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Mean Girls

By Tina Fey

This is your lunch, OK?
Now, I put a dollar in there
so you can buy some milk.
You can ask one of the big kids
where to do that.
You remember your phone number?
I wrote it down for you, just in case.
Put it in your pocket,
I don't want you to lose it.
OK? You ready?
I think so.
It's Cady's big day.
I guess it's natural for parents to cry
on their kid's first day of school.
But, you know, this usually
happens when the kid is 5.
I'm 16 and until today,
I was home-schooled.
I know what you're thinking.
"Home-schooled kids are freaks."
X-Y-L-O-C-A-R-P.
Xylocarp.
Or that we're weirdly religious
or something.
And on the third day, God created
the Remington bolt-action rifle
so that Man could fight the dinosaurs.
And the homosexuals.
- Amen.
- Amen.
But my family's totally normal.
Except for the fact that both my
parents are research zoologists
and we've spent the last
I had a great life.
But then my mom got offered tenure
at Northwestern University.
So it was goodbye Africa
and hello high school.
I'm OK. Sorry.
I'll be careful.
Hi.
I don't know if anyone
told you about me.

I'm a new student here.
My name is Cady Heron.
Talk to me again
and I'll kick your ass.
You don't wanna sit there. Kristen
Hadley's boyfriend is gonna sit there.
Hey, baby.
He farts a lot.
Hey, everybody.
Oh, God, I'm so sorry.
It's not you. I'm bad luck.
Ms. Norbury?
My T-shirt's stuck
to my sweater, isn't it?
- Yeah.
- Fantastic.
Is everything all right in here?
- Oh, yeah.
- So...
...how was your summer?
- I got divorced.
My carpal tunnel came back.
- I win.
- Yes, you do.
Well, I just wanted to let
everyone know
that we have a new student joining us.
She just moved here
all the way from Africa.
Welcome.
- I'm from Michigan.
- Great.
Her name is Cady. Cady Heron.
- Where are you, Cady?
- That's me.
- It's pronounced like Katie.
- My apologies.
I have a nephew named Anfernee,
and I know how mad he gets
when I call him Anthony.
Almost as mad as I get
when I think about the fact
that my sister named him Anfernee.
Well, welcome, Cady.

- And thank you, Mr. Duvall.

- Well, thank you.

And...

...if you need anything or if you
wanna talk to somebody...

Thanks.

Maybe some other time,
when my shirt isn't see-through.

OK.

OK. Good day, everybody.

The first day of school was a blur.

A stressful, surreal blur.

I got in trouble for the
most random things.

- Where are you going?

- Oh, I have to go to the bathroom.

You need the lavatory pass.

OK. Can I have the lavatory pass?

Nice try. Have a seat.

I had never lived in a world
where adults didn't trust me,
where they were always yelling at me.

- Don't read ahead!

- No green pen!

No food in class!

I told you, I saw the whole thing.

- Everything.

- Did you see nipple?

- It only counts if you saw a nipple.

- That's true, dude.

I had a lot of friends in Africa.

What?

But so far, none in Evanston.

Hey. How was your first day?

Is that your natural hair color?

- Yeah.

- It's gorgeous.

Thank you.

See, this is the color I want.

This is Damian.

He's almost too gay to function.

- Nice to meet you.

- Nice wig, Janis.

- What's it made of?

- Your mom's chest hair!

- I'm Janis.

- Hi, I'm Cady.

Do you guys know

where Room G 14 is?

"Health, Tuesday/Thursday,

Room G 14."

I think that's in the back building.

- Yeah, that's in the back building.

- Yeah, we'll take you there.

Thanks.

Watch out, please!

New meat coming through!

"Health. Spanish."

You're taking 12th-grade calculus?

- Yeah, I like math.

- Why?

Because it's the same

in every country.

That's beautiful. This girl is deep.

Where's the back building?

It burned down in 1987.

Won't we get in some

sort of trouble for this?

Why would we get you into trouble?

We're your friends.

I know it's wrong to skip class,

but Janis said we were friends.

And I was in no position

to pass up friends.

I guess I'll never know what I missed

on that first day of health class.

Don't have sex. Because you

will get pregnant and die.

Don't have sex

in the missionary position,

don't have sex standing up.

Just don't do it, promise?

OK, everybody take some rubbers.

Why didn't they just keep

home-schooling you?

They wanted me to get socialized.

Oh, you'll get socialized, all right.

A little slice like you.

- What are you talking about?
- You're a regulation hottie.
- What?
- Own it.

How do you spell your name again, Cady?

It's Cady. C-A-D-Y.

Yeah, I'm gonna call you Cady.

In the name of all that is holy, will you look at Karen Smith's gym clothes?

Of course all The Plastics are in the same gym class.

- Who are The Plastics?

- They're teen royalty.

If North Shore was Us Weekly, they would always be on the cover.

That one there, that's Karen Smith.

She is one of the dumbest girls you will ever meet.

Damian sat next to her in English last year.

She asked me how to spell "orange".

And that little one?

That's Gretchen Wieners.

She's totally rich because her dad invented Toaster Strudel.

Gretchen Wieners knows everybody's business.

She knows everything about everyone.

That's why her hair is so big.

It's full of secrets.

And evil takes a human form in Regina George.

Don't be fooled, because she may seem like your typical selfish, back-stabbing, slut-faced ho-bag. But in reality, she is so much more than that.

She's the queen bee.

The star. Those other two are just her little workers.

Regina George.

How do I even begin to explain Regina George?

Regina George is flawless.
She has two Fendi purses
and a silver Lexus.
I hear her hair's insured
for \$10,000.
I hear she does car commercials.
In Japan.
Her favorite movie is Varsity blues.
One time, she met John Stamos
on a plane.
And he told her she was pretty.
One time,
she punched me in the face.
It was awesome.
She always looks fierce.
She always wins Spring Fling Queen.
- Who cares?
- I care.
Every year, the seniors throw
this dance for the underclassmen
called The Spring Fling.
And whomsoever is elected
Spring Fling King and Queen
automatically becomes head of the
Student Activities Committee.
And since I am an active member
of the Student Activities Committee,
I would say, yeah, I care.
Damian, you've truly
out-gayed yourself.
Here. This map is gonna
be your guide to North Shore.
Now, where you sit in
the cafeteria is crucial
because you got everybody there.
You got your freshmen,
ROTC guys,
preps, JV jocks,
Asian nerds,
cool Asians,
varsity jocks,
unfriendly black hotties,
girls who eat their feelings,
girls who don't eat anything,

desperate wannabes,
burnouts,
sexually active band geeks,
the greatest people
you will ever meet
and the worst.
Beware of The Plastics.
Hey. We're doing a lunchtime
survey of new students.
Can you answer a few questions?
- OK.
- Is your muffin buttered?
What?
Would you like us to assign
someone to butter your muffin?
- My what?
- Is he bothering you?
Jason, why are you such a skeez?
I'm just being friendly.
You were supposed
to call me last night.
Jason. You do not come to a party
at my house with Gretchen
and then scam on some poor, innocent
girl right in front of us three days later.
She's not interested.
Do you wanna have sex with him?
- No, thank you.
- Good. So it's settled.
So you can go shave your back now.
Bye, Jason.
Bitch.
Wait. Sit down.
Seriously, sit down.
Why don't I know you?
I'm new. I just moved here from Africa.
- What?
- I used to be home-schooled.
Wait. What?
- My mom taught me at home...
- No, no.
I know what home-school is.
I'm not retarded.
So you've actually never been

to a real school before?

Shut up.

Shut up.

- I didn't say anything.

- Home-schooled.

- That's really interesting.

- Thanks.

But you're, like, really pretty.

- Thank you.

- So you agree.

- What?

- You think you're really pretty.

- Oh, I don't know...

- Oh, my God, I love your bracelet.

- Where did you get it?

- Oh, my mom made it for me.

- It's adorable.

- Oh, it's so fetch.

- What is "fetch"?

- Oh, it's, like, slang. From England.

So if you're from Africa...

...why are you white?

Oh, my God, Karen, you can't just ask people why they're white.

Could you give us some privacy for, like, one second?

Yeah, sure.

What are you doing?

OK, you should just know that we don't do this a lot, so this is, like, a really huge deal.

We wanna invite you to have lunch with us every day for the rest of the week.

- Oh, it's OK...

- Coolness.

So we'll see you tomorrow.

On Wednesdays, we wear pink.

Oh, my God!

OK, you have to do it, OK?

And then you have to tell me all the horrible things that Regina says.

Regina seems sweet.

Regina George is not sweet.

She's a scum-sucking road whore!

She ruined my life!

She's fabulous, but she's evil.

- Hey, get out of here!

- Oh, my God, Danny DeVito.

I love your work!

- Why do you hate her?

- What do you mean?

Regina. You seem to really hate her.

Yes. What's your question?

- Well, my question is, why?

- Regina started this rumor

- that Janis was...

- Damian! Shall we not?

Now, look. This isn't

about hating her, OK?

I just think that it would be, like,

a fun little experiment

if you were to hang out with them and

then tell us everything that they say.

- What do we even talk about?

- Hair products.

- Ashton Kutcher.

- Is that a band?

Would you just do it? Please?

OK, fine.

Do you have anything pink?

- Yes.

- No.

By eighth period, I was so happy

to get to math class.

I mean, I'm good at math.

I understand math.

Nothing in math class

could mess me up.

Hey, do you have a pencil

I can borrow?

I've only had one other

crush in my life.

His name was Nfume,

and we were 5.

It didn't work out.

But this one hit me like a big,

yellow school bus.

- Cady, what do you say?

- He was...

So cute.

I mean, $A\text{-sub-}N$ equals

N plus one over four.

That's right.

That's good. Very good.

All right, let's talk

about your homework.

Hey. How was your second day?

- Fine.

- Were people nice?

- No.

- Did you make any friends?

Yeah.

Having lunch with The Plastics

was like leaving the actual world

and entering "Girl World".

And Girl World had a lot of rules.

You can't wear a tank top

two days in a row,

and you can only wear your

hair in a ponytail once a week.

So I guess you picked today.

Oh, and we only wear jeans

or track pants on Fridays.

Now, if you break any of these rules,

you can't sit with us at lunch.

I mean, not just you. Like, any of us.

OK, like, if I was wearing jeans today,

I would be sitting over there

with the art freaks.

Oh, and we always vote before we ask

someone to eat lunch with us

because you have to be considerate

of the rest of the group.

Well, I mean, you wouldn't buy a skirt

without asking your friends first

- if it looks good on you.

- I wouldn't?

Right.

Oh, and it's the same with guys.

Like, you may think you like someone,

but you could be wrong.

A hundred and twenty calories and 48
calories from fat. What percent is that?

Forty-eight into 120?

I'm only eating foods with less than
It's 40 percent.

Well, 48 over 120

equals X over 100,

and then you cross-multiply

and get the value of X.

Whatever. I'm getting cheese fries.

So have you seen any guys
that you think are cute yet?

Well, there's this guy
in my calculus class...

- Who is it?

- It's a senior?

- His name's Aaron Samuels.

- No!

Oh, no, you can't like Aaron Samuels.

That's Regina's ex-boyfriend.

They went out for a year.

Yeah, and then she was devastated
when he broke up

with her last summer.

I thought she dumped him
for Shane Oman.

OK, irregardless. Ex-boyfriends
are just off-limits to friends.

I mean, that's just, like,
the rules of feminism.

Don't worry. I'll never tell Regina
what you said.

It'll be our little secret.

We define the sum

of the infinite geometric series...

Even though I wasn't

allowed to like Aaron,

I was still allowed to look at him.

And think about him.

And talk to him.

- Hey, Aar...

- Hey, you're the Africa girl, right?

- Yeah.

- I'm Kevin Gnapoor,

captain of the North Shore Mathletes.
We participate in math challenges
against other high schools in the state,
and we can get twice as much funding
if we've got a girl.

So you should think about joining.

- Oh, you'd be perfect for it.

- Yeah, definitely.

Great, great.

Let me give you my card.

OK, so think it over.

Because we'd like to get jackets.

OK.

Hey!

Get in, loser. We're going shopping.

Regina's like the barbie doll

I never had.

I'd never seen anybody

so glamorous.

- So how do you like North Shore?

- It's good.

I think I'm joining the Mathletes.

- No! No, no.

- No, no.

You cannot do that.

That is social suicide.

Damn, you are so lucky

you have us to guide you.

Being at Old Orchard Mall kind of
reminded me of being home in Africa.

By the watering hole.

When the animals are in heat.

Oh, my God, there's Jason!

Where? Oh, there he is.

- And he's with Taylor Wedell.

- I heard they're going out.

Wait. Jason's not going out
with Taylor.

No. He cannot blow you off like that.

He's such a little skeez.

Give me your phone.

- You're not gonna call him, right?

- Do you think I'm an idiot?

No.

- Wedell on South Boulevard.

- Caller ID.

Not when you connect
from Information.

- Hello?

- Hello.

May I please speak
to Taylor Wedell?

She's not home yet. Who's calling?

Oh, this is Susan from
Planned Parenthood.

I have her test results. If you can have
her give me a call as soon as she can.

It's urgent. Thank you.

She's not going out with anyone.

OK, that was so fetch.

Mom.

Your house is really nice.

I know, right?

Make sure you check out
her mom's boob job.

They're hard as rocks.

I'm home! Hey, Kylie.

Hey.

Hey, hey, hey!

How are my best girlfriends?

Hey, Mrs. George. This is Cady.

Hello, sweetheart.

- Hi.

- Welcome to our home.

Just want you to know, if you need
anything, don't be shy, OK?

There are no rules in this house.

I'm not like a regular mom.

I'm a cool mom. Right, Regina?

- Please stop talking.

- OK.

I'm gonna make you girls
a "hump day" treat.

This is your room?

It was my parents' room,
but I made them trade me.

Hey, put on 98.8.

Cady, do you even know

who sings this?

- The Spice Girls?

- I love her.

She's like a Martian.

- God, my hips are huge!

- Oh, please. I hate my calves.

At least you guys can wear halters.

I've got man shoulders.

I used to think there

was just fat and skinny.

Apparently, there's a lot of things

that can be wrong on your body.

- My hairline is so weird.

- My pores are huge.

My nail beds suck.

I have really bad breath

in the morning.

Hey, you guys.

Happy hour is from 4 to 6!

Thanks.

Is there alcohol in this?

Oh, God, honey, no. What kind

of mother do you think I am?

Do you want a bit? If you're gonna
drink, I'd rather you do it in the house.

- No, thank you.

- OK.

So, you guys, what is the 411?

What has everybody been up to?

What is the hot gossip?

Tell me everything.

What are you guys listening to?

What's the cool jams?

Mom.

- Could you go fix your hair?

- OK.

You girls keep me young.

Oh, I love you so much.

Oh, my God, I remember this.

- I haven't looked at that in forever.

- Come check it out, Cady.

It's our Burn Book.

See, we cut out girls' pictures
from the yearbook,

and then we wrote comments.

- "Trang Pak is a grotsky little byotch."

- Still true.

- "Dawn Schweitzer is a fat virgin."

- Still half true.

"Amber D'Alessio."

She made out with a hot dog.

"Janis lan, dyke."

- Who is that?

- I think that's that kid Damian.

Yeah. He's almost too gay
to function.

That's funny. Put that in there.

Oh, no. Maybe that was only OK
when Janis said it.

And they have this Burn Book
where they write mean things

- about all the girls in our grade.

- What does it say about me?

- You're not in it.

- Those bitches.

- Will this minimize my pores?

- No. Cady,

you gotta steal that book.

- No way!

- Oh, come on. We could publish it,
and then everybody would see
what an ax-wound she really is.

- I don't steal.

- That is for your feet.

Cady, there are two kinds
of evil people.

People who do evil stuff,
and people who see evil stuff
being done and don't try to stop it.

Does that mean I'm morally
obligated to burn that lady's outfit?

Oh, my God, that's Ms. Norbury.

I love seeing teachers
outside of school.

It's like seeing a dog
walk on its hind legs.

Hey, guys, what's up?

I didn't know you worked here.

Yeah, moderately priced soaps
are my calling.

- You shopping?

- No, I'm just here with my boyfriend.

Joking. Sometimes older people
make jokes.

My nana takes her wig off
when she's drunk.

Your nana and I have that
in common.

No, actually, I'm just here because
I bartend a couple nights a week
down at P.J. Calamity's.

Cady, I hope you do
join Mathletes, you know,
because we start in a couple weeks
and I would love
to have a girl on the team,
just, you know, so the team
could meet a girl.

- I think I'm gonna do it.

- Great.

You can't join Mathletes.

It's social suicide.

Thanks, Damian.

Well, this has been
sufficiently awkward.

And I'll see you guys tomorrow.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Oh, man, that is bleak.

So when are you gonna
see Regina again?

I can't spy on her anymore.

It's weird.

Come on, she's never gonna find out.

It'll be like our little secret.

- Hello?

- I know your secret.

Oh, God, busted.

Just start apologizing and crying.

No, play it cool.

Secret?

What are you saying about?

Gretchen told me
that you like Aaron Samuels.
I mean, I don't care,
do whatever you want.
But let me just tell you something

about Aaron:

All he cares about is school
and his mom and his friends.

- Is that bad?

- But if you like him...

Whatever. I mean, I could talk
to him for you if you want.

Really? You would do that? I mean,
nothing embarrassing, though, right?

Oh, no, trust me.

I know exactly how to play it.

But wait. Aren't you so mad
at Gretchen for telling me?

- No.

- Because if you are,
you can tell me. It was a really
bitchy thing for her to do.

Yeah, it was pretty bitchy,
but I'm not mad.

I mean, I guess she just
likes the attention.

See, Gretch? I told you
she's not mad at you.

I can't believe you think
I like attention!

OK, love you. See you tomorrow.

I had survived my first
three-way calling attack.

And with Regina's blessing, I started
talking to Aaron more and more.

On October 3rd, he asked me
what day it was.

It's October 3rd.

Two weeks later, we spoke again.

It's raining.

Yeah.

But I wanted things to move faster.

So I followed my instincts.

Hey, I'm totally lost.

Can you help me?

- But I wasn't lost.

- Yeah.

I knew exactly what Ms. Norbury was talking about.

It's a factorial, so you multiply each one by N.

Wrong.

Is that the summation?

Yeah, they're the same thing.

Wrong. He was so wrong.

Thanks. I... I get it now.

Lights, please.

OK. See you guys tomorrow.

We're having a Halloween party at my friend Chris' tonight.

You wanna come?

Yeah, sure.

Great. Here's where it is.

It's a costume party.

People get pretty into it.

OK.

That flier admits one person only, so don't bring some other guy with you.

"Grool."

I meant to say "cool" and then I started to say "great".

Right. Well... grool.

See you tonight.

Hey, Africa. You staying for the Mathletes meeting?

Yeah, I'll be right back.

OK, I lied. But I had to go home and work on my costume.

In the regular world, Halloween is when children dress up in costumes and beg for candy.

In Girl World, Halloween is the one night a year when a girl can dress like a total slut and no other girls can

say anything about it.

The hard-core girls just wear lingerie and some form of animal ears.

Doesn't she look great, honey?

- What are you?

- I'm a mouse.

Unfortunately, no one told me about the slut rule.

So I showed up like this.

Hey.

Yes! Yes!

Hey.

Why are you dressed so scary?

It's Halloween.

Have you seen Jason?

You know who's looking fine tonight?

Seth Mosakowski.

- OK, you did not just say that.

- What? He's a good kisser.

He's your cousin.

Yeah, but he's my first cousin.

- Right.

- So you have your cousins and then you have your first cousins, - then you have your second cousins...

- No, honey.

That's not right, is it?

That is so not right.

- Hey!

- Hey.

You made it.

And you are... a zombie bride.

An "ex-wife".

Love it. Can I get you something to drink?

- Yeah.

- Be right back.

Thanks.

Karen, stop it.

- Don't, Karen...

- Hey, Seth!

Hey.

Oh, no.

Didn't anybody tell you?

You were supposed
to wear a costume.
Shut up. I need to talk to you.
- You know that girl Cady?
- Yeah, she's cool.
I invited her tonight.
Well, be careful because
she has a huge crush on you.
Really? How do you know?
Because she told me.
She tells everybody.
It's kind of cute, actually.
She's like a little girl. She, like,
writes all over her notebook,
"Mrs. Aaron Samuels."
And she made this T-shirt that says
"I heart Aaron"
and she wears it
under all her clothes.
- Oh, come on.
- Well, who can blame her?
I mean, you're gorgeous.
And OK, look, I'm not saying
she's a stalker,
but she saved
this Kleenex you used
and she said she's gonna do
some kind of African voodoo with it
to make you like her.
What?
This was it.
Regina said she would talk
to Aaron for me, and now she was.
I know she's kind of socially retarded
and weird, but she's my friend,
so just promise me
you won't make fun of her.
Of course I'm not gonna
make fun of her.
How could Janis hate Regina?
She was such a good...
Slut!
What are you doing?
You broke up with me.

That's crazy. Why would
I break up with you?
You're so hot.
That's a scary mask, bro.
I had never felt this feeling before.
I could hear my heartbeat in my ears.
My stomach felt like it was
going to fall out my butt.
I had this lump in my throat like
after you dry-swallow a big pill.
I hated Regina. I hated her!
She took him back.
Regina took Aaron back.
- Oh, no, Cady.
- Why would she do that?
Because she's a life-ruiner.
She ruins people's lives.
When we were 13, she made
people sign this petition
- saying that Janis was...
- Damian! Please!
Look, she's not gonna get away
with this again, OK?
- We're gonna do something.
- We are?
Regina George is an evil dictator.
Now, how do you overthrow a dictator?
You cut off her resources.
Regina would be nothing without
her high-status man candy...
...technically good physique...
...and ignorant band of loyal followers.
Now, Cady, if we want this to work,
you are gonna have to keep hanging
out with them like nothing is wrong.
Can you do it?
I can do it.
OK, let's rock this bitch.
Pretending like nothing was wrong
turned out to be surprisingly easy.
Regina wanted me to tell you that she
was trying to hook you up with Aaron,
but he was just interested
in getting her back.

And that's not Regina's fault.

- No, I know.

- OK, so you're not mad at Regina?

- God, no.

- Oh, OK, good.

Because Regina wanted me
to give you this.

It's called

the South Beach Fat Flush,

and all you drink is

cranberry juice for 72 hours.

This isn't even cranberry juice.

It's cranberry juice cocktail.

It's all sugar.

- I wanna lose 3 pounds.

- You're crazy.

Why do you wear your hair like that?

Your hair looks so sexy pushed back.

Cady, will you please tell him

his hair looks sexy pushed back.

Regina was dangling Aaron

in front of me on purpose.

I knew how this would be

settled in the animal world.

But this was Girl World.

Your hair looks sexy pushed back.

And in Girl World,

all the fighting had to be sneaky.

All this cranberry juice

is making me break out.

Wait. I have this really good

skin stuff I'll bring you.

OK.

We kept our eyes open

for opportunities for sabotage.

Regina.

- Here you go.

- Thank you.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Your face smells like peppermint.

This is ass, you guys.

It's been a month, and all we've done

is make Regina's face smell like a foot.

I've been really busy with choir.
We gotta crack Gretchen Wieners.
We crack Gretchen,
and then we crack the lock
on Regina's whole dirty history.

- Say "crack" again.

- Crack.

- All right, let's reconvene tonight.

- I can't.

I have to go to Regina's
to practice for the talent show.

- We're doing a dance to this song...

- "Jingle Bell Rock."

You guys know that song?

Everybody in the English-speaking
world knows that song.

They do it every year.

Well, I have to learn it.

Go.

- Hey.

- Why were you talking to Janis lan?

I don't know, I mean, she's so weird.

She just, you know, came up to me
and started talking to me about crack.

She's so pathetic.

Let me tell you something
about Janis lan.

We were best friends
in middle school.

I know, right?

It's so embarrassing.

I don't even... Whatever.

So then in eighth grade, I started
going out with my first boyfriend,
Kyle, who was totally gorgeous,
but then he moved to Indiana.

And Janis was, like,
weirdly jealous of him.

Like, if I would blow her off
to hang out with Kyle,
she'd be like,

"Why didn't you call me back?"

And I'd be like, "Why are you
so obsessed with me?"

So then, for my birthday party,
which was an all-girls pool party,
I was like, "Janis, I can't invite you,
because I think you're a lesbian."
I mean, I couldn't
have a lesbian at my party.
There are gonna be girls there
in their bathing suits.
I mean, right?
She was a lesbian.
So then her mom called my mom
and started yelling at her.
It was so retarded.
And then she dropped out of school
because no one would talk to her.
When she came back
in the fall for high school,
all of her hair was cut off
and she was totally weird,
and now I guess she's on crack.
Oh, my God!
I love your skirt.
Where did you get it?
It was my mom's in the '80s.
Vintage. So adorable.
Thanks.
That is the ugliest F-ing skirt
I've ever seen.
Oh, my God, I love your bracelet.
Where did you get it?
So are you gonna send
any candy canes?
No. I don't send them,
I just get them.
So you better send me one, byotch.
Love you.
I was definitely sending her one.
I was gonna use three candy canes
to crack Gretchen Wieners.
Three, please.
"Why, Man, he doth bestride
the narrow world like a colossus"
might translate into
"Why is he so huge

and obnoxious?"

- Candy cane-grams!

- OK, hurry up.

Taylor Zimmerman?

Two for you.

Glenn Cocco?

Four for you, Glenn Cocco.

You go, Glenn Cocco.

And Cady Heron.

Do we have a Cady Heron here?

- It's Cady.

- Oh, Cady, here you go.

One for you. And none

for Gretchen Wieners. Bye.

Who's that from?

"Thanks for being such
a great friend. Love, Regina."

That's so sweet.

OK, back to Caesar.

Once Gretchen thought

Regina was mad at her,

the secrets started pouring out.

All I had to do was wait for one

we could use.

Thank you.

Welcome to the North Shore

High School winter talent show.

Let me hear you make some noise.

All right, settle down.

Our first act calls himself

a star on the rise.

Let's hear it for Damian.

Don't look at me.

Every day is so wonderful

I mean, why would Regina send

you guys candy canes and not me?

Maybe she forgot about you.

Yeah, Regina has been acting

kind of weird lately.

I mean, is something bothering her?

Well, I mean, her parents totally

don't sleep in the same bed anymore,

if that's what you mean.

Oh, my God.

Don't tell her I told you that.
I am beautiful in every single way
Yes, words can't bring me down
Yes, words can't bring me down
Don't you bring me down today
I mean, no offense,
but why would she send
you a candy cane?
She doesn't even
like you that much.
Maybe she feels weird around me
because I'm the only person
that knows about her nose job.
Oh, my God.
Pretend you didn't hear that.
Yo, yo, yo
All you sucker MCs
Ain't got nothing on me
From my grades to my lines
You can't touch Kevin G
I'm a Mathlete
So nerd is inferred
but forget what you heard
I'm like James bond the Third
Shaken not stirred
I'm Kevin Gnapoor
The G is silent
When I sneak in your door
And make love to your woman
On the bathroom floor
I don't play it like Shaggy
You'll know it was me
because the next time you see her
She'll be like
- Kevin G!
- Thank you, Kevin, that's enough.
Happy holidays, everybody.
K.G. And the Power of Three.
That was something.
Does it bother you that they still
use your original choreography?
Shut up.
Damn.
- What?

- I'd rather see you out there
shaking that thing.
Gretchen, switch sides with Cady.
But I'm always on your left.
That was when there were three of us,
and now the tallest go in the middle.
But the whole dance
will be backwards.
I'm always on your left.
And right now you're getting
on my last nerve. Switch.
And finally,
please welcome to the stage
Santa's Helpers doing
"Jingle Bell Rock".
Jingle bell, jingle bell
Jingle bell rock
Jingle bells swing
And jingle bells ring
Snowing and blowing
Up bushels of fun
Now the jingle hop has begun
Jingle bell, jingle bell
Jingle bell rock
Jingle bells chime
In jingle bell time
Dancing and prancing
In Jingle bell Square
In the fr...
Jason?
What a bright time
It's the right time
To rock the night away
Jingle bell time
Is a swell time
To go riding in a one-horse sleigh
Giddyap jingle horse
Pick up your feet
Jingle around the clock
Mix and mingle in a jingling beat
That's the jingle bell
That's the jingle bell
That's the jingle bell rock
That was the best it ever went!

- That was awesome.
- Lip gloss.
- Hey, good job, Africa.
- Thanks.

Cady's blushing. Oh, my God.

- You totally have a crush on that guy.
- No, I don't.

That's why you wanted
to join the Mathletes.

Mathletes? You hate math.

Look how red she is.

You love him. And he totally
complimented you.

That is so fetch.

Gretchen, stop trying
to make "fetch" happen.

It's not going to happen.

"Why should Caesar get to stomp
around like a giant

"while the rest of us try not to get
smushed under his big feet?

"What's so great about Caesar?

"Brutus is just as cute as Caesar.

"OK, Brutus is just
as smart as Caesar.

"People totally like Brutus just
as much as they like Caesar.

"And when did it become

OK for one person

"to be the boss of everybody?

"Because that's not

what Rome is about!

"We should totally just stab Caesar!"

Gretchen Wieners had cracked.

OK, if you even knew how mean
she really is.

You know that I'm not allowed
to wear hoop earrings, right?

Yeah. Two years ago, she told me
that hoop earrings were her thing
and that I wasn't allowed
to wear them anymore.

And then for my Hanukkah,
my parents got me this pair

of really expensive white-gold hoops.
And I had to pretend
like I didn't even like them,
and it was so sad.
And you know she cheats on Aaron?
Yes. Every Thursday he thinks
she's doing SAT prep.
But really, she's hooking up with
Shane Oman in the projection room
above the auditorium,
and I never told anybody that,
because...
...I'm such a good friend.
Jackpot. Gretchen's secret
had put the plan back in motion.
After Christmas break,
we tried every Thursday
to help Aaron catch Regina
in the act.
Hey.
Hey, what's up?
My purse!
Looks like he's headed
for the projection room
above the auditorium!
Coach Carr?
Trang Pak?
Guys, why did we think
we could do this? We're amateurs.
Guys, why did we think
we could do this? We're amateurs.
No, we just have to regroup.
Think outside our box.
What are Klteen bars?
They're these weird
Swedish nutrition bars.
My mom used to give them to the kids
in Africa to help them gain weight.
They're these weird nutrition bars
my mom uses to lose weight.
Give me it.
It's all in, like, Swedish or something.
Yeah, you know, there's some
weird ingredient in them

that's not legal in the U.S. Yet.

- Ephedrine?

- No.

- Phentermine.

- No.

It burns carbs.

It just burns up all your carbs.

I really wanna lose 3 pounds.

Oh, my God,

what are you talking about?

You're so skinny.

Shut up.

The weird thing about

hanging out with Regina

was that I could hate her,

and at the same time,

I still wanted her to like me.

OK. You have really

good eyebrows.

- Thanks.

- Move.

Same with Gretchen.

The meaner Regina was to her,

the more Gretchen

tried to win Regina back.

She knew it was better to be

in The Plastics, hating life

than to not be in at all.

Because being with The Plastics

was like being famous.

People looked at you all the time,

and everybody

just knew stuff about you.

That new girl

moved here from Africa.

I saw Cady Heron wearing

Army pants and flip-flops,

so I bought Army pants

and flip-flops.

That Cady girl is hot.

She might even be hotter

than Regina George.

I hear Regina George

is dating Aaron Samuels again.

The two were seen canoodling
at Chris Eisel's Halloween party.
They've been inseparable ever since.
I was a woman possessed.
I spent about 80 percent
of my time talking about Regina.
And the other 20 percent
of the time,
I was praying for someone
else to bring her up
so I could talk about her more.
She's not even that good-looking
if you really look at her.
I don't know.
Now that's she's getting fatter,
she's got pretty big jugs.
I could hear people
getting bored with me.
But I couldn't stop. It just kept
coming up like word vomit.
I have this theory that if you cut all her
hair off, she'd look like a British man.
Yeah, I know.
You told me that one before.
Hey, I'm having an art show.
So why don't you take
a night off from your double life.
- I want you to see it.
- Coolness.
What is that smell?
Oh, Regina gave me some perfume.
You smell like a baby prostitute.
Thanks.
Meanwhile, I was finding any excuse
I could to talk to Aaron.
I don't get this.
Do you get any of this?
Nice job, Cady.
Kind of seems like you get it.
If I was gonna keep this going,
I was gonna have to really commit.
Not your best.
Damn, Africa, what happened?
- How'd you do?

- Not so good.

You know, I think I need a tutor.

I'll tutor you, if you ever wanna get together after school or something.

Do you think Regina would mind?

No. You guys are friends.

Well, maybe we just won't tell her.

So, what did you get for this one?

Well, the first time I did it,

I got a zero.

- Wrong.

- But then when I checked it, I got...

...one.

- There you go.

I got one too.

Yeah, you have to check it because sometimes the product of two negative integers is a positive number.

Yeah, like negative four and negative six.

That's right. That's good.

Well, you're a good tutor.

Man, look, I... I can't do this.

- It's not fair to Regina.

- Why do you like her?

Look, I know she can be really mean sometimes, but...

- Then why do you like her?

- Why do you?

Look, there's good and bad to everybody. Right?

Regina's just...

- She's just more up-front about it.

- Oh, no. It was coming up.

The word vomit.

I didn't mean to say it, but...

She's cheating on you!

What?

Did he say why?

Somebody told him about Shane Oman.

Who?

He said some guy

on the baseball team.
Baseball team?
I gave him everything.
I was half a virgin when I met him.
You wanna do something fun?
You wanna go to Taco Bell?
I can't go to Taco Bell,
I'm on an all-carb diet.
God, Karen, you are so stupid!
Regina, wait. Talk to me.
- Nobody understands me.
- I understand you.
You're not stupid, Karen.
No. I am, actually.
I'm failing almost everything.
Well, there must be something
you're good at.
I can put my whole fist
in my mouth.
Wanna see?
No. That's OK.
Anything else?
I'm kind of psychic.
I have a fifth sense.
- What do you mean?
- It's like I have ESPN or something.
My breasts can always tell
when it's gonna rain.
Really? That's amazing.
Well, they can tell when it's raining.
I have to admit,
I was mildly horrified
when Aaron didn't immediately
ask me to be his girlfriend.
I mean, I know he was sad,
but how much time did he need?
Regina had moved on.
Do you guys need anything?
Some snacks?
A condom?
Let me know.
Oh, God love you.
But overall, the plan
was going pretty well.

Aaron had dumped Regina,
and she was unknowingly
eating 5,000 calories a day.
It was time to turn our attention
to the army of skanks.
And finally, the nominees for
Spring Fling Queen are as follows:
And finally, the nominees for
Spring Fling Queen are as follows:
Regina George.
Gretchen Wieners.
Janis Ian.
What is happening to the world?
And the final nominee...
I couldn't help myself.
It was so easy.
... is Cady Heron.
Damian, you put me in there too?
That's not part of the plan.
I didn't put you in there.
You mean I'm really nominated?
In January, Regina had put
a Spring Fling dress on hold
at a store called 1-3-5.
But being Plastic,
she needed our advice
before she could actually buy it.
Can someone zip me up?
- It won't close.
- It's a 5.
OK, it must be marked wrong.
Cady, all I've been eating are
these Klteen bars. They suck.
No, no, this is just how they work.
This is all your water weight.
First you bloat, and then you
drop 10 pounds like that:
Well, the Klteen bars
have burned up all your carbs,
and now your body's
just running on water.
But once the water's gone,
then you'll be all muscle.
It explains it all on the label.

You know Swedish?

Yeah, everyone in Africa
can read Swedish.

Ma'am, do you have this
in the next size up?

Sorry. We only carry
sizes 1, 3 and 5.

You could try Sears.

Cady.

I need your parents to sign this
so they know that you're failing.

Failing?

You know what's weird
about your quizzes, Cady,
is that all the work is right
and just the answers are wrong.

- Really?

- Really.

Cady, I know that having a boyfriend
may seem like the most important
thing in the world right now,
but you don't have to dumb yourself
down to get guys to like you.

- How would you know?

- I know,

"How would I know", right?

I'm divorced.

I'm broke from getting divorced.

The only guy that ever calls my house
is Randy from Chase Visa.

And you know why?

Because I'm a pusher.

I push people.

I pushed my husband into law school.

That was a bust.

I pushed myself
into working three jobs.

And now I'm gonna push you
because I know

you're smarter than this.

Thanks, Ms. Norbury.

And if there's anything I can do
for extra credit, please let me know.

Oh, I will.

I hate her! I mean, she's totally failing me on purpose because I didn't join those stupid Mathletes! She was so queer. She was like, "I'm a pusher, Cady. I'm a pusher." What does that even mean?

- Like a drug pusher?
- Probably.

She said she works three jobs. You know, I bet she sells drugs on the side to pay for her pathetic divorce. You let it out, honey. Put it in the book. I know it may look like I'd become a bitch, but that's only because I was acting like a bitch. Hey, I called you last night. How come you didn't call me back? Oh, I got busy. Sorry. So you need a ride to my art show this weekend? No. I have to go to Madison with my parents. I'm so sorry. Well, you wanna watch a movie tonight? Can't. I'm doing major Plastic sabotage tonight. But we don't have anything planned for tonight. Oh, I planned this one on my own. Love you. Bye. Gretchen thinks you're mad at her because she's running for Spring Fling Queen. Oh, my God, I'm not mad at her. I'm worried about her. I think somebody nominated her as a joke or something. And when nobody votes for her,

she's gonna have a total meltdown.

And who's gonna have
to take care of her? Me.

So you don't think
anyone will vote for her?

Cady, she's not pretty.

I mean, that sounds bad,
but whatever.

The Spring Fling Queen
is always pretty.

And the crazy thing is
is that it should be Karen,
but people forget about her
because she's such a slut.

Anyway, I gotta go.

I'm going to bed.

Well, she's not mad at you.

- Hold on.

- Are you OK?

- Hello?

- If someone said something bad
about you, you'd want me
to tell you, right?

- No.

- What if it was someone
you thought was your friend?

What are you...?

Hold on. Other line.

- I'm not taking this anymore.

- Good for you, Gretch.

- Hello?

- Let's go out.

OK. Hold on. I'm on the other
line with Gretchen.

Don't invite Gretchen.

She's driving me nuts.

- Hold on.

- OK, hurry up.

It's Regina.

She wants to hang out with me
tonight, but she told me not to tell you.

Do not hang out with her.

- Why?

- You don't want me to tell you.

You can tell me. Hold on.

Oh, my God,

she's so annoying.

Who is?

- Who's this?

- Gretchen.

Right. Hold on.

- Oh, my God, she's so annoying.

- I know. Just get rid of her.

OK. What is it?

Regina says everyone hates you
because you're such a slut.

She said that?

You didn't hear it from me.

- Little harsh, Gretch.

- Whatever. She has a right to know.

I can't go out.

I'm sick.

Boo. You whore.

Regina,

we have to talk to you.

Is butter a carb?

Yes.

Regina, you're wearing sweatpants.

It's Monday.

- So?

- So that's against the rules
and you can't sit with us.

Whatever. Those rules aren't real.

They were real

that day I wore a vest.

- Because that vest was disgusting.

- You can't sit with us!

These sweatpants are all
that fits me right now.

Fine.

You can walk home, bitches.

Watch where you're going, fat-ass!

Gretchen and Karen followed me
around all afternoon.

- So, what are we doing this weekend?

- Yeah, what are we doing?

Oh, I have to go to Madison
with my parents.

What...?

We have tickets for this thing.

- What?

- What?

Was I the new queen bee?

I can try and get out of it.

- Yeah.

- Yeah. Yeah.

Because I told my friend Janis

I'd go to her art show.

We've had these tickets for months.

You love Ladysmith Black Mambazo.

But she's my friend,

and I made her a promise.

I think Cady's old enough

to spend one night on her own.

I had learned how to control

everyone around me.

Hey. I'm having a small get-together

at my house tomorrow night.

- Is Regina going?

- No. Do you think I'm an idiot?

No, it's just gonna be

a few cool people,

and you better be

one of them, byotch.

- Fine, I'll go.

- Shut up.

I love that shirt on you.

Aaron Samuels was going to be

in my house at my party.

Everything had to be perfect.

And this time when Aaron saw me,

I wouldn't be caught

in some ridiculous costume.

Hey, guys.

- You look awesome!

- You look awesome!

I know, right?

OK, so I got enough cheese

and crackers for eight people.

Do you think that's enough?

- Yeah.

- Yeah. Oh, yeah.

OK.

It was not enough.

Somehow, the word had gotten out
about my small get-together.

Jason is here with Taylor Wedell.

He's just using her

to make you mad.

- Have you guys seen Aaron yet?

- No.

Dude, put on

"The Ramayana Monkey Chant".

- Do I know you?

- Deek! What up, dog?

She thinks she's gonna have
a party and not invite me?

- Who does she think she is?

- You're right, hon.

I, like, invented her,

you know what I mean?

Jason.

I have to talk to you.

Whatever.

- I love you.

- I know, I know.

Hey! Put that down!

Was Aaron blowing me off?

What's up?

Gretchen came to talk to me.

- Oh, no.

- Look,

I don't wanna hurt your feelings,
but I only date women of color.

I have to pee.

Get out.

- Hey.

- Hey.

I've been looking
for you everywhere.

Me too.

You look...

- New clothes?

- Thanks.

You wanna go downstairs?

No, no. Let's stay here.

Thanks for getting me
to come out tonight.
Yeah, sure, no problem.
I wasted too much time
being pissed off at Regina.
No more liars.
I would never lie to you.
I know, I know.
Although...
OK, listen.
I mean, I did lie to you once,
but you're totally gonna laugh
when I tell you, so...
Tell me what?
I pretended to be bad at math
so that you'd help me.
But the thing is,
I'm not really bad at math.
I'm actually really good at math.
You're kind of bad at math.
Anyways, now I'm failing.
Isn't that funny?
Wait. You're failing on purpose?
That's stupid.
No. Not on purpose.
Just, you know...
I just wanted a reason to talk to you.
So why didn't you just talk to me?
Well, because I couldn't.
Because of Regina.
Because you were her property...
- Her property?
- No. Shut up. Not her property...
No, don't tell me to shut up.
- I wasn't...
- God, you know what?
You are just like a clone of Regina.
Oh, no, no, listen to me.
You're not listening to me...
Oh, no. It was coming up again.
Word vomit. No, wait a minute...
- What is this?!
- Actual vomit.
Aaron!

Aaron, wait! Just...

OK. Call me.

- Oh, God.

- You dirty little liar.

I'm sorry. I can explain.

Explain how you forgot
to invite us to your party?

Janis, I cannot stop this car.

I have a curfew.

You know I couldn't invite you.

I had to pretend to be Plastic.

Hey, buddy, you're not
pretending anymore.

You're Plastic.

Cold, shiny, hard Plastic.

Curfew, 1 a.m. It is now 1:10.

Did you have an awesome time?

Did you drink awesome shooters
and listen to awesome music,
and then just sit around and soak up
each other's awesomeness?

You're the one who made me like this
so you could use me
for your eighth-grade revenge.

God! See, at least me and
Regina George know we're mean.

You try to act like you're so innocent.

Like, "Oh, I used to live in Africa
"with all the little birdies
and the little monkeys."

You know what? It's not my fault
you're in love with me or something!

- What?!

- Oh, no she did not!

See? That is the thing
with you Plastics.

You think that everybody
is in love with you,
when actually, everybody hates you.

Like Aaron Samuels, for example.

He broke up with Regina
and guess what.

He still doesn't want you.

So why are you still messing

with Regina, Cady? I'll tell you why.
Because you are a mean girl!
You're a bitch!
Here. You can have this.
It won a prize.
And I want my pink shirt back!
I want my pink shirt back!
Hon, slow down.
It's like I can't trust anyone anymore.
Why are you eating a Klteen bar?
- I'm starving.
- Man, I hate those things.
Coach Carr makes us eat those when
we wanna move up a weight class.
What?
They make you gain weight like crazy.
Mother...
This girl is the nastiest skank bitch
I've ever met.
Do not trust her. She is a fugly slut!
I found it in the girls' bathroom.
It's so mean, Mr. Duvall.
Is this true?
Trang Pak made out with Coach Carr?
Good Lord.
What's that say?
"Kaitlyn Caussin is a..."?
Fat whore.
OK, calm down, Miss George.
Why would someone write that?
That's just so mean.
Don't worry, we're gonna
find out who did it.
There's only three girls
in the whole school who aren't in it.
At your age, you're gonna
be having a lot of urges.
You're gonna want to take off
your clothes and touch each other.
But if you do touch each other,
you will get chlamydia. And die.
Coach Carr.
Cady Heron, they wanna see you
in the principal's office.

All right, chlamydia. K-L-A...

In here, Miss Heron.

- What's going on?

- Have a seat, Miss Heron.

- Have you ever seen this before?

- No.

I mean, yes, I've seen it before,
but it's not mine.

You better get your story straight,
Miss Heron,

because I'm not messing
around here.

It's not ours, it's Regina's.

Yeah, she's trying to make it look
like we wrote it, but really, she wrote it.

Miss Wieners, why would Regina
refer to herself as a "fugly slut"?

Miss Smith, this is no time
to be laughing.

We're gonna get to the bottom
of this right now.

Maybe we're not in that book,
because everybody likes us.

And I don't wanna be punished
for being well-liked.

And I don't think my father,
the inventor of Toaster Strudel,
would be too pleased
to hear about this.

"Made out with a hot dog"?

Oh, my God, that was one time!

"Dawn Schweitzer has a huge ass"?

Who would write that?

Who wouldn't write that?

"Trang Pak made out
with Coach Carr"?

And so did Sun Jin Dinh.

Hey! Hey! Settle down!

All right, hey.

No. You do not push and sh...

Do you have anything else
you wanna say?

No, I can't answer any
more questions

until I have a parent
or lawyer present.

Miss Smith?

Whoever wrote it probably didn't
think anyone would ever see it?

I hope that nobody else
ever does see it.

Mom, can you pick me up?

I'm scared.

- "Janis lan, dyke"?

- That's original.

- "Too gay to function"?!

- Hey!

That's only OK when I say it.

- Did you write this?

- No, I swear!

- Then you told somebody!

- She told!

- You little bitch!

- You're a bitch!

Yeah! Take your top off!

- Now, here's what we're gonna do...

- Ron, come quick!

They've gone wild.

The girls have gone wild.

It was full-tilt jungle madness.

And it wasn't going away.

Hey, I pulled these two off each other.

Coach Carr, step away
from the underage girls.

Let me help you down there.

Hell, no! I did not leave
the Southside for this!

Oh, crap! My hair!

All junior girls report to the gymnasium
immediately! Lmmediately!

Have you ever walked up to people
and realized they were just
talking about you?

Have you ever had it happen

I have.

Never in my 14 years as an educator
have I seen such behavior.

And from young ladies.

I got parents calling me on the phone asking, "Did someone get shot?"

I ought to cancel your Spring Fling.

No!

- No.

- What are we supposed to do?

Now, I'm not gonna do that, because we've already paid the DJ.

But don't think that I'm not taking this book seriously.

Coach Carr has fled school property.

Ms. Norbury has been accused of selling drugs.

Now, what the young ladies in this grade need is an attitude makeover.

And you're gonna get it right now.

I don't care how long it takes, I will keep you here all night.

We can't keep them past 4.

I will keep you here until 4.

Now, what we're gonna try to do is fix the way you young ladies relate to each other.

OK? Lady to lady.

So who has a lady problem that they'd like to talk about?

Yes?

Somebody wrote in that book that I'm lying about being a virgin because I use super-jumbo tampons.

But I can't help it if I've got a heavy flow and a wide-set vagina.

Yeah, I can't do this.

Ms. Norbury.

You're a successful, intelligent, caring, graceful woman.

I am?

There has to be something you can say to these young ladies.

Something to help them

with their self-esteem?

It's not a self-esteem problem.

I think they're all pretty

pleased with themselves.

OK.

OK. Everybody close your eyes.

I want you to raise your hand
if you have ever had a girl
say something bad
about you behind your back.

Open your eyes.

Now, close your eyes again.

And this time, I want you to raise
your hand if you have ever
said anything about a friend
behind her back.

Open them.

There's been some
girl-on-girl crime here.

OK. So, what we could do today
is a couple exercises to help you
express your anger in a healthy way.

Let's start over here.

Ms. Norbury had us confront
each other directly
about the things
that were bothering us.

And it seemed like every clique
had its own problems.

You've been acting really stuck-up
ever since you switched to shortfielder.
And Dawn agrees with me.

- Dawn?

- Don't drag me into this,
I'm pitching tomorrow.

OK. Good.

Can I just say that we don't have
a clique problem at this school?
And some of us shouldn't have to take
this workshop, because some of us
are just victims in this situation.

That's probably true.

How many of you
have ever felt personally
victimized by Regina George?

Good. OK, who's next?

Who's next?

Cady.

Do you have anything
you wanna own up to?

Yes.

No.

You never made up a rumor
about anybody?

Just that you sell drugs.

No.

Nothing you want to apologize for?

I couldn't apologize to Ms. Norbury
without getting blamed
for the whole burn book.

No.

I'm really disappointed in you, Cady.

OK, so we're all here
because of this book, right?

Well, I don't know
who wrote this book,
but you all have got to stop
calling each other sluts and whores.

It just makes it OK for guys
to call you sluts and whores.

Who here has ever been called a slut?

OK, everybody up.

Ms. Norbury had us
write out apologies
to people that we'd hurt in our lives.

"Alyssa, I'm sorry I called you
a gap-toothed bitch.

"It's not your fault
you're so gap-toothed."

"Gretchen,

"I'm sorry I laughed
at you that time you got diarrhea

"at Barnes and Noble.

"And I'm sorry I told everyone about it."

And I'm sorry for repeating it now.

Laura, I don't hate you
because you're fat.

You're fat because I hate you.

I just wish we could all get along
like we used to in middle school.

I wish that I could bake a cake

made out of rainbows and smiles,
and we'd all eat it and be happy.
She doesn't even go here!
Do you even go to this school?
No. I just have a lot of feelings.
OK, go home.
Sharon, I think you're doing
a great job.
Thanks. I feel like I'm getting through.
I'm sorry that people
are so jealous of me.
But I can't help it that I'm popular.
Oh, my God! Oh, jeez.
OK, walk it off. Walk it off.
OK. That hurt.
They're OK.
They're OK.
Oh, boy. OK, who's next?
Who's next? Keep it going.
Oh, my God. It's her dream come true,
diving into a big pile of girls.
OK, yeah, I've got an apology.
So I have this friend
who is a new student this year.
And I convinced her that it would be
fun to mess up Regina George's life.
So I had her pretend
to be friends with Regina,
and then she would come
to my house after
and we would just laugh about
all the dumb stuff Regina said.
And we gave her
these candy bar things
that would make her gain weight,
and we turned her best friends
against her.
And then... Oh, yeah, Cady...
You know my friend Cady.
She made out
with Regina's boyfriend
and then convinced him
to break up with her.
Oh, God, and we gave you foot cream

instead of face wash.
God! I am so sorry, Regina.
Really, I don't know why I did it.
I guess it's probably because
I've got a big lesbian crush on you.
Suck on that!
Janis! Janis! Janis! Janis!
Regina!
Regina, wait! I didn't mean
for that to happen.
To find out that everyone hates me?
I don't care.
Regina, please! Regina, stop!
No! Do you know
what everyone says about you?
They say that you're
a home-schooled jungle freak,
who's a less-hot version of me.
Yeah. So don't try to act so innocent.
You can take that fake apology
and shove it right up your hairy...
And that's how Regina George died.
No, I'm totally kidding.
But she did get hurt.
Some girls say they saw her head
go all the way around.
But that's just a rumor.
Some people swear they saw me
push her in front of the bus.
That was an even worse rumor.
- Everybody done?
- No. Mom, I didn't do it.
I don't know what to believe anymore.
Mom, believe me.
I'm your daughter.
Why are my tribal vases
under the sink?
My tribal vases.
Why were they under the sink?
I don't know.
This is the fertility vase
of the Ndebele tribe.
- Does that mean anything to you?
- No.

Who are you?
Great. All my friends hate me,
and now my mom hates me.
Your mom does not hate you.
She's afraid of you.
I don't know, maybe we
mainstream-schooled you too soon.
Maybe you should come back and
be home-schooled again for a while.
No. Only thing worse than
going back will be not going back.
How bad's it gonna be tomorrow?
Remember when we saw those lions
fighting over the wart hog carcass?
I'll be the wart hog.
You're not a wart hog,
you're a lion.
Just focus on your studies
for a little while.
You're still an excellent student, right?
Oh, yeah. I need you to sign
my calculus test.
- Why?
- I'm failing.
OK. You are...
What do they call it?
Grounded.
You're grounded.
She pushed her in front of the bus.
Did you see her do it?
Yes.
Did your teacher ever try to sell you
marijuana or Ecstasy tablets?
- No.
- What are marijuana tablets?
What's going on?
Where's Ms. Norbury?
Mr. Duvall, this is ridiculous.
Ms. Norbury does not sell drugs.
I know, Aaron. But after
the allegations against Coach Carr
turned out to be extremely true,
the school board felt that it was best
that we investigate every claim made

in this Burn Book.
That book was written
by a bunch of stupid girls
who make up rumors
because they're bored
with their own lame lives.
Well, unless someone wants to come
forward and say, "I made it all up",
this is how we have to handle it.
To say that someone...
Oh, no. Bye, Aaron.
You're gonna hate me forever.
Mr. Duvall.
I wrote it.
Come on, Cady.
When you get bit by a snake,
you're supposed to suck
the poison out.
That's what I had to do.
Suck all the poison out of my life.
I started with Regina,
who was living proof that the more
people are scared of you,
the more flowers you get.
Then there was Ms. Norbury,
who was living proof that no
good deed goes unpunished.
Oh, hi. Did you wanna
buy some drugs?
- I'm just done with my quiz.
- Wait. I'll grade it right now.
I gotta say, watching the police
search my house
really was the cherry on top
of a fantastic year.
How much trouble did you get in
for telling the truth?
A lot.
You didn't write that whole book
yourself.
Did you tell Mr. Duvall who else did it?
No, because I'm trying
this new thing
where I don't talk about people

behind their backs.

That's all right. Getting hit by a bus is pretty good punishment.

Ninety-four.

Welcome back, nerd.

Thanks.

Anyway...

...I'm sorry.

I forgive you.

But as my own personal

form of punishment,

I figured out how you're gonna earn that extra credit.

What's up?

Excellent. Great turnout this year.

- All right. It's all you.

- OK.

- Make me look good out there.

- OK.

Marymount, you sons of bitches.

You no-good sons of bitches.

- You nervous?

- Yes.

Don't be. You can do this.

There's nothing to break your focus, because not one of those

Marymount boys is cute.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

Welcome to the Illinois High School Mathletes State Championship.

Let's start the competition.

Here is the first question.

Twice the larger of two numbers is three more than five times the smaller, and the sum of four times the larger and three times the smaller is 71.

What are...?

- North Shore?

- Fourteen and five.

That is correct.

Question number two.

Find an odd three-digit number whose digits add up to 12.

The digits are all different, and the difference between the first two digits equals the difference between...

- Marymount?

- 741.

- Correct.

- Shoot. I was really rusty.

- Where's Cady?

- She went out.

She's grounded.

Are they not allowed out when they're grounded?

Don't forget to vote for Spring Fling King and Queen, people.

These A-holes will represent you for a full calendar year.

I'm gonna vote for Regina George because she got hit by that bus.

I'm voting for Cady Heron because she pushed her.

She's supposed to be grounded, but he let her out.

After 87 minutes of very competitive play, we have a tie.

In the event of a tie, we move into a sudden-death round.

Each team is given the opportunity to choose their opponent.

- North Shore, who do you select?

- The girl, dude. The girl.

Contestant Krafft.

From Marymount,

Miss Caroline Krafft.

We pick the girl too.

And from North Shore,

Miss Cady Heron.

It's Cady.

Oh, my God, that's me.

Miss Caroline Krafft seriously needed to pluck her eyebrows.

Her outfit looked like it was picked out by a blind Sunday school teacher.

And she had some 99-cent

lip gloss on her snaggletooth.

And that's when I realized,
making fun of Caroline Krafft
wouldn't stop her
from beating me in this contest.
Contestants,
find the limit of this equation.
Calling somebody else fat
won't make you any skinnier.
Calling someone stupid
doesn't make you any smarter.
And ruining Regina George's life
definitely didn't make me any happier.
All you can do in life is try to solve
the problem in front of you.
- The limit is negative one.
- Oh, crap. I lost.
That answer is incorrect.
Now, we are in a sudden death.
If Miss Heron can answer
this problem correctly,
we have a winner.
Limits. Why couldn't I remember
anything about limits?
Limits. That was the week
Aaron got his hair cut.
Oh, God, he looked so cute.
OK, focus, Cady.
What was on the board
behind Aaron's head?
If the limit never approaches
anything...
The limit does not exist.
The limit does not exist!
Our new state champions,
- the North Shore Mathletes.
- Yeah!
How do you like me now?
You like that? Yeah!
Get some! Get some!
Awesome. You went
with the leather sleeves.
- Africa, you did the damn thing.
- Thanks.
Thanks, K.G.

We're gonna look so kick-ass
in these when we roll into Spring Fling.

- Oh, no, I'm not going.

- What?

Cady, this is your night.

Don't let the haters
stop you from doing your thang.

Did you just say "thang"?

Cady, you don't have to punish
yourself forever.

But I'm grounded.

You're already out.

All right, do we have all
of our nominees
for king and queen on the stage?

OK, good. I just wanted to say
that you're all winners.

And I could not be happier
that this school year's ending.

Here we go. The winner
of the Spring Fling King,

- Shane Oman.

- Yes!

That's what I'm talking about!

And your Spring Fling Queen,
future co-chair
of the Student Activities Board
and winner of two gift certificates
to the Walker Brothers

Pancake House,

Cady Heron.

Where is Cady?

There she is.

Thanks.

Well, half the people in this room
are mad at me.

And the other half only like me
because they think I pushed
somebody in front of a bus.

So that's not good.

You know, it's not really required
of you to make a speech.

I'm almost done, I swear.

To all the people whose feelings

that got hurt by the Burn Book,
I'm really sorry.
You know, I've never been
to one of these things before.
And when I think about
how many people wanted this
and how many people
cried over it and stuff...
I mean, I think everybody
looks like royalty tonight.
Look at Jessica Lopez.
That dress is amazing.
And Emma Gerber, I mean,
that hairdo must have taken hours,
and you look really pretty.
So...
...why is everybody stressing
over this thing?
I mean, it's just plastic.
Could really just...
Share it.
A piece for Gretchen Wieners,
a partial Spring Fling Queen.
A piece for Janis Ian.
Seriously, most people
just take the crown and go.
And a piece for Regina George.
She fractured her spine,
and she still looks like a rock star.
Thank you.
And some for everybody else.
God, Mr. Duvall, can you wrap it up?
Thanks.
All right, have a good time, everyone.
Look. I'm a queen.
As am I.
- Hey.
- Hey.
So are we still in a fight?
Are you still an asshole?
I don't think so.
Well, then I guess we're OK.
Oh, my God, I love this song!
I hate this song.

I know this song!

Man candy, stage right.

- Hey, what's up?

- Hey. Didn't think you'd make it.

On behalf of the senior class, I'd like to present you with two gift certificates...

- Thanks, sucker.

- Yo, peace.

One gift certificate to the Walker Brothers Pancake House.

Thank you.

Congratulations on winning State.

I was so nervous.

They made us do limits.

I thought I was gonna hurl.

- How's your stomach now?

- It's fine.

- Do you feel nauseous at all?

- No.

- Have you been drinking?

- No.

OK.

Grool.

No.

- What's up?

- Can I help you?

You Puerto Rican?

Lebanese.

I feel that.

In case you're wondering,

The Plastics broke up.

Regina's spine healed,

and her physical therapist

taught her to channel

all her rage into sports.

It was perfect because

the jock girls weren't afraid of her.

Karen used her special talents to do

the morning weather announcements.

Hi. This is Karen Smith.

It's 68 degrees,

and there's a 30 percent chance

that it's already raining.

And Gretchen found herself

a new clique
and a new queen bee to serve.
Aaron went to Northwestern,
so I still get to see him on weekends.
And me?
I had gone from home-schooled
jungle freak to shiny Plastic
to most hated person in the world
to actual human being.
Hey.
All the drama from last year
just wasn't important anymore.
School used to be like a shark tank,
but now I could just float.
Regina.
Finally, Girl World was at peace.
Hey, check it out. Junior Plastics.
And if any freshmen
tried to disturb that peace...
Well, let's just say we knew
how to take care of it.
Just kidding.