



Scripts.com

# Ginger Snaps 2: Unleashed

By Karen Walton

Out by 16 or dead in the scene, but  
together forever.  
Lie down!  
Lie down!  
Thought you were gonna die.  
I'm changing... full moons have nothing  
to do with it.  
It's like an infection... it works from  
the inside out.  
It's like a virus.  
Something is really, really wrong with  
me.  
I can't be like this.  
This is monkshood.  
I don't know if you smoke it or eat it  
or what,  
but I need to try it now.  
Ginger!  
Please, it's me...  
I'm onto you.  
You come in here late at night,  
you stay until all the other avid  
readers are gone.  
You're attracted to me, but you fear  
rejection.  
So you bide your time,  
just kind of waiting for that perfect  
moment.  
Don't worry, I've been dealing with  
this all my life.  
I'm kidding.  
Your fly's open.  
Okay.  
Perfect.  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I indulge in the occasional  
bloodletting myself.  
Okay.  
Brigitte Fitzgerald.  
Unfortunately you have quite the  
overdue account.  
And technically, if you have more than  
\$6 owing, I'm just...  
Okay, well, I'll see you later.

You're healing faster, aren't you?  
That shit's not a cure, you know.  
It just slows the transformation.  
It doesn't stop it, B.  
Nothing will stop it.  
What are you doing?  
You already dosed today.  
It's poison, B.  
You can't keep shooting it.  
Remember that game we used to play  
when we were little?  
The one where we would  
make ourselves hold our breath until  
we passed out?  
Then you'd always get scared and call  
Mom  
and I'd get in trouble?  
That game really sucked.  
Do you feel it?  
You're not alone.  
He's found you again.  
Hi, this is a major breach of library  
policy,  
but I brought you the books.  
Are you okay?  
What did you take?  
Okay.  
Come on, come on.  
Come on.  
Get in the truck.  
Watch your head.  
I'm gonna get you some help, okay?  
Okay. Okay.  
You're gonna be okay, okay?  
I'm gonna get you some help.  
No!  
Hey, sleepyhead.  
It's time.  
"She learned their habits.  
She collected their secrets like  
weapons,  
for one day she would escape and"...

Hi.  
I'm Alice Seversen.

I run the community outreach program here at Happier Times Care Center. Would you like a seat? Your library card, which was the only ID that we could find on you, said that your name was Brigitte. Is that true? Did you find him? Find who? The librarian guy... Jeremy. It came through the window. It attacked him. No, you suffered a near fatal anaphylactic reaction. Listen, I saw a guy die. His blood was on my face. You did have blood on your face, but it was from the cuts on your arms. I saw it. When I was using, I was convinced that the deaf Norwegian prep cook, who lived in the apartment over, was trying to amputate my legs. Come in.

- Hi.

- Brigitte, this is Luke. He's gonna need a blood sample. My guess is you're not afraid of needles. Due to cutbacks, facilities like ours have had to get creative. Girls on drugs don't go over too well in private funding circles. So, three years ago we became a dual-care facility. We house chronic-care patients from the hospital system. Barbara was badly burned in a fire. That's her granddaughter. She's here until we find her a foster home. The hospital was built in the 1920s

to quarantine tuberculosis patients,  
but ours is the only unit that is  
still functional.

The other wings have been closed for  
years,

- and are strictly out-of-bounds.

- Little freak.

So, you start in lock-up, which we  
maintain through your withdrawal,  
and then we go from there based on  
your progress.

"Had she realized her captors were  
capable of terrifying feats?"

- Brigitte, Ghost. Ghost, Brigitte.

- "That at night they used to torture  
their prisoners in vats of pig grease?

She had!

She ran for her life!"

Excuse me, ladies.

It's your choice...

we take you or you come.

We've got a bleeder.

I'm Tyler.

This is Marcus.

That's your cue to tell us your name.

Your own clothes are being cleaned.

I'm writing again,

which feels like coming home,

because...

well, it's what I do.

And I feel exhilarated and scared

because I... I have to face

unadulterated truth when I'm writing.

Like the fact that my chemical

**dependency is:**

A, related to stuff that happened to  
me as a child;

and B, that I have to explore that  
stuff

with you all here;

and C, this time there's no holding  
back.

Dr. Brookner, if she doesn't shut up

I swear I'll make her drink her piss again.

She'll do no such thing, Wnnie.

Brigitte, you have a room of people pretty curious about Brigitte.

And incidentally, a room full of people who think you really suck at suicide.

What's your best-case scenario, hmm?

Go there.

What a loser.

My best-case scenario, Eleanor, is hair everywhere but my eyeballs, elongation of my spine till my skin splits,

teats, and a growing tolerance, maybe even affection for,

the smell and taste of feces... not just my own...

and then, excruciating death.

You know, Brigitte,

some girls find group useful.

- I can't be here.

- You're feverish.

But don't worry, that's common.

Would you like to talk about what you were shooting?

I didn't recognize it myself, which is kind of impressive...

there's not a lot you can stick that I haven't been familiar with.

It must be great to be a role model.

Hmm.

Do you mind?

So, tell me...

why were you timing how long it takes your cuts to heal?

Look, Alice,

if I was messed up in the way you think I am,

I would really appreciate someone like you to help me.

And Brigitte...

if I was stupid in the way that you wish I was,

I'd let you go.  
I have been where you are.  
You have no idea where I am.  
If you keep me here people are gonna die.  
So you know, threats are a big no-no with Alice.  
"If you keep me here people are gonna die."  
Why bother, B?  
You know you're healing faster.  
It's only a matter of time before you start changing on the outside too.  
You know you're changing.  
He knows you're changing.  
And he'll find you.  
Hey,  
Brigitte's blood work back yet?  
Yeah.  
And the only thing in her system is the stuff we found on her.  
- It's a plant extract called monkshood.  
- Oh.  
- Totally legal, totally accessible.  
It's sold in craft stores for dried flower arrangements.  
Ooh, Jesus.  
I've never heard of it before.  
That's because Monkshood isn't a stimulant.  
No?  
What is it then?  
A poison... also called aconitum napellus or wolfsbane.  
But this... this isn't mild.  
This would send the average adult into aseptic shock.  
So she's hooked on poison.  
Hey, what did I tell you about eavesdropping, huh?  
Go on, get out of here.  
Dudes, Alice.

There are 14 species of maple native to Canada and the United States.

Very easy to recognize, the maple is the only

- deciduous species in North America...
- Hey, B-B.

...with multi-lobed leaves that grow in pairs

on opposite sides of the branch.

Most maples will lose these unique leaves in the autumn.

Suddenly... will have their leaves turn a vibrant red, yellow or orange before they fall...

...until the following spring.

A circle of life begins anew with a fresh set of these distinct leaves.

...backyard in Southern Ontario have grown at an enormous rate...

I think it is called the Manitoba... Wolfsbane.

What are you doing in here?

It's amazing the things you'll find in this place at night.

- Are you gonna give that to me?
- Mmm-hmm.

But I get to do it.

And I get to chose where.

- Why?
- I bet you were one of those girls that always asked her mom "Why?"

"Mom, it's cold out, why?"

"Mom, it's dark out, why?"

I need that.

Why?

- Give it to me.
- Okay.

But it has to be in a place no one else will see.

Pull down your pants.

Fuck you.

That was way out of line.



Good night, Brigitte.

Why do all the ones that get killed  
have tattoos?

"Why was he so anxious to get rid of  
her?"

Because it was past her bedtime.

Let's go.

Cover your ears to his lies, Rocky.

"Late at night, in secret chambers  
he carried out his reign of moral  
terror."

Isn't that mortal terror?

No.

Oh, good boy.

Come here.

Abducted!

Yes, maybe that's it, we were abducted  
by aliens.

And they've taken us back to their  
planet

and put us in some kind of zoo.

But there's a sign that says,

- "Don't eat the humans"...

- Making up more childhood sexual abuse?

Sticks and stones, fatso.

...unless they're feeding us.

Why wouldn't they want to fatten us up  
before the slaughter?

Unless they are feeding us and we just  
don't know it!

...And they're just waiting and  
watching...

Ping!

Oh!

This is getting so boring.

It's an ancient game,  
the throwing of pennies at the local  
moron or midget.

I can't see the TV.

I said I can't see the TV!

Would you like me to throw you at her  
head?

What are you doing?

Wow!

Vicious, yet constrained.

That's noble, considering what you could have done to her.

Next time I'd recommend smashing Beth-Ann's head against Koral's like a cymbal or a battering ram.

- But there's always next time...

- Get lost.

When you close your eyes, is it hell you see?

The faster you heal, the closer he gets, B.

Or is that the closer he gets, the faster you heal?

Oooh, here's a good one.

"At the dawn of darkness there was a goddess of night who walked the hills with a shepherd's stick

and a pack of wild hounds.

The hounds"...

oh, they were from hell...

..."would do her evil deeds and she wouldn't lift a finger."

"Her finger... it was finely jeweled with baby's teeth."

There you are.

I'm on lunch duty.

You didn't like it when Tyler came into your room, did you?

The others do.

He tells me everything.

We have an understanding.

- Do you turn at the full moon?

- You watch too many horror movies.

I'm not allowed to watch horror movies,

or technically, to read comics.

Or to eat foods with gluten...

I'm too impressionable.

- Why doesn't that surprise me?

- Well, not the gluten thing...

that's just digestive.

Your ear.  
Get out!  
I know where Tyler keeps his stash.  
I said, get out!  
Ginger?  
We really need to talk.  
These last few days  
I have been feeling very left out,  
watching you hang out with all your  
cool, new friends.  
It's starting.  
So it is.  
Well, you have two options then, don't  
you?  
Either give in, or give up.  
It only dies if you do.  
I'm not gonna die.  
Ugh.  
Here you go.  
Can I watch?  
Go away, please.  
Shh.  
Hey!  
You touch my stuff again  
and I'll tell Alice where you keep  
your comics.  
Are you sniffing me?  
I need it.  
Yeah, you said that before.  
Why'd you have to go and do this?  
I made a mistake.  
Please give it to me.  
No.  
There has to be consequences to our  
actions  
or there is no order.  
And there has to be order in a place,  
or things get very, very confused.  
I said... I need it.  
Save it for group.  
Welcome to rehab, baby.  
You're starting to understand, aren't  
you?  
How it all starts with wanting?

What were you thinking when he was in that stall with you?

Because even I... really... was shocked. I wanted the monkshood.

- I just...

- I just...

What did you want when he was pushing up against you?

You're starting to figure it out, aren't you?

How it all starts innocently enough, today you want to fuck him...

tomorrow you want to bite a hole in his sternum.

Think of these life skills filling an imaginary backpack, ready to hit the road anytime you do. Close your eyes.

I am wiping all you've ever been, all the names you've ever been called.

Names you've called yourselves... that's ancient history.

Actually, it's not even history, because what you're experiencing is the world for the very first time.

Think of the structure below, the wood and metal that supports you. And once your hand is in position on your clitoris we'll begin with a gentle, counterclockwise rotation.

Mmm.

Experiment... with rhythm.

Find your own.

Visualize the chest of a stranger as his gaze penetrates you.

Now you are grabbing what's inside him.

His heart.

The meat.

The sinewy muscle.

Does he scream as you are ripping his

tender flesh?  
Oh yes.  
And his blood...  
it warms your throat.  
Great form, B.  
Brigitte?  
Are you okay, Brigitte?  
Beneath the skin  
The beast within  
Dieing to be  
Beneath the stars  
Tears and scars  
Healing when  
10 minutes to lockup.  
I want you to come and see me.  
I'm right here.  
In my room.  
That would be against the rules.  
Please?  
Do you smile?  
What?  
Can you smile?  
See...  
you smile at the world,  
and the world will smile right back at  
you.  
You should be getting back to your  
room.  
Will you come?  
I'll think about it.  
Rocky!  
Look what I have!  
Rocky!  
Rocky?  
Rocky?  
Just leave it for him.  
But Rocky always comes.  
You don't look happy.  
Are you gonna make me smile again?  
Have you ever considered another  
occupation?  
You know what?  
I am quite happy playing the small,  
but vital role here at the care

facility.

I think it's 'cause

I'm a people person.

So, what is this stuff, anyways?

Does it matter?

Not really.

What's with that?

I have a great sense of smell.

Weird.

There's this vein down here

that is very private.

So you shave?

Well, I think that's just great.

Here you go.

Rocky!

Rocky?

Rocky!

Huh?!

Check back in on you in a half hour.

What?

"Rocky runs. Rocky plays.

Rocky misses the good old days."

Why'd you do it?

He wasn't doing anything to you.

I did not do that.

I told them not to leave him alone  
outside...

he'd be vulnerable to all the dangers  
of the night...

of which you're the worst.

How could I have done that?

I can't even get out of my room.

I don't know.

You... you move through walls or  
something.

Ghost, if I could move through walls,  
do you think I'd be in here?

This is important, where did you find  
him? Outside?

By the back of the crematorium wall,  
in the abandoned section.

- It found me.

- What found you?

I have to get out of here.

I can get you out.  
What did you just say?  
I know a way out,  
through the vents.  
But you have to take me with you.  
I'll knock in a while.  
Ghost? Ghost?  
Here.  
I'll leave the door unlocked, okay?  
Just bring that back.  
Brigitte?  
What... what are you doing here?  
What are you doing here?  
Want a snort?  
I have to find a way out of here.  
Brigitte?!  
Brigitte?  
Brigitte?  
Brigitte?  
Brigitte?  
Don't bother.  
Alice probably sealed up every window  
herself.  
Do you ever see things when you're  
stoned?  
I just saw the freakiest thing.  
It is like an animal, but deformed.  
Beth-Ann?  
Brigitte!  
You said you'd wait for me.  
- Go back to the clinic.  
- Why?  
Wha... what's going on?  
It got Beth-Ann.  
How do we get out of here?  
- That way.  
- We can't go that way.  
This way.  
Are you sure this is the way?  
Over here.  
Ghost?  
Ghost? Ghost?  
Ghost? Ghost?  
Ghost, what are you doing?

We gotta pay the ferryman.  
Let's go.  
Good luck on your sad journey to the  
other side, Beth-Ann.  
I'm sorry you were such a cunt.  
Faster!  
This is the crematorium.  
There should be a way through the  
back.  
In there!  
Go! Go!  
Come on, go!  
Get in the car.  
- Do you think it's dead?  
- Just go!  
Oh God, you're bleeding.  
- What if you bleed to death?  
- That's the least of our worries.  
So was that the one that bit you?  
I wasn't bit, my sister was.  
And no, it wasn't the same one.  
Well... well, where did it come from?  
The infinite darkness?  
I don't think so, Ghost.  
I don't like the suburbs.  
- If you weren't bit, then...  
- I infected myself with her blood.  
I thought I could make her stop if I  
was like her.  
I always wanted a sister.  
Where is she now?  
She isn't, I stopped her.  
You killed your own sister?  
There wasn't much of Ginger left in  
what I killed.  
So... so what'd you use, a silver  
bullet?  
A knife.  
They're not superheroes, Ghost.  
Ooh, baby...  
...Passing in the night  
So fine  
You know it's gonna be  
So, come on, come on, come on, come



on, baby  
Come on, if you want it to be...  
Are you okay?  
Your bathrooms are out of order.  
- Yeah. You...  
- Come on, love me tonight  
And I'll be yours till the sun comes  
up...  
You can use the staff bathroom.  
Come on.  
I got chips.  
Alice says chips don't fall into one  
of the four food groups.  
One of her many lies.  
You still eat chips, right?  
It's happening too fast.  
I need the monkshood.  
Where's the needle?  
Oh crap.  
I really need a syringe.  
Didn't your grandmother have diabetes  
or an allergy to nuts or bees or  
anything?  
Why don't you just drink it?  
I've tried that, it doesn't work.  
Put it up your nose.  
That's what all the other girls do.  
I never had a sleepover before.  
Once I almost did,  
but then Barbara told  
Caroline Kish's mom  
that she'd have to pay her \$9 an hour,  
because it was basically like  
babysitting.  
Is this her?  
Your grandma?  
Yep. That's Barbara.  
She was a provincial curling champion  
four years in a row.  
You call your grandmother Barbara?  
- She called me Ghost.  
- Why is that?  
Barbara had this book called  
"Behavioral Modification"

when I was seven.

It was all about subconscious messaging.

She called me Ghost because she hates sudden noises, which I made a lot of. Sometimes even walking around made Barbara angry.

She was putting up Christmas lights in here, I was in the living room, and she yelled for me to plug them in so she could see which ones were broken.

They lit her synthetic mumu on fire.

When I came in she was screaming, trying to stop, drop and roll.

But that just got her more and more twisted up in the lights.

That's really awful.

I'm just shitting you.

She fell asleep with her bedtime cigarette.

I always told her not to smoke in bed.

Funny.

After the accident

I took care of her.

- People think that's bad.

- Is that why you're at the clinic?

No, I'm at the clinic because Alice gets money to keep me there.

Is that right?

Yeah, she just makes up another thing about me to fix,

like "Hostility to conventional morality,"

or "ADD"...that's Attention Deficit Disease.

Actually, that's disorder...

Attention Deficit Disor...

Whatever, or "Inability to communicate with the other residents."

You've seen them, who'd want to?

Barbara had dry eyes.

I don't see how that's gonna get into

your blood.  
It's not as good as shooting,  
but the membrane behind your eyeball's  
permeable,  
like the bottom of your tongue.  
The problem with the mouth  
- is the saliva, which kills toxins...  
- You like science, huh?  
I do too.  
Sick... I can't watch.  
It's gonna find you, isn't it?  
The fact that it didn't kill you  
tonight  
means something.  
Maybe he's like you  
and it's not in his nature to kill,  
and he secretly wants...  
Ghost...  
it wants to mate with me.  
Oh.  
Don't try too hard to visualize that.  
My sister and I shared a room.  
A sleepover every night.  
Kind of.  
Do you miss her?  
All the time.  
Ghost?!  
Ghost?!  
Ghost?!  
I'm up here.  
What is that thing out front?  
Polly.  
Polly Ester.  
She explodes.  
When I get her set up in the yard,  
she'll be attached to a trip wire.  
We'll see how he likes that.  
Is that supposed to be me?  
I look tough.  
What do you do with these things?  
Trade powers.  
Comics are very incoherent.  
Their makers send them out into the  
world

unprepared for all the demons and  
enemies they'll face.  
I assess their weaknesses... make them  
stronger.  
Who's that?  
Burned Barbara.  
I took away her nerve endings so she  
can't feel pain.  
So, what are you giving me?  
What do you want?  
Time.  
That's hard.  
You have to leave me.  
You have to take the car and you have  
to get out of here.  
You didn't leave your sister.  
That was different.  
- She was out of control.  
- And you aren't?  
Look at you.  
I'm not leaving you.  
"Her isolation was made worse by a  
growing desire to devour men...  
but she resisted,  
for she knew this would bring  
destruction and death."  
It's just me.  
You scared me.  
Polly.  
We destroyed the monster.  
Stay inside, it may still be alive.  
Polly got a deer.  
"She kneeled to devour the downy  
innocent...  
And all through the land  
the forest creatures wept."  
I need more monkshood.  
We have to call Tyler.  
You have blood on your face.  
- Hello?  
- It's Brigitte.  
What?  
Where the hell are you?  
I'll give you the clinic car if you

bring me my stuff.  
Okay... okay, just wait.  
Let me turn off the TV.  
Brigitte, you still there?  
Sort of.  
It's been an hour.  
Shouldn't he be here by now?  
Stay here.  
In the morning light  
Feels so good by me...  
Hello?!  
It could be so right...  
Work hard in the daytime  
For our dinner at night  
Comfort me at the right time  
Everything's gonna be all right  
Make me do anything you want  
Make me be everything you want  
Make me do anything you want.  
- That is not funny.  
- But it's not completely unfunny.  
He's here.  
Yes, he is here ladies.  
Hey, my car's back there.  
Umm...  
So this is home, huh, Ghost?  
Kind of has a Manson family charm.  
You know she took care of Granny after  
the fire?  
All burned up?  
How long was it until the police  
showed up?  
43 days.  
- Yikes.  
- Did you bring a needle?  
Yeah.  
I'm suspended without pay because of  
you three taking off.  
Yeah, but hey, no big deal.  
Where is Beth-Ann anyway?  
She went to the city to see her  
boyfriend.  
She missed him so much, she couldn't  
be without him another minute.

- He's very handsome.  
- Yeah, I'm sure he is.  
You need to relax.  
Here, let me do it.  
Give it here, all right?  
Relax.  
He should probably get going now,  
right?  
You're having a reaction or something.  
Your body's rejecting it.  
Okay... that is not good.  
That is not good... this is not  
supposed to be hap...  
I got... I got to get you to a  
hospital.  
Take me anywhere and I'll tell Alice  
everything.  
Get away from me.  
Brigitte?  
This is not good. This is so not  
supposed to be happening.  
- Oh God!  
- Brigitte, what's happening?  
What is that shit anyway?  
Bri...  
- Brigitte?!  
- Okay. Okay.  
- Brigitte?!  
- Okay.  
All right.  
Come here.  
Listen, Brigitte is really sick.  
I've never seen anything like this  
before.  
She's really...  
yeah...  
we're at the grandma's place.  
I don't know what to do, okay?  
Hey.  
- Get out!  
- What?  
I need to be alone.  
She realized of course, she'd have to  
come back to the clinic.

You realize of course that you're speaking in the third person.

It's a little weird.

And I'm aware of no such thing.

What if I said I missed you?

"His words were empty, just like his head."

Did I hurt you when I pushed you?

I didn't mean to.

I'm sorry.

Hey, sleepyhead?

It's time.

Ghost?

What happened?

We shouldn't have brought him here.

What happened to your face?

Ghost happened.

- Do you think I need stitches?

- Why would she do that?

Have you been upstairs?

Yes.

I don't think she knows what's real and what's a cartoon.

That's convenient.

What?

You get off on that, don't you?

What are you getting at?

I'm just shitting you.

Can you help me with the generator?

It needs more gas.

Without consequences to our actions things get very confused.

Okay.

Shit!

God, no!

God, no!

Don't you just love the sound of nature?

This ends now.

We can't fight what's in us, B.

I'm not like you, Ginger.

- I'm stronger.

- Oh, really?

That's not how I remember you the

first 15 years of your life.  
It's how I remember the last 15  
minutes of yours.  
Where's Tyler?  
Don't worry about him.  
- What are you doing?  
- I'm gonna kill it.  
Get me all the sharp things you can  
find.  
Are you scared?  
What's that?  
Gas.  
Stand back.  
How long will it burn?  
Barbara took about 27 minutes.  
Get upstairs.  
Go back to the darkness!  
Ghost?!  
You shot at me!  
What the hell?  
I meant to shoot the monster.  
Of course you did.  
Get your ass over here and give me the  
gun.  
Where did you get that from?  
Barbara hunted squirrels.  
Tyler called me, where is he? Huh?  
In the woods.  
Where are the other girls?  
Where's Brigitte?  
Tyler said that she was  
OD'ing again.  
Beth-Ann's in the basement of the  
clinic,  
and Brigitte's here.  
She's fine.  
Brigitte, come on out!  
You were making progress, Ghost.  
This is not progress.  
What I see is a little girl who does  
not divide what is real  
and what is a fictional world in her  
own mind...  
...take responsibility for...



Why does it smell like gas in here?

- To burn the monster.

- Oh, Ghost!

Where did you say Beth-Ann is?

Huh?

- She could eat you, you know.

- Holy shit.

- Brigitte?

- What happened to Grandma?

She fell asleep with a cigarette.

Grandma didn't smoke.

You burnt Barbara.

Did you lie about Tyler too?

"He pushed and he pulled and he laughed when she cried."

- What did you really do?

- "He took advantage of her heart."

He didn't do it, did he?

He was gonna take you away from me!

- Step away!

Don't worry, Alice,

I've been where you are.

Oh yeah?

We're gonna get out of here.

I wouldn't go out there if I were you.

Upstairs! Quick! Quick! Hurry!

What the hell is out there?

The monster.

It's in the house?

Brigitte?

Brigitte?!

Brigitte?!

Brigitte?!

Ghost!

Hel...

Here.

Ghost, come on, quick.

Nooo!

Brigitte?!

Brigitte?!

No.

No.

Oh my God, something's still alive down there.

Brigitte?!

Get back upstairs.

I knew you'd find us, Alice.

Kill me.

"Growing steadily stronger beneath the  
floorboards,

her faithful companion, with a deadly  
hunger for human flesh,

waited to unleash the darkness and  
fury of hell

on her mistress's enemies...

...of which there were many.

And so began Ghost's reign of moral  
terror."

If I was beautiful like you

Oh, the things I would do

Those not so blessed would be crying  
out, "Murder"

And I'd just laugh and get away with  
it too

Like you do, if I was beautiful like  
you

I would never be at fault

I'd walk in the rain between the  
raindrops

Bringing traffic to a halt

But that would never be

That would never, never be

'Cause I'm not beautiful like you

I'm beautiful like me

Beautiful like me

If I was beautiful like you

I'd be quick to assume

They'd do anything to please me, why  
not?

I see their reaction when you walk  
into the room

But that would never be

That would never, never be

'Cause I'm not beautiful like you

I'm beautiful like me

I'm beautiful like me

Beautiful

Beautiful like me

Like me  
Like me  
If I was beautiful like you  
I'd have so many friends  
All fighting for my time to be next in  
line  
So, if I hurt one,  
I wouldn't have to make amends  
That would never be  
That would never, never be  
'Cause I'm not beautiful like you  
I'm not beautiful like you  
I'm not beautiful like you  
I'm beautiful like me  
I'm beautiful like me.