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Another Cinderella Story

By Erik Patterson

Everybody tells me
That it's so hard to make it
It's so hard to break in
There's no way to fake it
Everybody tells me
That it's wrong what I'm feeling
I shouldn't believe in
The dreams that I'm dreaming
I hear it every day
I hear it all the time
I'm never gonna amount to much
But they're never gonna change my mind
Tell me, tell me
Tell me somethin' I don't know
Somethin' I don't know
Somethin' I don't know
How many inches in a mile?
What it takes to make you smile?
Get you not to treat me like
A child, baby
Mary!
How can I be an artist
when you can't be bothered to do your job?
Which, by the way,
is fetching me bubbly water.
- Are you trying to ruin me?
- I'm sorry. It won't happen again.
There are people
who would just kill for this job.
Important people.
Bubble me now or you're grounded.
Stay out of my dressing room.
I hate your energy.
It's ugly and sad and lonely.
Oh, my God. Thank you so much, Mary.
That was the last bottle of bubbly.
No, thank you, Britt.
Your mom's gonna kill me.
- Not my problem.
- So true.
Um, they told me to tell you
you're holding the whole shoot up.
And you work for us, in case you forgot.
Oh, how could I ever forget?

Oh, it's a tragic story.
Her mother was one of my dancers.
Truth to tell, probably the weak link.
But then she died.
And I needed some help around the house,
so I took her little brat in.
I'm really a saint, you know?
Dominique, turtledove.
Listen, we're a bit behind schedule.
What I need from you is
I need you to be a little cuddle...
...and shake that moneymaker
before I'm brown bread.
I have no idea what you are saying.
What's with the attitude?
We are so good to you.
You may live in the 90210,
but you're still just a zero.
We live in the 90211, genius.
Mary, bubbles! Now!
Coming, Dominique.
Is that true?
I'm on hold for you
I keep pushing number one and two
That's me, Dominique.
I'm singing my number-one hit,
"On Hold 4 You."
For an hour or two On hold for you
You know, I'm not just
a pop star, I'm also a human being.
And I've suffered
from embarrassing back acne for years.
When they used
to shoot my music videos...
...they had to digitally remove
my entire back...
...and my arms...
...and my legs.
I looked terrible and I sued everyone.
It was embarrassing.
Not since I've been using
Baby Got Bacne Vanishing Cream.
Baby Got Bacne works
by destroying blemishes...

...pores and all surrounding skin.
I like clear skin and that's the truth
All you sisters just look uncouth
You give your man a heart attack
'Cause you got acne on your back
Baby Got Bacne
Live bacne-free.
I'm not gonna do
that old lizard's talk show again.
He's got a serious case
of the grab-hands.
Not that I mind that
sort of thing from someone under 90.
This semester is so gonna rock.
Oh, tell me something I don't know.
Because I know that
and I know everything.
- There's laundry to do.
- Okay.
He's coming back
for the rest of the year.
I mean, how hot is that?
Like surface-of-the-sun hot.
- Don't you dare turn on that TV set.
- Okay.
- Yeah.
- Turn it, turn it, turn it.
I'm here at Beverly Glen High School,
where there's nothing but buzz, buzz, buzz.
Fresh from his fourth world tour...
...teen heartthrob Joey Parker has decided
to bring his triple threat of singing...
...dancing and breaking hearts
back home to the Hills.
That girl, baby
Oh...
She knew she's just that girl
She knew she's just that girl
Joey, can you
give me any information...
...about what you're doing in the future?
Just get back to my roots, take
my senior year off, go back to school.
I'm just trying to keep it real.

How does JP plan to keep it real?
Joey and his record label are sponsoring
a huge dance competition...
...where one lucky student
will win the opportunity...
...to dance with JP in his next video.
So all you dancers in waiting,
it's time to get your freak on.
Mary, I need you pronto, now.
You forgot to TiVo my soaps.
Oh...
Sorry, Dominique, I'll be right there.
Can you feel that?
- What?
- I'm choking you from a distance.
Choking you!
- Hey.
- Hey. What up?
Tami, you should really get
this thing fixed.
Thing? Don't hurt her feelings
or she'll break down for good.
We have to respect the Great Pumpkin.
You're so weird, Tami.
Hey, you think my leather
goes with my tutu?
You look amazing, as always.
It's a Tami original.
I figured I should dress in style
for our last semester together, ever.
Aw... Do you think you could
survive senior year without me?
I'm gonna start my own clothing line
and become a billionaire.
And you'll be a superstar
in dance school...
...and on weekends, I'll pick you up in my
private jet and we'll go shopping in Paris.
- Wow.
- Embrace your awesomeness.
Tami, I have to get into dance school
before I embrace my awesomeness.
Shut up, you're gonna get in.
Don't even pretend to think otherwise.

Yeah, I'm telling you.

Seriously, it's better for your skin.

It's called the one-sip diet.

I am so sorry, Mary.

I didn't even see you standing there.

It's like you were totally invisible.

Check out my totally invisible finger.

- Halloween was in October, tutu.

- Then why are you dressed like a fool?

That was code for "Your butt rules."

Which it totally does.

Tell me something I don't know.

Oh, my God. It's Joey Parker!

I love drama. It's so dramatic.

- Let's go before we get trampled.

- Okay.

Hey.

What's up, everybody?

- Oh, my God.

- Oh.

Make way, people. No touching.

God, all right, JP's here.

Hey, Joey, party at my house
on Friday, dude.

I'm gonna be in your contest, Joey.

You wanna practice in private?

Maybe. Ha-ha.

- Oh, my God. I love you so much.

- Hey, thanks.

That's nasty. JP, step over that.

I don't want you to feel like
a prepackaged piece of meat.

Your words, not mine.

I just want you to chillax.

And remember, I got your bacne.

- I got bacne, you got bacne, we got bacne...

- Don't even get started with her.

Ow! Oh...

Sorry. Sorry, I wasn't looking, I just...

Hey, Joey, long time no kiss.

Are you okay?

Wow, Natalia, hi.

You can't call me back?

I was on tour, in Japan, you know?

It was such a long year without you.
Look, um, Natalia...
First things first. I heard
that you were coming to dance class.
Save me.
Nice tutu.
Thanks.
- I think.
- I'm Dustin.
But the people call me the Funk.
Well, that's unfortunate.
Ah. Feisty, yeah. I like feisty.
I'll see you around.
Why would I wanna go out
with a guy named the Funk?
Because he's cute.
What's your damage, Mary?
Nothing. What's your damage?
This is our hallway.
Or did you trolls forget that?
Oh, yeah? You want a piece of me?
Come on, Tami, it's not even worth it.
What's a troll?
Hey, Natalia. It was a tragedy
when you and Joey broke up.
Seeing him must feel like getting dumped
all over again.
Joey and I will be together again
before the Black and White Ball.
Good afternoon, class.
It's one thing to dance with your feet.
It's another thing
to dance with your heart.
Let's start with some sun salutations.
Inhale and exhale...
...and inhale and exhale.
Oh, my God. It's Joey Parker!
- Hey, what's up?
- Joey.
Joey, as I live and dance,
I'm so glad you had the time to stop by.
How could I say no to you?
Girls and boys, I know all of you
are planning on enrolling in his competition.

I thought you might like
to learn some moves...
...from the man who made them famous:
Joey Parker.

- Okay, how you guys doing?
- Great.
Yeah?
You ready to show me what you got?
Okay, nice.
I'm gonna start off the combination.
I'm gonna show it to you slow
and then we speed it up, okay? Follow me.
Five, six, seven, eight.
Hit, one, two...
That's right.
Five, six, watch me.
One, two. Three, four...
Seven and eight. One, two...
Five, six, and seven, and eight.
One, two.
Let's just do the whole thing up to tempo,
you ready?
Okay, your energy's about a five,
I need a 10.
Here we go.
Oh, come on.
Okay, okay. You guys got
the moves down. That was great.
Why don't we do it again?
We'll break it down, do it slower.
So you can put your own style on it.
And make it your own.
We'll start in the same spot.
Here we go, ready?
And five, six.
And five, six, seven, eight.
Oh!
Yeah.
Okay, one last time.
Five, six, seven, eight.
Nice. Now, if you guys can dance
like that in the competition...
...we're gonna have some serious fun.
- What did I say about cell phones in class?

- Oh!

Where are you?

The most important luncheon of my life
and you forget?

I'm sorry. I'm on my way.

I'll be there soon.

I don't want whispered excuses.

I want crab puffs on a tray.

Hello?

I have crab puffs to make.

Then you know who's coming over.

It's just your crush: Joey Parker.

I don't have a crush on Joey Parker.

Oh, no? Then what's this?

Hi, I'm Mary and I'd like to send this video
to Joey Parker because he rocks.

What's this? A freakish stalker...

-...with an embarrassing crush on Joey.

- Snap.

You went through my stuff.

No, just watch. It gets better.

I love you so much, Joey.

And you're totally kissable.

This is for you.

The dork princess.

Troll. She's a troll.

That's not our only copy.

Jinx, give me your Vera Wang.

Give me your Jimmy Choo.

- No, seriously?

- I said it first.

- You shut up.

- Oh, stop.

That's it.

Ow! Mom!

Have another crab puff, Rod.

Mom, he's hungry. It's been 40 minutes.

Look, you asked me to come, I'm here.

- But five more minutes and I'm out.

- I'm right behind you, JP.

Joey, I know that you and Dominique
have had your differences...

...but try not to bring up

the time she dissed you on TRL.

She didn't mean it.

How do you call someone overrated
and not mean it? That's just disrespect.

Shh.

Joey, doing a duet with Dominique
means reaching her audience.

Like Daddy and I.

And if doing a duet means that Mommy...

- The family can have another house, well...

- Okay, Mom, you have a house.

Okay?

Nobody's bought a Dominique CD
in years. I mean, she's not cool.

I think she's cool.

Thank you. Exactly.

Hi.

Look at all of these beautiful people.

Well, I'm so sorry
to keep you all waiting.

But it took 20 minutes
to descend the staircase.

But it was worth it, don't you think?

Hello, Rod. No, no.

Evie. No, no, no.

- Young man whose name I don't know.

- I'm...

Oh. Shh.

Wow, that's some dress.

Oh, yeah?

I'm wearing this in my next video.

It's a duet, great stuff.

Hello, Grammy. Ha-ha-ha.

But enough about me, for now.

Oh, let me help you.

- Yeah. Um...

- Thank you.

Look, Dominique...

...I'm not doing the duet with you, okay?

No, listen to what she has to say.

Zip it, Rod.

Or not.

Drinks, we need drinks. Mary?

Well, thanks, but I don't drink.

- Oh, my God.

- Sorry. Thank you.
Of course you don't, darling boy,
but I do.
- Okay.
- I drink.
- So, Joey...
- I'll get you one.
...asked anyone
to the Black and White Ball yet?
You have a crab puff in your teeth, Britt.
- You should really take me to the ball.
- Yeah.
I speak French. How about you?
Thanks, yeah.
Look, Dominique, I'm kind of on a break
right now, so...
You all must be famished.
First course, Mary. Now.
Joey would gladly take a break
from his break.
No. No, no.
Actually, I am focusing on school.
- I'm just hanging with friends, you know?
- That's right. The new JP.
Who are you?
I'm Joey Parker's manager.
Oh, please ignore him.
I'm Joey's manager.
You have two managers?
- Apparently.
- You must be a real handful.
Wanna make out?
You know, actually, technically, I'm...
Oh, shut up, Rod. Even I know
you're completely inconsequential.
You see? It's not just me.
This is why I did not wanna come today.
You're all nuts.
You can either do the duet with me
and become a superstar...
...or you can fade away
into teenybopper obscurity.
Okay. I've heard enough, okay?
Joey Parker is a man

that needs to do things his way.
He needs to keep it real. So from here
on out, I'm Joey Parker's only manager.
I think we're done here. Let's go.
Thanks for everything.
We keep meeting like this.
You have shrimp in your hair.
Come on.
- You all right?
That's nuts.
- You hear how he...?
I don't care!
- Are you ready?
- Mary?
Let's go.
You will clean this room spotless
in 30 minutes. Rod.
And your phone privileges are suspended
for an entire month. Cough it up.
Come on, look alive.
Clean.
Joey, honey, wait.
I gotta talk to you.
Tami, don't hate me...
...but I don't wanna go to the ball.
You have to go. I've been working
on our dresses for two weeks.
I know. I know. It's just...
I don't know. It's on Valentine's Day.
We don't even have dates.
Plus, everyone's gonna be wearing masks,
which is really weird.
But that's good. We can each meet
a handsome, mysterious stranger.
How will we know he's handsome
if he's wearing a mask?
By how he dances.
Hot guys always dance the best.
- Anyway...
- I don't fit in here.
So why go and pretend like I do?
Guys don't even know I exist.
Again, no one will know who anyone is.
There's no such thing as not fitting in.

If there's a guy you like,
he'll meet the real you.
Not some fake you that's been created
by the cliques at our lame-ass high school.

- Don't get me started about... What?

- Tami.

You should really breathe
in between monologues.

You're going to the ball.

Oh, I forgot to start cleaning.

Faster.

Give it a rhythm. Make it a samba.

Give it a:

- Mother.

- Mommy?

Hello, my little pretties.

This is Fabio and Paulo
and somebody else.

I'm thinking of making one of them
my new daddy.

I mean, your new daddy.

Anyway, uh...

...we were on our way to get manis
and pedis for the ball tonight.

Which we heard Mary talking about, FYI.

As in she's planning to go, FYI.

Oh. Oh...

That won't do.

Uh, you could tell her to clean my room.

And my closet.

I think something died in there.

No, no, no.

I have a very special place
that needs cleaning.

Mary?

- The twins are turning 16 next week.

- Didn't they turn 16 last year?

Yes, and they'll keep turning 16
until I tell them to stop.

We're having a big party
and I need this house to be spotless.

But Tami and I are going to the ball.

Plus, I've cleaned every room in this house.

Not...
...my bedroom.
You're kidding me, right?
I'm clubbing with Paris tonight.
It's my turn to throw the after-party.
Don't step on my hair.
When I get home at midnight,
this room will be pristine.
Dominique, I'd need heavy equipment.
For example, a flamethrower.
Don't you sass me, smarty pants.
I'll revoke your school privileges.
You could say goodbye
to those trendy friends.
Or shall I say friend,
Little Miss Not-So-Popular?
Ooh!
Oh, and clean up these fish sticks.
They've been there since Lent.
Tami, I can't go to the ball.
"Domifreak's" making me clean
her bedroom.
You're in her lair?
There are species of bugs in here
still unknown to science.
There's no way I'll finish in time.
- Wait, what if...?
Who are you talking to?
When I said no phone privileges,
that included the landline.
I'm sorry. I have to go.
Ugh.
Manson, we've been looking for you
since Christmas, boy.
You're free, boy. Go. Go, go.
Go, Manson, go. You're free. Oh, hey.
Gosh, look, I just found Manson.
And please tell me those aren't our dresses.
I can't. Because they are.
We're going to the ball.
Tami, what part of "Domifreak's making me
clean her bedroom" did you not understand?
What would you say if I told you
I could clean up the mess for you...

...and Dominique would never know?
I'd say you're my hero, but there's no way,
and you have to go to the ball.
- Plus, you can't clean this mess up alone.
- Well, who said I was alone?
- Hi, Mary.
- Hey.
You did this for me?
Mary, meet my sister's
boyfriend's cousins.
Cousins, this is Mary.
Hello, hello. You go to dance?
Very nice.
House clean by midnight?
No problem.
Like van say, "No mess too messy."
Okay.
This mess is too messy.
- Lee-Ha, you promised.
- Is there a problem?
I'm on it. Get started and hide the van.
Isn't that him?
No, that's not him.
Oh, that's him. No, it's not.
Joey can dance.
When we see a guy who can move,
we'll have our man.
Let me know when you find him.
Hey, we were just looking for you.
Yeah, I'm sure you were.
- Nice mask.
- Nice dress.
Nice face.
Hey, ladies, hey.
Boo, where you going?
All the funk you need is right here.
Man.
Hey, man.
Why did you tell me this
was a costume party?
It is the Black and White Ball.
You look good, man. This is sharp.
I do clean up good, huh?
I guess I'm not the only one

who didn't get the memo.

- Who is that?

- No idea.

But I'm gonna find out.

Everyone's looking at me.

Who's the Lohan

who decided to make her own rules?

You need a drink.

Punch bowl, straight ahead.

I don't know, but she looks good.

I mean, not good like us. Good like bad.

Pff.

Here they come.

- All right, be cool. Be cool.

Hi.

You really know how to make an entrance.

That, uh, dress is amazing.

Thank you. That's a nice cape.

I mean, coat. It's a nice coat...

- What should I do?

- Say something. Anything.

- He's cute.

- Um...

Hey, do you want some punch?

Or you have some... Cool, okay.

Weird.

- Are you supposed to be Cupid?

- Yeah. Smart girl.

Dope, right?

With these arrows of love,

somebody gonna fall hard tonight.

- Is that so?

- Yeah.

Usually, I'm a lot cooler than this.

I'm actually, like,

Joey Parker's best friend, see?

- Is that supposed to impress me?

- Yeah, a little.

You wanna see my Cupid dance?

- What was that?

- I don't usually come to these things.

Yeah, me too.

What? Wait. Do you, um, wanna...?

Wait. You don't like to dance?

Sorry, what?
- Do you wanna...?
- Hey.
Can I ask you to dance?
Yes, I'd love to.
Now, don't take this the wrong way...
...but I have never seen anything like you
in my life.
- That's a good thing, right?
- Yes.
Dance with me, Cupid-man.
Do me a favor. Can you play this for me?
Track five.
Here, hold this for me.
Hey.
Shake it, baby.
Nice.
- What was that?
- I guess the music just speaks to me.
Well, I guess
we don't have a language barrier.
Isn't that funny? I just love monkeys too.
Anyway, she'd...
Look at him move.
That has to be Joey.
But who's the tramp?
Oh...
Oh, hey, are you okay?
You were amazing.
No, I wasn't. I fell.
Joey?
I have to go.
I have to go. Can I have it back?
- Today?
- Is that Joey?
Wait, wait...
- I'm late.
- Where are you...?
Wait.
Oh, my God. That was...
- Holy cow...
- I feel like I have to throw up.
Tami, if I don't get home by midnight,
I am dead.

You were dancing with Joey Parker.
I fell on my butt with Joey Parker.
God, I knew I shouldn't have come.
- He was into you.
- Because he didn't know who I was.
You really think he was into me?
- I'm so sorry.
- No, no, no, this can't be happening.
I am not doing
that old diva's talk show again.
She's got a serious... What?
Oh, God.
She's got a serious case
of the grab-hands.
No, no, no, she's right behind me.
Go, go, go.
No, no, no!
That's my answer
to all those talk shows. No!
Go that way, that way, that way. Go.
Hmm. Well, it seems you managed
to follow orders.
For once.
Why are you wearing my robe?
I was admiring its silky quality.
You like my after-party?
It's a total rager, isn't it? Ha-ha.
Oh, it's not a rager at all.
No one's coming.
I'm a Little Miss Not-So-Popular too.
God, I'm so tired.
Thank you.
All right, now, look. If you pull this off,
you will be the prince of all princes, okay?
- Now, just let me talk to the teacher.
- Why aren't you two in class?
I have a huge favor to ask, Miss B.
I need to find somebody
who was at the dance last night.
And if you don't, you'll die?
I think I might.
No way.
Yeah.
Whoever she was, she was a freak show.

Totally.

Who runs away from Joey Parker?

Not me.

She'll never show her face now.

We missed you at the ball, Mary.

I guess a maid's job is just never done.

This is an administrative announcement
from the administrative office.

What's up?

You're on the mike

with the Funk master.

- Okay, very funny. Keep the voices down.

- Check it out. Listen up.

Once upon a time

There was this chill hottie

She left Joey Parker

Now, that was real naughty

Now here's JP just to tell you more

Now, put down your pencils

And give JP the floor

All right, Funk, Funk, that's good.

'Cause I was on the mike...

- All right, I got another verse.

- Funk, thank you.

- You're welcome.

- That was the Funk, ladies and gentlemen.

Anyway...

...last night, I, uh...

I danced with somebody at the ball.

And you dropped your Zune

when you left.

I'd love to return it.

The problem is, I don't know who you are.

And this is important...

...because you made

it one of the best nights of my life.

I...

...love him.

You have bacon in your braces.

Keep the voices down.

Okay, so here's the deal. Uh...

If you were the girl

that I danced with last night...

...tell me the names of the four

most-listened-to songs on your playlist.
Thanks, mystery girl.
I'll be waiting.
"Thanks, mystery girl. I'll be waiting."
- That was good. That was good.
- Was that all right?
This is gonna be easy.
I know. I know, sweetie.
It's okay, but you gotta go, okay? All right.
Just... All right, yeah. Whoop.
Everybody, please,
single-file line, all right?
You guys are so not his mystery girl.
All right, everybody's gonna get a chance
to meet JP.
You call me. Ha-ha.
All right, all right. Cynthia? It's your turn.
- You ready?
- Yes.
All right, good.
Look excited.
Hey.
"Push," "High," "Boys Don't Cry,"
and "Lullaby," all by the Cure.
Now give me my Zune.
I'm sorry, that's not it.
- All right, I'm sorry. It's okay.
- Get off.
Hey.
Mind if I pick up the slack
you don't want?
- Knock yourself out.
- I will.
God, they're all the same.
But that girl from last night.
- Special.
- Yeah, man, I saw it, man.
I mean, I haven't seen you dance like that
since the 2006 VMAs, remember that night?
It's pretty funky.
So look, we're gonna find her, all right?
She's here somewhere.
I think she helped you
get your mojo back.

Yeah, you're with me.

- Let's do it.

- Who's next?

Come on, ladies, have your songs ready.

Oh, my gosh. He wasn't kidding.

Go down and tell him it was you
before someone starts a riot.

Forget it, Tami.

He said last night
was one of the best nights of his life.

- Yeah.

- Until he finds out it was me.

- Are you listening? Come on.

- No. What?

Stop right there.

Oh, look at you, acting all innocent.

- What are you talking about?

- We know, Mary.

- What?

- It was you at the ball. With Joey.

- You guys are crazy.

- No, you're crazy...

...if you think we'll let you end up
with Joey, Miss Stalker Face.

And if you tell him it was you...

...this video will be everywhere.

Hello, YouTube.

You barely know how to work the toaster,
let alone YouTube.

Well, try us.

Now, go make the lamb chops.

Mother's very hungry.

Where are you going?

None of your beeswax. I mean, nowhere.

For a walk. In the woods.

Okay.

Ow! Oh...

If I were a playlist,
where would I hide myself?

In plain sight.

Brilliant.

"We All Fall Down."

"She Wants to Move."

Do you think maybe you could give me

a clue as to what the songs are?
Are they emo?
Techno?
Young contemporary?
Okay, people, people.
Please, disperse, okay?
He's gonna take a break...
...and you guys can just come line up
after class or something, all right?
- I'm never gonna find her.
- Hey, hey, hey, mister.
I don't wanna hear that crazy talk.
You leave that in crazy town, okay?
Remember, you're Joey Parker,
and Joey Parker always gets his girl.
I'm right. You know I'm right.
All right, what's your name? Say it, huh?
- I'm...
- Joey Parker.
Your prayers have been answered.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Look, Britt, okay?
Joey is on break, okay?
And he's exhausted...
Oh, I'm not here to talk to Joey.
I'm in the mood for some funk.
- Really?
- No. Now, get out of my way.
I'm the one.
You're kidding me, right?
I can totally prove it.
I know all the songs on the Zune.
Prove it.
"We All Fall Down," "She Wants to Move,"
"Pon de Replay," and "Hips Don't Lie."
I'm right, right?
I knew it!
Well, what are you waiting for?
- Kiss me.
- No, no, no.
We're gonna dance first.
What?
But you said we only needed
to know the songs.

Plus, I'm not warmed up.
And there's no music.
Well, if you were the one,
you wouldn't need music.
- Sorry, Britt.
- Wait.
I don't need music.
I love to dance and sing.
Are you kidding me?
Oh, babe, you want it like that
You want it like this
I just lose control when I'm dancing.
I love it so much.
Oh, baby
Come on.
What is with her?
Like that You like it like that
How dare they hold that tape against you?
You were 11.
What do I do? I don't want Joey to think
I'm Little Miss Stalker.
You and Joey connected out there.
Even if he sees the tape,
he's not gonna think you're a crazy stalker.
I hope.
I feel nauseous.
- All right, dude?
- Yeah, fine.
Whoa. Um...
- Awkward.
- Ready to meet your mystery girl?
Of course, you know the songs too.
God, no.
But I'm the real freaking one.
And I freaking love you
and you just better freaking love me back...
...because I'm the freaking one,
you freak.
Way, way, way deep inside...
...I'm sure you're a lovely person.
I can prove I'm the one.
Through dance.
What?
Okay, if this shows up on TMZ,

my attorneys will eat you all for lunch.

Literally.

You should talk to him.

Love can bring any man... Oh, look!

I'll check a couple parties.

I'll call if I get a lead.

It's show time. You can do this.

- I can do it.

- Yeah.

Okay.

- Wait, let's go get some food.

- No.

I'm done with this.

There's no... Ridiculous.

- Joey?

- Yeah.

I have something important to tell you.

- Oh, hey. You work for Dominique, right?

- What?

No, no, that's...

You had shrimp in your hair.

Well, no. No, I mean, yes, that was me,
but that's not what I wanted to tell you.

- Um, I'm...

- Dominique is relentless.

Bree, Britt and now her.

Look, I'm looking for somebody
and I don't have the time right now to talk.

I gotta go, I'm sorry.

But it was nice seeing you.

Yes. Hello? Okay.

Could you please connect me
to the YouTube?

No, you don't understand. I have...

- I told you.

- Oh, my God. He blew you off?

People like me don't belong
with people like him anyway. Whatever.

Damn.

Mary, I need you to
finalize the menu for the girls' party.

And have Dr. Woo move up
my high colonic to this afternoon.

I'm feeling blocked.

Have your sisters' moved up too.
What else do I have to live for?
That's the spirit, sweetie.
Hold on
Then I hear your phone a-ringing
Just waiting for your voice to come on
Come on.
Come on, pay attention to me.
Look at me.
This is a treat for you.
Oh, here. Crab cakes? Anyone?
Hey. What are you doing here?
Oh, I'm here to help.
- I love you.
- I know.
- Here. Start serving there. I'll get the rest.
- Okay.
Hey, bro. Hey, bro.
You want a crab cake?
Yeah, man, the whole school is here.
Just give me 20 minutes,
I'm gonna find your girl, all right?
Gotta call you back.
Hey, it's a party. Get off the phone.
- Nice dance moves.
- Oh. Ha-ha-ha.
You know, those purple highlights
look very familiar.
You might not recognize me
without my angel wings of love.
- I'm the Funk.
- The what?
You know, Cupid dance.
You can't forget the Cupid dance.
- Oh, sorry, no. No.
- No?
I'm Joey Parker's best friend.
Oh. Is that supposed to impress me?
Ah, you are my mystery girl. I knew it.
Hey, is your friend here?
What, Mary? Yeah, she's here.
Can you go get her? I'm gonna call Joey.
We have to hook them up.
He is in love.

- Seriously? Seriously?
- Yeah. Yeah.
- Awesome, I'll be right back. Okay.
- Okay.
Dustin.
- What up?
- Why does it sound like you're frowning?
You better not be frowning.
What did I tell you?
- What's your name?
- We're not playing...
We do it until you cheer up.
What's your name?
- Joey Parker.
- Who keeps it funky?
- Joey Parker.
- Right. And who keeps it real?
- Joey Parker.
- Joey Parker keeps it real, am I right?
You're stupid is what you are.
- Joey Parker, let me hear you screaming.
- I'm in front of her house.
I know, but scream it out loud.
- Joey Parker!
- Joey Parker, that's right. Look.
All evidence indicates that your girl
is in the spot.
- For real?
- Your girl's inside. Come on.
Copy that.
There's my girls, see?
- Yeah.
- Ow!
Chins up. Chins up. Tummies in.
Yes.
- Oh. Happy birthday.
- Thanks.
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Stop right there,
Mr. Man.
I'm the one, Joey Parker.
So let's duet.
You know, duet?
You get it? Duet.
Do a duet with me.

Um, not if the human race depended on it.

Well, that's rude.

Now, I wouldn't do a duet with you, mister...

...if we were the last two people alive, okay?

And the world was taken over by apes...

...and we were the only two with opposable thumbs...

...I still wouldn't.

Crab cakes?

- It's fate.

- What?

He's here. Now's your chance.

I don't know what she's wearing.

I just know that she's here.

I'm a little nervous, man.

Go and talk to him.

- Fine, okay, I'll go.

- Go, go, go.

I hope we find her.

Oh, hey.

- Um... Crab cake?

- Thanks.

- Can I ask you a question?

- Sure.

Have you seen a girl here that can dance like you've never seen a girl dance before?

Actually, Joey, yes.

- It's funny because you're looking...

I love you so much, Joey.

And you are totally kissable.

This is for you.

This can't be happening.

Is that you?

No, it's okay.

- You guys hear that?

- Yeah.

Uh...

I'll be right back.

You're the one.

I think this is yours.

You tried to tell me at school too...

...and I was a jerk to you.
Wow, you're the one.
I actually found you. This is amazing.
It's cold, huh?
Hey, um...
- No.
- Take my jacket. No, really.
You don't have to pretend
like you like me.
I've had enough charity to last a lifetime.
Who said anything about charity?
I've been going crazy looking for you.
I couldn't stop thinking about you.
The way that we moved together.
Well, my mom was a dancer.
So I guess it's in my blood.
So you really think I'm totally kissable?
What? No, that was...
That was... I was a kid. I didn't... Pff. No.
Ha-ha.
That's too bad. I thought it was cool.
Wow, I...
I know I barely know you...
...but...
Can I...? I wanna take you out, Mary.
Mary, get in here.
- And that's my cue.
Wait, you gonna give me an answer?
Yes.
Joey.
Whoa. Hey, Tony Hawk, slow down.
You know you're in a hallway.
Guess who has an audition for
the Academy of Performing Arts.
Me, that's who.
They narrowed the applicants,
Someone's gonna call, let me know
when my audition is.
I'm so close I can feel it.
My gosh, Mary, breathe.
- Breathe. Breathe.
- Mary, that's amazing. That's amazing.
Wow. Hey, you want me to show you
some moves? Uh...

For your audition.
I can help you practice.
I might be into that.
You might be into that?
Meet me tomorrow.
Speak.
Hello. I'm calling from the Manhattan
Academy of Performing Arts...
...regarding an application
for Mary Santiago.
I'm her guardian. Talk faster.
We'd like to schedule an audition.
Oh, no, no, no. That won't do.
She can't dance.
She broke both her legs.
Oh, my goodness. That's awful. How?
Well, they're chicken legs
and they were very weak...
...and they just snapped.
Like twigs.
We'd appreciate it
if you didn't call again...
...because, well, it just reminds us
that her dance career is over.
Hey, I'm going clubbing in Vegas
this weekend...
...you wouldn't happen to know
what the weather is like?
Hello?
Hurry up and drive. I'm late.
If I miss this flight, it's your fault,
you nimrod.
Well, there goes the wicked witch
of the west.
Maybe she took her broomstick.
- You're off the hook for the weekend.
- Ha-ha-ha. Yeah.
You have to be kidding me.
- She's driving me nuts.
- What is it?
Okay, wow. Um...
"Paint the pool pink.
"RegROUT the tile.
- "Vacuum the driveway"? This is ridiculous.

- Chores from Dominique.
She's gone and I have to do them
or who knows how long she'll ground me.
Sorry, maybe another time.
Unless you do your work
while you do her work.
You're good. You are good, but I...
I think we need to work on your
technique a little bit.
Okay.
Just, you need to loosen up
a little bit more.
Not like that. No.
isn't so bad.
He's doing all of her work.
I feel very upset right now.
Let's make her repaint the pool?
Let's make her vacuum the driveway?
You're an idiot.
No. What are you doing? No.
What's he see in that little freak show?
Well, I think she's, like,
a good height for him.
- And she has pretty hair...
- Shut up.
We need a plan B.
- Uh... I think you need a new guitar.
- Ha.
Yeah, that'd be nice.
You writing a new song?
Yeah.
You, uh, wanna help me
with the harmony?
- No, I...
- I think you wanna help me with harmony.
- Come on.
- Okay.
Here.
And this, this is as far as I got
with the lyrics.
- Okay.
- Just start right here.
- You ready?
- Yeah.

Okay.

It's become so hard

- For me to be surprised

- For me to be surprised

That's good.

- But you're bringing back the real me

- But you're bringing back the real me

- No judgment in your eyes

- No judgment in your eyes

- It's the way you make me feel

- It's the way you make me feel

- Like I'm finally something real

- Like I'm finally something real

Okay.

Break time's over.

Back to resting.

You know, one of the reasons I came back
was because I wanted to remember...

...why I started dancing in the first place.

Dancing with you...

...I'm starting to remember.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

And you're getting closer.

So are you.

- I mean with your moves.

- Well, you're not looking so bad yourself.

Why don't we pick up again tomorrow,
right here?

As in my house, as in this position?

I'm not that kind of guy.

Somehow I don't find that
entirely convincing.

So where's Prince Charming now?

Couldn't stand to spend another second
with his charity case?

Wow, jealous much?

Was that the doorbell? That's strange.

I wonder who that could be.

I don't know, Bree.

Get that, would you, Mary?

God, you guys are weird.

Hello, plan B.

Could you be more obvious?

Well, no. That would totally give it away.
Tami, what if he fell asleep?
No way. Go. And call me later.
Domifreak took my cell phone,
remember?
Do you want me to wait?
No, I'm good. Joey will take me home.
Thank you.
- Go kill it.
- Okay.
What was that?
- What's going on?
- Nothing.
Natalia. Natalia, look. Ha.
We had a thing, but it's over.
- Joey. Joey, come on.
- It's time for you to go.
I'll see you at school.
Hey, where have you been all night?
I'm just doing a little yoga.
Hey, have you been crying?
Or are you just naturally puffy?
I never noticed that before.
What's wrong?
- Dominique, I'd rather not talk about it.
- Oh, come on.
Talk to me. Come on, sit down.
Come on, sit down. Come on.
Okay. Sit in the hand.
Is it Joey, honey?
Oh, I knew it.
Did he find someone prettier
and more successful?
Oh, I'm sorry. That is difficult.
Not that I would know, but I did take
an acting class once. I can imagine.
Let me give you a word of advice.
Joey is an E! Hollywood True Story...
...just waiting to happen.
There's no sense crying over him.
Mm-mm.
In fact, it's kind of pathetic.
I can't wait to get out of here
and move to Manhattan.

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I forget to tell you?

I did, my bad.

They called. There's no audition.

It was a mistake.

- What? You're lying.

- No, I'm not.

The rejection letter is right there
in that mess...

...you need to clean up here
and sort through.

I'm so glad we had this little talk.

I've always wanted to be the mother
you'll never have.

Yeah. So the Japan tour was awesome.

- The sushi kind of made me sick...

- Mary.

Hey. Catch you in a minute.

Mary.

Mary, slow down. Hey, what...?

What's wrong?

I've been calling Tami,
trying to get ahold of you.

- What did I do?

- It doesn't matter. It's done. We're done.

Wait.

Whoa, whoa.

- What are you talking about?

- Did you feel sorry for me?

Was I your charity case?

Is that why you asked me out?

- What does that mean?

- You figured you'd toy with me...

...until someone better came along
and I wouldn't mind...

...because I was lucky

a big star wanted me.

You know what really sucks about falling
for a guy you know you're not right for?

You fall anyway because you think
he might turn out to be different.

Mary.

- I am different.

- Anyway...

...thanks for all the dance moves,

but I'm done dancing.

Goodbye.

All right, time for some damage control.

And what'd I tell you? My mystery girl.

- Whoa, Tami.

- I need your help.

- What's with the blinds?

- It's about Mary.

- Come on, girl.

- Don't you "girl" me.

Just give me a second.

One second.

Don't you have a stadium show to play
or something?

Come on. Back door.

Ah, beat you to it.

- How about a shiner, superstar?

Oh, no.

Won't be no bruising the moneymaker,
okay?

You broke my best friend's heart.

Have a nice life.

- Tami, I don't even know what I did wrong.

- Let me handle this, JP.

He doesn't even know what he did wrong.

I just said that.

I know, but it's all about
your intonation.

Hey. She knows you cheated. Get it?

- You're done.

- What? That's crazy. And not true.

That's funny, because she saw you
with Natalia.

Wait a second, hold on.

So Mary was there
when Natalia broke into your house?

No. No, nothing happened.

Natalia busted into my parents' house.

She set me up.

There's nothing going on between us.

I would never hurt Mary like that.

This is insane.

You have to believe me.

Look, I want to believe you

and I want her to be happy.
Especially now that she's stuck
with Dominique another year.
Wait, she didn't get into Manhattan?
- They didn't give her the audition.
- Oh, my God.
- Why would they reject her?
- Guess they changed their mind.
But we can change them back.
- You can?
- You can?
What's my name?
- Joey Parker.
- What's my name?
Ha. Joey Parker.
Get Mary to come to the competition,
all right?
I'll handle it from there.

TAMI:

- Hi.
- We need to show you something.
Dustin, what are you doing here?
Um...
See, look, Mary.
Sometimes in relationships, you know,
there could be misunderstandings.
Bumpy roads and stuff.
But you and JP...
...like moth to flame,
you keep attracting each other.
And we, your friends, we see that we...
You have to trust your friends.
Please get dressed. Something nice.
It'll be worth it.
Okay.
- Do you think she's gonna come?
- Yeah. My lecture was so good.
Yeah, it was good. It was just kind of long.
You should shorten it.
- Next time maybe a little bit. A little bit.
- I've been working on it.
- I've been watching my Dr. Phil.
- Oh, good.

Great. So weird.

Ha-ha! Check it out.

What are you guys doing?

We felt bad about you not getting your audition, so we hooked you up.

- By bringing me to Joey's competition?

- Yeah.

Mary, this isn't about the competition.

Tami, I told you, I'm done dancing.

Trust me.

Okay. While you contemplate the most important moment of your life...

...I'm running late. They need me inside for the show. So I gotta go, okay?

All right. I'll go for a second.

But just a second.

Awesome.

It's too expensive to valet here.

- Let's go around the back.

- Oh, God.

Move. Dominique Blatt coming through.

Sausage-fingered masses. Move.

Get down. Go, go.

Sweet roots, blondie. Hey, hey, hey.

No. Grandpa, up. Up.

There you go, old man. Move.

All right, no eye contact, people.

Periphery only.

What are you looking at?

Hey, how you doing?

Great. Good to see you.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

What's happening?

Make some noise.

- How y'all doing tonight?

- Whoo!

How you doing?

Are y'all ready to get it popping?

Oh, no. Um...

Tami, why don't you sit down?

I'm gonna hang back. Okay?

Okay. I'm your host, the Funk.

I'd like to introduce the man that made this all possible.

Give it up for my boy, your boy,
Joey Parker.

All right. Thanks for coming out
tonight.

- Whoo!

- Joey! Ha-ha-ha!

What's up? How y'all doing?

Hello. Hello. Hello.

Hey. All right?

Check it out. I was just backstage.

We got some ridiculously sick dancers
for you guys tonight.

Here's how it's gonna work.

These dancers are gonna be judged on

three things:

I need you guys to get really loud
and really hyped.

That's gonna help the judges
from our label pick a winner.

That winner's gonna dance
in my next video.

- Hi, Dominique Blatt. How are you?

- I'm gonna turn it over to the Funk.

I'll catch you in a minute.

All right. All right. Yeah.

All right. Our first set of dancers go
by the name of Angel and Derek.

Make some noise for them. DJ, kick that!

Our next contestant goes by the name
of Taylor. He's gonna give you guys...

...a little Swan Lake action.

Hey, boy, ballet's for girls. Ha-ha-ha.

Now we got the Doctor and Maurice
for some hip-hop dancing. Let's hear it.

Whoo!

Boom!

They're poisoning the minds
of our children...

...but that is something.

Okay.

Cool. Now...

...the next act goes

by the name of Brittney Blatt.

And she's doing who knows what.
There you go, pop it.
Terrible.
Oh, that's good. Robot, pop it.
Yeah!
Did you guys see that?
That was just terrible.
Thank God that's over. All right.
We gonna continue this competition,
keep it rolling.
This is our last dancer of the night,
all right?
Go ahead and give it up for Natalia Faroush.
Make some noise.
Look, don't regret this.
You're here. What are you waiting for?
You're so much better than her.
Yeah. Give it up for her.
Come on, now.
Come on. Come on.
Yeah, yeah.
It's getting hot in here, right?
It's getting hot in here. That's right.
All right. Now it's time that the judges
go ahead and decide who the winner is.
That was our last dancer of the night.
What, what? Wait a second.
What you guys saying?
You guys want some more?
Yeah.
Okay. Well, we do have one little special
number for you guys.
- So check it out.
- Nice.
You won't believe it.
Go.
Ha-ha. I'm just messing with y'all.
I'm just goofing. That's not it.
But what's in store...
...is a lot crazy. Let's go. Let's go.
Wow.
- Hey.
- Hey, baby.
It's become so hard

For me to be surprised
But you're bringing back the real me
No judgment in your eyes
It's the way you make me feel
Like I'm finally something real
The words are hard to find
But I'm gonna get it right this time
Just come and take my hand
Let me lift you up
Take away my fear
And make me strong enough
It's when I dance with you
It's how I speak the truth
Was just classic when we met
And how you made me move
Hold on. Hold on. Hold on.
Hold on, guys. Hold on. Hold on.
Hold on a minute.
You guys...
I want this to be perfect.
It's not gonna be perfect until
I have someone special...
...standing here right next to me.
Mary, you out there?
Mary?
Did he say Mary?
Mary, are you here?
I know you're here.
- Where did she go?
- She was right here.
Mary, come on.
I know you're out there. Come on.
Mary, Mary.
Mary, Mary.
Mary, Mary, Mary.
Mary.
Mary, Mary.
- Mary, Mary, Mary.
- Dominique. Dominique.
Mary, Mary.
- Mary, Mary.
There she is.
Hey, Mary.
- Dance with me.

- Dance with you? No, thanks.
Well, maybe I'm wrong...
...but you're the most amazing
dance partner I've ever had.
Aw...
Even though I taught her
everything she knows.
That's funny, because you said
you forgot why you even started dancing...
...until you met me.
Burn.
No, it's okay. It's true.
So why don't you bring yourself up here
and show me why I remember?
Yeah.
Yeah. That's what I'm talking about.
Now this party's heating up.
Whoo!
Dominique.
Shoot.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Miss Mary Santiago.
Ooh. I guess I better get out of your way.
All right. Let's see.
Was it a little boy-band move like this?
Ooh.
Okay. Um...
That was cute. What was it?
Oh, um, that was you.
That's not how it goes.
You need some help with that move?
Like you could have done it any better.
Really?
Sweetheart, I invented that move.
Oh, yeah.
Well, that's right. I did.
Prove it. Let's see you keep it real.
Thank you. Oh, I'm keeping it real.
- Beat that.
- Well, let's see you top this.
Give me something with some edge.
That was cute. Remember this?
Oh, really?
Remember this?

You're the new classic
You're the new P. Y.T.
Stands for pretty, young
Taking on the world from the driver's seat
Come on. I can't do this without you.

- Look so classic, fantastic
- Classic, fantastic
- When you're on the floor
- When you're on the floor
- Bring the beat back once more
- Bring the beat back once more
- Let me see you do that
- Let me see you do that

Trying to do it right
Ain't no rehearsal It's your life
And you're doing this crazy dance
Because you're making these crazy plans
Because this is not a test
You put in work to be the best
It's a classic take On a brand-new game

- Before the needle drops
- Before the needle drops
- They will know your name
- They will know your name

You're the new classic
You're the new P. Y.T.
- Stands for pretty, young
- And try everything
- Just to touch your dreams
- Just to touch your dreams

You're the new classic
- Fantastic
- Fantastic

Now you own this floor
Bring the beat back once more
- Let me see you do that
- Let me see you do that

You're the new classic
- You're the new P. Y.T.
- You're the new P. Y.T.
- Stands for pretty, young
- Stands for pretty, young
- You take a chance to believe in me
- You take a chance to believe in me

- You're the new classic, fantastic
- You're the new classic, fantastic
- Now you own this floor
- Now you own this floor
- Bring the beat back once more
- Bring the beat back once more
- And watch us while we do that
- And watch us while we do that

Yeah.

- All right, Mary!

- Yeah.

You're showing off, Mary.

Stop showing off.

All right.

Thank you. Check it out. I'm gonna let
the judges over there deliberate.

And I'll be back in five short minutes...

...with the name of our winner.

Make some noise.

Mary, you...

You were amazing.

So were you.

No, no. There's nothing going on
between me and Natalia, okay?

I was ambushed.

I was set up by your stepsisters.

I would never hurt you like that.

Believe me, okay?

And no matter what they do...

...we were meant to be together.

- I believe you.

- Good. Because I'm totally kissable.

That's my cue.

- Go.

- Okay.

Everybody still here?

No, no, no, I can't hear you. Come on.

Everybody that came out tonight, dancers.

Thank you so much. You're amazing.

I love you.

But there can only be one winner.

I have that name in my hand. Here we go.

The winner of the competition...

...is...

- Oh, my God. Mary Santiago.

- What?

Everybody give it up.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

No, it's fixed. What, you rig it, Mary?

La-la-la.

- You're amazing.

- Hey.

This isn't fair. I deserve this award.

But you were really good, Mary.

TAMI:

- Aah!

Congratulations.

Look, hey, those moves were so redonkulous, Mary.

And I have to say, Joey,
as your manager...

...I have to say

I think you got your swagger back.

- Move it.

- Oh.

How dare you?

How dare you embarrass me
and your sisters?

How do you think
this makes us look, huh?

You, our maid,
wins the Joey Parker competition?

You have humiliated us in front
of the entire Los Angeles metropolitan area.

Miss Santiago?

My name is Regina Cretikos.

I'm with the Manhattan Academy.

You danced spectacularly well
for someone with two broken legs.

Wait. What do you mean,
two broken legs?

Don't look at me like that.

We'll talk about this later.

Don't you pull that face with me.

Girls, come with me.

Anyway...

...we would be honored
if you would come study with us.
- Full scholarship. Call me on Monday.
- Oh, my God.
It worked, man.
Britt? I seem to have broken things.
Hello?

TAMI:

I don't know if I can handle senior year
without you.
Give it a few months,
you'll pick me up in your jet.
- And we'll go shopping in Paris.
- Okay.
I need my meds.
P- R-O-N-T-O, pronto.
Mary, did you hear me?
Not the OxoCollon, that's for breakfast.
I need my morphine, it's lunch time.
Mary. Come on.
Mary. A little help here, please.
Sorry, Dominique.
I don't work for you anymore.
- Oh, come on.
- Hey.
Mary, aren't we BFFFFs or...?
Isn't that what the kids say?
I can't believe all my dreams
are coming true.
I know I can be a witch.
You shouldn't be so sensitive.
Don't you dare get in that van, Mary.
Mary?
Mary, don't leave me with these people.
Don't be my frienemy!
Oh, I'm feeling something.
I'm feeling abandoned.
Shh.