks at him, incredulous.

COACH HARRIS

You really expect me to believe that, Dale?

DUCKIE

Well, he said I was staring at his body and called me "queer."

Harris considers this a moment and looks at Steff.

STEFF

("Taking the win") I never used that word, Sir; but he was staring at me... (gestures to his personhood) ...I mean, come on, right?

Steff takes his cigarettes out and puts one between his lips. The coach stands and steps in front of Steff. Steff offers him a smoke and matches. With amazing speed, Harris decigarettes Steff and tosses them on his desk. He turns to Blane.

COACH HARRIS

And how were you involved in this?

STEFF

Blane came to my defense when Luckie here tried to touch me in my bathing suit area.

The coach looks from one to the other. He doesn't even want to know if any of it's true. He SIGHS.

COACH HARRIS

McDonagh, McKee, if either of you infracts one more rule, there will be repercussions. And it looks like you're actually going to be issued a cap and gown this year McKee. Congratulations.

STEFF

Thank you, from the bottom of--

COACH

Get out. Both of you. Philip stay.

Blane and Steff leave. Coach turns to Duckie.

COACH

Is any of this true?

DUCKIE

Yeah. It happened.

COACH

Uh-huh. By the way; why didn't I know you were so good at basketball? You could've--

DUCKIE

You never asked.

COACH

(SIGHS again) Go. And close the door.

Duckie leaves, closing the door. Coach looks down, considers, picks up the cigarette and lights it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM -DAY

Duckie is zipping up his book bag. Blane steps around a locker. They are alone.

BLANE

Thanks for that. I owe you one.

DUCKIE

Really?

BLANE

Yeah.

DUCKIE

Then stay away from Andie.

BLANE

Come on, that's not fair--

Duckie pushes past him. Blane stops him with a hand on the shoulder.

BLANE

Can we talk about it?

DUCKIE

(Considers) Yeah. Meet me tonight at Cats.

BLANE

When?

DUCKIE

Midnight. Or do you have a curfew?

Duckie jerks his shoulder away and is gone. But he's forgotten a book. Blane picks it up from the bottom of the locker. It's a small journal, decorated with band stickers: The Smiths, Pretenders, The Cure etc. The hand written title reads: POEMS/LYRICS. Blane slips it into his jacket pocket and heads out

FADE UP:

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM -DAY

The CAMERA is CLOSE on a piece of sheet music. It PANS over to a clipboard with a sign-in sheet that reads: AUDITIONS / SWEPT-AWAY MUSICAL. Numerous student signatures. The CAMERA TILTS UP and CLOSES on Andie, who is onstage at a microphone, SINGING to the accompaniment of a PIANO, an ACOUSTIC GUITAR and a FLUTE, courtesy of some of the BAND KIDS. She's singing "Time After Time." The CAMERA PANS back to the two figures at the table: Duckie and Mr. Byron, the English teacher. Duckie, who has heard Andie sing a million times and is inured, looks at his watch, which is lying on the table. Mr. Byron is trying to hold back tears from what he's hearing: a lovely ballad, beautifully sung by a sort of melancholy young woman.

INT. AUDITORIUM -DAY

(Cont'd)

Duckie glances at Mr. Byron who is doing his best to hold it together. Duckie elbows Mr. Byron.

DUCKIE

I know. She's great, right? Okay Andie, thank you!

The MUSIC stops abruptly and Andie exits stage left and takes a seat in the audience where other STUDENTS are gathered. She pulls a chemistry textbook out of her bag, adjusts her glasses and buries her head. Duckie picks up the clipboard.

DUCKIE

Okay, next we have—

DUCKIE

Okay, next we have..."Gina Trombley," please. Gina?

GINA TROMBLEY, 17 comes to the table. A rather reserved, raven-haired beauty, she's solo; unattached to her best friend Benny's hip for once.

DUCKIE

What are you going to be singing?

GINA

For Your Eyes Only.

DUCKIE

Did you bring sheet music?

GINA

Yeah. (She holds it up).

DUCKIE

Great. Give that to the pianist and start when you're ready.

Gina does as instructed. The band kid at the piano turns and nods. Gina starts singing the song. She's very good and fairly belts the song. Mr. Byron SINGS along quietly, clearly enthralled once more. Duckie frowns and cuts Gina off after she's barely through the first verse.

DUCKIE

Okay! Fabuloso. Thank you. Next!

Mr. Byron looks at the list.

MR. BYRON

Miss Hanson, you're next. Miss--

GINA

She had a make-up test...so...

DUCKIE

Really? I think her make-up is killer!

There is LAUGHTER. Mr. Byron gets up on the stage as Gina exits.

MR. BYRON

As you know, our drama teacher, Mrs. Strickland is on maternity leave, so I've been appointed as your moderator for the show. So, I'm putting you in the hands of Mr. Dale. I think his musical version of Lina Wertmuller's "Swept Away by the...in the...well...whatever the rest of it is; and also, the music video by Diana Ross, is

nothing short of brilliant. I really believe in his vision and think it will be a great show. So good luck and please, come and see me truly, only if things are bordering on an emergency. Break a leg!"

He trots back down to the table, says something to Duckie and leaves. Duckie gets up on the stage.

DUCKIE

Guys, I'll be announcing the casting tomorrow; and just so you know; we are really kind of on our own here, which I have to admit, is a little scary. But as long as I've got you all here, I just wanted to go over some of the dance moves. As you might know; Cheryl Shermanski and Craig Doyle have graciously volunteered their cheerleading skills to help with the choreography. Guys?

Duckie starts CLAPPING and the other kids join in as students CHERYL SHERMANSKI and CRAIG DOYLE come out from the wings. Cheryl is wearing her cheering outfit and Craig is pushing an A/V stand with a TV on it.

CHERYL

Okay, listen up guys. We don't have a lot of time to learn these routines, so we're gonna be pushing you.

CRAIG

If everyone could come down to the front rows, I want to show you this video that Duckie was talking about at the last rehearsal.

The students move down as Craig puts a videocassette into a VCR and the TV screen flickers to life with a video. Diana Ross' "Swept Away."

INT. -AUDITORIUM -DAY

(Continued)

While they watch the video, Duckie pops up behind Andie's seat.

DUCKIE

Can I talk to you for a second?

Andie nods and follows him to the far aisle, out of earshot. They lean against the wall.

DUCKIE

Are you excited?

ANDIE

Oh, yeah! Of course! ...about what exactly?

DUCKIE

You're my leading lady!

ANDIE

Really? But--

DUCKIE

I wrote this for you. And I have to say, you don't seem too excited...

ANDIE

Well, I am. But I mean--

Andie notices as Steff comes into the room and takes a seat in the back.

DUCKIE

What?

ANDIE

Gina Trombley blew the roof off with her song. And yesterday she danced circles around me.

DUCKIE

But I don't want her as Raffaella.

ANDIE

But Duckie, she's one of the most popular girls in school. Guaranteed sold out opening!

DUCKIE

Are you saying you don't--

He's interrupted by Cheryl from the stage.

CHERYL

Ah, hello? Say, where is that girl who was so good yesterday? The hat girl.

Everyone turns and looks at Andie.

CHERYL

What's your name?

ANDIE

...Marissa.

CHERYL

Can you come up here please. And where is he? Where's Steff?

Steff is already sauntering down the aisle. As he passes Duckie and Andie, he speaks.

STEFF

Well, come on, Marissa.

A look of grave concern crosses Duckie's face. Maybe he really doesn't want Andie in this. Andie is on the spot. But she's also not all that disinterested. She heads to the stage. She and Steff stand to the side as Craig moves the TV stand away.

CHERYL

So, you saw in the video; and the steps we showed you yesterday, that this is a kind of French pas de deux type thing. But we're turning it into a pas de trois with two guys and a girl, 'cuz they're like fighting over her--and the chorus will be dancing around them. (To Steff and Andie) And you guys really picked it up fast. So, Craig will be playing the third guy. So, Marissa, if you could come over here...

Andie moves to where Cheryl is pointing.

ANDIE

Actually, Marissa is my middle name. You can call me Andie.

CHERYL

Don't you hang out in the zoid zone?

ANDIE

Huh?

CHERYL

Nevermind. Okay. So, Steff, if you could come over here, please...Craig's gonna show you the moves.

Steff walks over to Cheryl and Andie and looks at the ceiling. Craig steps up to Andie and offers his hand. They shake.

CRAIG

I just want to be honest. This is gonna be kind of intimate. Are you okay with that?

ANDIE

Ah, with what, exactly?

Craig has already come up behind Andie and puts his arms around her waist. She seems a little dazed.

CRAIG

We're all theater kids here, right. We have to suffer for our art.

ANDIE

Sure?

CRAIG

Okay, Steff. You're going to be doing exactly what I'm doing. First--

Craig pulls Steff into position and begins manipulating people's limbs with zero concern. He wraps Steff's hands around Andie's waist.

CRAIG

I want the palms of your hands flat against her hips.

Steff, for once in his life, seems nervous, ill at ease and maybe even at a loss

INT. AUDITORIUM -DAY
(continued)

Steff stands awkwardly behind Andie who looks rather like the proverbial deer in the headlights. Craig steps back and looks at them with a critical eye.

CRAIG

Okay, so, she's just been flung by the chorus girls across the stage and ended up in this position. Now Steff, you're going to take your right hand and cross it over to her left wrist and then pull her arm causing her to spin...let's try walking through that.

In a kind of slow-motion, Steff reaches for Andie's wrist. He slides his hand downwards, over her wrist and takes her hand, then gently spins her until his right arm is extended as is her left.

CRAIG

That looked great. And now, Andie you're going to kinda, sorta try and get away from him by crossing in front. Then you're going to break

free of his grip, pause and he's going to get you with his left hand and then spin you back where you'll end up pressed against his chest. Let's try that.

As this is going on, Duckie is furiously scribbling notes. We CUT TO a REVERSE ANGLE and see Blane come through the rear doors and sit in the shadows. Again, Steff and Andie execute the moves as though they are Rogers and Astaire; they both remain emotionless.

CHERYL

Did you guys practice this at home? That was amazing. So, now they kiss, right?

Cheryl looks to Craig who looks to Duckie who doesn't look up.

DUCKIE

(Flipping through script, his voice low) Yes...

We CUT back to the auditorium door as Benny comes through, spots Blane and goes over and sits next to him. We hear muffled "Hi"s.

CHERYL

Guys, it's up to you; but I say just go for the gold, right Craig?

CRAIG

We're all pros here.

STEFF

Actually, we're not. I will defer to the lady.

ANDIE

Well, it is in the script...

Now Duckie's in a spot. If he tries to shut down the proceedings at this point, he's going to look like a jealous "L"oser; so, he just waves his hands in the air with a "go on" motion.

CRAIG

Back to one please and let's try it with some music...

Cheryl hits play on a big yellow boombox and we hear Diana Ross' "Swept Away." Andie and Steff execute the dance moves with a mesmerizing fluidity. When Andie looks up at him there is the briefest of pauses and when Steff goes to kiss her, there is a moment of hesitation. She reaches up, lays her hand on his neck and pulls him into a kiss. Time seems suspended as everyone looks on. It seems as though this is a kiss for the ages. One meant to be. Kismet. But not for Benny. The CAMERA CLOSES on her shocked face. She has to do something. She pushes past a stricken looking Blane and marches down the main aisle.

BENNY

(LOUDLY) Excuse me, is this an audition or a rehearsal, because I haven't seen a cast list yet.

Steff breaks away from the kiss and takes a step back from Andie, whose eyes are still closed. Benny sashays over to Duckie and slaps a clipboard on the table.

DUCKIE

Actually, the music auditions are over--
Benny glares at him.

DUCKIE

But we can always make an exception.

BENNY

Good. (Pointing at Band Kids) Now do these dweebs
know "He Had It Comin' "?

And with that she turns and pointedly stares at Steff.

DUCKIE

Well, if they don't, you can hum a few bars--

Benny marches onto the stage and grabs a microphone. Andie is
still standing there in a daze.

BENNY

(To Andie) Hey, Cinderella. Take ten.

The band kids are scurrying into position and Benny is already
belting:

BENNY

(Singing, LOUDLY) *He had it coming...!*

CUT TO:

EXT. CATS CLUB -NIGHT

JIMBO THE BOUNCER is sitting on a barstool next to the front door of the club. Several LEATHER MEN turn from the parking lot and approach the door. Jimbo waves them in, not bothering to check their IDs. Jimbo looks up to see a LEATHER CLAD FIGURE on a bicycle enter the parking lot. The man on the bike gets off and proceeds to chain the bike to a link fence. He stands, squares his shoulders, adjusts a pair of round sunglasses and pulls the brim of his hat down over them. He strides towards the door, ignoring Jimbo and reaches for the handle.

JIMBO

Hold it there, Sir...I

DUCKIE

(Lowering his voice) Do you need some form of identification my good man?

JIMBO

Actually no, I don't.

DUCKIE

Very well then, my good fellow, a good evening to you.

JIMBO

Duck, I know it's you. And you still know that I never let you in, right?

DUCKIE

Aww, come on Jimbo. Please? Just this once?

JIMBO

Obviously, based on your little outfit here--and might I say, so butch man!

DUCKIE

Thanks.

JIMBO

And might I add that you know what night this is and that Miss Andie is most decidedly not in there. Rave Ups or no Rave Ups. Although, I will say that I always thought that this was the night you should be in there; no offense, just sayin.'

DUCKIE

Then Jimbo, come on. I turned 18 in April. Help a sexually fluid dude out!

JIMBO

I can't Duck. I can't be party to--

Blane, unnoticed, is now standing behind them, wearing his trademark rumpled preppy button-down shirt.

BLANE

Homophobia?

JIMBO

Excuse me? Hey, I am not afraid of queers and I resent that insinuation; and I believe queer is the current self-descriptor for my fairy brothers.

Blane holds up a fifty-dollar bill.

BLANE

Will this get us in?

JIMBO

It might get him in; but not you. You gotta take your shirt off or have on leather to get in tonight and on that front I'm immovable.

Duckie takes off his bike jacket, revealing a leather harness. He extends his jacket to Blane. Blane takes it and puts it on.

BLANE

How about now?

Jimbo nods in agreement, takes the 50 and reaches up and gently tweaks one of Duckie's nips.

JIMBO

Hey Duck, if you ever get tired of chasing Miss Andie, come see me--

DUCKIE

Yeah, thanks Jimbo. I'll let you know.

JIMBO

And be wearing that.

Jimbo opens the door for them with a sly CHUCKLE.

CUT TO:

INT. CATS CLUB -NIGHT

Duckie and Blane push their way up to the bar. As Blane is already flashing cash, the BARTENDER instantly responds.

BARTENDER

Yeah?

BLANE

I'll have a Tanqueray and tonic and my friend will have...

DUCKIE

(Quietly) ...juice box, neat...

BLANE

What?

BARTENDER

I don't have juice boxes.

DUCKIE

I don't drink.

Duckie turns to look at the crowd. The bartender gives Blane a "come on already" wave of the hands.

BLANE

He'll have a Planter's Punch... (sotto voce)
...make it a double.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -NIGHT

Blane and Duckie are standing, leaning on elbows atop a cocktail table. Nearby, LEATHERDUDES are shaking their groove things on the dance floor.

DUCKIE

(Holding up his drink) Are you sure about this?

BLANE

It's mostly juice. You'll love it.

DUCKIE

I've never had a real cocktail before!

BLANE

You're kidding. (Duckie shakes his head) I think you'll like it. (Duckie takes a sip and smiles) See?

DUCKIE

It's a school night!

BLANE

Maybe you're the one with the curfew.

DUCKIE

Hardly. My old man is never around enough to wonder where I am.

BLANE

Oh...what does he do?

DUCKIE

Not much. I don't want to talk about him.

BLANE

Okay, so who do you want to talk about?

DUCKIE

Steff McKee.

BLANE

What about him?

DUCKIE

I mean, I know what he sees in Andie. You'd have to be blind not to. But I don't understand what she sees in him. I mean, what do you see in him? He's your best friend, right?

BLANE

More like my only friend. We grew up together. He's more like a cousin.

DUCKIE

What about the other richies?

BLANE

Look, Duckie--

DUCKIE

Call me Phillip. Nobody calls me Phillip.

BLANE

Sure. Phillip, those people are what you call my "crowd." But they're not really my friends. And the more time that's gone by the less friendly it becomes. As a matter of fact, I can't wait to get the hell out of this town and start fresh.

DUCKIE

With Andie?

BLANE

I like Andie a lot. Can I just be honest?

DUCKIE

I don't know, can you?

BLANE

Phillip, you asked me to meet you here, under circumstances I wasn't aware of. (He gestures to the leather jacket). It seems to me the situation now requires complete honesty.

DUCKIE

I'm listening.

BLANE

I think maybe I'm in love with Andie.

DUCKIE

I know I'm in love with Andie.

BLANE

And because of that, I'm kind of in love with every...thing...that's part of her life.

Blane places his hand on top of Duckie's. Duckie puts his straw in his mouth and takes a long, long sip. Suddenly, a CHEER goes up as the opening strains of Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam's "I Wonder If I Take You Home" begin. Duckie is saved by the bell, as they say. But does he want to be saved?

DUCKIE

I love this song! Let's dance!

BLANE

Well, I don't really--

But Duckie is already pulling him by the sleeve and at this point, Blane's gonna wave his hands in the air.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -NIGHT

Duckie and Blane find a spot out on the floor and dance like they just don't care. Because of the crowd, they have little control of things getting touchy-feely; but neither seems to mind very much...

FADE TO MONTAGE:

Through a series of quick fades we see:
Duckie and Blane clinking two more full glasses. We hear bits of DIALOGUE throughout.

BLANE

I told you you'd like them...but ya gotta pace yourself...

Blane, now clearly curious, leading Duckie through the crowd as they explore what "Tom Cats" at Cats is all about: They pass a dark corner of the room where numerous configurations of LEATHERMEN are getting hot and heavy. Duckie does a double take.

DUCKIE

Was that guy getting--

BLANE

I think so.

Jimbo appears with a penlight and shines it into the flailing group.

JIMBO

Keep it clean gents. Our license goes and leather night goes with it.

The boys dance some more to music as the tempo of the songs starts to get a little more aggressive.

The boys continue to move around the club. They pass a DUDE turned over the knee of a DADDY, who is spanking him with fraternity paddle. Duckie shrugs.

DUCKIE

I wouldn't say he wasn't enjoying it.

BLANE

Huh, Sigma Alpha Epsilon. I don't think I'll be pledging that fraternity next year.

A game of pool.
Duckie chugging another drink.

They watch as a BARBER in leather pants and no shirt shaves the head of a YOUNG MAN who is sitting in a makeshift barber chair. Once the kid is whiffed, the chair is vacated.

BARBER

(To Blane) Need a trim?

BLANE

Well, I was kinda-sorta growing it out.

DUCKIE

I double-dog dare you!

Blane shrugs, smiles and sits in the chair.

BLANE

I'm all yours...just don't scalp me.

BARBER

How about a high and tight?

BLANE

Go for it.

DUCKIE

Dude, seriously...I was kidding. Don't do this!

BLANE

I want to.

He gives the barber the go-ahead and the clippers get switched on.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -NIGHT

Blane and Duckie are staring into the bathroom mirror. Blane runs a hand over his head.

DUCKIE

He scalped you.

BLANE

I really like it. I feel free.

We hear the opening beats of New Order's "Perfect Kiss."

BLANE

I love this song. Let's dance.

He pushes a now clearly tipsy Duckie out the bathroom door. The pair rush out to the dance floor and start moving. They start moving nearer and nearer. Duckies' eyes are half closed. Blane's face is inches away from Duckie's and getting closer; closer to a kiss; but an imperfect one as it doesn't quite reach fruition. The song suddenly segues into the Pretender's "Tattooed Love Boys" and some of the dancers start to get a bit overzealous. A slam dance starts and more and more people start joining in. At one point, the boys get separated as Blane is literally pulled into the all-male maelstrom.

DUCKIE

Oh, shit!

Duckie starts trying to ram his way into the scrum but keeps getting bounced back like a ping-pong ball in a white squall. He slam dances his way into the epicenter of the storm, only to find Blane having a good old time.

BLANE

(SHOUTING) This is totally awesome!

DUCKIE

(ALSO SHOUTING) That's great but you're gonna get--

Blane sinks beneath the surging leather sea and Duckie sinks down to try and find him.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -NIGHT

(Continued)

We now see the POV below the surface: a forest of thrashing legs and downward pushing hands. Duckie turns to see a hairy ass coming at him. Blane is face to face with a leather jock, studded with spikes, which just misses his face. Duckie spits hair out of his mouth as he reaches Blane, who is somewhere between alarm and hysterical laughter. Duckie grabs Blane and the two use one another as a shield to get out of the melee.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT -NIGHT

The door to the club comes crashing open and Blane and Duckie spill out into the night, LAUGHING. Jimbo is back on his stool beside the door.

JIMBO

You boys have fun?

BLANE

Yeah. Actually, I had a blast!

Duckie is wandering off towards his bicycle, now clearly drunk and SINGING.

DUCKIE

...I want to ride my bicycle...I want to ride my bike!

JIMBO

Didn't you have a lot more hair when you went in?

BLANE

(LAUGHS) You know what they say: "Hair today..."

JIMBO

I think you look great. (Points) We're not gonna let him try to ride his bike, are we?

BLANE

No, I'll give him a ride.

JIMBO

Are you okay to drive?

BLANE

Well, almost getting gang-banged during a slam-dance sobers a fellah up really quick.

Jimbo reaches in his pocket and pulls out the fifty dollar-bill.

JIMBO

Here, take this back. I don't feel right about taking it.

BLANE

No, it's fine--

JIMBO

Then please, give it to Duck. Slip it in his pocket.

Blane nods and takes the money. He slips it into a pocket of Duckie's jacket and zips it closed. He waves good-night and goes over to Duckie who is trying to open his bike lock without a key.

BLANE

Come on, you're coming with me.

Duckie continues to SING the Queen song as Blane guides him to his Beamer.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF HOUSE -NIGHT

Blane is helping Duckie up to the front door of his house. The house is small and run-down looking; but the grounds are neat. Duckie is still sort of drunk-talk-singing as Blane pulls the screen door open. The porch light flicks on and the door

opens, revealing a burly looking MAN clearly on his way out. The man is Duckie's father, JAMES DALE, 40'S. He seems to be some kind of working man, based on his clothes.

JAMES DALE

For chrissakes it's two in the morning, what is this?

BLANE

Hi, I'm Duckie's friend.

JAMES

Who's "Duckie"?

BLANE

Oh, I meant Phillip here.

DUCKIE

Hi-ya Pops!

JAMES

Are you drunk?

DUCKIE

I think so.

JAMES

I'll deal with this later; but Philly, if I get another note from that goddamned school about you skipping--

DUCKIE

Dad, this is Blane.

BLANE

Hello Mr. Dale.

JAMES

"Blaine"? With an "i"; like the industrial supply company?

Duckie CHUCKLES.

BLANE

No, no "i," Mr. Dale. Well, why don't I help Philly here to his bed.

JAMES

I would appreciate that Blane. Nice to meet you.

He offers his massive hand and Blane shakes it.

JAMES

(As he leaves, under his breath) ...drunk on a school night...why my father would've...

Blane pushes Duckie through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -NIGHT

Blane guides Duckie to the bed where he unceremoniously falls to the futon that's on the floor. Duckie reaches over and hits play on his boom box and we hear The Psychedelic Furs, "The

Ghost In You" softly under the dialogue. Blane moves around the room, looking at the graffiti.

BLANE

Your decorator seems to be a minimalist.

DUCKIE

"Minimal" to the maximal...

BLANE

I like your dad. He seems really--

DUCKIE

You can have him, then.

BLANE

I have my own, thanks. He's really...busy...too.

DUCKIE

Busy? Yeah, right. When you grow up, your heart dies.

BLANE

(Considers)...that's stupid.

Blane crouches down on the floor and rolls Duckie over and begins unbuckling his leather harness.

BLANE

Where did you get this?

DUCKIE

I made it in home-ec. Or was it Boy Scouts?

BLANE

It's so well made. It's really amazing.

DUCKIE

No, it's not.

BLANE

I think you're kind of amazing...

He hangs the harness over a chair and starts taking off Duckies shoes and socks.

BLANE

"...it was your sweet love that kept my course true; but now you've closed your heart and taken that from me too."

Duckie attempts to sit up.

DUCKIE

That's my--how did you--how do you--

BLANE

I found your poetry book. It's been in my car. I meant to give it back to you.

DUCKIE

Oh, you found it! Thank you!

And suddenly, they are kissing. Blane pulls back and they stare at each other. Duckie's drunk. It wouldn't be right.

BLANE

I'll bring it to school tomorrow. I better go.

DUCKIE

Please stay. Stay until I fall asleep? I have bad dreams.

He's already nearly asleep. Blane adjusts Duckie's pillow.

BLANE

Okay, Philly.

DUCKIE

(Nodding off) ...don't call me that...

He sits on the bed, his back against the wall.

FADE TO BLACK

(Continued)

We hear the CROWING of the neighborhood rooster as the light fades up in Duckie's bedroom. Blane, who has probably been awake all night, is pitching playing cards into Duckie's hat. Duckie rolls over and SIGHS, then sits up and rubs his head.

BLANE

I should probably give my mother a call. Can I use your phone?

DUCKIE

It's in the kitchen.

Blane flips the last card and stands. He catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror which stops him short. He rubs his head.

BLANE

I'm gonna have to wear a wig to prom. Come on, get up. We've got that trig test today.

DUCKIE

I didn't know you knew I was in the class with you.

BLANE

I'm not blind Philly.

DUCKIE

I can't go to school today and don't call me that. Do I look like I can take a test?

BLANE

You're going. I promised your dad.

DUCKIE

You did? When?

But Blane is already through the door. The rooster CROWS and Duckie pulls a pillow over his ears and GROANS.

DUCKIE

(Lowers pillow and SHOUTS towards the door) What about your head?

Then he grabs his own head and MOANS

CUT TO:

INT. GYM/PROM -NIGHT

Andie has finally had it. She swats Benny over the head with the bouquet of pink roses. It is on.

BENNY

Okay Little Orphan Andie...I've had just about enough of your little innocent act.

ANDIE

Oh, this is so on!

Andie reaches up to her shoulder line and rips the rest of her pink tulle sleeves off her dress and puts up her dukes. A look of fear crosses Benny's face and she rips off her train and hands it to Gina. Gina makes a face and tosses it aside.

Once Andie launches her fury at Benny, it's as though some kind of dam breaks between the Zoids and the Richies and a donnybrook erupts.

The TEACHERS are trying to keep the party from turning into a free-for-all. COACH HARRIS mounts the stage and goes to the microphone.

COACH HARRIS

Everyone, please, stop this at once!

He covers the microphone with his hand and turns to Mr. Byron.

COACH HARRIS

(To Byron) Did you see Dale's right hook? Boy, if they'd given even five percent of this effort in gym class we might've won state--

Mr. Byron spots Jena and leaps off the stage and goes to her.

MR. BYRON

Jena, please--you've got to do something. They listen to you!

JENA

I'll try...

He helps her to the stage. She goes to the mike and Coach Harris lowers it for her.

JENA

Guys. Guys. Hey, guys. Guys? This isn't what I meant by revolution... (To Harris and Byron) They won't listen.

MR. BYRON

You might want to put a little more urgency into it...think, ah, Captain Ahab!

JENA

Oh, okay. Arrgh! Avast ye mateys! Thar she blows!

COACH HARRIS

He wasn't a pirate.

JENA

Oh, okay. I've got it. This oughta do it!

Jena swallows some air, takes a beat and then **BURPS** one of the loudest burps ever burped. SILENCE falls over the room and the

fight comes to a complete stop.

COACH HARRIS

Kids, I know you don't want to listen to me. You've spent the last four years not listening. But I need you to hear this...I'm gay.

There is a COLLECTIVE RESPONSE from the crowd.

CROWD

We know!

MR. HARRIS

Really? Well...okay...but what you might not know is that I went to this high school. I'm an alumnus of Meadowbrook which makes all of us fellows. And you know what? I wasn't a "richie" or a "zoid" I was just a kid. I was in the middle. If I wasn't at the smoking door with the burn-outs and the scuzz-heads I was in the Jock vestibule with the blockheads and the cupsniffers. And if I wasn't with them, I was in the library with the zoomdweebies and the pasteeaters. And if not them, then the popcollars and the pennyloafingtrustdouchies. I got along with everyone. But I'm competitive. So, in that spirit, we're going to have a little contest... (he leans down and picks up the Prom King crown). And it's not going to involve this...

He drop-kicks the crown and it goes flying across the gym and through the basketball hoop.

HARRIS

We're going to dance this out. This is the flippin' prom, people. It's a dance. So, let's dance!

RICHARD BUTLER, the lead singer of the house band, The Psychedelic Furs, takes his place at the microphone.

RICHARD BUTLER

One, two, three--

A DRUMBEAT and the song HEARBREAK BEAT starts. The kids go nuts and start dancing like they just don't care.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH -EARLY MORNING

It's close to dawn but still dark. We see a lakeside beach, somewhere in the countryside. Numerous kids, some still in their formal-wear from the prom, are sitting on picnic table and on blankets on the sand. There's a small campfire burning down. Some kids are asleep, some are leaving. SIMON, 17, Jena's boyfriend stands and wipes sand off his knees. Sitting on the blanket are Steff, who has his arm around Andie and Blane and Duckie, who are quite "next to" one another.

SIMON

I'm jonesing for some mellow tuneage. I'm gonna go get my tapes from the car. He heads towards the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT -EARLY MORNING

Simon approaches a big 70's Oldsmobile and opens the driver's door. He does not notice the fogged-up windows. He climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -MORNING

Simon roots through a box and grabs a tape. He hears MUFFLED VOICES and GIGGLING from the backseat. He looks over into the back, where Jena and Benny, in a cloud of pastel chiffon prom dresses, seem to have been caught in some kind of clinch.

JENA

Hi Simon.

SIMON

Hey.

JENA

This isn't what you--

SIMON

Have you seen my mix tape: the one that says "Chill-Pillin' "?

JENA

No--

SIMON

(Looking) Oh, it's right here in my hand. Okay, see ya.

He leaves and shuts the door. Jena and Benny LAUGH and go back to whatever it was they were doing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH -MORNING

Simon returns to the blanket, crouches down and puts one of his tapes in the boom box. We hear Chaka Khan's "Ain't Nobody," come softly from the speakers.

ANDIE

Hey, where did Jena go?

BLANE

And Benny?

SIMON

(Imitating Sgt. Schultz from *Hogan's Heros*) "...I zee nothink..."

Nobody says anything.

DUCKIE

Well, I don't think anybody saw this night playing out the way it has.

There is subdued LAUGHTER. Gina Trombley comes wandering up to them, a nearly empty bottle of champagne in her hand.

GINA

Where the hell is Benny?

BLANE

We were just wondering the same thing.

GINA

Maybe she got alien abductified...serve her right.

STEFF

Gina, now that's not a very nice thing to say.

GINA

Oh, she is a first-class bitch and everyone knows it.

DUCKIE

They've probably already turned the spaceship around.

Gina stares down at Simon.

GINA

You know, I never realized how cute you were, until like, just now.

SIMON

Thanks.

GINA

Wanna take a walk with me?

SIMON

If you sing "For Your Eyes Only," I will...

GINA

Deal!

She reaches out for his hand; he takes it and they start down the beach.

GINA

(Singing)...for your eyes only, can see me
through the night...la, la, la...la, la....

SIMON

(Singing) ...maybe I'm an open book, because I
know you're mine...

ALL

(Singing) But you won't need to read between the
lines! For your eyes--

The LOUD CROW of a rooster stops them.

ANDIE

(To Duckie) Did that bird follow us?

DUCKIE

I kidnapped it. It's around here somewhere.

BLANE

Here comes the sun...

They all look up at the sky which is turning a gorgeous shade of bright pink.

ANDIE

It's so pretty...

STEFF

(Looking at everyone) Let's go for a walk.

He stands and reaches for Andie's hand. Blane and Duckie fall in behind them. As they walk away down the beach, we see Blane reach for Duckie's hand. The CAMERA TILTS down and closes on a pink rose corsage that is left behind on the blanket. We hear Glass Tiger's "Don't Forget Me When I'm Gone" over the closing credits.