



Scripts.com

# Radio Rebel

By Danielle Joseph

This is "Radio Rebel,"  
live from the underground.  
You don't know who I am...  
But I know who you are...  
Because I'm one of you.  
I got a "minus" in participation...  
But you can't give me  
a "minus" for who I am!  
So, since grades are being handed out,  
I think I'll give all  
of us at Lincoln Bay High  
an "F," for labeling each other.  
Jocks.  
Outcasts.  
Queen bees and their fellow pops.  
And... new-born pops.  
Guys, these are all labels,  
not who we really are.  
Once upon a time,  
now those differences just divide us.  
You deserve to embrace your awesomeness.  
Stand up for who you are.  
Reject the status quo.  
I dare you.  
Okay. Last night. "Radio Rebel... "  
...was awesome?  
As usual!  
"Reject the status quo"  
is my new life motto.  
She's so... inspiring.  
So... herself.  
I wish I could be more like her.  
You should talk to your step-dad.  
What? Why?  
Uh, he runs Slam-FM,  
the biggest radio station in Seattle.  
Maybe he could give you an internship.  
That'd be a confidence booster, right?  
Are you kidding me?  
He's been married to my  
mom for, what, two months?  
Probably thinks I'm a total step-freak.  
I freak out when he asks  
what kind of cereal I want.

I just wish I could talk to everyone  
the way I talk to you...  
I guess that's why you're my B.F.F.  
B.F.F.T.L.E.W.E.  
"Best friends for totally, like, ever,  
without exception. "

Catchy.

You need a relaxation technique.  
When I'm memorizing lines for drama,  
I imagine I'm breathing in the words.  
Audrey? What does that even mean?

A- h-h-hem.

You need to Bree-ea-athe  
your wo-o-o-ords.

How can you even breathe  
at a time like this?

Problem, Barry?

Last night,  
Radio Rebel revealed the biggest clue yet  
about her identity.

She goes to our school!

She mentioned it at minute 14:30,  
in Tuesday night's podcast.

Wow, obsess much, Larry?

Obsess? Please!

I- I would hardly describe myself  
as "obsessive. "

What?

It's flu season!

It's so exciting.

Someone on the radio  
who's actually one of us.

She could be that girl.

Or... or her. Or...

Or her.

Or that girl that girl.

No. That girl's too tall.

Radio Rebel's voice sounds 5'6" to me.

And her hair is reddish.

Like Tara's.

No. She's nothing like Tara.

Hey! What's... that supposed to mean?

Oh. We... We love you,

but you're nothing like Radio Rebel...

Who's definitely a blonde.  
And you know this how?  
Radio Rebel is my soul mate.  
For example, I also got a  
"minus" in participation.  
How can that be?  
You never shut up!  
Exactly.  
Honestly, it's a relief that we broke up.  
The whole long-distance relationship thing  
was just lame.  
Well, I'm glad you've moved on,  
because you've already had  
three formal asks to prom.  
Alan Ackerman...  
He's too short. Think of the pictures.  
Okay. How about Jamie Wardle?  
Have you ever noticed  
how pointy his head is?  
It's like a triangle.  
How do we "reject the status quo"  
when the status quo is... status quo?  
Like Radio Rebel said...  
Be ourselves.  
Audrey!  
So, next...  
Erin Brooks is officially campaigning  
for prom queen.  
I just confirmed it on her fan page.  
Whatever. No competition there.  
Why don't I have a fan page?  
I'll get right on it.  
Hi, Stacy. How's it going?  
This... is what I was talking about.  
Everyone thinks  
they can just talk to us  
because of that eternally  
lame "radio babble. "  
Methinks she protests too much.  
Yeah, we thinks...  
Wait! What do we thinks?  
That maybe she is Radio Rebel.  
Like I would ever encourage  
people like you to talk to us.

Ah-hah! So you admit you listen to her.  
This one's staring at me.  
Make it stop.  
Please don't stand so close to us.  
You and I aren't any different.  
Like Radio Rebel said...  
no words.  
You don't think we're different?  
Watch and learn.  
Principal Moreno!  
Stacy!  
Is everything all right over here?  
Actually, no.  
Audrey was trying  
to get me to listen to  
some podcast in class.  
Of course, I said no.  
What? No. I mean, I never...  
you know...  
That there is an anti-distraction policy.  
Let me see your bag.  
But I wasn't even listening to it!  
Well, now you can't, can you?  
You, too, young lady. Hand it over.  
Thank you for bringing  
this to my attention, Stacy.  
Get it now?  
Your little DJ hero doesn't  
know what she's talking about.  
Oh?  
Does "her royal shyness"  
want to say something?  
I...  
Huh?  
Uh...  
I thought not.  
Bye, girls.  
Greetings to our loyal fans.  
This is Gabe and Gavin,  
or as you know us...  
the "Gees!"...  
...coming at you to say thank you  
for voting for us to play at your prom.  
We'll make sure it totally rocks!

Well, well, well, look who it is.  
Lincoln bay's own Internet sensation.  
Hey, Stacy.  
Gavin... and Gavin's camera.  
I heard you guys are playing prom.  
Pretty sweet.  
Bye.  
Dude...  
You are in.  
What do you mean?  
Stacy and her college boyfriend  
just called it quits.  
Which means, as of right now,  
she doesn't have a prom date.  
I can't ask her to prom.  
Didn't you see that?  
"Hi, Gavin. "  
It's the band, man.  
We're getting some heat,  
a little attention from the ladies.  
Your stock is on the  
rise, and Stacy's noticing.  
Well, what would I even say?  
Listen to me. Okay? Focus.  
Eye of the tiger.  
Don't stop believing.  
We are the champions.  
Are you just quoting song titles?  
This is your chance, man.  
Seize the moment.  
Our fan base is expanding...  
to other schools, the city...  
I still feel like  
that awkward kid with a guitar  
just hanging out in your garage.  
Forget that nerd!  
Now you're "Gavin. "  
Of the "Gees. "  
We're going all the way, baby!  
Recording contracts, sold-out stadiums.  
Gees for life?  
Gees for life.  
Ow!  
All right, everybody.

Today, we are going to  
be working on a project  
with Mr. Saul's drama class.  
Oh, here they are now. Come on in, people.  
Please, pick a seat.  
Quickly.  
This is so exciting!  
Gavin! This seat is free.  
I will be pairing you all up,  
and...  
What is Gavin doing here?  
Uh... he's in drama?  
You know, you could talk to him.  
Since, like, the first Harry Potter movie.  
Ugh... No. No, he's...  
He is a newborn pop.  
Totally wrong social bracket.  
The best thing for me to do  
is just avoid him altogether.  
Gavin's not elitist like that.  
Ask yourself, what would Radio Rebel do?  
You will be translating  
a scene from Shakespeare...  
Hey.  
It's a good thing  
we're in class together now.  
Saves me from having to find you later.  
Oh? And why would you have to find me?  
'Cause I wanted to ask you something.  
About prom?  
I need a volunteer.  
Who would like to write a scene suggestion  
on the b...?  
Board.  
Ahem!  
Oh! Did you wanna... pick a volunteer?  
I got excited.  
Drama is my life.  
Okay! Who wants to write a suggestion?  
Let's see hands, people!  
Okay... hands, hands, ha...  
Tara! How about you?  
Come on up.  
You can do it.

Just don't make eye-contact.  
I was thinking maybe that we could...  
Hello! Walk much?  
Uh...  
Oh!  
Okay, people. Settle, settle.  
I still need a volunteer.  
Are you all right? Are you okay?  
Hey. Delilah. Look at this.  
Cami Q called me,  
she told me I had to check out  
this new podcast girl.  
She's... she's really something special.  
That's for my pedicure.  
That was the latest single  
but who are you, exactly?  
I think we're always juggling  
a bunch of different "you's".  
Like, when you're with your friends,  
sometimes, you're the funny one,  
or the loud one...  
No!  
N- n-n-n-n-no!  
How about with someone you like?  
Which "you" shows up then?  
Which is probably why I never talk to him.  
Or do you feel like you're  
17 different people, too?  
Yes, I do!  
I totally feel that way!  
She's amazing, right?  
Exactly what Slam-FM  
needs... a fresh, new vibe...  
to get us out of this ratings slump...  
You need to ask Tara what she thinks!  
It could be a bonding moment.  
Yeah... I mean, I could... I could...  
I could do that.  
Be, like, kind of a bonding thing.  
Step-daughter, step-father...  
Mm-hmm!  
Stop eating my "foot fruit. "  
I will, uh, I'll do that.  
I'll talk to her, about it all.



You can do it!  
It'll be a bonding thing.  
Yeah!  
Huh.  
- Hey!  
- Rob?  
What are you doing here?  
I live here.  
Okay.  
Thanks for stopping by.  
So! What do you think of Radio Rebel?  
What? Why?  
It's just I just want to get  
your take on her, that's all.  
She's great.  
Bye now!  
You know what? I... I  
knew that you'd think so.  
I really did. You know?  
We have so much in common, you know?  
Yeah, like, we're both super-busy.  
So, I... look.  
I know that this is a really  
difficult transition for you,  
and, with your dad working in Taiwan,  
and your mom and I, and...  
I just want you to know  
that you have a friend here.  
It's fine. I'm fine. Really.  
So, this is good, right?  
I mean, here we are, we're hanging out,  
we're listening to Radio Rebel, and...  
Together...  
That's weird.  
What happened? The music just stopped.  
Did yours stop?  
Where'd she go?  
And that rounds off the final set  
for my favorite local band.  
Now, here is an extra long  
track just for you guys.  
I hope you dig it.  
You're Radio Rebel?  
That depends.

Am I in trouble?  
No! No, of course not. I... I...  
I don't know how you're doing that?  
I mean, you're so shy.  
I am.  
But... she's not.  
I don't know...  
It just works.  
I can't believe it.  
I mean, I-I love it, I  
just can't believe it!  
We're gonna take Slam-FM  
to the next level.  
I'm... I'm sorry, "we"?  
Yeah! I... you're gonna be  
Slam-FM's next big thing.  
You're hired. That's  
for sure. You're hired.  
Oh, I just happened to be eavesdropping!  
I hope you don't mind.  
O- m-g!  
My baby is gonna take  
slam to the next level!  
What's the matter?  
What if I mess it up?  
Oh, honey.  
You have to take risks.  
Like, I always thought  
chartreuse was a bad color for me,  
and then I tried it, and  
now it's my trademark.  
How do you know something isn't fabu,  
if you never try it, right?  
Look out. You're in the twelfth night group  
with Stacy and Gavin.  
No, no, no. No, I can't.  
Talk to him.  
He's just a person.  
Go on. Go. Do it.  
Hey.  
Cool shirt!  
I love that band!  
"You first" rules.  
The Gees can only dream

of being that good some day.  
The Gees are totally as good as you first.  
Really?  
Okay! Here's our scene.  
Tara is viola.  
Now, Tara this role does require  
both walking and talking.  
Think you can manage?  
Just kidding, you know I love you.  
Okay, and, Gavin, you're orsino.  
Wait...  
What about you?  
Brower has me directing.  
And we've got a lot of work to do.  
If you like you first,  
you should check out "red letter day. "  
You ever hear of them?  
Uh-uh! No band talk right now, gav.  
Sorry, but I don't want  
anyone to think I'm favoring you  
just 'cause I'm your prom date.  
Speaking of,  
we need to work on your prom king campaign.  
Of course, he's taking Stacy to prom.  
Look, at least you talked to him.  
For you, that's major progress.  
I barely got two words out.  
Come to my house tonight.  
We'll do yoga.  
I'll teach you  
the "extended hyena" pose I invented,  
and we'll listen to Radio Rebel.  
I can't.  
What do you mean?  
It's Radio Rebel's first show on Slam-FM.  
Do you realize how epic that is?  
I mean, she was popular before,  
but now it's, like, the  
whole world will be listening,  
including us!  
I have plans.  
What plans?  
Family plans.  
You are the worst liar.

You sound just like you did  
when you said you liked  
that haircut I got at the mall.  
It wasn't that bad.  
It was mullet-adjacent.  
Tell me what you're hiding,  
or I'll start screaming in three seconds.

- What?

- One...

- Audrey, no-no-no!

- Two...

Well?

I'm sorry.

I can't tell you.

I thought I was your b. F.F.T.L.E.

"Without exception. "

Then... Why don't you trust me?

**Gavin. 3:**

**Your 3:**

We have the same 3:00.

Oh. He's coming over here. What do I do?

Oh! For the record,

this is why you don't ice your friends out.

Hey, Tara. What's up?

So, do you wanna run lines on the weekend?

Or we could mime the lines,

if you're not feeling particularly talky?

"Mime. " "Talky... "

I'm gonna go.

M- me. N-now.

Um...

Okay...

Tara!

Free meals!

Score.

Hey, Seattle!

You're listening to Slam-FM!

I want Radio Rebel ads on  
every major social network,  
just blast the Internet...

updates every hour.

Want to blanket the market.

Good. Bye.

So, I was talking to your mom  
about keeping Radio Rebel on the q. T.,  
and I think it's a good idea.

You know? I don't want you  
to talk to anybody about it.

Radio Rebel is the shot in the arm  
that Slam-FM needs.

Since the last show that I produced  
with snazzy dog crashed and burned,  
there's a lot hinging on this.

Right? Including my job.

But, no pressure. Okay?

So, your show's gonna run

**7:**

since that was the time that you broadcast  
from your room,

and you'll be taking over

from... DJ Fluffy Mac!

Who is moving to Sunday night.

All right, so let's show you the booth.

Tara?

Hey! Tara!

Remember me?

Cami q. We met at the slam Christmas party.

When rob told me you were Radio Rebel,  
this was my face...

"Wha...?"

'Cause I thought you were  
just this little shy thing,

but you are all kinds of amazing.

You...

Are fierce!

I just can't wait to  
see what you got goin'...

Tara?

Are you okay?

I can't speak to Gavin without freezing,  
how am I supposed to  
speak to all of Seattle?

It's no different than  
recording in your bedroom.

Yes, it is!

In my bedroom,  
I could pretend that nobody was listening,  
but, right know, I know  
that everybody is listening,  
and rob's putting all this pressure on it,  
and my mom wants it to  
be my "chartreuse moment,"  
and I don't even like chartreuse,  
I don't even know what chartreuse is.  
Tara?  
Come out where I can see you.  
Everybody gets nervous.  
It's totally normal.  
Just...  
Consider me like your best friend  
here at slam.  
Catch your breath.  
Then we'll go out together.  
Okay?  
All right.  
This whole booth is all for me?  
We call this "the live room,"  
'cause when that red light is on,  
you're live.  
If you wanna move around, use this headset,  
so we don't miss anything.  
There's your vocal-masking button.  
You already know all about that.  
Song selection's up to you.  
All right?  
There's, like... 20,000 songs here.  
You've got some time before you go on  
if you wanna practice,  
get comfortable?  
Practice...  
Great. Okay, um...  
Maybe I should play a song,  
just to make sure I know how to...  
No.  
No-no-no!  
Bad practice, bad practice.  
Don't worry about it.  
You'll be fine.  
I'm right next door, if you need me.

Just pretend you're in your bedroom.  
You're on in 15.  
14. 13.  
12. 11.  
Ten. Nine.  
Eight. Seven.  
Six. Five. Four.  
Three...  
You're listening to Slam-FM!  
This is the Radio Rebel show!  
This is Radio Rebel, live from Slam-FM.  
Moving the show from my  
bedroom to the slam studios  
was a bit terrifying,  
but life's all about change, right?  
Maybe some people just  
wanna label you as one thing,  
compartmentalize you, and walk away...  
But we don't have to let that stop us  
from becoming who we want to be...  
Or, like that kid with  
the remote-control car...  
to invent the first all-green rocket ship.  
Or the girl who gives everyone  
carnations on Valentine's day,  
just so no one feels left out...  
Maybe she'll grow up to be president.  
Guys, if we just drop the  
labels and the cliques...  
...We have  
no idea what we're capable of.  
Okay, if you're with me on this,  
wear red tomorrow.  
It'll be like saying that,  
despite our differences,  
we're in this together.  
This next song... Is from "red letter day. "  
Ahem!  
Do you like my glasses?  
But you have freakishly good vision.  
Fashion shouldn't be functional.  
Do you know why I picked red rims?  
I assume you do  
because of your red shirt.

I can't believe  
all these people are wearing red  
just because Radio Rebel said to.  
How cool is that?  
So you did listen to  
Radio Rebel last night!  
What happened to your mystery plans?  
Can you guys tell us apart?  
You guys are fraternal, not identical.  
Hey...  
We just ran a recording  
of Radio Rebel's show  
through a voice-analysis app.  
We're closer than ever  
to uncovering her true identity.

**Picture it:**

"Local twins crack Radio Rebel's I.D."  
Soon, I'll be able  
to profess my undying love.  
We'll be famous.  
I mean, we could get a reward.  
Or at least our own reality TV show.  
...where she and I could be married,  
live on TV.  
Tara? Since your step-dad runs slam,  
maybe you could help us out.  
Oh. I'm not allowed to go to Slam-FM  
while, um, she's there.  
To keep the mystery, uh, mysterious.  
The truth is,  
Tara doesn't have  
time to do friend-related things.  
Audrey?  
Audrey. Audrey!  
What?  
Forget it. I'm leaving.  
I'm about to tell you  
something so top-secret,  
you have to promise never  
to repeat it to anyone.  
I won't tell anyone. I swear.  
Hoo. You can say it.  
Um...



Tara!  
You have to breathe your words.  
Come on, breathe the words.  
Breathe in!  
Ahem.  
I'm... Radio Rebel.  
Oh!  
I don't believe you.  
If you're like me,  
and believe music can change  
the world one track at a time,  
you're gonna love this track  
by one of my new fave bands.  
Wow.  
I can't believe she's... you!  
I mean... you're her!  
I mean, you're the last person  
I'd expect to be Radio Rebel, Tara.  
It's been driving me  
crazy, not telling you.  
And, of course, I've  
been wanting to hang out,  
but I've been doing my show.  
Here's the thing... you can't tell anyone,  
not even tell Larry and Barry,  
because slam wants to  
keep it this big secret,  
and so do I.  
Remember...  
Twelfth night is all  
about mistaken identity.  
Tara, your character has a  
crush on Gavin's character.  
But she's hiding from the law...  
or whatever...  
so, she's disguised as a guy,  
and Gavin's character  
doesn't know you like him.  
So, you're in agony.  
I need to see real pain.  
Let's do the end again!  
And... act!  
My sister likes this guy.  
And, by "my sister," I-I mean...

My sister, not me... at all...  
'Cause... look at my pants.  
See? I'm totally a dude.  
Does this guy... like her, too?  
That's the tragic part.  
She hasn't told him how she feels, so...  
She's not sure if he feels the same way.  
What's she waiting for?  
For him to make the first move.  
But, tell me...  
If she never confesses her love,  
does that make her love any less real?  
Okay!  
Some of that worked...  
And some of it didn't.  
There is a fine line between  
pain and constipation.  
Let's take five.  
Oh, you, uh, you dropped...  
Oh, thanks.  
Is that a demo?  
For the Gees?  
Yeah, you know, trying  
out a few new things.  
Actually,  
I'd love to try out some  
more new stuff, to be honest.  
- Like, I've got another song...  
- We're back!  
Let's go! Come on! Get up, get up.  
Come on. Go, go, go, go. Get in positions.  
Oh!  
Let's try it with Tara  
wa-a-a-ay over here.  
Yeah! Mm-hmm.  
Perfect! Perfect.  
Uh, I love it!  
Okay. Hold on.  
Tara? Did you want to say something?  
She's fine.  
Action.  
Tara? You listen to Radio Rebel, right?  
You were wearing red  
yesterday, so I figured.

Rebel's right.  
Life's about taking risks.  
Making changes.  
So...  
Go ahead.  
Say what you feel.  
Well, it's just, this scene...  
It's about...  
Us falling for each other.  
Even though we don't know it yet,  
and, I...  
And blocking like this feels weird, right?  
Right! Exactly.  
Yeah, I mean...  
The audience is supposed to get  
what we're feeling from  
what we're not saying.  
It only works if we're...  
Closer.  
Yeah.  
Yeah. I like that better, too.  
Okay.  
We clearly need extra rehearsal.  
My place. Tonight at 7:00.  
Oh...  
I can't tonight. There's...  
Wednesday's mandatory family dinner...  
With my... family...  
Dinner.  
Fine. Whatever.  
Lunch. Tomorrow.  
Everybody's a director now.  
Good job.  
Okay.  
You people at Lincoln bay high  
killed it with the red yesterday.  
I noticed one of you  
wearing these red specs  
that were the epitome of cool.  
But can we talk about what's  
not cool, for a second?  
How the school keeps  
confiscating our stuff.  
I mean, I've lost two sets of headphones

and an mp3 player,  
although I did notice that some of us  
seem to be exempt  
from this little "stuff  
snatching" epidemic.  
Funny how that works, huh?  
Guys, it's not just our playlists  
and players we're being  
deprived of, you know?  
Music is the soundtrack to our lives.  
It's where we've been,  
and where we're going,  
and everywhere in between.  
Our music is who we are.  
Are we gonna let someone  
just snatch that away from us?  
Or are we... gonna change the game?  
Here's a new song  
about, uh...  
Trying things you never thought you could.  
Like, I've been trying to do  
a bunch of new things lately,  
and this song severely inspires me.  
So... check it out.  
Vibe it, really, really dig on it,  
and, then... remember that feeling.

**Tomorrow at 8:**

stop what you're doing, get up, and dance.  
Just express yourself! Let yourself out.  
This is "turn it all around" by the Gees.  
You're all going to get into  
so much trouble for this!  
Radio Rebel doesn't tell me when to dance!  
Time to take your own advice!  
This is a place of learning,  
anyone listening to  
Radio Rebel during school  
will be suspended.  
And, Radio Rebel, I advise  
you to turn yourself in now,  
or your future will be radio silence.  
Nice!  
Hey, Tara.

Can I talk to you?  
Uh...  
Hmm!  
Yeah...  
It's about our song.  
We have a... we have a song?  
The one Radio Rebel played last night.  
Oh.  
I couldn't believe that  
she likes our music.  
Then I wondered...  
How'd she get our demo?  
Got anything you wanna confess?  
It's you, isn't it?  
It's me? It's me?  
You're the one.  
Which one, of the one of...  
You're the one  
who gave the cd to your stepdad,  
to give to Radio Rebel!  
Yes!  
Thank you!  
Yes, yes. That's the one. I'm the one.  
I'm the one with the...  
I like it, it's a great song.  
Thanks!  
But...  
It doesn't really feel like my voice.  
It's like... people are hearing me,  
but they're not hearing me.  
That sounded crazy, didn't it?  
No, no. Not at all.  
I totally get you.  
Uh...  
Well...  
Thanks again.  
Oh...  
Radio Rebel is amazing.  
She's really...  
She gets caught in my head, you know?  
It's like...  
I'd be able to recognize her on the street,  
just from how well I  
know her from her show.

That'd be, um, something.  
Yeah.  
See you later, Tara.  
Bye, Gavin.  
You're listening to Slam-FM!  
That's her! I know it, I can tell!  
Radio Rebel is an old guy?  
With a beard?  
Ever hear of disguise, Barry?  
Seattle's hottest DJ...  
the Radio Rebel show!  
Did you see the posters?  
Did you see the posters?  
Hard to miss. They're everywhere!  
My mom just called me and  
said she saw me on the bus.  
I was like, "no, I'm at slam. "  
She was like, "no, no,  
no, you're on the bus!  
Of the side of it!"  
They're spending money  
on marketing for you,  
which means the ratings must be up.  
You're famous.  
No. I'm not.  
No, Radio Rebel is.  
Even Gavin has a thing for her.  
That's good.  
We like Gavin. Right?  
Yes, we do.  
And it was hard enough  
when I just had Stacy to deal with,  
now I'm competing with  
myself for his attention...  
And I appear to be losing.  
Baby, you've got fan clubs  
at every school in Seattle.  
I mean, look at all the petitions!  
"We want a dance break every day. "  
"We want more Radio Rebel. "  
"Don't take our music away. "  
Wait... I have a really good idea.  
Okay. This is what we're gonna do.  
What is going on?

Well, Moreno can't complain about us  
disrupting class time,  
because it's lunch.  
This was your idea?  
Ooh! It's brill!  
Hello, Lincoln bay!  
This is cami q coming at you live!  
Y'all feelin' good today?  
Listen up, I've got a special message  
from our good friend... Radio Rebel!  
This is Radio Rebel  
coming at you with a  
little lunchtime surprise.  
That girl invaded our airwaves,  
now, a lot of you guys  
have im'ed and texted me  
about the powers-that-be  
taking away our music,  
part of ourselves is being taken away.  
That's not gonna make us better students,  
and you can't punish someone  
for relaxing during their down time.  
Right, principal Moreno?  
You stole our music,  
and I'm giving it back.  
Text in requests! Lunchtime is our time.  
You're on school property!  
Actually, beyond this  
point is city property.  
Did you want to see my permit?  
Move!  
Move! Move!  
This "radio hor-Rebel" has got to go.  
It's kind of a fun dance!  
No, it's not.  
Stop that.  
Go vote for me for prom queen again.  
Go!  
Oh!  
Can I have your attention, please?  
I want you all to know  
that this lunchtime fiasco was a...  
Fiasco!  
It is time for a certain DJ's

reign of Rebellion to come to an end.  
Anyone with any information  
regarding the identity of this Radio Rebel  
is to report it to me immediately,  
or risk facing disciplinary  
actions themselves.

Now, get to class.

I just want to say that I  
could not agree with you more.

I, for one, thought that  
display at lunch was disgusting.

"Radio dribble" should pay  
for pulling a stunt like that.

Oh, don't worry, Stacy.

Disruptions like today are temporary,  
but I can enforce disciplinary measures  
that can last forever!

Like diamonds?

And rice cakes?

No words.

You mean...

You can expel Radio Rebel?

Well, her actions were in  
direct defiance of my policies,  
so there will be consequences.

All I can think about now is rice cakes.

Sorry, guys, I was thinking.

- What are you doing?

- Sorry.

I think we can do better than this.

You know, actually say  
something with our music,  
something meaningful, relatable. I was...

um, one, you don't stop in  
the middle of a song, man.

Okay? And, two, our fans  
don't want a message,  
they want to party.

You want meaningful, go write a poem.

Stick with what's working, alright?

The top.

Since when do our fans  
determine what we play?

It's the price of fame, my friend.



One! Two! Three...

Now that we've got a following,  
I think we can finally  
afford to take some risks,  
and express ourselves creatively...  
we're giving 'em what they want, alright?  
No more, no less.

Okay?

Okay.

Gees for life?

Sure. Gees for life.

Attaboy.

All right! From the top, boys.

If you don't go to Lincoln bay high,  
you missed out on a rock-star day.

I've never seen so many people dancing.

So my listeners at Hoover  
high were so inspired

by what went down at Lincoln bay,  
they had a full-on  
flash-mob at lunch today.

You guys totally need to post  
a video on my web page stat.

Yeah, I heard the mathletes  
and the water-polo team  
just formed a pops/non-pops alliance club.

You guys are my heroes!

He said this show inspired  
him to stand up to his boss  
and get the raise he deserved.

See what I mean?

It's never too late to  
make a difference, guys.

Tara!

I have news!

But we can't talk here.

Excuse me? Could you give us a minute?

But this is my office.

Guess who got nominated for prom queen?

Stacy?

You did!

Well, not you. Radio Rebel!

This is horrible.

The whole point of Radio Rebel

is that she's anonymous, remember?  
What's gonna happen if she wins?  
Who's gonna go up there  
and accept the crown?  
I could get expelled.  
I have to put a stop to this.  
Are you crazy?  
You can't quit now.  
Not now, Mr. margowsky!  
But I need the broom.  
Audrey...  
I can't do this anymore.  
- You can.  
- I can't.  
- You can.  
- I can't.  
You can!  
Not now!  
I need the dust pan, too.  
Here.  
You're a hero to people,  
and that's why they nominated you.  
You can't turn your back on them now.  
This is your time to shine.  
What if I don't want to shine?  
What if shining really isn't my thing?  
As your b. F.F.T.L.E.W.E.,  
I'm legally obligated to  
make sure you do the show.  
Even if I have to drag you there.  
Hey, Tara!  
We've got another demo on the way  
for Radio Rebel.  
Oh, I'm sure she's stoked to hear it.  
Yo, Gavin. We love you, man.  
Clever. Make friends with the girl  
whose dad runs slam.  
I like the way you think, bro.  
Her name's Tara.  
Who cares?  
She's actually really nice.  
Whoa, wait.  
You're not, like, into  
her, or anything, are you?

'Cause that would not be good for business.

What do you mean?

We have fans now.

Dedicated followers.

Those are the kind of people  
that you should be spending time with.

You don't even know her.

Okay.

I don't need to, and neither do you.

Think of the band, man!

Think like a rock star!

Why did we have to park so far away?

Because we can't risk  
anyone recognizing your car, or us.

Now wig me.

Oh...

This cardboard is inflaming my eczema.

Do you have any aloe vera?

Will you concentrate?

Why do you always get the cool stuff?

Shh-shh. Focus!

This location is compromised.

Let's move.

Keep it steady, keep it steady.

Buh-buh-buh-buh!

Binoculars!

Focus, Larry! Come on!

Droppin' stuff...

Got 'em!

Okay. Go!

Get 'em. Blend in. Blend in.

So, this... is where the magic happens.

This is so cool!

Is this the famous Audrey Sharma?

Nice to meet you!

Could you girls excuse us for a moment?

Look, if this about Audrey being here,  
she's the only person I told,  
and I totally trust her.

No, this is not about  
Audrey. This is about you.

Principal Moreno called.

The lunchtime dance  
party, that was a mistake.

She wants to expel Radio Rebel  
as soon as she finds out who she is.  
Well, as long as she doesn't know it's me,  
you shouldn't have a problem.  
I can't take that chance, though, can I?  
What do you mean?  
I may run Slam-FM, but  
I'm your stepfather first.  
It's unfortunate, but  
this has gone too far.  
Yes, it has.  
Too far to stop now.  
Look, this is bigger  
than slam, or Moreno, or even me.  
I can't turn my back on  
the thousands of people  
who finally feel like they have a voice.  
And I'm not going back  
to the shy, invisible girl  
who's afraid to even speak.  
Look, I know that it's risky,  
but I'm not going to back down.  
You know, I think that's the most  
that I've ever heard Tara say at one time.  
You're on in two minutes.  
Good luck, kid.  
A lot of you want to know who I am.  
Come on, come on to mama.  
Maybe it'd be easier if  
you could see my face.  
But that's the thing...  
'Cause it's not about me.  
It's about you!  
You don't need to know my name.  
You wanna know who I am?  
I'm somebody who's tired of being afraid.  
I know how it can hold you back,  
so, say it out loud.  
Just say what you're afraid of.  
Call in.  
I... dare you.  
I guess everyone's too afraid  
to say what they're afraid of.  
Maybe this song'll inspire you.

Lines 1 through 20!

You're on with Radio Rebel.

One time,

I accidentally swallowed  
a tiny piece of tinfoil,  
so now I'm afraid if I stand  
too close to the microwave,  
I'm afraid of getting cut  
from the football team.

I'm afraid Larry might be losing it!

I'm afraid I'll always be a single integer.

I'm afraid of power outages.

I'm afraid to do my own thing.

I was, too.

Was?

So, what changed?

I guess I...

Started doing this show,  
and I realized...

You're not as alone as you feel.

If you can remember that,  
it might be a easier to take a risk.  
Do your own thing.

Yeah.

Thanks.

We'll take more calls in a minute.

In the meantime,  
you guys are gonna  
seriously dig this next song.

Hey! Where are you going?

Just... somewhere...

To do... something.

I'm afraid of hyenas!

I'm afraid to show people the real me!

Congratulations!

What?

Your prom queen nomination!

It's on the school website.

I am so excited.

But what about principal Moreno?

Mom, if Radio Rebel wins,  
and I confess my identity,

I could get expelled.

I don't care about principal Moreno.

Honey, people nominated you  
for prom queen  
because you inspire them.  
You're standing up for your beliefs,  
and that's all I care about.  
I don't think I'm going to prom.  
Let me rephrase that...  
all I care about is you  
standing up for your beliefs  
and prom!  
You have to go! It's prom!  
Y...  
nuh! No!  
- Let me fin...  
- You have to!  
Uh! Yeah. Okay? You're going to prom.  
You're going  
to be excellent! Ooh!  
This is your principal.  
There's been some controversy  
about the identity of Radio Rebel,  
and there is nothing more distracting  
than controversy.  
Now, I gave her the chance  
to do the right thing  
and turn herself in, but...  
She chose to hide,  
avoiding the consequences  
of her insubordination.  
Well, she can't hide forever,  
which is why,  
until Radio Rebel's identity  
is revealed,  
I'm canceling the prom.  
For everyone!  
She can't do this!  
She can do whatever she wants.  
She's, like, the principal.  
Now do you think  
there's favoritism at Lincoln bay?  
Not Moreno... "Radio feeble!"  
She's destroying everything!  
Why should we have our prom taken away  
just so she can make a point?

This is bad.  
This is really, really bad.  
Save our prom! Save our prom!  
Save our prom!  
Save our prom! Save  
our prom! Save our prom!  
Prom is a rite of passage.  
If Radio Rebel is really  
all about the people,  
then she'll reveal her identity  
and give us our prom back!  
How are we gonna get in there?  
Who do you blame for your  
prom getting canceled?  
Oh! Look, everybody! It's Radio Rebel.  
Go, go, go!  
Go-go-go-go!  
Show us who you are, Radio Rebel!  
Who is it? I can't see!  
Are we live?  
Hi, out there in radio land.  
A lot's happened since  
we last hung out, huh?  
Let me know what you guys think.  
Call me, text me, scrawl on my wall.  
Don't be shy.  
Do you know how many dreams you've crushed  
by canceling prom?  
I agree with the last caller.  
I'd just gotten a date, and now it's over?  
This is the last time I'm  
listening to you. Ever!  
Who do you think you are?  
You disappointed everyone!  
Do you even care about anyone but yourself?  
Do you know how many dreams you've crushed?  
Dream crusher! Dream crusher!  
Do you know how many dreams you've crushed?  
You're a dream crusher!  
You ruined everything!  
Okay...  
You guys are being  
honest about how you feel.  
You're on, line two.

I've always liked you, Radio Rebel.  
Your playlists truly rock, but...  
Go ahead. Let it out.  
It's just...  
There's a girl  
I was hoping to impress that night.  
Sorry about that.  
Yeah. Me too.  
Wow.  
Guess you guys are... pretty upset.  
Well, uh, I'll just play some music.  
This next song's for you, guys.  
Thanks for being honest with me.  
I'm sorry I let you down.  
They're just angry.  
They'll, uh, they'll come around.  
It doesn't take away  
from all the good things  
you've done as Radio Rebel.  
Did you hear them?  
They hate me.  
I ruined their prom.  
I feel horrible.  
You didn't ruin it, that principal did.  
I knew she was angry,  
but I didn't know she was  
gonna do something like this.  
Man, that Moreno's such  
a backwards-thinker.  
"Backwards... "  
That's brilliant!  
What?  
Backwards!  
"Backwards. "  
I thought everyone would be gone by now.  
This calls for a professional.  
Somebody order the "meaty subtacular?"  
Hello?  
Hi.  
Could you do us a favor?  
Sure.  
You want extra marinara?  
Aw! That would be awesome!  
Audrey.



And... focusing. I am the hyena!  
You see those girls out there?  
We need to get out of here  
without any of them seeing us.  
You can count on me.  
I'm just sad  
the world'll be deprived  
of me in my prom dress.  
It's a strapless number,  
it's oh-so-chic, it's...  
A Turkey on rye?  
Hello, Seattle!  
Care to comment on Radio Rebel?  
Yes, I would!  
You're listening to DJ dancing-sandwich!  
That turntable's spinning  
in a funky groove.  
That sandwich can dance!  
Dance, dancing-sandwich!  
Whoo-oo-Whoo!  
When I hear her, I've got to move!  
I got the groove!  
Would you get back down?  
You're blowing our cover, Larry!  
I can't do it, man.  
I think I felt a human hand.  
That was my hand, Larry!  
[Whines in  
Wha-ha-ha!  
Good morning, Lincoln bay high school!  
This is cami q from Slam-FM,  
bringing you a special message from...  
Radio Rebel here.  
Unleashed your fury about the prom drama,  
and I want you to know,  
you've totally been heard.  
Canceling prom was monumentally unfair,  
but blaming Moreno isn't  
gonna solve anything.  
I want to do something about it,  
and so does slam,  
we're giving you all what you want...  
your prom back!  
Slam-FM is throwing

its first-ever "morp!"  
That's "prom" spelled backwards,  
'cause we're turning prom upside-down.  
Tickets are free, and everyone is invited!  
So, don't worry about finding a date,  
on a dress and a tux and a limo.  
'Cause that's the way we like you.  
Got you!  
It's just ridiculous. "Morp?"  
Who ever heard of a morp?  
That's the whole point, I think.  
To do something totally different.  
It could be great.  
You know, Gavin,  
I thought you would've been more upset  
about prom being canceled,  
considering we were going together.  
Well, yeah, but...  
We can still go to morp, right?  
It's not the same!  
I mean, no limos, no  
dresses? What is the point?  
To come as you are.  
What about prom king and queen?  
People were nominated,  
somebody has to be crowned!  
It's, like, law!  
Why don't you call Radio  
Rebel and tell her that?  
I'm sure she'd love to hear  
from her number-one fan.  
We need to rehearse.  
I'm not going to fail this assignment  
because you two have zero work ethic.  
I think we're in trouble.  
So, I've been  
getting a billion questions  
about the morp, which rules,  
'cause you all seem stoked to go...  
Which is the whole point, right?  
A party where everyone feels like royalty?  
But, then again...  
Maybe we should crown  
a morp king and queen?

I mean, after all, people were nominated.  
Look, if that's what you guys want,  
that's what we'll do.  
Morp is all yours.  
For your favorite morp king and queen.  
Make your voices heard...  
Especially my number-one fan.  
Hi. Is Tara home?  
Uh, sorry, sweetie, she's not here.  
Hmm.  
I'm in her English class,  
we're supposed to study tonight.  
Do you know where she is?  
Afraid not.  
I'm just here  
trying this new experimental  
cuticle-rejuvenation technique.  
Do you wanna try?  
No. Thanks.  
Uh, do you know when Tara might be back?  
Sorry, sweetie. I don't.  
I'll tell her you stopped by.  
Tah-tah.  
I am so parched!  
What I wouldn't give  
for a smoothie right now.  
How about you, Gavin?  
Are you ready for a break?  
Sure.  
Tara, do you want anything?  
No, I'm fine. Thank you.  
So... Tara.  
I'm having a party at my place tonight...  
And, in the spirit of Radio Rebel,  
I'm inviting everyone...  
Even civilians like yourself.  
Uh, gee...  
Thanks, but I have plans.  
Really?  
Same plans as last night?  
I went by your house.  
I could've sworn you said Wednesday  
was your "mandatory family dinner night,"  
but your mom had no idea where you were.

Strange, huh?  
I- I was, uh... library.  
You were, "uh... library?"  
Sure you were.  
There's no way that you were, say,  
DJing a radio show at that time?  
No. Why would you think that?  
Radio Rebel mentioned her  
"number-one fan" last night.  
That's what you called me yesterday.  
Must be a coincid...  
Save it!  
I'm watching you, Tara.  
If you think that I'm Radio Rebel,  
why don't you just tell principal Moreno?  
She already thinks you're perfect.  
Because I need proof...  
And, tonight, I will get it.  
If you don't show up at my party tonight,  
we'll both know why.  
Why do you even care?  
I'll tell you why.  
People are going to elect her "morp queen"  
because they want to find out who she is.  
But if they already know,  
they'll vote for the girl  
who truly deserves it...  
Me!  
This little DJ act is coming to an end.  
Soon.  
You are my hero!  
What do you think, Gavin?  
Should we take it from the top?  
Yeah.  
The thing about your character...  
Hoo! A party during  
Radio Rebel's broadcast?  
This is brilliant.  
Tonight, the mystery ends.  
Whoever doesn't show up...  
Hey.  
Hey. Where were you just now?  
You're sure you weren't  
setting up a broadcast station

from a remote satellite?  
You're accusing me of being Radio Rebel?  
I've been helping you  
search for her all this time,  
I'm a guy!  
Ho, ho! A perfect cover, Larry.  
If that is your real name.  
Who are you?  
I don't know you.  
Oh. We're biology partners.  
I've gone to school with  
you since the first grade.  
I didn't ask for your life story,  
but thanks for coming. Have fun.  
One minute till 7:00!  
Hmm! And who isn't here?  
Exactly!  
Hi!  
Here I am.  
Hmph. So I see.  
But I'm still watching you!  
Go downstairs and watch her.  
Faster!  
Coming to  
you, only on Slam-FM,  
Seattle's hottest DJ...  
It's Radio Rebel!  
This is Radio Rebel,  
coming at you live from Slam-FM.  
Tonight is all about you.  
Lines are open. You know the number.  
I'm calling in to the show!  
Don't be shy.  
How are you here and there?  
You're on with Radio Rebel!  
Do you know you're a hypocrite?  
Hi. What's your name, caller?  
Save it!  
You say you're all about the people,  
but morp is all about you.  
Now you get to lobby for "morp queen" votes  
on the radio every night. Not fair!  
The other morp queen nominees  
should get equal airtime.

Meaning me.  
Play... play track 15.  
I totally hear you.  
You "hear me?"  
I don't think you do.  
Say what you wanna say.  
I think you're using  
subliminal brainwashing  
to get people to vote for you.  
So I'm gonna take this  
opportunity to ask the school  
to vote for me, Stacy, for morp queen.  
Play 40 next.  
Hi! What's your name, caller?  
You already asked me that.  
I said play 40!  
You said 14.  
Play 33.  
Thanks for calling.  
I'm not done with you!  
Sorry, we can't all be winners,  
and I'm gonna win,  
despite the fact that I don't  
have an entire radio  
station campaigning for me,  
which really makes me the underdog.  
Pick up, pick up...  
It's Tara!  
Patch me into the show!  
Why so quiet?  
Does the truth hurt?  
Do you want to know the truth?  
Stop hogging the bathroom!  
What was that?  
Um...  
I knocked over my chair.  
'Cause I wanted to get close to the mic  
so you could hear me clearly.  
Oh, I can hear you clearly!  
I can hear you very clearly.  
I can heard you so clearly, Radio Rebel,  
that we could be in the same building!  
Same building? What, are you crazy?  
Are you here at slam, Stacy?

I don't see you.  
Or maybe you're hiding somewhere?  
I'm just a little be  
worried about you, Stacy.  
I'm afraid that if I beat  
you out for morp queen,  
your fragile ego won't be able to survive.  
Can you hand me my jacket?  
What was that?  
I'm sorry. What?  
Who was that?  
That was my sound guy.  
We just got a brand-new demo  
in today called "my jacket. "  
We could play it for you.  
I have a better idea.  
Why don't you come forward  
and stop hiding like a coward?  
Would a coward be afraid  
to go up against you for morp queen?  
'Cause I'm not.  
I'll see you there, and you'll see  
that I'm not afraid of anything.  
Thanks for calling!  
What are you doing in my bedroom?  
I was trying to find the bathroom.  
Your house is...  
what are you really doing in here?  
Looking at your photos.  
I remember you used to dress like that  
every day in second grade.  
I also remember being really jealous.  
Of what? Everyone making fun of me?  
No, how confident you were being yourself.  
I didn't know people made fun of you.  
It doesn't feel so good, does it?  
I don't need a lesson in manners from you.  
Now, get out of my room!  
That was amazing.  
She was freaked out!  
And Gavin just smiled at you.  
I think it was more of a general smile.  
It seemed pretty specific to me.  
Hey!

We cannot wait for this!  
We're the Gees, and this is "we so fly!"  
I can't believe  
there's so many non-pops in my backyard.  
It feels like they're multiplying.  
Like cockroaches... and hangers.  
Are you kidding me?  
I didn't do anything.  
You bumped into me.  
You come to my house and  
you spill your drink on me?  
This cost a fortune!  
It was an accident, Stacy.  
Audrey would never do  
something like that on purpose,  
unlike some people.  
Do you know what your problem is?  
You know what?  
I don't care what you think my problem is.  
Keep it to yourself.  
I need a new outfit!  
Kim! Let's go!  
We're going!  
Thanks for that.  
I love how Radio Rebel is  
rubbing off on you, too.  
She's playing us. I know it.  
Now you just need to prove it.  
Okay... you can do it.  
Just go over there.  
Hey.  
You guys put on a great show.  
Thanks.  
But it's all Gabe.  
He's a good frontman.  
It's not all Gabe.  
Trust me.  
You know, ever since the band took off,  
people assume I'm this confident guy...  
But...  
I get nervous before gigs.  
Like, really nervous.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.



We're not so different, I guess...  
Is what I'm trying to say.  
So... how do you do it?  
I try to remember I'm  
not as alone as I feel.  
Radio Rebel taught me that.  
She's a clever one.  
Yeah. She is.  
Slacker!  
Come help load the van.  
You should...  
See you.  
Bye.  
Pizza delivery incoming!  
There's pizza for cami q!  
Where is studio four?  
Anybody here?  
Cami q?  
I'm sorry, I kind of lost  
my cool in there a bit.  
Hey, don't worry. I mean, you'll get it.  
Hey, I'm gonna  
make you a DJ in no time...  
"DJ mama Rebel. "  
Oh, I like the sound of that!  
I was afraid we biffed the call.  
We nearly did a couple of times.  
You gotta hand it to her.  
I mean, Tara was right.  
You really can be in two places at once.  
I'm just so glad she asked me to help.  
I sometimes think that maybe  
she's a little embarrassed  
by her crazy mom.  
Are you kidding?  
She adores you.  
I mean, she talks about you all the time.  
She does?  
Oh!  
Mascara overflow! Excuse me.  
Oof! Ack!  
Hi! Did you order  
the "super-duper  
cheesey-pleasey vegetarian

beef-o-rama,  
hold the drama?"  
Great choice!  
I can't get enough of this sauce.  
Not you?  
Okay! Sorry!  
Bye.  
Stacy! Stacy, I got it! I got...  
I think we're ready.  
Please remember your goals.  
Get your "actor" energy up!  
Tara! Thank goodness, I found you.  
There have been some last-minute  
changes to the scene.  
Don't worry, you can handle it.  
But does Gavin know?  
Gavin is the least of your worries.  
Wait! This is the janitor's closet.  
What? Stacy!  
Stacy! Let me out!  
Enjoy your "f. "  
Romeo? Where are you?  
I mean, seriously, it's freezing out here.  
Why can't you just stop being a montague?  
The capulets are way cooler.  
Everybody says.  
My father isn't really a bad guy.  
He just watches too many movies.  
Let me out!  
Romeo, this whole feuding  
thing is really annoying...  
Dude, ready to rock out  
with the drama dorks?  
That's funny.  
Have you guys seen Tara? She's late.  
Move on, already! Pay attention to Stacy.  
You're turning into a real jerk,  
you know that, don't you?  
- Me?  
- Yeah.  
You're the one  
who needs to get his priorities straight.  
Or what?  
You gonna kick me out of the band?

Is that what you want?  
Is for you to drop the  
stupid rock-star act  
for five minutes,  
and just try... try!...  
To be a normal person.  
Okay. I am the frontman of this band.  
This "rock-star act" is  
what put us on the map.  
If you don't wanna be a part of that,  
then that's fine with us.  
What happened to "Gees for life"?  
Hmm. Yeah. Ask yourself that.  
Enjoy your solo career, Gavin.  
Thank you very much.  
Next up is Audrey.  
Just bre-ee-eathe your words.  
Okay. Go.  
Ahem-ahem.  
Alas... poor spork.  
I used him, Harry...  
For he was a wondrous  
and versatile utensil.  
A fork and a spoon.  
Come on! Pick up the  
phone. Pick up the phone.  
Pick up the phone.  
Oh! Spork!  
Stacy! Have you seen Tara?  
No.  
Seriously? Oh!  
I have no idea where she is.  
I can't believe she'd do this to us.  
So unpro.  
We have to tell Mrs. brower  
we can't do our scene.  
Stacy Debane is not a quitter,  
and I'm not gonna fail this assignment  
just because Tara's a no-show.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I'd like to make an announcement.  
Stacy Debane will be performing  
in place of Tara Adams,  
who, apparently, couldn't

be bothered to show up.  
Someone, let me out!  
Looks like it's just you and I.  
Thank you!  
Oh!  
See? Look at my pants. I'm a dude.  
What's she waiting for?  
I'm waiting for you to make a move.  
But, since you aren't going to,  
I'll make a move myself.  
Bravo! Bravo!  
Okay, everybody.  
Listen, thank you very much  
for all of your hard work.  
I appreciate it very much, especially...  
Oh, no. Look.  
He is so disappointed in you.  
And who can blame him?  
Okay, "radio drivel. "  
You were bad enough when you didn't talk.  
But trying to destroy me  
on your stupid radio show?  
Did you really think  
you'd get away with that?  
Look. You're wrong. I'm not her. If I...  
save it! You're not her?  
Then explain this...  
I was afraid we biffed the call.  
You really can be in two places at once.  
That doesn't prove anything.  
No? Then you won't mind  
if I email it to the whole school...  
And Moreno?  
What do you want?  
Morp queen.  
You're gonna make sure I win...  
Or Radio Rebel is.  
Tell everyone on your show to vote for me.  
And if you say anything about  
this little private moment,  
I'll tell everyone who you really are.  
Okay... I had a bad day.  
Kind of shook me up.  
It made me wonder...

Am I doing the right thing?  
I mean, is it... is it  
worth it if I get expelled?  
Or if it messes things  
up with the guy I like?  
I don't know.  
What I do know is that there  
will be people out there  
who try and take things away from us,  
things bigger than prom...  
And we can just sit  
back and watch it happen,  
or we can stand up for ourselves.  
I mean, we all deserve to  
dance to our own playlists,  
no matter what Moreno  
or anyone else has to say about it.  
Oh. One more thing.  
Um...  
I know a lot of you guys  
want to vote me queen to find out who I am.  
I don't need that crown.  
But... Stacy Debane?  
She kind of really does.  
Just keep that in mind when you vote.  
There you are! I've been  
dying to show you this bow-tie  
I found for you to wear to the morp.  
It perfectly matches my  
dress. How cute is that?  
Stacy.  
What?  
I know what you did to Tara.  
What are you talking about?  
The closet.  
Don't bother denying it. I have a witness.  
What did Tara ever do to you?  
You don't know her, Gavin.  
She's not who you think she is. She's...  
no, Stacy. You're not  
who I thought you were.  
I can't go to morp with you. I'm sorry.  
But we're gonna be king and queen!  
I don't wanna be king.

I never did.  
Where's Tara?  
Where's Radio Rebel?  
Oh! My true love shall be revealed.  
How do I look?  
Uh, a little green.  
Could be the lighting...  
Or something worse.  
We're standing in a  
microbial hotspot right now.  
Whoa.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
You look amazing.  
Why, thank you!  
Have you seen Gavin?  
I- I really should talk to him.  
- Wait! What are you gonna say?  
- I don't know.  
- You mean you haven't...?  
- Not yet.  
- You know you need to.  
- I know!  
Are we missing something?  
Conference. Now.  
I don't know what to do.  
I'm freaking out.  
Just... breathe.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
You're beautiful.  
You're a queen, no matter what happens.  
Good evening, Seattle!  
You ready to find out  
who your morp queen is?  
It's time to see who's been crowned  
from Lincoln bay high.  
Yeah!  
We had two nominations  
for morp king,  
but one dropped out.  
So that leaves...  
Gabe leviolet!

I'd like to invite  
your morp court princesses  
to join me onstage.  
Whoo!  
Don't be nervous.  
That's, like, the worst thing to say  
to a nervous person, Kim.  
I know. You're welcome.  
Let's hear it  
for Stacy Debane!  
And... Radio Rebel!  
Radio Rebel?  
Are you out there?  
Well, I guess we'll continue.  
Your morp queen is...  
Radio Rebel!  
We love you, Radio Rebel!  
Since she isn't here to accept her crown,  
maybe it should go to the person  
with the second-most votes?  
Most of you don't know me.  
I'm the girl who sits in the back of class,  
who never raises her hand,  
who's so afraid of saying the wrong thing,  
she says nothing instead.  
The old me would've frozen  
in front of a crowd like this...  
...but something happened.  
Suddenly, the real stuff we  
were dealing with at school  
became more important than my fears.  
Look, I wasn't sure I  
was gonna do this tonight,  
but I need to be true to myself...  
So, here goes...  
I'm Radio Rebel.  
Thank you for an enlightening evening.  
And now that I know who Radio Rebel is...  
...she is definitely getting expelled.  
Enjoy your morp, Tara!  
Oh! And don't bother  
coming to school on Monday.  
I'm Radio Rebel!  
No! I'm Radio Rebel.

No! I'm Radio Rebel. Whoo! I'm Radio Rebel!  
No, I'm Radio Rebel!  
I'm Radio Rebel!  
You can't expel everyone, can you?  
I'm Radio Rebel!  
I'm Radio Rebel!  
I'm Radio Rebel! I'm Radio Rebel!  
I'm Radio Rebel! I'm Radio Rebel!  
I'm Radio Rebel!  
I'm Radio Rebel! I'm Radio Rebel!  
I'm Radio Rebel!  
I believe this... belongs to you.  
I mean, I guess since  
we're all Radio Rebel,  
this crown belongs to all of us.  
So, congratulations, kings and queens.  
But there is one person  
who has been dreaming  
about this crown for her entire life.  
Although, I'm not quite sure  
if I heard her say she's Radio Rebel...?  
I'm Radio Rebel.  
I'm so Radio Rebel!  
Well, then...  
Why are you being so nice to me,  
when I've always been  
nothing but mean to you?  
Look at you right now, Stacy.  
That dress?  
The crown?  
You are 100% you right now,  
and that's all Radio Rebel  
could ask of anyone...  
You are yourself,  
and you've never been more beautiful.  
Everyone! Please give it up  
for Lincoln bay's very own...  
Gavin Morgan!  
There's a girl I've liked for a while now.  
She's the kind of girl who's not afraid  
to ask a dancing sandwich for some help.  
She inspired this song.  
This song's for her.  
Hi.



Hey.

I don't know what's more amazing...

That song, or...

The fact that you're Turkey on rye?

Why didn't you tell

anyone I was Radio Rebel?

You wanted to keep it a secret.

I respected that.

Thank you.

You know, you really know how to dance...

For a sandwich.

Oh.

Will you go to morp with me?

Yes.

So...

Should I call you "Tara"

or "Radio Rebel?"

You can call me either.

They're both me.