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# Gotta Kick It Up

By Meghan Cole

[Dance Music Playing]  
[Woman Bailando En  
La Ciudad In Spanish]  
[Kids Chattering]  
Hi. Can I Have  
A Notebook, Pen, Ruler,  
And Peanut Butter Cups?  
Here You Go.  
Thank You.  
You're Welcome.  
Is This Part  
Of Your Diet?  
Hey, Beat It.  
She's Not Bothering You.  
Ooh, She's Scared.  
Let's Go.  
Hey, You.  
What's Up, Chica?  
Nada. Just Kickin' It.  
You Know,  
First-Day-Back Blues.  
Heh.  
[Gasps]  
Oh, I Am So Sorry.  
Are You Ok?  
It's Fine.  
It's My Fault.  
I Just Got  
So Involved  
In The Book,  
I Forgot To Watch  
Where I'm Going.  
Oh.  
Could You Be So Kind  
As To Point Me Towards  
The Administration Building?  
Sure. Um, Yeah,  
You Follow Along  
These Buildings Here,  
Past The Jock Trophies,  
Up The Stairs.  
If You Pass  
The Faculty Room,  
You Went Too Far.

Thank You. Thanks.

I'm Sorry.

Bye.

[Hip-Hop Music Playing]

Ooh, Yeah, Girl,

You're Dustin' Me!

All Right, Who's Got

The Next Cut?

Um, I Got It.

Here.

Where Are You Going

With That Dumb,

Girly Music, Esmeralda?

Who Named You

The Queen Of Music?

As Long As I Got The Moves,

I'll Be The One Pickin'

The Tunes.

Are We On The Same Page?

And, Segura, Please Come

To School With Your

Pants Pulled Up.

Nobody Cares What Color

Your Underwear Is.

Go To Class.

Gomez!

Gomez, Gomez,

Gomez, Gomez.

If You Put

As Much Energy

Into Your Schoolwork

As You Do

Into Goofing Off,

You Will Be

On The Honor Roll,

My Friend.

Yes, Sir.

Direct Me To The Front,

Colonel Zavala.

I Will Sacrifice Myself

For The Good

Of The School.

Dismissed.

[Sighs]

Hey.  
Hi.  
I Take It Principal Zavala  
Had A Previous Life  
In The Military.  
Don't Think The Kids  
Will Ever Let Him  
Forget It For A Minute.  
Good Morning,  
Ms. Bartlett.  
I'm Delighted To See  
You Actually  
Showed Up.  
You Had Doubts?  
Well, You Wouldn't Be  
My First New Recruit  
To Go Awol.  
These Kids Can Be  
Pretty Intimidating.  
After Watching  
A Dot-Com Company  
Crash And Burn,  
This Should Be Easy  
In Comparison.  
Don't Count On It.  
Thanks  
For The Reassurance.  
[Bell Rings]  
Remember,  
Ms. Bartlett,  
The First Day Is Usually  
The Most Trying.  
Good Luck.  
[Kids Chattering Loudly]  
So, Who's In Charge Here?  
Who Knows?  
Maybe No One.  
Oughta Learn More  
Than We Usually Do, Then.  
Yep.  
Ha Ha!  
What?  
Oh, Oh!  
Yo, That's Tight.

You Better Quit It,  
Guys.  
You Want To Land Us  
All In Detention?  
Ooh, You Wouldn't Want  
That To Go  
On Your Permanent  
Record, Would You?  
Yeah! Go, Yoli!  
Oh, Oh, Go, Yoli!  
Oh, Oh, Go, Yoli!  
Go, Yoli! Go, Yoli!  
Whoo!  
[Whistles]  
[Banging Stops]  
Good Morning.  
[Boy Wolf-Whistles]  
My Name Is Ms. Bartlett,  
I'm Your New Biology Teacher.  
Boo!  
Nice Suit!  
Whatever!  
Good Luck!  
Can Anybody Tell Me  
What Biology Is?  
A Royal Pain.  
A Total Waste  
Of Time?  
[Kids Laugh]  
Biology Is The Science  
Of Living Organisms  
And Vital Processes.  
It's An Exploration Between  
Plant And Animal Life,  
The Laws And The Phenomena  
That...  
Govern The...  
Varied Species  
On The Planet.  
Am I Going Too Fast?  
Do You Have  
Any Questions?  
Why Should We Care?  
Yeah, And How Does It

Matter To Us  
If Some Dumb Animal Goes  
And Gets Itself Extinct?  
We'd Be Better Off  
Busting Some Beats.  
Yeah!  
Yeah, Bump It!  
Oh, Oh!  
Go, Daisy!  
Come On, Daisy!  
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!

**Kids:**

Go, Daisy!  
Uh-Oh!  
Go, Daisy! Go, Daisy!  
Go, Daisy!  
Uh! Uh! Uh!  
Go, Daisy! Go, Daisy...

**Zavala:**

[Kids Stop Yelling]  
That's Automatic Detention  
For 2 Weeks, Starting Today.  
[Sighs] Gosh,  
That's Wack, Colonel.  
I'm Adding 2 More Weeks  
For Insubordination,  
Miss Salinas.  
She Wasn't  
The Only One  
Dancing.  
Would You Care  
To Join Her, Miss Vargas?  
Anybody Else?  
An Effective Leader Seizes  
Control Of Her Troops  
Immediately.  
Absolutely.  
[Sighs]  
[Kids Chatting Indistinctly]  
Hey, Did You Hear  
Ms. Renee Retired?  
What?!

She Can't!  
What About  
Dance Team?  
It Ain't Gonna Happen  
This Year.  
But I Need It  
For College.  
It's The Perfect  
Extracurricular  
Activity.  
Ay, Pobrecita.  
Poor Thing? Not Me.  
Esmeralda's The One  
Who's Been Preparing  
For This  
Since Second Grade.  
Yeah. She's Gonna Freak.  
[Moonlight Sonata Playing]

**Boy:**

Junior!  
Junior, Give That Back!  
Junior! Junior!  
What Are You Doing?!  
Junior, That's Not Funny!  
Can I Have My Box  
Back Please?  
Esmeralda.  
What Are You Doing  
On The Floor?  
Mom, He's  
At It Again.  
[Spanish Report  
On Television]  
Did You Give Your Brother  
His Breakfast?  
Mocoso, Give That Music Box  
Back To Your Sister.  
Now...  
Andale.  
You'd Think That Silly Thing  
Was Made Of Gold.  
[Moonlight Sonata Playing]  
[Rap Music Playing]

Hey.  
Hey. How You Doin'?  
School Is Such A Drag.  
Man, Do You Know  
How Lucky You Are  
Your Parents Let You Drop Out?  
Hey, I Tried  
Sticking It Out.  
Just Couldn't Hack It.  
Not That Working's  
So Much Better.  
Boss Always On My Case.  
Customers To Deal With.  
The Second I Can,  
I'm Gonna Be Right Out Here  
In The World With You.  
Yeah, Well,  
Don't Let Tu Madre  
Hear You Sing That Tune.  
She Already Thinks  
I'm A Bad Influence.  
Hey, You Wanna  
Kick Back After School?  
Watch Some Tube?  
[Laughs] I Wish.  
That Jerk Zavala  
Gave Me Detention  
For A Whole Month.  
Ooh.  
That's Harsh.  
But It Doesn't  
Come Close  
To My Record.  
When I Was  
In Ninth Grade,  
He Tried Keeping Me  
After School  
For 4 Months...  
Till I  
Weaseled Out Of It.  
How'd You Manage That,  
Slick?  
Oh, Put On My Best  
"So Sorry" Face,



And Traded Detention  
For An Extracurricular  
Activity.  
Sweet.  
Yeah.  
Kinda Like You.  
Ok, Ms. Kim,  
I Made My Corrections.  
Would You Please  
Type That Up?  
No Problem.  
Thank You.  
Uh, Mr. Zavala,  
It Says Ms. Bartlett  
Went To Juilliard--  
You Know,  
That Amazing Performing  
School In New York--  
On A Dance Scholarship.  
Are You Filing The Resumes  
Or Reading The Resumes,  
Miss Reyna?  
I Didn't Mean To, Sir,  
But It Just Jumped  
Right Out.  
I Mean, I've Been  
Really Stressed  
Since I Found Out  
We Had No Dance Coach.  
Do You Even Know  
If Ms. Bartlett  
Would Be Interested?  
Well, Can't You  
Force Her To Do It?  
Well, Contrary  
To What I Try To Make  
You Students Believe,  
I Really Don't Have  
That Kind Of Power.  
All After-School Coaches  
Are Volunteers.  
But You'll Talk To Her,  
Right?  
Please?

I'll See What I Can Do.  
Gracias.  
De Nada.  
Good Morning,  
Ms. Bartlett.  
Ooh, This Can't Be Good.  
I Have A Favor  
To Ask.  
It's Been Brought  
To My Attention  
That You Have  
A Background In Dance.  
Well,  
That Was A Long Time Ago.  
It's Not Something  
I've Kept Up With.  
Did You Know  
We Have A Ninth-Grade  
Dance Here At Marshall?  
And Our Squad's Been  
A Bit, Uh...  
How Do I Say This?  
[Chuckles]  
Ok, We Have  
A Statewide Reputation  
For Being  
A Perennial Disaster,  
But These Girls  
Are Counting On It.  
They Have  
The Enthusiasm.  
All They're Lacking  
Is A Coach.  
I Don't Mean  
To Be Rude, Sir,  
But If You're Angling  
To Get Me Involved,  
Let Me Save You  
The Breath.  
Dancing's  
A Part Of My Past.  
All Right,  
Then Let Me Try  
This Approach.

Studies Show  
That Participating  
In Extracurricular  
Activities  
Help Keep These Kids  
Out Of Gangs  
And Give Them  
A Sense Of Self-Respect.  
I Understand.  
I'm Sure That's True,  
But Considering The Way  
Things Have Gone So Far,  
I Think It's Gonna Take  
All My Time And Energy  
Just To Focus On Reaching  
The Students In My Classroom.  
Well, Do Me A Favor.  
Please...Think About It.  
Ok.  
Yes, Esmeralda?  
Um...  
Well,  
I Was Just Wondering  
If Mr. Zavala  
Talked To You About  
Our Dance Team?  
He Did.  
So...Are You  
Gonna Do It?  
Are You  
Gonna Coach Us?  
Oh, Well...  
I Really Think I Should  
Become More Proficient  
In What I Was  
Actually Hired To Do  
Before I Take  
Anything Else On.  
Well, If You Want,  
I Can Tell You How  
Some Of The Really  
Popular Teachers  
Around Here Do It.  
Really?

Mm-Hmm.

I'd Like That.

Will You Coach

The Dance Team?

Oh, Was That The Condition

Under Which You're

Going To Give Me

Your Advice?

Well, Yeah.

You Help Us,

I Help You.

Why Not Make It

So Everybody Wins.

May I Have Your Attention,

Please.

The Chess Club Will Meet

In The Library

**Thursday At 3:**

Bring Your Own Board.

Ninth-Grade Dance Team Tryouts

Shh!

Will Be Tomorrow At 3:30

In The Gym.

Be Sure To Bring

Your Own Music.

Any Questions,

Please See Ms. Bartlett.

Yes! Good Job, Esme.

You Did It.

Hey...What's The Deal

With This Dance Team?

Oh, You Hate

The Whole Idea,

Remember?

Every Time I Ever

Brought It Up, It Was,

"Oh, That's Right.

Losers R Us."

Yeah, But Now I'm Thinkin'

It Could Have Its Upside.

Maybe Along The Way Develop

Some Ol' School Pride.

Check This Out.

Whoa, You Feelin' Ok,  
Chica?  
[Sighs]  
Principal Zavala...  
I Was Out Of Line  
Dancing In Class, Sir.  
Don't You Think  
My Detention Time  
Would Be Better Served  
In A School-Sponsored  
Activity?  
That's Very Mature,  
Miss Salinas.  
Esmeralda?  
Since You've  
Been Spearheading  
This Whole Endeavor,  
Let Me Ask You.  
Do You Think  
That Daisy Would Make  
A Positive Addition  
To The Dance Squad?  
Well, You Definitely  
Gotta Give Her Props  
On Her Dancing.  
First Word  
Of Any Disrespect  
Or Lack Of Commitment  
That I Hear  
From Ms. Bartlett...  
Back In Detention.  
Slam Dunk.

**Assist:**

[Bell Clangs]  
You're Welcome, Daisy.  
Whatever.  
"Dance Team Try-Outs"?  
Audicones?  
Ah.

**"Tomorrow 3:**

In The Gymnasium."  
Perfecto.

Auditions.  
That's The Same  
In Any Language.  
I'll See You There.  
Man, Where Is She?  
Like I Don't Have  
Better Things To Be Doing.  
I Knew This Was  
Too Good To Be True.  
She Can Bail,  
So Can I.  
Chuy's Waiting.  
Heading Back  
To Detention,  
Miss Salinas?  
Good.  
Then Please Sit Down.  
All Of You,  
Take A Seat.  
I Cannot Dance  
Sitting Down.  
Rules First.  
Then You'll Dance.  
Every Team Member  
Is Required To Wear  
Her Gym Uniform,  
White Socks,  
And Clean Tennis Shoes.  
Like I'm Really Gonna Be  
Scrubbing My Sneaks.  
Thanks For Dropping By.  
Laces Tied,  
Shirts Tucked In,  
Hair Pulled Back  
Into A Ponytail Or A Bun.  
She's Worse  
Than Zavala.  
Seriously.  
Is This Dance Or Boot Camp?  
Girls Must Attend  
Every Practice,  
And You Must Be On Time.  
Sorry. I'm Sorry.  
I Had To

Drop Off My Brother  
At My Aunt's House.  
Tardiness Is Unacceptable.  
No Excuses.  
No Team Member Is Allowed  
To Have A Failing Grade.  
A "D" Will Put You  
On Probation.  
That Leaves Us Out.  
Come On, Joanna.  
Let's Get Out Of Here.  
Adios.  
No Jewelry.  
No Dark Lipstick.  
No Long Painted Fingernails.  
Anybody Else Wanna Leave?  
Ok, When I Call Your Name,  
Come On Down  
And Play Your Music.  
Try And Keep Your Choreography  
To Under A Minute.  
Choreo--What?  
She Means Show Us  
Your Best Moves,  
And Don't Hold Back,  
Got It?  
[Guys Yelling]  
All Right, Let's Go!  
[Whistles]  
Excuse Me, Mr. Zavala,  
Do You Mind?  
We're Having  
Our Tryouts.  
We Practice In Here  
Every Tuesday And Thursday.  
Y-Y-You're  
The Basketball Coach?  
Somebody Had To Be.  
As I Was Trying To Tell You  
The Other Day,  
If We Don't Have  
A Little Faith In These Kids,  
How Can We Expect Them  
To Believe In Themselves?

You Can Save  
The Lecture, Sir.  
I'm Here, Aren't I?  
And I Couldn't Be Happier.  
Good. So You'll  
Take Your Boys  
Elsewhere?  
Where Do You Suggest We Go?  
Well, I Don't--Sir,  
It Was Your Office  
That Scheduled Me  
To Be Here.  
Well, Obviously,  
Ms. Kim Made A Mistake.  
Ok, Sorry, Ladies.  
Dance Team's  
Been Canceled.  
What?  
I Don't Believe It!  
No. Hold On.  
Wait A Minute.  
I'm Not Gonna Make It  
That Easy For You To Quit.  
So You'll Let Me  
Have The Gym?  
You Can Have Half Of It.  
We'll Take The North End.  
You Can Have The South End,  
And The Half-Court Line  
Will Be Our Divider,  
All Right?  
Ok.  
Ok, Guys!  
This Is Just Something  
I Came Up With On My Own.  
So Here It Goes.

**Player:**

**Second Player:**

Obviously  
This Isn't Gonna Work.  
Obviously.  
You Were Here First.



We'll Leave.  
No,  
You Need The Baskets.  
Good Point.  
And We Can't  
Get Much Done  
Without Music.  
[Mariachi Music Playing]  
[Hip-Hop Music Playing]  
Come On  
Come On  
Ai Yah  
Come On  
Come On  
Come On  
Ai Yi  
Come On  
Come On  
Come On  
Ai Yah  
Come On  
Come On  
Come On  
Ai Yi  
[Swing Music Playing]  
[R & B Music Playing]  
Candy Lover  
You're So Sweet  
Candy Lover  
You're The One  
For Me  
Yeah  
Ok, Esmeralda,  
Thank You.  
Thank You. That Was Great.  
Nice Work.  
That's It For Today.  
What About Me?  
Well, I Already Know  
You Can Dance, Miss Salinas...  
In My Classroom, Remember?  
What I Don't Know  
Is Whether Or Not  
You Can Be Part Of A Team.

What's That  
Supposed To Mean?  
It Means No One On My Squad  
Gets To Be The Diva.  
You All Have To Work Together,  
Help Each Other To Improve.  
Oh, And One More Thing...  
If I'm Gonna Give Up  
All My Time To Be Here,  
I Expect You To Be  
As Serious And As Dedicated  
As I Intend To Be.  
I Don't Compete  
Unless I Plan To Win,  
And That Can't Happen  
Until You Girls  
Get Into Shape.  
So Tomorrow We'll Meet  
On The Track.

**3:**

If You're Gonna Be Late,  
Don't Bother To Come At All.  
Ok, What Now?  
One More Lap.  
Oh, Wait. I'm Sorry.  
I Forgot. Did We  
Join The Track Or The Dance Team?  
It's Important To Build Up  
Your Stamina, Daisy.  
Oh, Ms. Bartlett,  
I Seriously Don't Mean  
Any Disrespect,  
But Our First Dance Competition  
Is In 2 1/2 Weeks.  
Don't We Kind Of  
Have To Get Started  
On A Dance Routine?  
Well, Considering  
I Haven't Been Around  
This Kind Of Meet  
Since I Was In School,  
I Was Sort Of Hoping  
We Could Figure That Out

Together...  
When The Time Comes.  
Well, I Know The Routine  
They Used 2 Years Ago.  
My Sister Taught It To Me.  
It Goes Like This.

**Daisy, Chanting:**

Go, Yoli.  
Go, Yoli.  
Go, Yoli.  
Go, Yoli.  
Go, Yoli.  
Go, Yoli.  
That's So Tired.  
I Mean, Why Don't We  
Invent Something  
Totally New?  
Yeah,  
Want More Flash!  
Yeah, With More Flesh!  
Sorry, Don't Think So.  
What If We Start Out  
With Something Like,  
Uh...Like, Up!  
You Have  
A Comment There,  
Miss Salinas?  
No, No, No.  
It's Fine,  
You Know, If You're  
Entering An Old Granny  
Competition.  
Maybe You'd Like  
To Show Us Some  
Of Your Ideas?  
No Problema.  
Ooh, Yeah, Daisy!  
You Go, Girl!  
Yeah, Girl.  
Go On, Daisy!  
Let's Try It.  
Daisy, I'll Never Be Able  
To Move Like That.

If I Do  
That Many Turns,  
I'm Gonna Puke.  
Guys, She's Just Showing Off  
To Make The Rest Of Us  
Look Stupid.  
Oh, Yeah?  
I Don't Have  
To Dance To Do That.  
Well, You Know What?  
I've Got An Idea.  
Why Don't You Pack Up  
Your Attitude And Get Lost.  
Why Don't You Back Off  
Before I Make You  
Back Off.  
[All Yelling At Once]  
Hey!  
You Guys, Hey!  
Hey!  
Excuse Me!  
You Made Your Point.  
Thank You.  
So, Look, I'll Stay Here  
And I'll Think About  
Our Routine  
While You Girls  
Give Me Another Lap.  
[Muttering In Spanish]  
[Coughing]  
Are These The Pompoms?  
God, Who Was  
The Last Person  
To Use These? Cleopatra?  
Well, It's Better  
Than Nothing, No?  
Speaking Of Nothing,  
What Happened To Our  
Old Team Uniforms?  
Mr. Zavala's  
Looking For Them.  
But Until Then,  
You Guys Will Wear  
Your Gym Uniforms

This Weekend.  
Oh!  
What?  
Ms. Bartlett--  
What? I Hear  
A Lot Of Schools Do That.  
Yeah,  
Lots Of Poor Schools.  
You'll Be Judged  
On Your Dancing,  
Not Your Outfits.  
Either Way,  
We're Toast.  
What Are You Talking About?  
I Think Our Routine's  
Pretty Good.  
Please.  
Our Routine Is  
Safe And Boring.  
Excuse Me,  
But It Makes More Sense  
To Start Out Modestly  
Than It Does To Get In  
Over Our Heads.  
Whatever.  
You're The Coach.  
Look At Them.  
They're Like Pretzels!  
Start Stretching.  
Ms. Bartlett?  
I'd Like To Introduce You  
To My Parents.  
Hi. We Figured Our Girls  
Deserved To Have Someone  
Here To Cheer Them On.  
Well,  
I Hope We Don't  
Disappoint You.  
This Has Been So Good  
For Alyssa.  
With Our High Hopes  
For College,  
Every Little  
Extracurricular

Activity Helps.

**P.A.:**

Junior High School  
Dance Team Onstage.  
Marshall Middle School,  
On Deck.  
What Is "Deck"?  
It Means We're Next.  
What's With Them?  
I Don't Know.  
We'll Find Out.

**Girl:**

**Squad:**

Good Luck!  
Rolling Hills Wishes You  
A Lot Of Luck!  
[Cheering]  
[Dance Music Playing]

**Computer Voice:**

**Squad:**

Ha!  
Ha!  
Ha!  
Ms. Bartlett.  
Esmeralda's Sick.  
Oh!  
Hey. Hey, What's Wrong?  
I Can't Do This.  
I'm Gonna Throw Up.  
Oh, It Was A Long Trip.  
Do You Think You're Bus-Sick?

**P.A.:**

Middle School,  
Up Next!  
Ok, No Time.  
I Want You To Breathe  
Through Your Nose  
And Try And Fill Your Lungs.

It's Probably Just Nerves.  
You'll Be Fine.  
You All Will Be.

**P.A.:**

School Dance Team Onstage!  
You Think You Can Do This?  
Um, Yeah,  
I'll--I'll Do It.  
Here's Your Poms.  
Here. Go, Go, Go.  
Good Luck!  
Cd!  
Focus, Everybody.  
I'm Ok.  
Hi.  
It's The Second Track.  
[Applause]  
Buenos Das.  
Ahh, Mr. Zavala,  
What Are You Doing Here?  
Curiosity,  
Moral Support.  
Mm. Hmm.  
[Techno Music Playing]  
2, 3, 4, 5!

**Daisy:**

**All:**

**Daisy:**

Give It Up!  
Unh!  
Daisy!  
[Music Stops]  
[Light Applause]  
We Stunk!  
You Think?!  
It Could Not  
Have Been Worse.  
Daisy--  
You Know What?!  
Save It. I Quit.

I Would Have Rather  
Been In Detention.  
Alyssa--  
This Is The Most  
Embarrassing Day  
Of My Life,  
And My Parents  
Are Here!  
You Girls  
Did Fine.  
This Is All New.  
You Had First-Time  
Jitters.  
Rome Wasn't Built In A Day.  
You'll Get 'Em Next Time!  
It'll Be All Right. Ok?  
Pretty  
Disappointing Day, Huh?  
We'll Keep Working.  
You Know, Ms. Bartlett,  
I Know This Whole  
Coaching Thing  
Was Sort Of, You Know--  
Well, Everybody Really  
Pressured You Into It,  
But, I Mean,  
If You Really,  
Totally Hate It...  
I Don't Hate It,  
Esmeralda.  
Is That How It Seems?  
Yeah, Sorta.  
But--  
What?  
Well, Me And  
The Other Girls  
Were Talking,  
And Don't Take This  
The Wrong Way  
Or Anything,  
But It Feels Like  
There's A Whole Lot More  
You Could Teach Us,  
And For Some Reason...



You're Holding Back.  
This Won't Take Long.  
I Just Need  
To Get My Backpack.  
Man, Even Being Here  
When I Don't Have To Be  
Makes Me Start  
To Sweat.  
Yeah, I Know  
What You Mean.  
Come On.  
Good.  
It's Still Here.  
Well, Since I Drove,  
Does It Mean  
You'll Treat  
For Burgers?  
You're The Big  
Working Man.  
Yeah. The One  
Who's Always Hurting  
When The Bills Are Due,  
Remember?  
Shh! Shh!  
Do You Hear That?  
Hear What?  
Who Would Be  
In The Gym  
On A Saturday?  
Who Cares?!  
[Music Playing]  
You  
Can Make It If You Try  
Wondering What  
He Has Got To Think Of Me  
There's Nowhere To Go  
But As I Don't Doubt  
Your Fears Are Missing  
I Think You Should Know  
It Won't Be Long, Baby,  
For You To Discover  
You're A Step Away  
Hey, Hey!  
Hey! You Know

That Lady?  
That's Her.  
Who Her?  
That's My Dancing Coach,  
Ms. Bartlett.  
That's Her!  
Oh, She's Hot.  
Ohh!  
I Meant Her Dancing.  
She's Really Good.  
Yeah, Not That She Ever  
Gave Us The Slightest Clue.  
She's  
Your Dancing Coach,  
And You've  
Never Seen Her  
Dance Before?  
Not Like That!  
[Slams Car Door]  
Don't Give Up,  
Don't Give Up  
You Will Make It Through  
Mm-Mmm  
[Music Ends]  
[Crying]  
Hey, Yolanda.  
Daisy, May I  
Have A Moment?  
I Already Turned In  
My Lab Assignment.  
It's About  
Dance Team.  
I Quit.  
Can We Talk?  
I'd Really Like You  
To Rejoin Us.  
Why? So I Can Make  
A Total Idiot  
Out Of Myself  
In Front Of 5 Or 6  
More Schools?  
You Have The Potential  
To Be Great, Daisy.  
Do You Know That?

Look, I Only Joined  
This Dance So I Could Get  
Out Of Detention.  
Now That's Done.  
Well, What About  
The Other Girls?  
They Deserve  
To Have Somebody  
With Your Talent,  
Your Strengths.  
Isn't That What  
They Have You For?  
Oh. No, Wait,  
I Forgot.  
You Only Dance  
When Nobody's Looking.  
I Saw You In The Gym  
On Saturday.  
I Hadn't Danced  
For A Really Long Time.  
It Kind Of Stinks  
That You've Been  
Holding Out On Us.  
There's A Lot  
About This  
You Don't Know  
Or Understand.  
And Whose Fault Is That?  
You're Right.  
But Everyone Deserves  
A Second Chance, Huh?  
[School Bell Rings]  
I Gotta Get To Class.  
Ok, Ladies,  
Rolling Hills...  
Is Gone.  
Today, We're Gonna  
Start From Scratch.  
Are We Actually  
Gonna Dance Today?  
Yeah, We Are  
Gonna Dance Today,  
But Rhythm Is First.  
I'm Gonna Break

This Down Into  
What's Called An 8-Count.  
And 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6--  
I Can't Hear You.  
[Together]  
And, 1, 2, 3, 4,  
5, 6, 7, 8.  
Good. Everybody Up!  
Off The Bleachers!  
We've Got A Lot  
Of Ground To Cover.  
We're Gonna Isolate  
Different Parts  
Of Our Body,  
Starting With The Head.  
And 1, 2, 3, 4...  
Chin Down...  
And Up Again...  
Good, Esmeralda, Good.  
Alyssa, Try And Keep  
That 8-Count In Your Head.  
I Know This Is  
Gonna Feel Awkward,  
But Don't Worry About It,  
Just Go With It.  
Let's Go With The Hips.  
And Side, 2, 3, 4...  
And Circle...  
And Circle...  
And 1, 2, 3, 4...  
And Circle...  
And Circle...  
And Side, 2, 3, 4...  
And Circle...  
And Circle--Good!  
Now, Let's Stretch. Ready?  
And Stretch Side...  
2, 3, 4...  
Circle Around...  
Come On Up...  
And Side, 2, 3, 4...  
Circle Around...  
Come On Up.  
Good Job.

Shake It Out.  
Loosen It Up.  
Miss Salinas.  
I'm Really Glad  
You Decided  
To Rejoin Us.  
[Starts Cassette Player]  
[Music Starts]  
All Right, Yolanda,  
You Want To Dance Today?  
Let's Go.  
Then We're Gonna Dance.  
5...6...  
5, 6, 7, 8.  
Now Turn Around.  
You  
Can Make It If You Try  
[Laughter]  
5, 6, 7, 8!  
[Music Playing]  
5, 6, 7, 8!  
Good Job.  
[School Bell Rings]  
Ms. Bartlett?  
Yoli And I Were Wondering  
If You Thought Any More  
About The Meet  
At Hamilton  
Next Saturday?  
Nope.  
But Why? We've Been  
Working Like Maniacs.  
And You've Been  
Performing Really Well,  
All Of You.  
So Why Can't  
We Go?  
I Need You  
To Be Patient.  
We Don't Want  
To Be Patient.  
We Want To Compete.  
We Want To Win.  
I Know. I--

I Just Don't Think  
It Would Be Fair Of Me  
To Get Your Hopes Up  
Before I Thought  
We Could Really,  
Really Deliver.  
The Next Competition  
We Go Into,  
I Want Us To Be  
The Absolute Best.  
She Said No Way.  
She Doesn't Think  
We're Ready.  
I Knew It.  
We're Totally Ready.  
You Know,  
I Think We Should  
Just Go On Our Own.  
I Know Where They Keep  
The Registration Forms  
In The Office.  
But How Do  
We Get There?  
We'd Never Get  
A Bus Without  
Ms. Bartlett.  
We Can Have Chuy  
And His Boys Drive Us.  
Oh, Yeah.  
Like My Parents  
Would Ever Go  
For That.  
The Point Is  
That We Don't  
Have To Tell Them.  
Ok...  
Wouldn't It  
Just Be Easier  
To Try To Convince  
Ms. Bartlett  
That We Really  
Are Ready  
To Compete Again?  
How?

Hold On.  
I've Got An Idea.  
[Telephone Rings]  
Mrs. Kim?  
Yes?  
Hi. I Have A Note  
For Ms. Bartlett.  
Can You Please  
Show Me Which Box  
Is Hers?  
Sure. This Way.

**Alyssa:**

Is This The Only  
Bartlett We Have  
At Our School?  
Yes.  
Thank You.  
Mm-Hmm.

**Dance Team:**

[P.A. Playing Dance Music]

**Daisy:**

**Daisy:**

Ms. Kim,  
Who Put On  
That Music?  
I Have No Idea.  
Ms. Bartlett,  
What's Going On?  
I Don't Remember  
Scheduling  
Any Performance  
For This Afternoon.  
I Think The Girls  
Are Trying To Prove  
That They're Ready  
To Compete Again.  
Drop It...  
Say What?  
[Music Ends And Applause]  
So, What's Your Opinion?

I Don't Think They Can  
Be Considered Ready  
For Anything  
Until They Learn  
To Respect Their Coach.  
[Laughing]  
Locking Up  
The P.A. System?  
Taking Over  
The Lunch Area?  
How Do You Think  
That Makes Me Look?  
It Makes You Look Good!  
Didn't You Check Out  
The Way Those Kids  
Were Looking At Us?  
A Team Is Supposed  
To Work Together  
With Every Single  
One Of Its Members,  
Including Its Coach.  
Does That Mean  
Hamilton's Out Now?  
Hamilton Was  
Always Out, Yolanda!  
You Girls Absolutely  
Refuse To Listen To Me!  
What Are You  
So Afraid Of?  
The Only Explanation  
I Owe You, Miss Salinas,  
Is That We Are Not  
Going To Hamilton  
Because I Say We're Not!  
By The Way,  
Mr. Zavala Finally  
Found The Old Uniforms.  
I Have A Feeling  
They May Need Some Work.  
[School Bell Rings]  
My Mom Had All This  
Left From A Job.  
She Said Anything  
We Can Use,



We're Welcome To.  
I Hope Somebody's Good  
At Alterations.  
Well, I Think  
We Definitely Need  
To Spice These Up  
A Little.  
Yeah!  
Put Some Sparkle!  
Make Them Look--  
Hot?  
Right, So That  
We're All Dressed Up  
With Nowhere To Go.  
Yeah. What's  
Ms. Bartlett's Problem?  
I Think The Whole Idea  
Of Performing Poorly  
Really Freaks Her Out.  
Well, If She's Waiting  
For Us To Be Perfect,  
She Shouldn't  
Hold Her Breath.  
Want To Hear  
What I Have To Say?  
Esme...  
You Sent In  
The Registration  
Forms, Right?  
Um...Yeah?  
So, Who Needs  
A Coach?  
Let's Just  
Get Ourselves  
To Hamilton  
And Kick It Up!  
If We're Going,  
We'd Better Get Going.  
Do You Think  
There's Any Way  
Ms. Bartlett  
Might Just, Like,  
Show Up There?  
Why? You Guys Didn't Say

Anything To Her, Did You?  
Are You Kidding?  
She'd Flip  
If She Knew  
We Went Behind  
Her Back Again.  
You Guys,  
Can We Seriously  
Pull This Off?  
Come On! It's Like  
My Grandmother Always Says,  
Si, Se Puede.  
Yes, She's Right,  
You Guys.  
We'll Just Chant  
"Yes, I Can."  
Si, Se Puede.  
[Together]  
Si, Se Puede.  
Si, Se Puede.  
Si, Se Puede.  
[Cheering]  
Come On, We're Late.  
Coming!  
This Is Crazy.  
We're Gonna Get  
So Busted.  
Relax, Chica.  
Piece Of Cake.  
Welcome, Ladies.  
What School  
Are You From?

**Daisy:**

Marshall Middle School.  
Oh, Terrific.  
Your Coach Has  
To Sign In.  
Our Coach?  
She Is Here With You,  
Isn't She?  
Um, Yeah! Sure!  
Why Wouldn't She Be?  
Right. Um...

We--We're Really Late  
Getting Here.  
Um, We Got Lost  
Along The Way,  
And Our Coach,  
Ms. Bartlett,  
She, Um...  
She Went To  
The Little Girl's  
Room And...  
She Wanted Me  
To Sign Us In.  
Splendid.  
We Thought  
You Were A No-Show.  
You Were Supposed  
To Be Here  
An Hour Ago.  
We're Here Now.  
Follow Me.  
There's A Ahead Of You Onstage.  
You're On In 5.  
Minutes?  
Who's Gonna Start Our Music?  
Remember, There's Gotta Be  
Someone There To Hit Play.  
Give Me The Cd.  
See The Console  
Over There?  
When It's Our Turn,  
You Hand Him The Cd,  
You Tell Him  
It's Cut Number 3, Ok?  
And When We're Ready,  
I'm Gonna Nod To You  
From The Stage,  
And You Hit Play.  
Cut Number What?  
3, Chuy, 3!  
I Know, I Know,  
I Know.  
I'm Just Messing  
With Your Head,  
That's All.

No, Please, Don't!  
Come On!  
I'm Under Enough Pressure  
As It Is, Ok?  
Ok.  
Ok.  
Peninsula On Stage,  
Marshall Dance Team On Deck!  
5, 6, 7, And--  
G-O-O-D L-U-C-K  
Lots Of Luck!  
Come On!  
[Applause]  
[Music Starts]  
1, 2, 3, 4  
It's Petroleum Jelly.  
Do It, Girls!  
[Together]  
Let's Go, Peninsula!  
Here We Go  
Come On, Girls!  
Work It!  
Open Up.  
Yuck! What Are  
You Trying To Do,  
Poison Me?  
It Helps  
Remind You To Smile.  
I'm Smiling.

**All:**

[Music Stops]  
Here.  
Let Me Help You.  
Thank You...  
For Handing In  
The Registration Form.  
You Know,  
For Getting Us Here.  
Ok! Let's Huddle Up!  
Ms. Bartlett  
Taught Us The Moves  
And Got Us Acting  
Like A Team.

Now, We Can Do This!

All Right?

Si, Se Puede.

[Together]

Si, Se Puede.

Si, Se Puede.

Si, Se Puede.

Go...Marshall!

Whoo!

**P.A.:**

Dance Team, Onstage!

[Applause]

Go, Marshall!

Ready? Ready?

[Music Starts]

[New Song Starts]

[Together]

Go On!

[New Song Starts]

Let's Go!

[Together]

Yes!

[Applause]

Excuse Me?

May I Have

A Word With You?

Look, If It's

About Our Coach--

Actually, Dear,

It's About You.

That Was An Incredibly

Impressive Performance.

Thank You.

You Can't Possibly Imagine

How Hard Our Team's

Been Practicing.

It Most Definitely

Shows.

You Can Trust Me

On This.

I'm One

Of The Judges.

No Lie?

I'm Lynell Elliot,  
Dean Of The High School  
Of Performing Arts.  
Daisy Salinas.  
Pleasure To Meet You.  
Daisy, You Are  
Very Talented.  
You Have An Ease  
And Charisma  
Onstage.  
Please--  
Oh, It's True.  
I See A Lot Of Girls  
At These Competitions.  
Is There Any Chance  
You'd Be Interested  
In Attending  
Our Academy Next Year?  
Whoa.  
Wow.  
You Know, My Mom Would  
Never Be Able To Afford  
Something Like This.  
We Have Scholarships.  
There Are A Hundred  
Paths To Working It Out  
If It's Something  
You Truly Want.  
[Girls Cheering]  
26 Schools.  
Third Place.  
Not Too Shabby.  
My Turn To Hold It!  
I'd Like To See  
Ms. Bartlett Tell Us  
We're Not Ready  
To Compete Now.

**Alyssa's Father:**

Excuse Me, Girls?  
Why Weren't You Girls  
On A School Bus?  
Where's Your Coach?  
Do You Have Any Idea

How Out Of Our Minds  
We've Been?  
How Could You Lie  
To Us Like This,  
Alyssa?  
Mom, I Didn't Lie.  
Well, You Certainly  
Didn't Tell Us  
The Truth.  
Do You Even Know  
These Boys?  
They Hardly Look Old Enough  
To Have Their Licenses!  
Mom, Look At Us.  
We're All Fine.  
And What Do You Think  
Mr. Zavala's Gonna Say  
When He Hears About This?  
Dad, You Can't!  
I Can, And I Will.  
Now, Let's Go!  
Come On, Ladies!  
You Guys Just Won  
Third Place!  
[Car Drives Off]  
Ya Le Vo.  
Como Estabas?  
Entran.  
[Door Closes]  
Where Have You Been?  
We Won A Trophy!  
We Came In Third.  
We Had To Stay  
For The Award Ceremony.  
You Know, Your Mother  
And I Are Due  
At The Acarmens  
For Dinner.  
You Agreed  
To Baby-Sit For Us.  
Ok, Well,  
I'm Here Now,  
Aren't I?  
But You Still

Have To Cook  
Your Brother's Dinner.  
You Haven't Cleaned  
Your Room In A Week.  
Maybe This Dance Is  
Not A Good Idea.  
Mommy, It's A Great Idea!  
Whenever You Have  
To Be At Work, I Cook,  
I Clean, I--I Wash,  
I Do Everything  
For Everybody.  
Why Can't I Just Have  
One Thing For Me?  
Esmeralda,  
Do Not Speak  
To Your Mother  
In That Tone.  
I'm Sorry.  
But I Was  
Really Happy Today.  
And Nothing You Do  
Can Take That Away From Me.  
[Sighs]  
She Did Win.  
Daisy.  
Hi.  
I'm Sorry  
To Bother You  
At Home,  
But I Really Need  
To Talk To You.  
Mm, Well,  
After The Phone Call  
I Got From Alyssa's Parents,  
I'd Say The Feeling's  
Mutual.  
I Don't Think You Girls  
Have The Slightest Idea  
Of The Terrible Position  
You Have Put Me Into.  
You Went  
Against My Wishes.  
You Defied



My Authority--  
Do You Know  
That Alyssa's Parents  
Think I Am Completely  
Incompetent?  
We're Sorry.  
We Messed Up.  
We Just Had To Get Back  
In The Competition.  
Even If I Wasn't Sure  
You Were Ready  
To Compete Again?  
Then How Come We Got  
Third Place Today, Huh?  
I Mean, Doesn't That  
Count For Anything?  
That Is Beside  
The Point, Daisy!  
I Can't Be  
Your Coach  
If I Don't Have  
Your Respect  
And Your Trust!  
Respect?  
Nobody Feels  
Like You Believe In Us!  
Ohh.  
My Whole Life...  
From The Time I Was 4,  
All I Wanted  
To Do Was Dance.  
I Took Lessons,  
I Got A Lot  
Of Positive Feedback,  
But Every Time I'd Perform  
In A Recital,  
Even At Home,  
My Parents Would Say  
The Same Things.  
"That Was Good,  
But You Can Do Better."  
"Don't Settle For Good.  
Be Great."  
"We Expect You

To Be The Very Best."  
So, I Worked Harder,  
Kept Practicing,  
Kept Taking Lessons.  
And Was Kicking Enough  
To Get Into Juilliard.  
Mm...Yeah.  
Want To Hear  
A Little Secret?  
2 Weeks.  
But Esme Told Me  
That You Graduated?  
She Read My Resume,  
Which Says  
I Attended Juilliard.

**Daisy:**

I Don't Get It.  
Why Would You Quit?  
I Was Good.  
But--  
But Not Great.  
I Went To Those  
First Couple  
Of Weeks Of Classes,  
And I Saw  
The Other Students...  
Their Passion...  
And Their  
Incredible Technique,  
And I Thought--  
I Freaked Out.  
I Thought  
I Don't Belong Here,  
I Can't Compete With This.  
I Felt Like Such A Fraud.  
So, I Packed My Bags  
And Flew Home,  
Went To College, And...  
Got An Internet Job.  
How'd You End Up  
At Marshall?  
Oh, Well, Yeah.  
Last Summer,

My Dot-Com Company  
Folded.  
I Saw This Ad  
Begging For Teachers.  
Boom.  
When We Were  
At Rolling Hills,  
Every Cold-Sweat Nightmare  
I Had Ever Had  
Came Flooding Back To Me.  
When Everything  
Fell Apart,  
I Knew I'd Failed  
You Guys.  
I Didn't Want You  
To Compete Again,  
Because I Couldn't  
Handle It.  
This Isn't At All  
About Not Believing In You.  
I Hate That You  
Thought That.  
This Is Me.  
It's My Stuff,  
My Fears.  
Hey...  
Whose Routine Do You Think  
Got Us That Trophy Today?  
Daisy--  
We're Not So Dumb  
To Think We Can  
Do This Without You.  
We Want  
To Keep On Going.  
I Don't Know  
About That.  
If We Pull Through  
In The Next 3 Or 4 Weeks,  
We Have A Chance  
To Make It To Regionals.  
I Realize That.  
I--I--  
Ms. Bartlett,  
Si, Se Puede.

What's That?  
It's Our Team Chant.  
Marisol Taught It To Us  
From Her Granny.  
Si, Se Puede.  
It Means "Yes, I Can."  
Si, Se Puede.  
Si, Se Puede.  
The Truth,  
Mr. And Mrs. Cortez,  
Is That The Girls  
Made Some Definite  
Errors In Judgment.  
But I Made  
An Even Bigger One.  
I Didn't Show  
Nearly As Much  
Faith In Them  
As They Deserve.  
Well, We Appreciate  
You Coming To Talk  
To Us Like This.  
Well, Alyssa's  
A Terrific Girl.  
And I Think  
The Dance Team's  
Been Really Good  
For Her.  
For The First Time,  
She Not Only Has Books,  
She Has Friends.  
Oh, That's Great.  
So, How Do You  
Think We Should  
Tell Mr. Zavala  
About This  
Little Incident?  
He's A Busy Man.  
He Has Enough  
To Be Worried About.  
Thank You.  
I Promise  
From Here On Out,  
I Will Be With The Girls

Every Step Of The Way.  
Every School Rule  
Will Be Followed.  
Gracias, Ms. Bartlett.  
No, Really,  
Thank You.  
Thanks.  
So We're Still On?  
We Can Compete Again?  
Step Into The Party  
Look Across The Room  
Chillin' With  
Your Friends  
Couldn't Help  
But Notice You  
Checkin' The Time...  
So, I Need You To Choose  
3 Numbers  
From Your Tribes  
And Send Them Down Front.  
The Winning Team Has  
No Homework Tonight.

**All:**

Tonight  
Run My Fingers  
Through My Hair  
Slowly Walk  
Right Over There  
I'm Shakin' My Hips...  
Get Ready...  
Get Set...  
Go!  
[All Talking At Once]  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Rhythm  
Dance To The Beat  
The Feeling Is  
Right Tonight  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Tonight  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Groove Now  
Dance Up Ahead

I Just Want  
To Dance With You  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Whoo  
Tell Me Your Name  
Let's Talk For A While  
Just Can't Resist  
That Beautiful Smile  
My Wish For Tonight  
Tonight  
Is Dancing With You  
With You  
Baby, Take My Hand  
My Hand  
And Make It Come True  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Rhythm,  
Dance To The Beat  
The Feeling  
Is Right Tonight  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Whoo  
Let's Go!  
1, 2, 3, 4!  
Don't Look Now,  
But You Might Actually  
Be Getting Good At This.  
[Laughs]  
Well, I Found  
It Works Better  
If You Let Them Be  
A Little Hands-On.  
So How's  
The Dance Practice Going?  
Great! The Girls Are  
Really Working Hard.

**Ms. Bartlett:**

Ok. That's It  
For Today.  
[Sighs]  
Hey, You Wanted  
To See Me?  
Daisy...

How Come You Didn't  
Tell Me You Had An Offer  
From Lynell Elliot?  
Oh, Come On!  
The High School  
Of The Performing Arts.  
That's The Most  
Incredible Place!  
Yeah. It's Also  
A Zillion Miles  
Across Town.  
So?  
So, It's Probably  
A Bunch Of Stuck-Up  
Rich Kids  
With Mommies  
And Daddies  
In Show Business.  
How Am I Supposed  
To Fit In?  
What Happened  
To "Si, Se Puede"?  
[Laughs]  
Please.  
Chuy Thinks  
It's A Stupid Idea.  
Chuy...  
Hmm.  
Is He The Boyfriend?  
Yeah.  
Plus, He's Bent  
At Me Enough  
For Spending  
So Much Time  
With Dance,  
You Know?  
And He Thinks  
I'm Being Set Up  
For Something  
I Can Never  
Achieve.  
Hmm...  
What Grade  
Is This Chuy In?

None.  
He Dropped Out.  
He's A Mechanic  
Over At Escobar's.  
Which Pretty Much Means  
His Future's Been  
Decided For Him.  
Is That What You Want?  
Daisy...  
Listen, Take It  
From Somebody  
Who Has Been There.  
This Is The Time  
In Your Life  
When You Should Be  
Seizing Every Opportunity,  
Following Your Dream.  
Don't Make  
The Same Mistake  
I Did, Ok?  
[Screaming Joyfully]  
We Did It!  
We Did It!  
We Came In Second!  
We're Going  
To Regionals!  
Ohh!  
We're Going All The Way  
To San Diego!  
All Praise  
Ms. Bartlett!  
Hail  
Ms. Bartlett!  
Thank You, Ladies.  
I Will See You On Monday,  
And Then--We Are On  
To Regionals!

**All:**

What?  
Regionals?  
Does That Mean  
This Thing Isn't  
Over Yet?



It Would Have Been  
If We Hadn't  
Placed Today.  
But You Did.  
Yeah!  
Don't Sound  
So Excited For Us.  
I'm Gettin'  
Really Sick  
Of This, Girl.  
Oh, Yeah?  
You Never Have  
Any Time For Me  
Anymore!  
You're Always Dancing  
Or Practicing  
Or Too Busy  
Or Too Tired!  
Chuy, Why Can't  
You Understand?  
Dance Is Finally  
Giving Me A Chance  
To Do Something  
With My Life!  
What About Our Life?  
What About  
All Our Plans?  
I'm Just A Kid!  
I Don't Wanna  
Be All Settled!  
You Know, Who Knows  
What's Gonna Happen?  
I Know!  
You're Gonna Go  
To That Snotnose  
Actors School.  
They're Gonna  
Chew You Up  
And Spit You Out,  
And You're Gonna  
Come Limping Back  
Expecting Me  
To Be Waitin'  
Here For You?

Well, You Know What?  
Bag That,  
'Cause I Have  
A Life, Too,  
And If You Don't  
Wanna Be A Part Of It,  
Then You're  
Out Of It!  
Chuy, Wait!  
You Know What  
Ms. Bartlett Told Me?  
She Said That Ever Since  
She Quit Juilliard,  
She Wondered Every Day  
What Would've Happened  
If She Stuck It Out.  
Every Day,  
She Wonders, Chuy!  
I Don't Wanna Wonder!  
I Wanna Know!  
Well, Good For You.  
Buena Suerte,  
Chica. Eh?  
Chuy, Don't Do This!  
[Tires Screech]  
Answering Machine:  
This Is Lynell Elliot.  
Please Leave A Message  
After The Beep.  
[Beeps]  
Hi.  
Miss Elliot?  
This Is Daisy Salinas  
From Marshall Middle School.  
I Met You At  
The Hamilton Dance Meet.  
I'm Calling  
Because I Would  
Very Much Appreciate It  
If You Would Send Me  
An Application  
To Your School.  
Thanks.  
[Crying]

What Do You Mean  
We Can't Go?  
I Mean, This Is  
Everything Those Girls  
Have Worked For.  
I Understand,  
But There's Not  
A Single Dime  
Left In The Budget.  
Well, What Are We  
Talking About, A Bus?  
One Bus For One Day?  
How Much Could That  
Possibly Cost?  
Because We'd Be Going  
To San Diego,  
Which Is Outside  
Our District,  
I Have To Get  
A Liability Rider.  
Then There's The Cost  
Of The Driver, The Gas,  
The Bus Itself--  
But This Isn't  
The First Year  
You've Had A Dance Team.  
Why Wasn't This Put  
In The Budget  
From The Start?  
But This Is  
The First Year  
We've Had A Dance That's Even  
Come Close To Being  
In The Regionals.  
Sir, What Am  
I Supposed To Do?  
Punish These Girls  
For Their Success,  
Tell Them If They'd  
Only Gone And Failed,  
Everything  
Would Be Fine?  
I'm Very Sorry,  
Ms. Bartlett,

But I Don't Know  
Where I'm Gonna Get  
My Hands On \$1,200.  
Ohh. [Sighs]  
What If We Raise  
The Money Ourselves?  
Yeah. Maybe We Could  
Even Raise Enough  
To Get New Uniforms.  
We Could  
Have A Car Wash.  
Yeah. And We Can Sell  
Food And Stuff.  
Like A Block Party!  
Guys, We Have To Do  
Whatever It Takes  
To Get To Regionals.  
We Have A Lot To Do  
In The Next 2 Weeks.  
Like Come Up With  
A Whole New Routine.  
Actually, You Guys,  
I Was Thinking About That.  
How Would You Feel  
If We Did Something  
Really Innovative  
By Taking Advantage  
Of Your Background?  
You Mean,  
Something Like This?  
I Did It Since I Was  
Old Enough To Walk.  
My Mother Call It  
La Lavadora.  
The Washing Machine.  
Yeah! A-And How  
'Bout The Merengue,  
Like This?  
That's Perfect!  
That's It!  
That's It!  
Who Else?  
Anybody Else  
Have Something?

My Parents Do  
The Cha-Cha.  
It's Like...  
Cha-Cha-Cha

**Ms. Bartlett:**

Ok, Watch Daisy.  
Do You See How  
She Makes It Her Own?  
She's Going From Cha-Cha  
To Hip-Hop, Back To Salsa...  
Flamenco...  
Mmm...  
Unh...Salsa.  
Cool. Now, How Do We  
Turn It Into A Routine?  
Yeah, And How Are We Ever  
Gonna Learn It On Time?  
Well, Let's  
Figure That Out.  
Daisy,  
What Do You Think?  
We Start Up Here,  
Bring It Down...  
And Hip,  
Salsa,  
Pirouette...  
Come On, Girls,  
Try This With Us.  
Merengue...  
And Do What You Were  
Doing Before, Ok?  
And Cross Over.  
Ok, Perfect.  
Spin Around, And...  
Shake, Shake, Shake!  
From The Top--Up!  
Arms Up, Bring It Down,  
And Pop  
The Head--Salsa...  
Pirouette...  
Oh! Alex!  
What Are You Doing Here?  
I Have To Tell You,

You Are Not  
The Easiest Person  
In The World  
To Track Down.  
Ohh! Come Here!  
Let's Go Inside.  
Ok.  
Get Some Tea.  
Are The Rumors True?  
Are You Teaching Now?  
Ninth-Grade Biology.  
[Laughs]  
Unbelievable!  
And You're  
Digging It?  
Yeah. It Definitely  
Has Its Challenges.  
Well, You Know,  
The Reason I'm Here--  
I Was, Uh, Talking  
To Bob Humphrey.  
From Medico?  
Exactly.  
He's Now One  
Of The Hotshots  
On The Web.  
His Web Site--  
It's Huge!  
It's Gossip, Advice,  
Fashion Tips--  
You Know, All The Stuff  
For Preteen Girls  
With Links To  
The Best Clothes,  
Cosmetic,  
And Music Sites.  
It's Unreal!  
And?  
And They're  
Looking For A Head  
Of Customer Relations  
And Marketing...  
Hmm.  
And I Told Them

About You.  
Oh...  
Well, Alex, That's  
Really Flattering, But...  
I Think I'm Starting  
To Hit My Stride  
With This Teaching Thing.  
How Much You Making?  
Enough.  
If I Never Wanna  
Take Another  
Decent Vacation Again.  
Hey, Whatever  
You're Pulling In,  
Bobby'll  
Double It--At Least!  
I Mean, He's Had  
A Hundred Applicants,  
But No One  
With Your Skills  
Or Experience.  
Now With This  
Teaching Thing  
On Top Of It...  
Your Students Are  
His Core Demographic.  
I Don't Know, Alex.  
I Don't Know.  
Give Him A Call.  
They Even Have  
An Office In London.  
Hmm...  
Ahh, You'd Love  
London.  
Give Him A Call.  
Take An Interview.  
What Can It Hurt?  
I Guess There's  
No Reason Not  
To Just Meet The Guy.  
Exactly.  
Right...  
Give Him A Call.

**Alyssa:**

Be Failing Math?  
It's Only The Term  
Progress Report,  
Not An Actual  
Report Card.  
Look, Mr. Zavala  
Is Totally Crazy  
About This Stuff.  
Any Failing Grade  
Means You Can't Be On  
An After-School Team.  
Yeah, But Even  
He Wouldn't  
Kick Her Off  
Right Before  
Regionals.  
Wanna Bet?  
Stupid Math!  
It's Always  
Been A Pain!  
What Are  
We Gonna Do?  
Well, Let's  
Just Talk To  
Ms. Bartlett.  
I Mean, Maybe  
She Can Pull  
Some Strings.  
Chicas! Listen Up.  
Bad News.  
What's Going On,  
Marisol?  
I Hear Ms. Bartlett  
Talking  
On Her Cell Phone  
About A New Job.  
That's Not Possible.  
Marisol, Are You  
Sure You Heard That?  
S! I Know  
My English Will Not  
Be So Perfect,  
But My Ears,



They Are Fine.  
She Never Wanted  
To Be Here In  
The First Place!  
We Were Just  
A Paycheck  
Between Real Jobs!  
Daisy, That's  
Not True, Ok?  
I Don't Believe It!  
Look, We Never  
Should Have  
Trusted Her!  
You're Wrong!  
Ms. Bartlett  
Cares About Us--  
A Lot!  
Yeah, Right.  
She's Staying  
Here, Ok?  
I'll Bet  
Anything.  
This Can't  
Be Happening!  
It's Over!  
No, It Isn't!  
Uh, Ladies?  
Hello?  
So, Have You  
Come To Make  
Your Farewell Address  
To The Troops?  
I'm Sorry?  
Once A Quitter,  
Always A Quitter.  
We Know You Had  
A Job Interview.  
Marisol Heard You  
Confirm It.  
Is It True?  
Are You Leaving?  
You Can't!  
What About Regionals?  
So, Did They Offer

You A Lot Of Money  
And Tell You That  
You Were The Best?  
Actually, It Was  
An Extremely  
Generous Offer,  
And They Asked Me  
To Start On Monday.  
Bye. We're Really  
Gonna Miss You.  
How Could You  
Do This To Us?  
I Thought  
We Mattered  
To You.  
Mr. Zavala Won't  
Let Us Go Anywhere  
Near Regionals  
Without A Coach!  
After All  
Our Hard Work!  
This Is No Fair!  
Can I Get A Word In?  
Why Bother?  
Actually, The Truth Is,  
I Turned Them Down.  
You Really Did?  
So, You're Staying?  
Yeah.  
[Laughs]  
Why?  
We're A Team.

**Ms. Bartlett:**

Are You Ready?  
Are We Gonna Practice?  
Um, Actually?  
We've Got Another  
Problem To Figure Out.  
Well, What If  
We Considered This One,  
Big Extra-Credit Project?  
Yolanda Can Collect  
All The Money Tomorrow

At The Car Wash,  
And I'll Check  
Her Calculations.  
If She Gets It Right,  
Then You Can Talk  
To Her Math Teacher,  
See If He'll Raise  
Her Grade To A "D."  
That Could Work.  
But You Have To Get Her  
To Take It Very Seriously.  
If Yolanda  
Doesn't Deliver  
An Accurate Tabulation,  
She's Off  
The Dance Team.  
You Got It.  
Ms. Bartlett...  
I Like Your Optimism.  
Thanks.  
[Sizzling]

**Boy:**

Of That Chicken.  
Enjoy.  
Thank You.  
Hey!  
I Washed  
So Many Cars,  
I'm Gonna Have  
Pruned Hands  
For A Month.  
Yolanda!  
So How Are We Doing?  
Collecting's Easy.  
It's The Counting  
And Adding That'll  
Be The Tricky Part.  
Let's See.  
Aah!  
[Laughs]  
Oh, Wow!  
[Laughs]  
So, Are We There?

Did We Do It?  
Close, But...  
No Cigar.  
Well, We Have  
Enough For The Bus  
And The Insurance,  
But We Still Need  
Another \$100  
To Get The Uniforms.  
[Car Horn Honks]  
Chuy...  
What's  
With All This?  
Somebody Told Me You Were  
Having A Little Trouble  
Reaching Your Goal.  
Yeah, Well,  
Where Did You Get  
All These Cars From?  
Escobar's Garage.  
The Old Man Has The Repairs  
Washed Every Time  
He Turns Them Out.  
I, Uh...  
Talked Him Into  
Throwing The Job  
Your Way.  
So, What's The Damage  
Gonna Be For 9 Cars  
And A Van?  
\$85.  
Well, That Still  
Leaves Us Short  
15 And Some Change.  
You Owe Me A Wash  
And Wax, Girl.  
Done!

**Ms. Bartlett:**

Congratulations, Team.  
We're All Going  
To Regionals!  
Whoo! We're All Gonna  
Look So Fine

In Our New Uniforms!

**All:**

Here You Are,  
Daisy Salinas.  
I've Been  
Looking Everywhere.  
I Cannot Tell You  
How Delighted I Was  
To Receive  
Your Application,  
And I'm Looking  
Forward To Seeing You  
Dance Today.  
Ah, Great.  
No Pressure.  
Oh, This Is My Coach  
Ms. Bartlett.  
This Is  
Lynell Elliot.  
Oh! It's Really Nice  
To Meet You.  
A Pleasure.  
Well, I Won't  
Keep You.  
I Know You're  
Busy Preparing.  
I Just Wanted  
To Say Hello,  
Wish You Good Luck,  
And Let You Know  
I'll Be Watching.  
Uhh...  
[Laughs]  
You Guys,  
I Cannot Believe  
We're Actually Here.  
I'm Gonna Faint.  
I'm Gonna Fall  
Right Over  
Into A Dead Faint.  
Not Before  
We Compete.  
Dance First,

Faint Later.

**P.A.:**

Dance Team On Deck.  
Marshall Middle School  
Up Next.  
[All Talking At Once]  
[Squeals]

**P.A.:**

Ladies And Gentlemen.  
Welcome To  
The Southern California  
Regional Dance Finals!  
First Up, The Los Alamitos  
Red Devils!

**Girls:**

[Cheering]

**Woman:**

Dance  
Dance  
Dance  
Dance

**Girls:**

[Music Increases Tempo]

**Girls:**

**Girls:**

[Applause And Cheering]

**Esmeralda:**

You Guys, I Can't  
Find Our Pompoms.  
Where Are  
Our Pompoms?  
I'll Go Look  
Over There.  
Ok, You Go That Way.  
I'll Go This Way.  
Go. Yeah.

I Can't Do This.  
Mmm, Of Course  
You Can.  
No.  
No, I--I Can't.  
Lynell Elliot  
Is Out There.  
Daisy...  
You Know How Good  
You Are,  
And, Uh,  
I Know You Know  
What Today Could  
Mean For You, But...  
Let Me Tell You  
Something You  
May Not Know.  
It Certainly  
Took Me Long Enough  
To Figure This Out.  
There Is  
A Big Difference  
Between Being The Best  
And Being Your Best.  
Aiming To Be  
The Best Is--  
It's Fruitless.  
It's A Matter  
Of Opinion.  
But To Be Your Best?  
That's Where  
You Find Your Spirit.  
Look, The Best,  
My Best--  
What's  
The Difference?  
I Can't Do Any Of It!  
Sure You Can.  
You Have Done This  
50 Times In Rehearsal.  
Do You Know  
The First Time  
I Saw You Dance--  
In My Classroom--

You Had Such Joy.  
You Danced Straight  
From Your Heart.  
And Do You Know  
There Is More Value  
And That's  
More Contagious  
Than Having  
A Thousand Trophies.  
So, Today I Want You  
To Forget About Winning  
And Forget  
About Lynell Elliot.  
Forget Everything...  
Except Why It Is  
You Want To Dance.  
Remember, Sweetie,  
Follow Your Heart.  
Si, Se Puede!  
Hey, Girls!  
Good Luck, Ok?  
Hang In There.  
Bye!

**P.A.:**

The Marshall Middle School  
Dance Team!  
[Applause And Cheering]  
Go, Marshall!  
1, 2, 3, 4...

**Girls:**

[Music Starts]  
[Gasps]  
Come On, Daisy...  
Let's Go!

**Girls:**

[Applause And Cheering]

**Girls:**

Let's Go!  
Step Into The Party  
Look Across The Room



Baby, Take My Hand  
And Make It Come True  
Shake, Shake,  
Move To The Rhythm  
Dance To The Beat  
The Feeling Is  
Right Tonight  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Tonight  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Rhythm  
Dance To The Beat  
The Feeling Is  
Right Tonight  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Rhythm  
Dance To The Beat  
I Just Want  
To Dance With You  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Whoo  
[Applause And Cheering]  
[Applause And Cheering]  
All Right!  
Marshall!  
Whoo-Hoo-Hoo!  
Yeah!  
Whoo!  
[Whistles]  
[All Laughing And Talking]  
Daisy, We Were  
So Awesome!  
Doesn't That Mean  
We're Gonna Go To  
State Championships?  
And Then  
Maybe Nationals!  
And Then  
Internationals!  
No Matter What Happens  
After Today,  
You Girls Are Amazing!  
Well, Maybe

'Cause We've Got  
An Amazing Coach.  
Hey!  
To Ms. Bartlett.  
No. To Us.

**All:**

[All Laughing And Talking]  
Can't Believe You Drove  
All The Way Down Here.  
Oh, You Thought  
I'd Miss This?  
I Thought  
You Hated Everything  
About My Dancing.  
No, Chica.  
You Know What I Hated?  
Feelin' Like I Was  
Gettin' Left Behind.  
Feelin' Like You Were  
Gonna Get Out  
And Go For The Gold,  
And I Was Gonna Be  
Toolin' Cars  
Till I'm Toothless.  
But Guess What?  
This Dropout's  
Droppin' Back In.  
Chuy, Are You Serious?  
Well, I At Least  
Gotta See If I Can Do It.  
I Am So Proud Of You!  
Eh...  
Right Back At Ya.  
I'll See You Up Front,  
All Right?  
Ok.  
You Were Great.  
Yeah!  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Rhythm,  
Dance To The Beat  
Shake It!  
The Feeling

Is Right Tonight  
Gotta Get On Your Feet

**All:**

Hey, Hey, Everybody,  
Look Over Here!

**All:**

[All Cheering]  
Tell Me Your Name  
Let's Talk For A While  
Just Can't Resist  
That Beautiful Smile  
My Wish For Tonight  
Tonight  
Is Dancing With You  
With You  
Baby, Take My Hand  
My Hand  
And Make It Come True  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Rhythm,  
Dance To The Beat  
The Feeling  
Is Right Tonight  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Tonight  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Groove Now,  
Dance Up Ahead  
I Just Want  
To Dance With You  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Whoa  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Rhythm  
Dance To The Beat  
The Feeling  
Is Right Tonight  
Gotta Get On Your Feet  
Shake, Shake  
Move To The Rhythm,  
Dance To The Beat  
The Feeling Is

Right Tonight  
Gotta Get On Your Feet