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Romy and Michele's High School Reunion

By Robin Schiff

Take this pink ribbon|off my eyes
I'm exposed|and it's no big surprise
Don't ya think I know|exactly where I stand
This world is forcing me|to hold your hand
'Cause I'm just a girl|Well, little old me
Well don't let me|out of your sight
Oh, I'm just a girl
All pretty and petite
So don't let me|have any rights
Oh I've had it|up to here
The moment that|I step outside
So many reasons|for me to run and hide
I can't do the little things|I hold so dear
'Cause it's all those|little things that I fear
'Cause I'm just a girl|I'd rather not be
'Cause they won't let me|drive late at night
Oh, I'm just a girl|Guess I'm some kind of freak
'Cause they all sit|and stare with their eyes
Oh, am I making myself clear
I'm just a girl
I'm just a girl in the world
- How much is this, Lori?|- It's very expensive.
It's very expensive.
Look, I got money|to spend in here.
I don't think we have anything for you.|You're obviously in the wrong
place.
Please leave.
You know, even though we've watched|"Pretty Woman" like 36 times...
- I never get tired of making fun of it.|- Oh, I know.
Aww, poor thing. Look!|They won't let her shop.
Yeah, like those salesgirls in Beverly|Hills aren't bigger whores than she
is.
I know!
Oh, my God, listen to that|sad, sad music as she leaves.
It's like, boo-hoo. Uhh.
But it is actually|kind of sad.
Anything you see here we can do, by the|way. Get ready to have some fun,
okay?
- Okay.|- Mary Pat, Mary Kate, Mary Frances, Tovah.
- Let's see it, come on! Let's see the outfit.|- How divine!
Exactly how obscene-
I just get really happy|when they finally let her shop.
Okay, so I have|nothing to wear.
We don't even have time to make|anything new before we go out.

Well, what about this?

- Did you lose weight? - Actually, I have|been trying this new fat-free diet I invented.

All I've had to eat for the past six days|are Gummi Bears, jelly beans, and candy corns.

God, I wish I had|your discipline.

- This is it|- Work this

- Diddy-bum diddy-bum pow|- Here it is

I can't believe|how cute I look!

I know! You know what? This is like|the cutest we've ever looked.

Oh, it's definitely the cutest. Don't you|love how we can just say that to each other...

- and we know that we're not being conceited?|- Oh, I know.

No, we're just|being honest.

- Be my lover, Wanna be my lover|- Lover

Go ahead and take your time|Boy you gotta feel secure

Before I make you mine|Baby you have to be sure

You wanna be my lover|Wanna be my lover

God. I hope some cute guys get here|tonight. They were cute last night.

- Oh, they were cute.|- Really cute! - Oh!

- Hey, Michele! Romy!|- We'll take two Diet Cokes?

Right, with extra cherries.|Don't move. I'll be right back.

Okay. I have the yuckiest taste|in my mouth from those taquitos.

- Eew.|- I hope I don't get indigestion.

Hey, remember that time I barfed|from bad Mexican food? It was so gross.

- Oh, my God, I hate throwing up in public.|- Me too! Ooh.

I can't believe it. There are|absolutely no guys here tonight.

I know. None.

Come on, Michele, let's just|go dance with ourselves.

Okay.

Put your hands in the air

'Cause there's a party over here|So grab yourself a beer

And we could|get on with the world

Swear to God.|Sometimes I wish I were a lesbian.

You wanna try and have sex sometime?|Just to see if we are?

What? Yeah, right, Michele. Just the thought|of having sex with another woman creeps me out.

But if we're not married by|the time we're 30, ask me again.

- Okay.|- Tell me can you feel the

Masked girls comin'|with the fever, fever, fever

Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh|Stayin' alive, stayin' alive

Ahh-ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh|Stayin' alive, stayin' alive

Ahh-ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh|Stayin' alive, stayin' alive

Ahh-ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh|Stayin' alive, stayin' alive

Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh|Stayin' alive, stayin' alive
- Ahh-ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh|- Two-four-three.
- Stayin' alive|- Two-four-three.
Two-four-three.
Two, four, three.
Two, four, three.
Service.|Number 243.
It's beautiful.|Is that real wood?
During this century, boys.
Come on, Ramon. Quit jerking off|and bring the car around.
- It's about time.|- Mm. Romy!
You are looking hot today.
Yeah. That's because|I'm sweating like a pig in here.
Well, the air conditioning is|working in the service office.
You might wanna come by|and, uh, cool off later?
Yeah, Ramon.|That'll happen.
Sorry, ma'am.|He is such an asshole.
Mm.
- I'm in a hurry.|- Well-
I'm going as fast as I can,|Ms Mooney. Heather.
Heather Mooney?
From Sagebrush High|in Tucson?
- Yeah?|- It's Romy!
- Romy White!|- You're shittin' me.
No, this is so weird. I didn't|know you were living in L.A.
Well, now that you know, will|we be getting together a lot?
So, God!|You're driving a new Jaguar?
- What do you do?|- Ever hear of Lady Fair cigarettes?
- The ones that burn down real fast?|- "Twice the taste, in half the time,
for the gal on the go"
I invented the|quick-burning paper.
Wow!
- You goin' to the reunion?|- What reunion?
Our ten-year high school|reunion in Tucson?
You're kidding me. It's been|ten years since high school?
- God. Where have I been?|- I'm stumped. Where?
- Anyway, are you going?|- I'd rather put this out in my ass.
I wonder why we didn't|get an invitation.
I mean, I'm sure Michele would|have told me if she got one.
- Michele Weinberger?|- Mm-hmm.
- Do you live with Michele Weinberger?|- Yeah.
I just thought maybe she'd|be married to Sandy by now.
- Sandy Frink?|- Yes, Sandy Frink.
He could barely contain his erection|every time she was around.

Why do you think he always|carried that huge notebook?
The Frink-a-zoid|and Michele, I am sure.
Besides, didn't you have a thing|for Sandy in high school?
I did not have a "thing. " I did not have|a "thing. " I did not have a
"thing. "
I was very much|in love with him.
Very much in love,|and there's a difference.
There's a difference.
There's a difference.
I have to go now.
Well! I guess I won't be|seeing you at the reunion.
- But I'll tell everyone you said "hi. "|- Why don't you tell everyone...
I said to go fuck themselves, for making|my teen years a living hell?
Oh, yeah, right!
Finally-
Michele. You will never guess|who I just ran into.
- God, I cannot believe it's already been ten years.|- I know.
- Oh. - You know...|- There she is.
Oh! God,|she was so weird.
- She still is.|- Why was she, like, always going behind that building?
It was long ago
Seems like yesterday
Saw you standin' in the rain
- Then I heard you say|- Got a light?
- I want your love But it comes out wrong|- Thank you.
- I want to live, but I don't belong|- Thank you! Thank you, I really
appreciate that...
because I'm not a human being|or anything, you pathetic turd!
Blood and roses|Blood and roses
Blood and roses
- Roses, roses|- There should be a cigarette you could smoke all the way
through between classes.
What a waste.
- Okay. - Find|us. - Oh. Okay.
Oh, my God, do you remember|what a big controversy it was...
for us to have our|picture taken together?
Yeah, well, Danny Weller, like,|"lodged the complaint," and, you know-
'Cause, "alphabetically,|he's supposed to be between us. "
And then we said, "Okay, Danny.|If you want to be between us...
you can come to Michele's house on|Friday night, and we'll be waiting. "
That's right. He came over and|we're like, "Danny, it was a joke. "
I know! And then we turned|the sprinklers on him!
Oh, my God.|Didn't he die?
- I think so.|- Yeah.

- Oh, my God. Michele. Look|at the "A" group. - Mm-hmm.
Christie Masters,|Kelly Possenger...
Lisa Luder|and Cheryl Quick.
So, who would you say|was in the "B" group?
Oh. The drama crowd. You know,|like Casey Degan and Mark Black.
- Uh-huh. God, I had the hugest|crush on Casey. 'Member? - Oh, yeah.
God, I wonder why|he never liked me.
Young man, there's|no need to feel down
I said, young man-
So, what group would|you say we were in?
Well, we definitely|weren't in the "A" group.
But you know what? We weren't|really in the "B" group, either.
Okay, we weren't in|the "C" group, were we?
What? Oh, no. Michele, come on. I mean, that|was like, all the honour
students and like...
the rejects; you know, like|Sandy Frink and Heather Mooney.
- Eeew, look at them.|- We were definitely not in that group.
- Ecch.|- She blinded me with Science
Michele! Oh, Michele. |Over here!
Want me to get your|huge notebook for you?
Oh! Heather! I wanna take another picture|of you and Sandy for the yearbook
and-
Oh! I wanna|interview you too...
because I think it would make a really|interesting article for the
"Roundup. "
Ohh, Toby! Fuck off.
Okay. But can I take|a picture of you first?
So, Romy, what group|were we in?
Well, you know, I'm not sure that|we were really in any group.
I think maybe we were|more like loners.
- Oh, my God! There we are!|- Yeah, and alone. Look.
You know, even though I had to wear that|stupid back brace, and you were
kinda fat...
we were still totally|cutting edge.
- I love it when it's hamburger day.|- Uh-huh.
Okay, smile! Great!|Thanks a lot!
- Can I take your picture?|- Oh, please. - Hello, girls.
Don't forget, you have|detention after school today.
- Oh, we won't, Mr Lish.|- Yeah, we're really looking forward to it.
- God!|- Can you believe he just got married?
- Like, how desperate is she?|- I know, it's like: "Hi. This is my husband.
He dissects crayfish, but he|has a really good personality. "
He's the kind of man|that I desire
Sets the summer sun|on fire

- I want candy|- Oh, my God.
- I want candy|- Michele. Billy Christianson.
- Oh, he's so cute. - He|is cute. - Really cute.
- Hey - Hi,|Billy. - Hey
Hey
Hey
- Hey|- Ow! Billy!
Oh, Billy, gosh,|you're so slimy.
I cannot believe he's|with Christie Masters.
I know. She is, like,|so transparent.
Did you hear her report|in Miss Weigatt's class?
She actually thinks she's gonna be a|TV anchorwoman. What a "deludanoid. "
Those weirdos are|staring at us again.
- They're obsessed with us.|- Look at what they're wearing.
Where do you even get|outfits that hideous?
They made them in Home Ec|from their own patterns.
Actually, I think|they're semi-interesting.
In a freakish, off-putting|sort of way. Never mind.
- Christie. - Uh. -|Come on, I'm hungry.
No, Billy. Wait.|I wanna have some fun.
Lisa, gimme the bag.
Here you go.|You are so bad.
- What? What?|- She is out of control.
Michele? Christie Masters|is coming over here.
- Wow. She never comes over.|- Okay, just act cool.
- Hi. - Hi. -|Hi, Christie.
- So. You girls gonna try out for the spring musical?|- Us?
Yeah, you should.|It'll be fun.
- Okay. Why not?|- Yeah. So, um, what musical are they doing?
- "The Music Man. "|- You're kidding!
Oh, the Wells Fargo wagon|Is a-comin' down the street
I love "The Music Man. "
Okay. Can I have|the rest of this?
Um, w-
Mm. It's good.
See ya!
She can be really nice|when she wants to be.
Michele!
- Uh-oh. Don't look now. Here come the|Frink-a-zoid. - Oh, God! He is such
a geek!
Hi, Michele. Gee, Michele,|you're looking really lovely today.
Okay. See you in Biology.
I- I-I thought I ought|to tell you, Michele, that...
Christie Masters stuck|magnets on your back.

- What?|- She stuck-
Michele, you do have|magnets on your back!
Oh, my God.|Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.|Help me.
Oh, my God.
Oh, don't let them see you get upset.|That's what they want.
Oh, my God.
- Hey!|- I'm pretending you just did something hilarious.
Now, you laugh at me.|Come on, do it.
God, that was so rude. I mean, you|couldn't help it if you had scoliosis.
I know. And what a bitch, taking|your hamburger. I mean, what was that?
God, remember the prom?|You got so thin by then.
Oh, I know. I was so lucky, getting|mono. That was, like, the best diet
ever.
I wonder, if I had gotten my brace off|sooner, if somebody would have
invited me.
I mean, other|than Sandy Frink.
Well, nobody|invited me either.
Well, at least we looked fantastic,|and that is the most important thing.
- We were cool on craze|- Oh, gee. Nice outfits. Really.
- When I, you - Oh, look, it's the|Madonna twins. - And everyone we knew
Could believe, do, and share|in what was true, Oh, I said
Okay, this is so typical.|Of course, we're like the only ones...
who don't look like|we're going to a hoedown.
- Oh, I know. This town is like so unhip.|- Ecch.
- I can't wait till we move to L.A.|- Me too!
Everything's gonna happen for us there,|Michele, and we'll never look back.
- Okay.|- Dance hall days
- Dance hall days|- Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!
That hurt.|But it looked really good.
Dance hall days
Oh, everybody!
- Dance hall, dance hall days|- Okay, everyone.
Uh, it's the moment|we've all been waiting for.
It's time to announce|the king and queen of the prom.
- Ahh!|- And the winners are...
Billy Christianson|and Christie Masters!
Ohh! Ohh!
- Duh.|- Oh, it's me!
Boo-hoo!|I'm so surprised!
Thank you. Thank you.
God, Billy looks|cute in his tux.
- He does look cute.|- Really cute.
Do you think, since it's the last night of|school and I might never see him

again...

that maybe he would|dance with me?

I bet he would.|I mean, it's senior prom.

Nobody's going to say "no"|to anyone tonight.

Michele, since this is the|last night of school and all...

would you care|to dance with me once?

No.

I'll dance with you.

Nah. It's no fun unless|you really love the person.

Thanks, anyway.

Okay. Who can name the capitals|of all the 50 states?

Okay, Toby. Fuck off.

Heather! Can't you be|a little bit more sensitive?

Me? Me? Me be|more sensitive?

You are a jerk-off!

Another kiss|is what it takes

- Albuquerque.|- You can't sleep

- You can't eat|- Albany.

There's no doubt

You're in deep

Your throat is tight|You can't breathe

Another kiss is all you need|Whoa-oh-ohh

- Why are you tormenting me?|- You like to think you're immune to the stuff

- Why don't you go fuck a sheep or your sister or yourself?|- Oh, yeah

Brain-dead|redneck asshole!

Can't get enough|You know you're gonna have to face it

You're addicted to love|You see the signs

But you can't read

You're runnin' at|a different speed

Your heart beats|in double time

- Another kiss|- Um, Billy?

- And you'll be mine|- Hi.

- A one-track mind, you can't be saved|- Do you wanna dance?

- Oblivion is all you crave|- I mean, it's just 'cause...

this song is,|like, so great.

Mm. Never mind.

Unless, you know,|you want to.

- Whoa, you like to think|- Yeah. I mean-

- That you're immune to this stuff|- Y-Y- Sure. Why not?

- Oh, yeah -|Really? - Wh- Um-

- It's closer to the truth|- Could you wait here?

- To say you can't get enough -|I-I-I'll be right back. - Okay.

- Okay.|- You know, you're gonna have to face it You're addicted to love

Might as well face it|You're addicted to love

- Might as well face it|- Hey, Christie.
- You're addicted to love|- That Romy girl just asked me to dance with her.
- Might as well face it|- Oh, you're kidding me! Oh, that's pathetic!
- Might as well face it|- W-W-W-What should I do?
Let me take care of this.
- Michele?|- Oh, God. Okay, so what did he say?
- "Sure. Why not?"|- Oh, my God!
- Thanks a lot, Romy.|- What?
Thanks for stealing|my boyfriend.
- What are you talking about?|- Billy just broke up with me.
Apparently he's had a crush on|you since Mr Roswell's class.
And now that he knows that you like him, he|doesn't want to "pretend" with
me any more.
My life was perfect|and you've ruined it.
Go for it|Groove ahead
I swear to God, Christie,|I didn't even think he'd dance with me.
- To whip it, Whip it good|- Wow. She is really P.O.'d.
- This is so cool!|- Oh, I know.
You know what is so weird? I had this|dream, where Billy was like, in love
with me.
And I mean, he was in a wheelchair, but|still, it's like it's coming true
or something!
- Uh-huh.|- How's my hair?
Perfect. Okay, Romy, you look so|good with blonde hair and black roots.
- It's like, not even funny.|- I have to say...
this is turning out to be one of|the very best nights of my entire life.
Yay, yay!
Lyin' in my bed I hear|the clock tick
And think of you
Caught up in circles
Confusion is nothing new
Flashback to warm nights
Almost left behind
- Suitcase of memories|- You know, maybe he's, like, passed out in the
bathroom.
- You want me to go check?|- Time after, Sometimes
- You picture me|- He's not in the bathroom, Michele.
I'm walkin' too far ahead
- I'll dance with you, Romy.|- You're callin' to me
- I can't hear what|you've said - Okay. - Okay.
Then you say "Go slow"
I fall behind
The second hand unwinds
If you're lost you can look|and you will find me

Time after time
If you fall, I will catch you|I'll be waiting
Time after time
If you're lost, you can look|and you will find me
Time after time
- If you fall, I will catch you I'll be waiting|- I will be waiting
Time after time
Time after time
We just waited and waited.
- God, I was such an idiot.|- But wait till he sees you now.
You are so much cuter|than you were in high school.
- I guess I'm cuter.|- Yeah!
And look at the way we live.|I mean, just our lifestyle.
You know, I mean, we live in L.A,|and they are still stuck in Tucson.
You know what, Michele?|You're right.
We are gonna go back there|and blow them away.
Boy, there's a lot of questions to|answer. Why do we have to fill these
out?
They wanna know what we've been|doing for the past ten years.
- Oh!|- Okay. Here we go.
- Ahh!|- "Name. "
- Ah! We're having so much fun already.|- Oh, I know!
- I cannot wait for this reunion.|- Me too!
"Occupation. "|Cashier.
- Unemployed.|- No. Don't write that.
Um, okay, so your last job|was as a salesgirl?
- So say you're a freelance fashion consultant.|- Ooh! Clever.
"Relationship Status. "|Married.
- Nope. -|Engaged? - No.
- Living with someone?|- Should I say you?
- I guess so.|- Okay.
- You know, Michele?|- Yeah?
- Now that I'm looking at this...|- Uh-huh?
our lives don't seem as|impressive as I thought.
- They don't?|- Well, do you think it's impressive...
that we're still single, and we've|been living together for ten years...
and I'm a cashier|and you're unemployed?
Well, not super impressive.
Well, then, what's the point of going|if we're not going to impress people?
Well- Uh.
Romy, I still really,|really, really want to go.
- I know. Me too.|- Well then, can't we just, like, think of something?
- Okay. Well, the reunion is still like two weeks away, right?|- Right.
And all we really need is maybe some,|like, better jobs and boyfriends.

Right?

Yeah!

But, okay. If those things were so easy|to get, wouldn't we already have them?

Well, I mean, we never|really tried before.

I mean, we never really had a good enough|reason, like going to a reunion, to motivate us.

That's true.

Okay. So we're just gonna have to make|ourselves more impressive, that's all.

So I'm gonna go out and bag us some boyfriends,|while you can look for a cool new job.

- Okay.|- Plus, I hate to say it...

but I really think that|we should lose some weight.

Oh.

Oh. Unh.

Okay. I don't think that, like,|one chip makes a difference.

It wasn't even|a whole chip.

All right. According to this chart,|if we want to lose a pound a day... we have to burn twice|as many calories as we eat.

So, that means, if we want|to burn 4,000 calories...

we only have to run|20 miles a day!

Oh! Hey, Romy, remember|Mrs Chivas' class?

There was, like,|always a word problem.

Like, there's a guy in|a rowboat going "X" miles...

and the current is going, like,|you know, some... other miles...

and, how long does it take him|to get to town?

It was like, who cares? Who wants to go|to town with a guy who drives a rowboat?

Okay, guys, let's jump.

- Hey, Michele? - Yeah? -|What does this remind you of?

Well, I know.|This lady is totally sick.

Uh, lemme just|say that, um...

I am, like, really familiar with the entire|Versace line, and if you would just...

give me a chance, I know I could,|like, sell the shit out of the stuff.

And, uh, to me,|fashion is just, it's like...

everything. It's-

By the way, that blouse- Hi.|That blouse looks great on you.

- Oh! Thank you!|- And see, I make a great salesperson...

'cause I just have this,|like, really believable way...

of telling people that they look really|good, even though I'm just, like, you know-

I think|she heard me.

Thank you so much|for coming.

- That's okay, you're welcome.|- I don't think we'll be requiring any new staff.

- You aren't taking on any what?|- Staff. Employees.

Ohh! Oh, "staff. "

Okay, I didn't understand|with your big accent.

I couldn't|figure it out. Okay.

Fine. You know, you really shouldn't|let people fill out applications... if you don't want them to|actually try to get a job here.

- It's a compli- - No, no. That's|all I have to say. - Goodbye.

If there ain't no love|then there ain't no use

Ooh, better walk on by|Better walk on through

Hi. Hey, um, great suit.|Is that an Armani?

- Yes. Yes, it is.|- I thought so. So, what do you do?

- I'm a suit salesman.|- Oh, uh-oh

Would you excuse me? I cut my foot before,|and my shoe is filling up with blood.

Ooh, if there ain't no love|then there ain't no use

Ooh, better walk on by|Better walk on through

Hey, hey, there's a woman in the world|that you can't use

Ain't no love, Ain't no use|Ain't no love

Yeah, well, my first choice was to work at a|boutique on Rodeo Drive, but this would be okay.

Well, thank you. Unfortunately, we|don't have any openings here right now.

- Are you serious?|- Mm.

Although we might have|an opening at our discount outlet.

Okay, well, what street|would that be on?

Come on, Michele. At this point,|any job is better than no job at all.

A discount outlet? Me?

Fine.

So, any boyfriends yet?

No. All the guys with good jobs|must be going to some other club.

Oh, you know where Dana met her new|boyfriend? He's a William Morris agent.

Oh! Showbiz!|Good job! Where?

Hi. My name is Romy,|and I'm an alcoholic.

- Hi, Romy!|- Hey.

And you also get a five-percent|employee discount...

over and above our|everyday low prices.

You could make curtains|for the motorhome with this.

- I got this tie for a dollar.|- You paid a whole dollar for that?

- You betcha.|- Ah!

She's one|of our regulars.

So, what do you think?

I- I'd like to go away.

I know I'm supposed to wait|in that line, but listen.
I wouldn't even be here if this|weren't, like, a dating emergency.
Our cutoff is 25.|Try VH-1.
The reunion's less than a week away. I mean,|I just can't believe you
turned down a job.
Well, I thought the idea|was to impress people.
I mean, how am I going to impress anyone|by selling Ban-Lon smocks at
Bargain Mart?
I'm sick of this.|I'm gonna go weigh myself.
Oh, God! I've been killing myself|for eight days and I gained a pound.
That's impossible! Did you|deduct 16 pounds for your shoes?
Just forget it.|I'm not going.
- What?|- Come on. Get real, Michele. We're idiots.
We can't get jobs and boyfriends,|and lose weight, in two weeks.
But I thought|you said we could.
Wow. God, the top female|executives are all so pretty.
Those aren't the actual executives,|Michele. Those are models.
Oh, I thought|they looked familiar.
God, they really look like|executives, don't they?
That's only because they're|wearing those stupid suits...
and phoney glasses,|and carrying briefcases.
- Huh!|- Oh, my God, Michele, that's it!
We can go to the reunion, and|just pretend to be successful!
I mean, who's gonna know?|They're in Tucson, we're here.
We could just show up|looking like businesswomen.
Oh, my God!|Oh!
Wait. Ohh. But if the people at the|reunion see us drive up in a Nova...
won't they know we're not|really businesswomen?
If you can make us|the clothes...
I can get us the car.
Clear out, boys.|I need to talk to Ramon.
Go!
Yes, cara mia?
Michele and I have this|high school reunion to go to...
and we need to show up|in a really cool car.
- Yeah?|- Todd told me that he gave you a really great deal...
- on an XJS convertible and that you're fixing it up.|- Yeah?
So...
can I borrow your car?
Well, if I loan|you my car...
what do I get?
- Uh, what do you want?|- Ohh, Romy...
you know what I want.
Oh, forget it. I'm not going to have sex|with you just to borrow your

stupid car!

I gotta get something.

Okay.

Close the blinds,|and we'll work something out.

Ohh! Ohh! Ohh, Ramon!

- Ohh, Ramon, ohh! Ohh!|- Check this out.

- Oh, yes. Ohh.|- Oh, yeah.

- Oh, man!|- Ohh! Ohh!

Ohh, Ramon!|Ohh, Ramon!

Ohh! Oh, yes.

You are Columbus,|and I am America.

Discover me, Ramon!|Just discover me.

Hey, uh- Explosions. |The earth is moving.

Explosions!|The earth is moving!

Ah, ooh- is that an earthquake?|No, it's Ramon.

Is that an earthquake?|No, it's Ramon!

Ahh! It's Ramon!

Man stallion, fill me|with your giant love wand!

What? No, I'm sorry. |I don't think so.

Well, say something nice|about my penis!

Oh, Ramon, your penis|is so powerful. I'm coming!

- Okay, thanks. Get off me now.|- Aw, come on, wh-

- You wanted it to be believable.|- Aww.

I'm just a girl|in the world

That's all that|you'll let me be

Oh, I'm just a girl|living in captivity

Oh, my God!|You did it!

Yeah, I did. |All right, let's get going.

Oh, this is gonna|be so much fun.

- So, what'd you have to do to get it?|- I had to give all the guys...
in the service department|hand jobs.

Well, while you were doing that, |I taped all the nostalgic songs...
from high school, |to get us in the mood.

- Michele? - Huh?|- I was kidding.

- What?|- You actually think I would do something like that?

For a car?

- Okay, just get in.|- Okay.

Hey, look what else |I got us, little lady.

- Oh, my God. It's a flip phone!|- Uh-huh.

- How'd you get this?|- I bought it.

Okay.

- Are ya ready?|- Ready.

Let's do it.

Tonight |I gotta cut loose

- Footloose -|Footloose! - Footloose!
- Kick off my Sunday shoes|- Kick off my Sunday knees?
- Oowhee, Louise|- I have no idea what the rest of the lyrics are.
- Me neither. Whoo!|- Jack, get back
- Watch out, Tucson, here we come!|- Come on before we crack
- Shit!|- Aww.
- Loose your blues - Watch out, Tucson,|here we come! - Everybody cut
footloose
Footloose, footloose|Kick off your Sunday shoes
- Shit!|- Aww.
- Footloose|- Whoo!
- You're playin' so|cool - Whoo! - Whoo!
Obeyin' every rule
- Dig way down in your heart|- Down in your art-
- You're yearnin', burnin'|- You're flurnin', burnin', earnin'
- Somebody to tell you|- Somebody better tell you
- That life ain't passin' you by|- You have one hell of an eye
- Everybody cut, everybody cut|- Everybody cut, everybody cut
- Everybody cut, everybody cut|- Everybody cut, everybody cut
- Everybody cut, everybody cut|- Everybody cut, everybody cut
- Everybody, everybody cut footloose|- Footloose
I got your picture|I got your picture
I'd like a million of ya|all to myself
I want a doctor|to take a picture
So I can look at you|from inside as well
- You got me turning up and turning down|- Okay, I give up. What are you
doing?
Pass this car.|This kid is so obnoxious.
- Turning Japanese|- Oh, my God. What is with that kid?
I don't know.|He is sick!
Turning Japanese I think I'm|turning Japanese I really think so
Turning Japanese I think I'm|turning Japanese I really think so
Turning Japanese I think I'm|turning Japanese I really think so
Oh, I'm sorry. No.
No, not you. No. I was trying|to scare your little boy.
Oh, my God.|Are my lips that big?
Woke up this mornin'|happy as can be
- Some more of that?|- Yeah.
All right. Now, just remember,|from this point on...
we are sophisticated, educated,|successful career women.
Right. Okay.
God, this underwear is totally|riding up my butt crack.
Yeah. Hello.|Um, we need something to go.
- Okay.|- Do you have some sort of businesswoman's special?

- Come again?|- Well, we're businesswomen.

- Yeah. From L.A.|- And you know some places have, like, a lunch special. For businesswomen.

We don't have|anything like that.

Well, then why don't you just give us,|um, two burgers and fries and Diet Cokes...

- 'cause we're in a hurry.|- Mm. We're due in Tucson later.

For a business thing. |You know.

What kind|of business you in?

I can't believe we never thought|of what to say we did for a living.

Oh. Which one|of these guys...

will I have sex with|at the reunion?

Ooh!|Casey Degan!

- Aaah!|- Come on! Now, we're running out of time.

I know. Why don't we say|that we own our own company?

Ooh, good. |Like what?

- Like, what if we invented something?|- Like what?

Well, okay, I-I think it should be like|something that-that everybody has heard about...

but-but nobody really|knows who invented it.

Oh, my God! I've got it!|Post-Its!

- Everybody knows what Post-Its are!|- Yeah!

They're the little yellow things|with the stickum on the back, right?

Okay.

Okay, we're-we're working in this|advertising agency after college.

- Ooh, college! Good one!|- Yeah.

And we have, like, this big, |like, presentation...

to make to, |like, a client.

- Hmm!|- So-so-so we're, like, brainstorming...

and all of the sudden|we're out of paper clips!

- Good!|- And so, okay- So then I, I, like-

Okay, I say- |I say- Okay-

"Wouldn't it be great if there was, like, |this, like, stickum on the back of this paper...

"so, like, it-it would just- if I laid it on|top of that other paper it would just stay...

you know, like, |without a paper clip?"

- Yes!|- Ahh!

So then you've got, like, this|grandfather or this uncle...

that, like, has, like, a- like a- |like a paper company or a paper mill...

and-and he's, like, really into it, |and the rest is history!

Oh, my God!|It is perfect!

Wow!|Don't you think?

Well, yeah, but-

- "Well, yeah, but" what?|- I don't know.
I mean, it just sounds like you invented|Post-Its all by yourself, you know.

- I mean, what did I do?|- Well, it was your grandfather or uncle. Yeah?

Okay, you know,|so we could say that...
you were,|like, the designer.
Like, I thought of them, but you|thought of making them yellow.
Well, no, but it's like|most of these people...
have, like, known us|since elementary school.
I just think that you're|more believable as a designer...
rather than|as an inventor, you know?

- Uh-huh.|- You're my lover
Not my rival

- What are you doing?|- Look.
You're obviously|pissed at me.
No. Uh-uh. Why should|I be pissed at you?
Just because now I know|how you really feel about me.
Oh, my God,|I knew this would happen.
I mean, I try, for once,|to be honest with you...
and it blows up|in my face.
God!|You wanna be honest?
Okay, good!|Let's be honest!
I let you|have the ideas!

- What?|- Yeah, I let you have the ideas...
so you won't feel so bad|that I'm cuter.

- You are not cuter, Michele.|- I am so cuter.
It's, like, common knowledge, Romy.|Everybody thinks so.
I'm the Mary|and you're the Rhoda.
That's ridiculous. You're the Rhoda.|You're the Jewish one.
Oh, my God. I'm talking|cuteness-wise, Romy, okay?
And cuteness-wise,|I'm the Mary.
That's crazy! You have absolutely|no proof that you're cuter!
Oh, proof? You want proof?|Okay, fine.

- Who lost their virginity first?|- Oh, big wow!
With your cousin Barry.|I wouldn't brag about it.
Okay, so who always gets asked to|dance first when we go to clubs, huh?
No wonder you couldn't|find us boyfriends, Romy.
Well, so what?|You can't even get a job!

- I carry you, Michele! Without me, you'd be lost!|- That is such a lie!
Oh, yeah? Well, let's just see.|Let's split up and see what happens.
W- What do you mean,|split up?
When we get to Tucson,|we're going our own separate ways.
Okay. Good.

Fine. | I don't care.

- Fine! | - Fine.

As of Tucson, | we're finished.

Well, drive fast!

Always something there | to remind me

Wow. | Billy Christianson?

Romy. Romy White.

No. No way.

My God, you- | you look fantastic.

I mean, I- I never would have | recognized you in a million years.

Thanks.

So, what have you been doin' | since high school?

Well, | believe it or not...

I invented Post-Its.

So I told Prescott...

"You can either pay me the 150 | or I am out of here. Bye-bye. "

I mean, there are at least 12 other major | markets that would put me on the
air tomorrow.

Wow. So you did it? | You're an anchorwoman?

No. | I'm a weather girl.

On the highest-rated | 5:00 news in Tucson.

- Oh. | - So...

Michele, | what are you up to?

Uh, okay. | Um, I invented Post-Its.

- You're kidding! | - You must've made a fortune!

Well, yeah.

No offence, Michele...

but how in the world | did you think of Post-Its?

Um... well...

uh...

And I invented them | totally by myself.

I mean, all Michele did was say, | "What about making them yellow?"

Really?

- Actually, I invented a special kind of glue. | - Oh, really?

Well, then I'm sure you wouldn't | mind giving us a detailed account...

of exactly how you concocted | this miracle glue, would you?

No. Um-

Well, ordinarily | when you make glue...

first you need to | thermoset your resin...

and then after it cools | you mix in a, um, epoxide.

Which is really just | a fancy-schmancy name...

for any simple, | oxygenated adhesive, right?

But then I thought maybe- just maybe- | you could raise the viscosity...

by adding a complex glucose derivative | during the emulsification process.

And it turns out, |I was right.
Huh? |I don't believe it.
You must be the most successful |person in our graduating class.
Uh-huh. |And you're not. Bye.
Always something there |to remind me
This is so great.
Romy?
Can I ask you |something?
Romy! You will not believe |what just happened!
Michele, can't you see |that I am busy?
Fine. |Okay, just forget it.
Whoa! Oh. Oww.
Oww. Oww. Oww.
Oh!
Oh! Come on!
Oh, God! |Are you all right?
- What do you think? | - I am so sorry.
My-My-My driver |didn't see you.
Please. Come.
I have boxes of Kleenex |in my limo.
Let me make it up |to you.
Okay.
Oh, my God.
- Here. Help yourself, Michele. | - Thanks.
Wait. How do you |know my name?
It's me, Michele. |Sandy.
- Sandy Frink? | - Uh-huh.
But you're so dreamy.
Well, when I made |my first million...
my present to myself |was a new face.
Okay, I'm not |just saying this...
but you really picked |a good one.
Thanks.
I had this notebook...
with "Mrs Romy Christianson" written |on it, like, about a thousand times.
Now you think |I'm some sort of geek.
No. No.
No, not at all.
I'm flattered.
Hi, Billy.
I've been lookin' |all over for you.
You wanna dance once?
You know, |for old times' sake.
No, thanks.

I owe this one to Romy.

Hey, you guys, they're about|to announce the winners of the vote.

- Come on!|- Vote? What vote?

- Let's go. We gotta get in there.|- Okay.

Wait, I can't|find my top.

Where are you?

Hey, how you guys|doin' tonight?

I bet, uh, everyone|is as anxious...

as I am to hear|the results of the vote.

What vote?

The person voted Most Changed|for the Better Since High School is-

It's a tie.|It's a tie.

The Most Changed for the Better|Since High School are...

Romy White|and Michele Weinberger.

Honey, go on up there|and get your medal.

Okay.

How weird. I didn't|even know we were voting.

Get me another daiquiri.

Here you go.

Um, I'm sorry.|I couldn't find my top.

Honey,|that is beautiful.

May I take that|for you, sir?

No, no, no.|You leave me alone.

Looking at your medal|from the reunion again, dear?

You miss her,|don't you?

Duh.

Michele...

have you been terribly unhappy|with me all these years?

Oh, no.|No, Sandy.

Oh, good.

I've just been lonely|with no one to talk to.

Why don't you call her?

- Okay.|- Yeah.

- Hello?|- Billy Christianson?

Oh, no, no,|I'm-I'm Billy Junior.

Oh, Billy, honey,|is your mommy home?

Well, yeah.

Yeah, but, uh, she can't come|to the phone right now.

She-She's on|her deathbed.

- Romy.|- Oh, dear.

Billy, honey...

tell your mommy that|Michele Weinberger-Frink...

is on the phone...

and would very much|like to speak with her.

No.
Not until you admit...
that I'm the Mary, |and you're the Rhoda.
I'm the Mary.
I'm the Mary!
I'm the- You're a pasty hag |on a deathbed.
I'm the Mary. |Everybody knows.
Way to go, honey.
Oh, God.
Oh, we're really here.
- Oh, God. |- Good evening, sir.
Thanks for not |waking me up, Romy.
God, what a bitch.
Don't get me wrong
If I'm looking |kind of dazzled
I see neon lights
Whenever you walk by
Don't get me wrong
- Hey, Romy White. |- Hey.
- Where's Michele? |- I don't know.
Um, anybody see |Billy Christianson?
- Try the bar. |- Thanks, man.
Don't get me wrong
Oh, excuse me, excuse me. |You-you can't go in without a name tag.
- Oh, okay. |- Okay.
Uh, Michele Weinberger.
Oh, my God, Michele Weinberger! |My God, you look great!
It's me, Toby. |Oh, Toby Walters.
- Uh-huh. |- Okay.
Um, oh, here it is. |Here is your name tag.
And, um, Romy |is already inside.
- I could care less. I am not here with Romy. |- You're kidding me.
No, we're not |even friends any more.
We had this big falling out |over Post-Its.
- Post-Its? |- It's a long story.
- See ya. |- W-W-
I'm only off to wander
Across a moonlit night
Once in a while
Two people meet
Seemingly, for no reason |they just pass on the street
Suddenly thundershowers |everywhere
Who can explain |the thunder and rain
But there's somethin' |in the air

Ooh, excuse me.

Hi, Romy. |How are you?

- Lisa Luder? | - Yes.

So, where's the rest |of the "A" group?

Oh, they're around here |someplace.

We sort of lost touch |over the years.

Wow. Isn't it weird when you're |not friends with your friends any more?

I mean, Michele and I just fell |out of touch about two hours ago.

Because she's selfish...

and she always, |like, devalues me.

And I'm sick of it, |you know?

God, you guys are easy |to talk to.

I invented Post-Its.

- You know, the yellow things with the stickum on the back? | - Yes, I know what they are.

So, uh, |what are you up to?

I'm an associate fashion editor |for Vogue.

Wow! Wh- |Good job!

Boy, I must have, like, |every single issue of Vogue...
for the past ten years.

Okay, well, it was |very nice talking with you.

Nice talking to you too.

Okay, Romy.

It might just be |fantastic

Don't get me wrong

It was so cute.

My mom gave us |a new car seat for the baby.

And when the box arrived, little |Jake looks up at me and says...

"Mommy, |is that the baby?"

- Oh. | - I wish.

Hey, everyone.

- And so we meet again. | - Oh, hi.

Romy White.

You're the chubby girl.

Oh, well, I was, but I haven't |been for a really long time.

So, what are |all of you up to?

Christie, in the yearbook you said |that you wanted Jane Pauley's job.

Are you a big TV news |anchorwoman now?

Oh, no, I don't even |watch TV any more.

My priorities have changed |since I became a mommy.

Can you believe |this is number three?

Wow, three kids.

God, you must feel |really tied down.

Not at all. |I feel very fulfilled.

Besides, Billy always|wanted a big family.

- Billy Christianson?|- Mm-hmm.

- You married Billy Christianson?|- Mm-hmm.

For almost ten years now.

Billy's in|real estate development.

So, how about you?|Any kids?

Oh, uh, no.

I just haven't had time, you know, what|with running my own business and all.

Your own business?

Yeah.|I invented Post-Its.

No, really.|What do you do?

That's what I do.|I invented Post-Its.

Oh. You're kidding me.

Well, I've made|a lot of money.

Oh, you know who they say|has made a ton of money? Sandy Frink.

- The Frink-a-zoid?|- Yeah.

He invented some special kind of rubber that's|used in every tennis shoe in North America.

Hey, if anybody|needs to make a call...

I've got a phone.

- Is Sandy Frink here?|- Uh, no.

- Uh, you can't go in without a name tag.|- Fuck off!

Heather Mooney? Oh, my God,|you're exactly the same.

Oh, my God.|Heather Mooney is here?

This ought to be so good.

Oh, God, don't look now.|It's Heather Mooney.

- What?|- Hello, Romy.

Uh- E- Uh- You-

Oh, uh- Heather,|you said you weren't coming.

Yeah, well, since Sandy|and Michele aren't married-

What a waste|of a tank of gas, huh?

Okay, well, come on.|I'll help you go find him.

Uh, he's not here. I already asked Toby|Dumbfuck. Obviously, I've interrupted.

Why don't you just go back to ignoring|me like you did in high school?

No, you can stay.

We're just discussing our class|success stories. So, what are you up to?

Ever hear of Lady Fair cigarettes?|I invented the quick-burning paper.

- Wow, we have a whole class full of inventors.|- Meaning?

Oh, you know, Sandy Frink|invented something too.

- Hey, isn't that Sandy over there now?|- What did Sandy invent?

- Some kind of rubber. - Romy here|invented Post-Its. - You did not.

- Yeah, I did.|- You did not.

- Yeah, I did.|- You did not.
Yeah, I-|Well, who did then?
A guy named Art Fry|from the 3M Corp.
We studied it|in business school.
You're kidding me.
You just|made all that up?
Oh, God,|you are so weird.
- Why don't you just leave her alone?|- Michele.
Oh, it's|the back brace girl.
- Hi, back brace girl.|- Hi, back brace girl.
Oh, shut up.
And what are you|picking on us for anyway?
We are not the ones|who got fat.
We're pregnant,|you half-wit.
Oh, yeah, well...
I hope your babies|look like monkeys.
Come on, Romy.
- Oh, Romy.|- Oh, please, go away. Just leave me alone.
Why did I even|come back here?
Well, you know what? There are worse|things than telling some dumb story...
and having everybody|laugh at you.
- Like what?|- Like losing your best friend.
You know? I mean,|I had the worst dream, Romy.
I dreamt that we weren't friends|and we were really, really old.
But I mean, like, we were, like,|really, really old.
And-And we weren't friends.
I can't stand that|we're mad at each other.
Okay, I'm sorry|I said all those things.
You're as cute as me.|You are.
And-And in some cultures,|maybe cuter.
I'm sorry too.
I shouldn't have said that you weren't|smart enough to invent Post-Its.
Well, I mean,|maybe I'm not.
Although in my dream,|I did know the formula for glue.
So, are we friends again?
Well, duh.
Okay.
And you know what,|it doesn't even matter...
that we told, like, what,|four people some dumb lie.
Who cares?
Hi, everybody.
Settle down. Hi.
I'm Christie|Masters-Christianson.
I have been asked|to formally welcome you all...

to Sagebrush High's|ten-year reunion.
We have come a long way|in the past ten years.
Our own Lisa Luder is helping|set the style for the country...
as a fashion editor|for "Vogue" magazine.
And Travis McKinney|is in his fifth year...
as a member of the|Dallas Cowboys football team.
And...
Romy and Michele claimed...
they invented Post-Its.
All I ever wanted was|for people to think...
that we were better|than we were in high school.
And now we're just a stupid joke,|just like we always were.
No, Romy.
Can I tell you the truth?
I never knew that we weren't|that great in high school.
I mean, we always had|so much fun together.
I thought high school|was a blast.
And until you told me that|our lives weren't good enough...
I thought everything|since high school was a blast.
I think we should go back|out there as ourselves...
and just have fun|like we always do.
The hell with|everyone else.
I don't think I can.
Well, do you think you can|stop being such a baby?
God, I feel like|I've been, like...
chasing you all over|this reunion.
We have come|all this way.
Now we are going to enjoy ourselves|whether you like it or not.
God, Michele, I've never seen this side|of your personality before.
You're so bossy|and domineering.
- I like it.|- Me too.
She's got it
Yeah, baby|she's got it
- I don't believe it.|- What?
They're ba-ack.
Well, I'm your Venus
- Nice outfits.|- I'm your fire
Post-Its must be|really lucrative.
- Are you sure you want to do this?|- Oh, yeah, Michele, I am so sure.
What the hell is|your problem, Christie?
Why are you always|such a nasty bitch?
Do you get some kind of sick pleasure|from torturing other people?
I mean, yeah, okay, so Michele and I|did make up some lame story.
We only did it because we wanted you|to treat us like human beings.

But you know what|I finally realized?
I don't care if you like us|'cause we don't like you.
You're a bad person|with an ugly heart...
and we don't give a flying fuck|what you think.
- Come on, Michele.|- Okay.
And, yeah.
It's unbelievable.|They're as deluded about their lives...
as they are about|those hideous clothes.
Actually, Christie,|they've got nice lines...
a fun,|frisky use of colour.
All in all, I'd have to say|they're really not bad.
Well, we still think|they're ridiculous.
Don't we, girls?
Why don't you just let them|think for themselves for once?
You're just jealous...
because unlike a certain ball-busting,|dried-up career woman I might
mention...
we're all happily married.
That's right, Christie.
Keep telling|yourself that.
- I do love those outfits.|- Yeah, sure do.
- Oh, great.|- Thanks.
Michele made them.
Well, I just sewed them.|We both designed them.
- Fifty-fifty.|- Wow. - Yeah.
That's so cool.
Well, it's been really|terrific seeing all of you.
- Come on, Michele.|- Oh, okay, bye.
Hi.
I am sorry that I blew|your big lie for you.
Hey, that's okay.|It was better this way anyway.
It's ironic, isn't it? I really thought|you guys had it made in high
school.
- Us?|- Yes, you.
With your long hair|and your long legs...
walkin' on your legs,|flippin' your hair.
I can't compete with that.|You made Sandy crazy.
And the whole time|you were makin' my life hell...
the "A" group was making|your life hell; I didn't know.
You know what? I bet in high school|everybody made somebody's life hell.
Mm-mmm, not me. Never had the|opportunity to make anyone's life hell.
You know what? I bet that's not true.|You were really unpleasant.
- You think?|- Oh, yeah. God.
Heather?|Oh, I'm off duty.

Um, since you never|got around to it in high school...
I was wondering|if you could sign my yearbook.
And, uh, please don't|tell me to fuck off...
because it really hurts|my feelings.
- I hurt your feelings?|- Yeah, all the time.
Tremendous!|That's tremendous!
Go get your stupid yearbook.|I would be happy to sign it.
Okay, great.|I'll-I'll be right back, okay?
Michele, I think maybe|we should leave.
There is no way this reunion|is gonna get any better.
Hey, everybody, Sandy Frink|just landed in a helicopter!
Sandy Frink|has a helicopter?
Yeah. Apparently he's worth,|like, millions.
He invented some kind of|special rubber or something.
Like for condoms?
Whoa-ohh-ohh
The hot summer night
Fell like a net
I've gotta find|my baby yet
You think I'm cute
A little bit shy
Mama, I ain't|that kind of guy
That's Sandy Frink?|What the hell was I thinking?
Whoa-ohh-ohh
Sandy, hi.
- Doctor, Doctor, give me the news|- You look so rich.
- I got a bad case of lovin' you|- I mean, great.
No pill's gonna|cure my ill
I got a bad case|of lovin' you
Michele.
- After all these years, you still take my breath away.|- Thanks.
So you must be, like,|the most successful person...
in our entire|graduating class.
Well, I guess that depends|on how you define "success. "
If, to you, success means|having a house in Aspen...
one in Acapulco, a penthouse in|New York, a mansion in Malibu...
a 60-foot yacht,|an eight-seat Windstar...
a Bell Jet Ranger, a Bentley,|a personal trainer, a full-time chef...
a live-in masseuse|and a staff of 24...
then, yeah...
I guess I am successful.
But no matter|how much I accumulate...
there's still one thing|I just don't have.
Your own country?

I don't have you, |Michele.
Will you dance with me?
Only if Romy|can dance with us.
Sure.
Lying in my bed
I hear the clock tick|and think of you
Caught up in circles
Confusion is nothing new
Flashback|Warm nights
Almost left behind
Suitcase of memories
Time after|Sometimes you picture me
I'm walkin'|too far ahead
You're callin' to me
I can't hear|what you've said
Then you say "Go slow"
I fall behind
The second hand unwinds
If you're lost, you can look|and you will find me
Time after time
If you fall, I will catch you|I'll be waiting
Time after time
If you're lost, you can look|and you will find me
Time after time
If you fall|I will catch you
- I'll be waiting|- I will be waiting
Time after time
Time after time
Time after time
Time after time
Time after time
See, I told you|it would pay off...
to go to those clubs|every night.
Come on.
Oh, Jesus, |Mary and Joseph.
What do you want?
You were right. I was|a brain-dead, redneck asshole.
Although I never screwed|a sheep or my sister.
Why not?|Couldn't catch 'em?
I guess I deserve that.|I was a jerk.
But I was so miserable|in high school...
I don't think I spoke more than|two words the entire time.
I just couldn't|breathe there, you know?
Plus, I had this|really bad stutter.

Listen, you, uh, |wanna go somewhere quiet?

Somewhere |where we can talk?

- You-You wanna talk to me? | - Yeah.

Okay, cowboy, I don't know |what your trip is...

- but if this is some kind |of a sick game- - What? No.

If you fuck with me |in any way, I will rip...

each and every appendage from your body, |starting with your dick, capisce?

Look, I j-just |w- wanted to talk.

Okay.

What the hell.

What is your name?

- Clarence. | - I like your hat, Clarence.

- Thank you. | - Pick up the pace.

You wait here. |I'll prep my chopper.

- Okay. | - All right.

Oh, my God, somebody's |puking in the bushes.

Eeewww!

Hey, how you guys doin'?

Billy?

- Chubbo? | - The name is Romy.

Romy and Michele.

So, weren't you guys, like, |totally in love with me in high school?

She was.

You wanna get a room?

But you're married.

- To Christie. | - Yeah, but you've got children...

and you're a successful |real estate developer.

I do drywall for her old man's |construction company.

And-And you know this new kid? |Don't even know if he's mine.

So-

How about that room?

Okay.

Why don't you go |and get that room?

Go and wash your face |and take off all your clothes...

and I'll be up there |in five minutes.

All right!

Your fantasy |is gonna come true...

tonight.

- See you later. | - Ugh- Okay.

- God. | - Now he's gonna see what it feels like to wait.

- That's such a good one. | - Ladies.

- God, can you believe we're going home in a helicopter? | - I know. It's so cool.

I just wish everybody inside the reunion |would come out and see us lift

off.

Ohh!

Thank you.

Oh.

Oh, my God! I'm so glad you didn't|bring your big notebook with you.

Michele.

Ooh, baby, do you know|what that's worth

Ooh, heaven is|a place on earth

They say in heaven|love comes first

We'll make heaven|a place on earth

Ooh, heaven is|a place on earth

Billy. Billy!

Billy, where are you?

Billy. Damn it.|Damn it!

Oh, my God.|Is that Heather?

Go for it, Heather!

Ooh, baby, do you know|what that's worth

Ooh, heaven is|a place on earth

They say in heaven|love comes first

Thanks for stopping by.

Yeah. Enjoy your fashions.

Have a Romy and Michele day.

- That was a good one.|- Thanks.

I cannot believe|how busy we've been.

I know. Hey, maybe we can|pay back Sandy this week.

Um, I think we're about, like,|two years away from that.

Oh. Okay.

Heather, um, has anyone ever told you|that smoking can kill you?

No. No one. Thank you.

Okay, but if you burn it,|you bought it.

Like I give a shit.|I look like an asshole.

What? Nuh-uh.|You look totally cute.

This dress exacerbates the genetic|betrayal that is my legacy.

Okay, I don't even know what you're|talking about because of those words...
but come here.

- Ow!|- God, that has been bugging me.

- Stay away from my bikini area.|- Um, okay.

- I'm in a rush. Ring it up if you must.|- Okay.

Let me have the tag, please.

Thank you.

You really do look cute.

- You know what?|- Huh?

Despite that surly demeanour, I think|we've just given her a big gift.

Okay, I mean,|to give someone...

like Heather Mooney the chance|to express herself through fashion-
We could've really|changed her life.
Yeah. For me though,|it's like...
I've given birth to|my own baby girl, you know?
Only she's, like,|a big giant girl...
who smokes|and says "shit" a lot.
- You know?|- Yeah.
- Yeah. Let's fold scarves!|- Okay.
- You know what, Michele?|- Huh?
I think you are, like,|the funnest person I know.
Me too.|With you.
See the people|walkin' down the street
Fall in line|Just watchin' all the feet
They don't know|where everyone can go
But they're walkin'|in time
They got the beat|They got the beat
They got the beat|Yeah, they got the beat
All the kids|just gettin' out of school
They can't wait|to hang out and be cool
Hang around|till quarter after twelve
That's when|they fall in line
They got the beat|They got the beat
Kids got the beat|Yeah, kids got the beat
Go Go music|really makes us dance
In the crowd|it puts us in a trance
We want to|So just give us a chance
That's when|we fall in line
'Cause we got the beat|We got the beat
We got the beat|Yeah, we got it
We got the beat
- We got the beat|- Everybody get out your feet
- We got the beat|- We know you can dance to the beat
- We got the beat|- Jump back, kick 'round
- We got the beat|- 'Round and 'round and 'round
- Whoo!|- We got the beat
- We got the beat|- We got the beat
- We got the beat|- We got the beat
- We got the beat, We got the beat|- We got the beat
- We got the beat|- We got the beat