

THE DUFF

Written by

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Based on the book by Kody Keplinger

**INT. MALLOY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

It's a few minutes before homeroom, and kids are scurrying to their classes. A BUNCH OF DUDES are standing by their lockers.

One of them checks the time on his phone, and holds it up to his buddies.

DUDE #1  
OH, COME ON!

DUDE #2  
The waiting IS the hardest part.

We see the clock the wall CLICK from 7:44am to 7:45am.

DUDE #3  
Showtime.

Everything goes into SLOW MOTION as we see the TWO UNBELIEVABLY GORGEOUS 17 YEAR OLD GIRLS: JESS & CASEY.

They both look and dress like models. Jess is more traditionally glam, Casey is a little artsier and edgy.

DUDE #1  
Jess and Casey.

DUDE #2  
Part of your well-balanced daily dose of HOTNESS.

We close up on Jess, the taller of the two. Her name appears underneath her face, as three sort of "Pop up windows" pop up around her. Each window shows a part of her life.

**WINDOW ONE: TITLE CARD: "VARSITY GIRLS' BASKETBALL"** We see Jess hitting a 3 pointer.

**WINDOW TWO: "PRESIDENT: DRAMA CLUB,"** She's playing Hamlet.

**WINDOW THREE: "SELF-STYLED INTERNET FASHION ICON,"** Jess snaps a picture of herself as she puts the finishing stitches into an AMAZING dress. While she's wearing it.

The windows disappear as we pan over to Casey. She rocks the "Hot Indie Rock Librarian" look.

DUDE #3  
Jess is obviously hotter.

DUDE #4  
 You're high. It's Casey all the way.

Again, Casey's name appears underneath her, as the pop up windows pop up around her.

**WINDOW ONE: "PRESIDENT: DEBATE CLUB"** She slams her fist onto her podium. Her opponent breaks down crying.

**WINDOW TWO: "YOUNGEST BIKRAM YOGA INSTRUCTOR IN SEATTLE"** She holds a difficult pose as students pass out around her.

**WINDOW THREE: "WEB GURU"** She uploads the picture Jess just took of herself to Jess' website. Soon, hundreds of pics pop up in response, all of girls wearing a dress like Jess'.

The windows disappear. Casey and Jess are fully around the corner. Then, a few seconds behind them is their best friend, BIANCA.

Bianca, like most ordinary teenagers, dresses like she realized she had to get dressed two minutes before school started.

DUDE #1  
 (sad trombone noise)  
 Wah-WAHHHHHHH.

Bianca's name POPS UP over her head, along with these windows":

**WINDOW ONE: "THRIFT SHOPPER"** She's trying on various crazy outfits at the local Thrift Store.

**WINDOW TWO: "HONOR ROLL STUDENT"** She gets an 102 on a test.

**WINDOW THREE: "INSTAGRAM GURU"** She posts a picture of her cat to Instagram, and it immediately gets 500 likes.

DUDE #4  
 Show's over. It's just their DUFF.

Freeze on Bianca. All of her windows disappear, and are replaced by this one, directly over her face.

**NEW WINDOW: "THE DUFF"**

That window EXPANDS until it fills the entire screen, bringing us to our...

**OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE**

**MUSIC: SCHLONG'S cover of "I Feel Pretty"  
(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7aTjju20Qa8>)**

We see various pictures of groups of famous attractive people and their entourages. The pictures are in black and white, but each one has the least attractive person highlighted in color.

**EXAMPLES:**

\*KHLOE KARDASHIAN with her sisters

\*SNOOKI with J-WOWWW

\*PEREZ HILTON with anyone.

\*And finally, a photo of Jess, Casey and Bianca.

**TITLE CARD: THE DUFF**

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

We cross-fade from the picture of Bianca to a close-up of the real McCoy.

Lingering on her face as we are, we see that she is a pretty young woman. Not a stick-figure American standard of beauty, but a funky, earthy, gal who's smile radiates warmth.

She is being interviewed by an OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER. Maybe for a job, maybe for college, it's not important right now.

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER  
Favorite color?

BIANCA  
What do people usually say?

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER  
Gree-

BIANCA  
RED.

She smiles. The interviewer laughs.

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER  
Are you a naturally contrary  
person?

BIANCA  
No.

They both laugh.

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER  
So let me ask you one more  
question. What was the most pivotal  
moment in your life?

Bianca gets contemplative.

BIANCA  
You have a few minutes, right?

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER  
Take as much time as you want.

Bianca takes a deep breath, and a sip of Diet Coke.

BIANCA  
High school. Junior year.

**INT. MALLOY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

We pick up right where we left off, with the dudes walking off in a huff. The girls don't notice at all.

JESS  
Wanna hit that new H&M after school?

CASEY  
Jesus, Jess, it's 7:45 in the morning and you want to talk about shopping?

JESS  
I wanted to talk about shopping at 4:45 this morning, but I showed restraint.

BIANCA  
(checking her schedule on her phone.)  
Damn. I wish I could. I'm booked.  
(she swipes the screen)  
And so are you two! Jess, you have play practice, and Casey, you have your "Firefly" meet-up!

JESS  
I'm not called until 7.

CASEY

And my meetup got called off  
because the organizer got mono.

BIANCA

(pockets her phone)

You should really send me schedule  
updates.

JESS

And you should go shopping with us.

**INT. GYM CLASS - AFTERNOON**

The three girls are warming up for class. Jess does push-ups. Casey is doing yoga. Bianca drinks a Frappuccino.

JESS

(to herself)

"Or not TO be." "OR not to be." "Or  
not to BE."

CASEY

You don't have to buy anything,  
Bianca.

BIANCA

To buy or not to buy is not the  
question.

JESS

(looks up)

Say that again?

(to Casey)

Record that?

Casey points the phone at Bianca.

BIANCA

(sighs)

"To buy or NOT to buy."

JESS

Nailed it. Email that to me.

BIANCA

You'll get my invoice at the end of  
the month.

JESS

I will pay you in AWESOME SHIT FROM  
H&M. Besides!

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

We need to get our homecoming looks in order, ladies! It's only a month away!

Bianca sighs.

CASEY

You ARE going to homecoming, right?

Bianca leans back. She gets a sad look on her face. This is obviously a discussion they've had before.

BIANCA

More than anything. But...

Jess puts a hand on her shoulder.

JESS

You talk to your dad lately?

BIANCA

We're scheduled to have a catch-up phone call early fourth quarter.

Pause.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Look, normally I'm up for everything, you know that. But I always had this vision of Dad being there to, like, take my picture and hassle my date for my first really important dance. And he can't do that from 3000 miles away.

Jess hugs her.

JESS

You take all the time you need, buddy. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do.

Casey's eyes narrow. She obviously disagrees with Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)

I feel a wave of Casey tough love coming on.

BIANCA

Oh, jesus. Assume the crash position.

CASEY

Your parents got divorced a year ago. It's time to stop moping, get out there, and make things HAPPEN.

BIANCA

You sound like my mom.

CASEY

(sheepish)

Well...I think she makes some good points.

Bianca rolls her eyes.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Casey wasn't the only one.

**INT. ADULT ED CENTER (HALLWAY) - EVENING**

On a classroom door, we see a sign that says, "TONIGHT! DOTTIE PIPER: 'STOP MOPING, GET OUT THERE, AND MAKE THINGS HAPPEN!'"

There is a LINE OUT THE DOOR of people waiting to get in.

**INT. ADULT ED CENTER (CLASSROOM) - A LITTLE LATER**

Dottie addresses a packed room of rapt listeners. Bianca sits in the very back row.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Mom didn't handle the divorce particularly well, originally.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. PIPER HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - 4:00AM**

Dottie is sitting on her couch crying and drinking Pinot Grigio out of a beer stein.

She's watching a rerun of the ancient "Simpsons" episode, "One Fish, Two Fish, Blowfish, Bluefish."

BIANCA (V.O.)

Then, one night, inspiration struck, in the form of Homer J. Simpson.

We watch the episode along with Dottie.

*DR. HIBBERT*

*Now, a little death anxiety is  
normal. You can expect to go  
through five stages. The first is  
denial.*

*HOMER*

*No way! Because I'm not dying!*

*DR. HIBBERT*

*The second is anger.*

*HOMER*

*WHY YOU LITTLE...!*

Dottie's eyes go wide. She puts down her stein, grabs her laptop, and types in "Five Stages of Grief."

*BIANCA (V.O.)*

Mom realized three things. 1. The stages of grief weren't just for blowfish poisoning victims. 2. Pinot tastes better out of a wine glass. And 3....

END FLASHBACK

**INT. ADULT ED CENTER (CLASSROOM) - CONTINUOUS**

Dottie is pointing to a piece of foam-core with the five stages of grief on them. (DENIAL, ANGER, BARGAINING, DEPRESSION, ACCEPTANCE) The title on the board reads, "THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF."

*DOTTIE*

*I was in the "Depression" stage.  
But not for long!*

**BEGIN "OVERCOMING ANYTHING" MONTAGE:**

We zip through all of the various self-help classes she teaches. The stages on the chalkboard remain the same, but the title and the students change.

\*TITLE: "THE FIVE STAGES OF UNEMPLOYMENT" Students are all dressed in sweatpants and crummy shirts.

\*TITLE: "THE FIVE STAGES OF PET LOSS" Students are sad old women wearing cat sweaters.

\*TITLE: "THE FIVE STAGES OF MALE PATTERN BALDNESS" Students are all bald guys.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

Dottie is shopping, surrounded by a CROWD OF PEOPLE vying for her attention.

PERSON #1

Dottie! I just want to stick pins in my husband's eyes!

DOTTIE

Anger!

PERSON #2

I think if I keep eating cheesecake, I won't care about being fat!

DOTTIE

Denial!

PERSON #3

If I clean the fish tank, my girlfriend will stop sleeping with her softball coach!

DOTTIE

Here's my card. You might need a private consultation.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Don't get me wrong. I'm proud of my mom for finding happiness.

Bringing up the rear is Bianca. She watches her mom and her admirers from afar, and smiles a melancholy smile.

BIANCA (V.O.)

I just keep waiting for it to trickle down to me.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The girls are walking to class.

BIANCA

After MINUTES of thinking it over, I've decided I can go shopping with you guys.

JESS  
And there was much rejoicing!

They laugh. Just then, a bunch of POPULAR GIRLS approach Jess and Casey.

A POP-UP WINDOW appears over all of them that reads, "POPULAR GIRLS. PRETTY. VACANT."

POPULAR GIRL #1  
Hey, Casey and Jess! You guys going to the party at Tony's Friday night?

POPULAR GIRL #2  
His dad works for Red Bull, so it's going to be a serious all-nighter.

BIANCA  
(excited)  
Sounds great!

The two popular girls look at each other, and then at Jess and Casey. It's obvious to everyone but Bianca that she was not part of this invite.

Casey's not having it. She gestures to herself, Jess and Bianca.

CASEY  
WE'LL ALL be there.

The popular girls shrug and smile. Ultimately, they don't care.

POPULAR GIRLS #1&2  
AWESOME!

The popular girls walk off. Just then, Bianca's phone BUZZES. She looks. It's a reminder that reads, "TOBY GUITAR PRACTICE."

Bianca SMILES.

BIANCA  
Would you guys excuse me? I have serious business to attend to.

**EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Leaning up against a brick wall, playing guitar, is TOBY. a floppily haired, semi-awkward, black-wearing, guitar playing kid who straddles the divide between "dreamy" and "dweeby."

BIANCA (V.O.)  
That's Toby.

THREE POP-UP WINDOWS appear around him.

WINDOW 1: "DREAMY" - We see Toby flipping his floppy hair in slow motion.

WINDOW 2: "DREAMY" - We see him trying on a new leather jacket.

WINDOW 3: "DREAMY" - We see him reading feminist magazine "BUST," and nodding his head in agreement.

The windows DISAPPEAR.

He strums out chords, and hums over them. While he's doing this, the camera circles around the wall, and we see Bianca sitting on the other side of it, out of his view.

Her eyes are closed, and she's listening to Toby's music. She's enjoying it very much.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
In addition to all of that, he's  
strumming my pain with his  
fingers...

We see an ARROW pointing at Toby's fingers, with the words "MY PAIN" next to it.

BIANCA  
...Singing my life with his words.

An ARROW points at Toby's mouth, with the words, "MY LIFE" next to it.

She SIGHS loudly. The music stops. Toby pokes his head around the wall, and sees Bianca.

TOBY  
Hope I wasn't oppressing you with  
my music. Just like an entitled  
white guy to think his actions  
don't have ramifications, right?

She scurries away. Toby shrugs, and goes back to playing.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER**

Bianca is tromping to her next class, angry from so thoroughly boning her encounter with Toby. A VOICE calls to her.

DUDE'S VOICE  
HEY! B-GIRL!

Bianca rolls her eyes.

BIANCA  
("oy vey.")  
Wesley.

We see WESLEY, the prototypical high school dreamboat who is VERY aware of his status. Bianca is 100% immune to his charm, however.

BIANCA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Wesley Rush was known amongst his friends, of which I was not one, as "The Bone Machine."

He gets the pop-up windows.

WINDOW 1: "JUNIOR VARSITY QUARTERBACK." We see him playing football.

WINDOW 2: "LOVER OF ALL THE LOVELY LADIES." We see him dancing at a party, utterly SURROUNDED by ladies.

WINDOW 3: "BIANCA'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR." We see him through his bedroom window, hitting it with a CHEERLEADER. Bianca, who's trying to study slams her window SHUT.

The windows disappear.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
I thought he was kind of gross, he thought the same thing about me. But he needed me, occasionally.

WESLEY  
Where are Jess and Casey?

Bianca pulls out her phone to consult.

BIANCA  
Jess, Home Ec, Casey, Spanish class.

WESLEY  
They going to the party tonight?

BIANCA  
Haven't discussed it.

WESLEY

Can you tell Jess and Casey I'm  
going?

BIANCA

They won't care.

WESLEY

Awesome. Gotta jet.

He takes off.

BIANCA (V.O.)

It's not like I got anything out of  
talking to him...

She checks out his butt as he walks away, and smiles.

BIANCA (V.O.)

For the most part.

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON**

The three girls are trying on clothes. Jess is looking at herself in the mirror, in a cute new tank top and skirt.

JESS

I think I'll wear this. What are  
you wearing tonight, Bianca?

CASEY

Did you even buy anything at H&M?

Bianca holds up a new hair-thingy.

CASEY (CONT'D)

That's all you're wearing?

JESS

Certainly a bold statement.

BIANCA

I didn't see anything else I really  
liked...Or that fit.

JESS

What have I told you over and over  
and over again? Clothes don't just  
magically fit. I can tailor them  
for you.

BIANCA

Yes. I'm sure I'm just a few deftly placed stitches away from being Megan Fox.

CASEY

Can you sew her mouth shut?

BIANCA

Nice. I'll probably just wear what I'm wearing.

JESS

What if Toby's there?

Bianca smiles.

BIANCA

Toby doesn't go to parties. He's too cool. And if he was there, he wouldn't judge me by what I was wearing.

Just then, Dottie walks into the room.

DOTTIE

Bianca, are you wearing that schmata to the party tonight?

BIANCA

...Unlike some people.

DOTTIE

You can do better than that. Bianca, come with me. Jess and Casey? No meth labs or anything while we're out of the room.

The three friends share a look.

**INT. DOTTIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Dottie has her closet open to Bianca. It looks like a "Chico's" outlet. Lots of beige. Lots of earth tones. Lots of shoulder pads.

Bianca is wearing a beige blazer with shoulder pads. She's not happy about it.

DOTTIE

Now THAT'S a look.

BIANCA

Can't disagree with you there, mom.

DOTTIE

You don't like it.

BIANCA

Well, it would be great if I were doing stand-up about how men always leave the toilet seat up...

Dottie arches an eyebrow at her daughter.

DOTTIE

Point taken, rotten, ungrateful child.

Dottie looks at her daughter in the mirror, and squeezes her cheeks. Bianca looks less than thrilled.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you-

BIANCA

(rote)

-That I'm the prettiest girl in the whole wide world, and as soon as I manifest my inside potential on the outside, I-

DOTTIE

-Will shine like a thousand suns. Okay. We've been through that, I guess.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

I mean it, though. Do you?

Pause.

BIANCA

I'm gonna get back to Jess and Casey.

Bianca exits. Pause. Dottie puts on the jacket, grabs a hairbrush, and turns to the mirror.

DOTTIE

(using brush as mic)

"Men! They always leave the seat up, am I right, Ladies?"

She nods. That's good stuff.

**INT. SUBURBAN TEEN HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT**

What seems like a very nice suburban house is getting torn apart by what appears to be about a million high school kids.

We see Wesley arguing with a very attractive girl we'll come to know as ROBERTA.

ROBERTA

ARE YOU GONNA HIT ON EVERY GIRL AT  
THIS PARTY?

WESLEY

YOU BROKE UP WITH ME MONTHS AGO!

ROBERTA

I'M BREAKING UP WITH YOU AGAIN!

Wesley walks to the basement, shaking his head. Roberta turns to SALLY ANN, a gawky freshman girl who's at her beck and call.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

SALLY ANN! DIET COKE ME!

SALLY ANN

Sure thing, Roberta.

**INT. SUBURBAN TEEN HOUSE PARTY (BASEMENT) - CONTINUOUS**

There's a BUMPING dance party in the basement. Jess and Casey are in the thick of it.

Bianca hangs out in a corner and nurses a Diet Coke. Jess and Casey wave to her, and motion for her to join them. Bianca thinks about it, but then she sees TOBY across the room. Panic.

She smiles and shakes her head, "No," to Jess & Casey. They go back to dancing.

Bianca takes a few tentative steps towards Toby, but is immediately stopped in her tracks by Wesley.

WESLEY

Hello. Your girls look good out there. LOOK at them. It's like they choreographed all of their moves!

BIANCA

Well, they knew you were going to be here, Wesley.

WESLEY

Really?

BIANCA

Yes, I told them just like you asked, and their eyes sparkled with childlike wonder, and then they just started dancing. It was beautiful.

Wesley isn't listening.

WESLEY

They sure are. Let me ask you, do they always dance like that together?

BIANCA

What?

WESLEY

Do they do...You know...Other things together? Other things I might be able to join in on?

Bianca turns to walk away. Wesley follows her.

BIANCA

WESLEY! It's not my job to stand here and parse out pervy intel about my besties!

Wesley's genuinely confused.

WESLEY

Well, yeah it is. I mean, everyone always asks you about them, right? Right. Because that's your job, as their DUFF.

BIANCA

Their WHAT?

WESLEY

DUFF. "Designated Ugly Fat Friend."

Bianca freezes in her tracks. She's stunned.

BIANCA (V.O.)

SPOILER ALERT: This was NOT the most pivotal moment in my life.

Wesley keeps talking. It is SUPER IMPORTANT to note that even though he's saying pretty awful stuff, he is obviously not aware how much he's hurting Bianca.

WESLEY

I mean...Look around the room.  
Every group of friends has one. And  
if you don't know who it is, then  
chances are, it's you.

Wesley points to a GROUP OF GIRLS. All of them are attractive, except one, who is acne-riddled and pudgy. An arrow with the word "DUFF" appears over her.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

But it's not just for girls. Like,  
over there...

We see a GROUP OF GUYS, four of which look like Zac Efron, and one who looks like Zack Galifinakis. He gets the DUFF arrow as well.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

It's just how things work. DUFFS  
are an important part of any group.

Arrows that say DUFF pop up all around the party, with a final, gigantic one appearing over Bianca's head.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

See, DUFFS have two jobs. To look  
not as good as their friends, which  
makes their friends look better...

Bianca's eyes go wide. We see her fists clench. She may actually punch this jerk.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

And then the other job is to be  
their friend's...Assistant.

We PAN over to the group of hot guys and their one weird looking friend. A HOT GIRL walks up to the weird looking guy.

HOT GIRL

Hey! Your buddy Tom. Is he single?

MALE DUFF

(taking a very long time  
to check her out)

He sure is.

HOT GIRL

Thanks! You're sweet.

The Male DUFF smiles. Back to Wesley and Bianca.

WESLEY

See! She got her info, he got to  
talk to a hot girl, and his friends  
didn't have to do anything.  
Everyone wins. Kind of like us  
right now.

BIANCA

That's nothing like us.

WESLEY

What period does Jess have AP  
English tomorrow?

Bianca starts to reach for her phone.

BIANCA

Third, but let me-  
(She realizes what she's  
doing)  
OH GOD.

WESLEY

See? Being a DUFF, it's a BIG JOB.  
And one that you do really well,  
which is why you've been friends  
with them, for, like, EVER.

Bianca THROWS HER DRINK RIGHT IN HIS FACE. He's genuinely  
shocked by this turn of events.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

What...What was THAT for?

She high-tails it out of the party before anyone realizes  
what happened.

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Bianca is putting on her pajamas, while still talking to  
herself.

BIANCA

"Designated Ugly Fat Friend?" I  
mean, I'm not even-

She turns, and looks at her half-undressed self in the  
mirror.

She's wearing granny panties and a very utilitarian bra.  
Neither do her any favors.

She turns sideways, and sees her "not bad, but could be better" midsection. She swats the bottom of her untoned arms. She runs her fingers through her mop of hair.

She looks like she might cry, but then squeezes her eyes tight, and shakes her head while putting her pajamas on.

She climbs into bed, and stares at the ceiling.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
I'm not The DUFF.

As she lies there convincing herself, the camera pulls out of the room, and down the hallway. It stops on a framed copy of the five stages of grief.

We PULL IN on the words, "THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF," and before our eyes, it turns into "THE FIVE STAGES OF DUFF."

Then it pans down to stage one: "DENIAL."

**TITLE CARD: "DENIAL"**

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Bianca is sleepily getting ready for school. She, charitably, looks like a total mess.

She walks by her window, and sees Wesley in his bedroom. He is still wearing his Diet Coke-stained shirt from last night.

They catch each other's eye. He points to the stain on his shirt, as if to say, "What the hell was THAT about?"

She slams the shades shut.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MONDAY MORNING**

Bianca is walking to her locker. She sees Jess and Casey standing there.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
I hadn't talked to Casey and Jess  
since the party. But I couldn't  
bring myself to talk to them.  
Because...What if Wesley was...

She turns the other way.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
...Right?

**INT. 3RD PERIOD SCIENCE - LATER**

Bianca sits in the back of the class, staring out the window. But really, she's looking at her own faint reflection.

TEACHER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Bianca?

BIANCA  
(surprised)  
I'm not The DUFF!

The teacher, MR. HENDERSON, is confused. The class snickers.

MR. HENDERSON  
I was just handing back last week's  
tests. You got an "A."

She takes her test, smiling.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
Wesley Rush...Not as good news.  
Another "F."

Wesley walks up to the desk and takes his test. He plays the whole thing off as a joke.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
Yes. Laugh it up. It'll be  
hysterical when you can't play  
football next season.

Wesley slinks back to his seat. Bianca smiles. Good.

**INT. 1ST PERIOD SCIENCE - LATER**

Bianca is dissecting a frog, alone. Wesley wanders over.

WESLEY  
Hey, Duffy! Shouldn't you be  
working with a partner?

BIANCA  
Shouldn't you be working?

WESLEY  
My lab partner's on top of it.

We see his lab parter, A HOT CHICK. She is staring into space, applying lip balm.

BIANCA

A real Madam Curie. (Pause) I prefer to work alone. Take the hint.

He doesn't. Instead, he leans on the table.

WESLEY

I'm the one who should be mad, you know. You ruined my favorite shirt.

Bianca slams down her scalpel.

BIANCA

Of COURSE I should be mad, dickhead! You called me fat! You called me ugly!

WESLEY

No I didn't! I called you THE DUFF!

BIANCA

"Designated Ugly Fat Friend."

WESLEY

That's just what it's called! I mean, Troy Aikman was a Dallas Cowboy, but it's not like he ever rode a horse!

BIANCA

Just go back to your lip balm receptacle, asshole.

WESLEY

Look, I'm sorry I said it. If it makes you feel any better, you're not as heinous as a lot of DUFF's I've seen.

BIANCA

Urge to kill RISING...

WESLEY

Man, you are TOUCHY. Forget it.

He wanders away, she goes back to work.

BIANCA (V.O.)

While I was imagining I had Wesley under the scalpel, I was devising an experiment of my own. I had to prove to myself and Wesley that I wasn't The DUFF.

**INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON**

Bianca strides down the hallway.

BIANCA (V.O.)

I would keep avoiding my two best friends for the next few days.

She walks right past Jess and Casey. They start to walk after her, but she walks into a classroom and closes the door. Jess and Casey look at each other. What the hell?

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Bianca's phone rings. It's CASEY. She turns her phone off.

BIANCA (V.O.)

I had to prove that I didn't just live to serve them, and all that other DUFF bullshit.

She turns off the light in her room.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Was I ever in for a surprise.

**INT. LOCKERS - MORNING**

Bianca is opening her locker. A KID standing next to her is having trouble with his.

BIANCA

(helpful)

Hey, sometimes you have to push in a little and-

The KID just walks away from his locker, taking no notice of Bianca.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING**

Bianca walks down the hall. One of her TEACHERS passes her.

BIANCA

Morning, Ms. Adams.

MS. ADAMS

Can you tell Jess and Casey-?

BIANCA

I haven't seen them.

Ms. Adams walks off.

**INT. CAFETERIA - LATER**

Kids walk by with their trays, and the LUNCH LADY scoops food onto them, almost like an assembly line. Bianca gets to the end of the line, and looks at her tray. Empty.

BIANCA  
(peeved)  
GOD DAMN IT!

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Bianca is going through a shoebox of old photos.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
My worst fears were realized.

In every picture, they look amazing, and Bianca sort of fades into the background.

We flash through the photos...

PICTURE: Jess as Juliet in "Romeo & Juliet" Bianca is the dowdy nurse.

PICTURE: Casey and Jess dressed for some kind of formal dance, and Bianca serving punch.

PICTURE: Halloween. Jess and Casey are dressed as Charlie's Angels. Bianca is dressed as Bosley.

Bianca THROWS the box on the floor.

She looks at the pictures scattered everywhere. She picks up the Halloween picture.

BIANCA  
And WHY did I dress as Bosley?  
THERE WERE THREE ANGELS!

**EXT. BIANCA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bianca holds the box of photos over the garbage can, and drops them in with a THUD.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
For those of you playing along at home, this was not my most pivotal moment. But it was a big one.

We slowly close up on her scowling face.

BIANCA (V.O.)

You know in "Batman," when the guy falls into the vat of acid and becomes The Joker? This was my vat of acid moment. I would never be the same. Because at that moment, I knew Wesley was right. That I was The Duff. And that. Made. Me...

Close up on her lips. They speak.

BIANCA

Angry.

**TITLE CARD: "STAGE 2: ANGER"**

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

We see a picture of Bianca as a six year-old on her dresser. She wears her hair in messy pigtails, a ringer T, and overalls.

She OOZES attitude, and a "don't-give-a-crap" vibe.

Bianca is staring at it.

BIANCA (V.O.)

I thought to myself, "Who was I before Jess and Casey?" Before I was their DUFF?

Bianca grabs her hair in a way that approximates ponytails.

**INT. BIANCA'S HOUSE (FRONT HALLWAY) - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Dottie is fixing herself up in the mirror before she goes out for the day.

DOTTIE

BIANCA! Time to seize the day!

We hear Joan Jett's "Bad Reputation," fire up on the sound-track.

Bianca walks down the stairs dressed in her overalls, a wrinkled ringer-t, and mismatched socks and sneakers. Her hair is in ratty ponytails.

She does NOT look like a person dressed up like a six year old, just to be clear. She looks like a pissy, rebellious teenager.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)  
You look crazy!

BIANCA  
(not missing a beat)  
Crazy AWESOME.

And with that, Bianca's out the door.

**INT. BIANCA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Bianca drives to school, BLASTING music out of her stereo.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
The world had given me a gift. The  
gift of invisibility. A licence to  
do whatever the hell I wanted, look  
however the hell I wanted and  
generally not give a shit.

She looks at herself in the rear-view mirror, and scowls.

**INT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Bianca parks her car on a diagonal, taking up two spaces. She gets out of the car, and admires her work.

BIANCA  
Sweet.

She passes a COUPLE OF BURNOUT KIDS smoking cigarettes before class. She takes a cigarette out of one of the dudes' hands.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Not my brand, but thanks.

The burnouts look at each other. Bianca leaves them in the distance as she strides towards school.

Triumphantly, she takes a deep inhale of her cig.

Pause. She looks over her shoulder to make sure the burnouts aren't paying attention, and then coughs up a lung.

**EXT. SCHOOL FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS**

As kids rush past her, Bianca sits on the steps, taking a picture of a caterpillar on her foot with her iPhone.

The homeroom bell RINGS. The kids are all now inside. Bianca stands up, stretches, and checks her watch.

BIANCA

Goodness. I'm going to be late for homeroom.

She shrugs, and goes back to her caterpillar.

**INT. HOMEROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

The HOMEROOM TEACHER drones on about school stuff.

HOMEROOM TEACHER

...And Homecoming is right around the corner, so get your tickets now...

Bianca walks into the classroom, and flops down in a chair.

HOMEROOM TEACHER (CONT'D)

Bianca? Little late today?

BIANCA

Yep.

HOMEROOM TEACHER

Well, don't let it happen again.

BIANCA

I make no promises.

She goes back to fiddling with her phone.

HOMEROOM TEACHER

Okay! Varsity Chess Club is meeting in the basement today...

**INT. CAFETERIA - LATER**

Bianca is eating some pudding while reading "US MAGAZINE."

BIANCA

Lindsay, Lindsay, Lindsay. Cocaine IS a hell of drug.

The magazine is then PULLED out of her hands. Standing by her table are Jess and Casey. Both have their arms folded.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
(snatches magazine back)  
I'm sorry? Do you people have an  
appointment?

Casey sits at the table. She's a little emotional.

CASEY  
You ditched us at the party. You've  
been avoiding us for days.

JESS  
You're acting crazy.

BIANCA  
What the hell do you care? I mean,  
the crazier I act, the better you  
look in comparison!

Bianca stops.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Ladies, I thought we could do this  
over the social networking site of  
our choosing, but...This isn't  
working out. I quit.

CASEY  
You quit...What?

BIANCA  
I'm tired of "Casey Jess Bianca." I  
just want to be "Bianca." So get  
over it, leave me alone, and find  
yourself a new DUFF.

She walks off. Jess and Casey are stunned and sad.

CASEY  
What the hell's a DUFF?

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Bianca storms down the hallway. She is at once sad and  
victorious, which reads as "Steely Resolve."

BIANCA (V.O.)  
I did it. Ties with my blonde  
overlords had been severed forever.

We hear a TOBY'S VOICE from off screen.

TOBY (O.S.)  
Cool socks.

We pull back to see that Toby is standing there, holding his guitar case. All of Bianca's bravado disappears.

Toby smiles, and points to her mismatched socks.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
That's kind of awesome. You don't care about the American paradigm of beauty. I respect that.

Bianca looks like a deer in the headlights.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
Here it was. Minutes into my emancipation, and the guy of my dreams actually talked to me. My retort?

Bianca opens her mouth. Nothing. Then this comes out:

BIANCA  
Socks are cool.

Toby looks at her. She turns bright red and walks away.

**INT. 1ST PERIOD SCIENCE - MORNING**

Bianca is busily mixing chemicals together. Wesley chats with his hot chick lab partner.

WESLEY  
...I wouldn't call myself an expert, but I go to a restaurant, I know what kind of wine to order.

She GIGGLES. Bianca looks at them, and rolls her eyes.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
It was all so easy for Wesley. He was never tongue-tied. He could talk to anyone. ANYONE.

MR. HENDERSON  
WESLEY! Get back to work!

BIANCA (V.O.)  
Except his science teacher.

WESLEY

Aw, MAN! Why are you always on my case?

MR. HENDERSON

Because I don't want you in my class next year, bitter and angry that you got kicked off the football team because you failed THIS YEAR.

Wesley slumps back to his seat. Bianca raises an eyebrow.

**INT. CLASSROOM - END OF PERIOD**

Bianca is hanging by the door of the classroom, while Wesley and Mr. Henderson finish up a heated discussion.

MR. HENDERSON

...Look, son. Do you think I WANT you to fail? Not play? Lose your scholarship? Do you think I want the Coach to wait by my car with a lead pipe?

WESLEY

Depends if that last part actually happens.

MR. HENDERSON

I'll ignore that. Just...Please. Apply yourself. Pass this class. I don't want to have this conversation with you again. You understand?

Wesley walks out without responding, past Bianca.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Bianca catches up to Wesley.

BIANCA

Hey, can I talk to you?

WESLEY

You want to yell at me, too?

BIANCA

Always. Every day. Every second of every hour. It's what I love best. EXCEPT right at this moment.

WESLEY

What do you want?

BIANCA

I want to make a deal with you.

Wesley looks curious.

**TITLE CARD: "STAGE 3: BARGAINING."**

**EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - AFTER SCHOOL**

Wesley and Bianca are talking by the brick wall. Wesley looks incredulous.

WESLEY

You want...What?

BIANCA

There's a guy. I can't talk to him without making an ass out of myself. You never seem to have this problem.

WESLEY

You're asking me for...Dating advice?

BIANCA

I know. It sounds completely insane. But I've been the DUFF for so long...So wrapped up in Jess and Casey's lives...I lack...Skills.

WESLEY

And I don't.

BIANCA

There are many things you lack. Skills are not one of them.

Wesley leans against the wall.

WESLEY

Don't you hate me?

BIANCA

Great question. Yes, because you're a dipshit and a man-whore. And you called me the DUFF.

Wesley frowns.

WESLEY

Yeah. I did.

BIANCA

But. You're the only one in this whole school who actually TOLD me exactly where I stand. Jess and Casey didn't. You're a dipshit, but you're an honest dipshit.

WESLEY

Thank you?

BIANCA

So here's my offer: A trade. You teach me...Skills. Enough skills to ask Toby out on a date. Enough to ask him out to Homecoming.

WESLEY

And...What do I get?

BIANCA

I'll take you on as my science partner, and make sure you pass the class with flying colors.

For the first time in his young life, Wesley is actually giving something serious thought.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Well?

WESLEY

Well...You have the easy part of the deal. I mean, you could pass that class in your sleep. But I have to make you date-able?

Bianca cradles her head in her hands.

BIANCA

Oh, God. Bolt of lightning. Him or me. It doesn't matter.

WESLEY

Not to mention that we'd have to hang out, right? In public? I mean, I'm a pretty sensitive guy-

Bianca GUFFAWS.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
-But my friends are dicks.  
Especially if they see me with you.

Bianca, grossed out, turns to leave.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
Wait! I'm sorry. I didn't mean it  
like that.

Bianca stops.

BIANCA  
How could you have POSSIBLY meant  
that? I get it! I'm gross! I'm  
disgusting! I...Can't believe I  
thought this was a good idea.

She turns to leave.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Enjoy playing intramural "Wii Golf"  
next year, you TOOL.

Pause. Wesley takes a deep breath.

WESLEY  
Nobody's ever asked my advice on  
anything before.

BIANCA  
What?

WESLEY  
I don't know if you've heard, but  
I'm...Uh...Dumb. Dumb guys don't  
give great advice.

Pause.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
What if I mess it up? What if I  
can't help you? Not because you're  
gross and disgusting. Because  
you're not. But because I'm...An  
idiot?

Bianca softens.

BIANCA  
It's not like you can make me any  
more awkward.

WESLEY  
That's tr-

Bianca shoots him a look.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
See? Dumb.

BIANCA  
Yeah. So you'll do it?

WESLEY  
It's a deal.

BIANCA  
Awesome.

She puts out her hand to shake on it. He puts his hand up for a high-five. She awkwardly high-fives him.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
And awesome it was. In theory. Not everyone agreed, however.

As this is happening, we see a TWO GIRLS observing this from afar. We pull in on them. One of them is Roberta, from the party. Wesley's ex. The other is Sally Ann, her minion.

ROBERTA  
What the hell is this about?

SALLY ANN  
Want me to do some recon?

ROBERTA  
Stat.

SALLY ANN  
Copy that.

**INT. CASEY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Casey and Jess are staring at something off-screen.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
This was a question a lot of people were asking about a variety of topics.

We see what Casey and Jess are looking at. A whiteboard, with the words I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR DUFF written on it, and question marks around it.

CASEY

What the hell is *this* about?

JESS

(reading off her laptop)

"Duff: A stiff flour pudding boiled in a cloth bag."

CASEY

I bet that's not what she meant.

JESS

(reading more)

"Bad or useless, as by not working out or operating correctly."

Casey shrugs, and writes it down.

CASEY

She HAS been pretty down in the dumps lately...

JESS

Yeah, but we never told her she was bad or useless! We love her!

CASEY

Hold it together, girl. We'll figure this out. We're insanely smart. Keep reading.

Jess takes a deep breath, and goes back to her laptop.

JESS

(reading further)

"Also slang for buttocks."

CASEY

"I don't want to be your butt?"

JESS

(thinking)

Maybe it's a "Human Centipede" thing? Like if we were all sewn together, she wouldn't want to be the butt?

Casey looks at her.

CASEY

I'm going to tell your parents to revoke your pay-per-view privileges.

## INT. COFFEE SHOP/BAKERY - AFTERNOON

We pan over from a glass case of cakes to Wesley and Bianca sitting and drinking coffee.

Well, Bianca drinks coffee, Wesley drinks Red Bull.

BIANCA

You SURE you wouldn't rather have a coffee?

WESLEY

Nah, that stuff's gross.

He takes a big gulp of Red Bull.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

AHHH. Okay. My mind is Bull'd UP!  
Now tell me about...Tobor?

BIANCA

Toby.

WESLEY

Tuba. And you want to blow his horn.

Bianca quietly laughs.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Was that a laugh?

BIANCA

No, I'd chalk it up to a small stroke.

WESLEY

Like a midget jerkin' it.

Bianca GUFFAWS.

BIANCA

STOP!

WESLEY

I'm sorry, "Little Person."

BIANCA

Okay, okay. That. Let's start there.

WESLEY

With little people j-

BIANCA

Stop. No. It's the fact that you will say anything. Anything that pops into your head.

WESLEY

What about it?

BIANCA

Do people ever call you on it?

Wesley thinks.

WESLEY

No. They just laugh, high-five me, and occasionally make out with me.

BIANCA

Why is that?

WESLEY

I assume it's because I'm so handsome.

BIANCA

(sarcastic)

So Step 1: "BE HANDSOME."

WESLEY

You gonna write that down?

Bianca rolls her eyes at him, but then kind of smiles.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

You should do that more.

BIANCA

I don't know, I roll my eyes at you a lot.

WESLEY

Smile. You should smile more.

BIANCA

I...What?

WESLEY

Do you have one of those lady mirrors?

BIANCA

A...Compact? No.

WESLEY  
(thinks)  
Let's move.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS**

They're standing in front of a store window. We don't see what kind of store it is.

WESLEY  
This is my favorite shop in town.

We pull back to see that it's a store that sells MIRRORS. Wesley checks himself out from every angle.

BIANCA  
Man, you LOVE you. You should totally ask you out to Homecoming.

WESLEY  
Yeah, I'm pretty amazing. Now call me a jackass.

BIANCA  
(flat)  
Gladly. Jackass.

WESLEY  
No, like you mean it. Like I said something totally stupid. Like, "I want to take all you ladies for a ride on my disco stick."

BIANCA  
(grossed out)  
UGH, you jackass!

WESLEY  
Now say it again, but smile.

BIANCA  
Also, you're into Gaga?

WESLEY  
From the neck down. From the neck up she looks like the lunch lady who only knows the English word for "CORN."

She laughs, in spite of herself.

BIANCA  
(while laughing)  
Jackass.

She looks in the mirror, smiles again, and says it again.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
"Jackass."

WESLEY  
So let's say you're talking to  
Timmy.

BIANCA  
Toby.

WESLEY  
Whatever. Let's say you get tongue-tied. Or maybe you say something completely inappropriate. Just smile. He'll know you're happy to be talking to him.

Pause. Bianca gets a pen and paper, and scribbles some notes.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

BIANCA  
I'm writing that down.

WESLEY  
Wait, that was good advice?

BIANCA  
It was.

Pause. Wesley throws both fists in the air.

WESLEY  
WOOOH! I SAID A SMART THING!

BIANCA  
Don't get cocky. Now run along. I have to go do our homework.

WESLEY  
More tomorrow?

BIANCA  
Yeah.

WESLEY

You have my number?

BIANCA

I live next door to you, dork.

WESLEY

Take this anyway.

He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a card. Bianca reads it: "WESLEY RUSH: AWESOME DUDE - 424-3193"

BIANCA

Why do you...?

WESLEY

My mom made them for me. She thinks I'm awesome. HIGH FIVE!

They high five. Wesley takes off. Bianca watches him walk away.

BIANCA

Jesus, what a dork.

She gets a funny look on her face.

BIANCA (V.O.)

As I said the words, I realized something about Wesley that never occurred to me before.

Wesley stops to pet a dog, being walked by an ATTRACTIVE CHICK.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Sure, he was a player, a popular kid, and attractive enough under certain circumstances...

WESLEY

Who's a good boy? WHO'S A GOOD BOY?  
Ah-WOOF! Ah-WOOF!

BIANCA

But was he also, secretly, a dork in wolf's clothing?

Wesley's now talking to the dog's owner.

WESLEY

...And who's a good girl?

The Attractive girl GIGGLES.

BIANCA  
(rolling eyes)  
Oy.

Just then, Bianca's PHONE BUZZES. She checks it. "BOOK SIGNING."

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Double oy.

**INT. THE GLOWING CHAKRA - DAY**

We're in THE GLOWING CHAKRA, a local spiritual health and well-being bookstore. The sort of place that sells crystals and dream-catchers and whatnot.

There is a line out the door. Not because Dottie is so popular, but because she is gossiping with Bianca. They share an orange and chat as people filter through with their books.

DOTTIE  
Oh, I just don't know, Bianca.  
Wesley? The kid who ate mud pies in  
my garden when he was five? And  
six? And that one time when he was  
15?

BIANCA  
I'm tutoring him in Science, mom.  
Believe me. It's not going to turn  
into anything else.

An INTENSE CUSTOMER comes up to the table.

DOTTIE  
Who am I making this out to?

INTENSE CUSTOMER  
"To Phil: The World Is Against You,  
But I am Your Rock and Salvation.  
Love Forever, Dot-"

DOTTIE  
Yeah, let's just go with "To Phil,  
Cheers! Dottie."

INTENSE CUSTOMER  
May angels bless you.

DOTTIE  
Charming. Move it along.

He walks away.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)  
What about that nice Toby boy?

BIANCA  
Wesley's tutoring me in how to talk  
to Toby. So I can ask him out on a  
date, and hopefully to Homecoming.

Dottie is impressed.

DOTTIE  
Who's idea was this?

BIANCA  
(smiling)  
Mine.

DOTTIE  
That's taking control! That's  
maxifying your potential!

BIANCA  
That's...Not a word?

DOTTIE  
It is now!

Dottie stands up.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)  
Attention, Chakra Shoppers! My  
daughter is MAXIFYING her  
potential, thanks to my book!

BIANCA  
Well...

Dottie shoots her a look.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
(changes her tune)  
I only wish I had two pairs of eyes  
so I could read two books at the  
same time!

DOTTIE  
MAXIFIED!

AN IMPATIENT WOMAN IN LINE is tired of not having her book  
signed.

IMPATIENT WOMAN IN LINE  
Excuse me, is this going to take  
much longer? I'm on my lunch-break.

DOTTIE

I suggest you use this as an opportunity for a teachable moment.

IMPATIENT WOMAN IN LINE

How?

DOTTIE

(grasping)

Focus on your...Goals?

IMPATIENT WOMAN IN LINE

(Demeanor changes)

Oh, right on. Good point.

The impatient person closes their eyes.

Dottie and Bianca smile.

DOTTIE

Maxified.

BIANCA

Totally.

**INT. MALL - THE NEXT AFTERNOON**

Bianca and Wesley are standing outside of a "Victoria's Secret." Bianca shoots him a look.

BIANCA

Are you kidding me and my ass?

WESLEY

What? Look at me! My look is TIGHT!  
That's half the battle, right there.

BIANCA

I am not going to let you Tim Gunn me.

WESLEY

Is that legal in this state?

BIANCA

Forget it. Next lesson.

WESLEY

Look. You play World of Warcraft, right?

Bianca is surprised.

BIANCA

Uh...Yeah? How did you-

WESLEY

I've seen you questing around  
Outland. Anyway, would you go into  
battle without the right armor?  
And, uh, under-armor?

Bianca thinks about this.

BIANCA

But my bras are fine-

WESLEY

(pretending to cough)

COUGH - uniboob - COUGH...

BIANCA

OH, SHUT UP.

Pause. She looks down at her chest, and sighs.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Fine. But you're not coming in with-

WESLEY

Wouldn't dream of it. Let me just  
set you up.

He takes a step in the store.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Ladies?

All of the women working at Victoria's Secret turn their heads. They all know him.

VICTORIA'S SECRET WOMEN

Wesley!/What's up, foxy?/He's  
back!/Guten Tag, Herr Wesley!/etc.

WESLEY

This is Bianca. Take good care of  
her. I've got a date with Panda  
Express!

He takes off. The women watch him walk away, and then turn to Bianca.

VICTORIA'S SECRET WOMAN #2

(German, Heidi Klum type.)

Ach! Das Unibooben.

Bianca sighs.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S SECRET - 30 MINUTES LATER**

Bianca walks out. She is wearing a new bra, not that we can see it. But certainly, we see the results. It's not a **HUGE** difference. But it is a difference nonetheless.

WESLEY

Hey! They- I mean YOU, look great!

BIANCA

Watch it. And thank you.

WESLEY

I know my boobs. Now let's keep it moving. We've got one more place to hit.

Wesley starts walking. Bianca checks herself out in the store window one last time. She straightens her posture, and smiles. They do look great.

BIANCA (V.O.)

I have to say, I was getting a little tired of Wesley making sense.

**EXT. FOREVER LEGAL - MOMENTS LATER**

"Forever Legal" is a young women's store. It could charitably be described as "Modern Tart Wear."

**INT. FOREVER LEGAL - CONTINUOUS**

Bianca has a horrified look on her face.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Luckily, it was short-lived.

We see what she's looking at. Wesley is holding up a pair of stripper shoes, and a dress that seems to not exist more than it does.

BIANCA

Oh, HELL to the no.

WESLEY

What? These shoes are the shit!  
Katy Perry has 50 pairs of these!

BIANCA

(turning to leave)

I'll be in the food court, asking  
random homeless people for clothing  
advice.

Wesley follows her.

WESLEY

Okay. Okay. Maybe those aren't your  
jam-

BIANCA

No, bunions and crippling back  
problems are TOTALLY my jam.

WESLEY

-But right now, I don't know who  
you are from your clothes. I mean,  
I know who you are, because I do,  
but if I didn't, I wouldn't. You  
need to dress more like you, and  
less like nobody.

Bianca stops in her tracks.

BIANCA

Oh, god help me. That aphasia-  
flavored word salad made sense.

WESLEY

I don't know what any of that  
means. But does it mean you'll try  
this stuff on?

BIANCA

No. Frakking. Way.

WESLEY

You know, we DO have a deal going  
here.

BIANCA

Yeah, nowhere does it stipulate you  
humiliate me publicly.

WESLEY

I'm not going to march you through  
the mall. Look. If you're going to  
get Toby, you gotta get out of your  
comfort zone a little.

Bianca sighs.

BIANCA  
Let's do this.

**BEGIN TRYING ON CRAZY CLOTHES MONTAGE**

As AQUA's "Barbie Girl" plays, we see Bianca emerge from the Dressing room, wearing a variety of absolutely batshit crazy outfits.

From gold lame tops, to leggings and legwarmers, from miniskirts to mini-mini skirts, she gives it all a shot.

The good news is, at no point does she look like "Dumpy Girl in Tight Clothes." Everything fits, her dignity remains compromised. Mostly.

She even begins to ham it up for Wesley, striking dramatic poses as he mimes taking pictures. They're both giggling like school kids playing dress-up, which of course, they are.

We pull back to see, peeking over a rack of clothes, Sally Ann, Roberta's minion.

She has a cameraphone.

Click.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. FOOD COURT - CONTINUOUS**

Roberta is eating a cup of lettuce. Her phone buzzes. She looks at it. We don't see what she sees. But it makes her MAD.

ROBERTA  
Oh, it's ON.

She takes an angry bite of lettuce.

**INT. FOREVER LEGAL - CONTINUOUS**

Wesley and Bianca are walking out of the store.

WESLEY  
I can't believe we were here for  
two hours, and all you bought was a  
hair thingy.

BIANCA  
You're lucky I agreed to this at  
all.

WESLEY  
(smiling)  
I can't disagree.

Pause.

BIANCA  
Does that mean I looked...Good?

Wesley collects his thoughts.

WESLEY  
Uh...

BIANCA  
Oh, HERE we go. Just say it. I  
looked like an idiot.

WESLEY  
You looked...Good. The clothes  
looked good. Just...Not...

BIANCA  
Together?

WESLEY  
That.

BIANCA  
So what you're saying is, clothing  
like this isn't my jam.

WESLEY  
Not your jam. But you are...Your  
own jam. And you should know that.

Pause.

BIANCA  
Well. I do now.

There's a tiny, tiny little moment between them. Broken by  
something catching Bianca's eye. It's a TOTALLY cute little  
black dress.

Bianca is kind of enamored with it, in spite of herself.

WESLEY  
Oh, WOW.

BIANCA  
That is AWESOME. But I require a  
smoothie.

WESLEY

You tried on the Ke\$ha wear, but  
you won't try this? You could  
totally rock this at Homecoming!

Bianca takes the dress off the rack, and stares at it.

BIANCA (V.O.)

There was no way I could tell him  
that I KNEW the other clothes were  
going to look goofy on me. But this  
dress...I wanted to look good in  
it. And I knew I wouldn't.

BIANCA

What can I say? Chicks, man, we're  
weird and mercurial.

ROBERTA (O.S.)

WesLEY?

WESLEY

Oh, god.

BIANCA

Who's that?

WESLEY

Roberta. My ex.

Roberta approaches them, looking like a mannequin from the store come to life. Leading the way is Sally Ann.

She then turns her attention to Bianca.

ROBERTA

And what's this? If this is what  
you're hooking up with, you've hit  
rock bottom.

Bianca winces.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

(to Bianca)

So THIS is what rock bottom looks  
like.

SALLY ANN

Oh, snap.

BIANCA

Do people still say, "snap?"  
Anyway, we were just screwing  
around. Not in that way. I'm...I'm  
gonna go.

Bianca places the dress on the rack, and high-tails it out of  
the store.

WESLEY

Nice, Roberta. Real nice.

Roberta smiles smugly.

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Bianca's room looks like her entire wardrobe exploded. She's  
trying on various outfits, and looking at herself in the  
mirror.

She frowns, and flops on her bed.

BIANCA

Ugh.

She sits up, and looks at herself in the mirror. Roberta  
appears in the mirror for a split second.

ROBERTA (V.O.)

...Rock bottom...

Bianca grabs a flannel shirt, and lobs it at the mirror,  
covering it up.

BIANCA

(looking around)

What a mess.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON**

Bianca walks down the hall, lost in thought. She nearly bumps  
right into Sally Ann, who is standing stock still in the  
middle of the hallway. Waiting.

BIANCA

...Hello?

Sally Ann hands her a piece of paper.

SALLY ANN

From Roberta.

BIANCA  
Don't people text anymore?

Sally Ann walks off. Bianca looks at the paper.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Oh. Oh, no.

We see the paper. It's Bianca, trying on an outfit at "Forever Legal." It's taken at just the right angle for her to look absolutely horrific and three times her normal size.

Written underneath it in big letters, "FOREVER DUFF."

Off Bianca's horrified reaction, we FREEZE FRAME...

BIANCA (V.O.)  
Back it up.

**BEGIN REVERSE SEQUENCE**

We quickly RUN THE FILM backwards from Bianca getting the picture to Bianca trying on clothes at "Forever Legal."

**END REVERSE SEQUENCE**

**INT. FOREVER LEGAL - YESTERDAY**

We see Sally Ann snap the picture, and send it to Roberta.

**INT. FOOD COURT - YESTERDAY**

We see Roberta receive the picture, take an angry bite of her lettuce, AND THEN, send it to two of her friends.

ROBERTA  
You're playing with the big girls,  
now, big girl.

We zoom in on her phone, and then into...

**INT. THE INTERNET - CONTINUOUS**

Following the various beams of light, TRON-like pulses of energy, and cute cat pictures that make up The Internet, we see BIANCA'S PICTURE split into 2 versions of itself.

They streak through cyberspace like tiny, poorly cropped comets.

**INT. FANCY COFFEE JOINT - CONTINUOUS**

The TWO POPULAR GIRLS both pick up their phones, and laugh at the same time.

POPULAR GIRL #1  
Is that Jess and Casey's friend?

POPULAR GIRL #2  
Viral?

POPULAR GIRL #1  
Viral.

They both hit "Send" on their phones.

**BEGIN "PICTURE" MONTAGE****INT. THE INTERNET - CONTINUOUS**

The pictures split into 10 versions of themselves, all of which streak into ten different directions around cyberspace.

Some float to a giant "T" for Twitter. Others to a giant "F" for Facebook. None float to the rickety, tiny "M" for MySpace, however.

The screen splits 10 ways. We see various kids from all corners of high school life receive the picture on their various social networks, laugh, and send it off.

The screen splits 20 ways, same deal.

Pretty soon, the screen is just hundreds of little squares, each with a mocking kid receiving and then re-sending the picture.

We pull back, and all of the little boxes become a pixel in...

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY = CONTINUOUS**

...The picture of herself that Bianca is holding.

BIANCA  
Oh, no.

She looks up. Everyone in the hallway is looking at their phones, pointing, and laughing at Bianca.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
So much for invisibility.

**INT. CAFETERIA - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Bianca sees Wesley chatting with HIS BUDDIES. They're laughing and carrying on, as dumb boys do.

Bianca approaches them. She's still pretty emotional. People are still pointing and snickering.

BIANCA

Hey, Wesley, I gotta talk to you about-

The guys all look at her, and then at Wesley.

Wesley's eyes go wide with fear, but before he can say anything-

BUDDY #1

Oh, shit! It's the chick from the picture!

All of the guys BUST OUT LAUGHING.

BUDDY #2

You sure? Hey, babygirl, bend over a little and hike up those pants so I can be sure.

Bianca looks to Wesley for some kind of lifeline.

BIANCA

Wesley?

All he says is...

WESLEY

Her boobs look okay. New bra?

Bianca goes from emotional to PISSED.

BIANCA

My hero.

She dumps a plate of food in his lap, and storms off.

Wesley's pals laugh it up. Wesley stares at his lap. He knows he screwed up.

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

Bianca is crying in her bed. Suddenly, she hears a THUNK on her window.

She looks up. It's WESLEY, from his bedroom, throwing pencils at her window to get her attention.

She's about to shut her blinds, when she sees that he is holding a sign that says, "I'M SORRY."

She grabs a piece of paper. She writes something on it, and holds it up. It says, "COME OVER." He nods, and dashes out of his room.

**INT. BIANCA'S HOUSE (FRONT HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER**

We hear a doorbell and knocking.

Bianca opens the front door. It's Wesley.

WESLEY

I'm glad you wanted to-

Without a second thought, Bianca lays him out with a right cross to the chin.

She slams the door.

Pause.

The doorbell rings. She opens the door. Wesley is still on the ground.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

May I come in?

BIANCA

(sighs)

Sure.

**INT. BIANCA'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Wesley and Bianca sit at her kitchen table. Wesley has a bag of frozen okra on his face. Bianca has a bag of broccoli on her hand.

This is the first time we see a more contemplative side of Wesley. He seems tired. Upset with himself, and his friends.

WESLEY

You had every right to do that.

BIANCA

You're goddamn right I did.

Pause.

WESLEY

Roberta was way out of line. But she understands what she did...Was wrong.

BIANCA

OF COURSE IT WAS WRONG, YOU SHIT-TARD! THAT'S WHY SHE DID IT!

WESLEY

I know. There's nothing I can really do about her.

Pause. They both slump back in their chairs. Bianca looks at Wesley's hand. It's red and swollen like hers.

BIANCA

Why is your hand messed up?

WESLEY

You're not the only one exercising their right hook today. Like I said. I can't do anything about Roberta sending the pictures, but...

BIANCA

But?

WESLEY

The receivers are a different story.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY**

Wesley has a scrawnier JOCK DUDE up against a locker.

WESLEY

NOBODY ELSE SEES THAT PICTURE. TELL EVERYONE.

JOCK DUDE

I don't know that many people!

WESLEY

MAKE MORE FRIENDS AND TELL THEM.

**INT. BIANCA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Wesley rubs his hand.

WESLEY

You do that four or five times in a day, suddenly everyone finds something else to talk about.

BIANCA

I've never had anyone go on a punching spree for me before.

WESLEY

Don't get used to it. There's rumors going around that I'm on the 'roids.

BIANCA

I'm sure you're not telling them any different.

WESLEY

How?

BIANCA

That you were sticking up for me. Because you're a good guy. And we're, you know, friends.

Pause.

WESLEY

Are we friends?

Bianca doesn't know what to say.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I mean, I know we have this deal, but...I mean, I didn't think you thought of me as a friend.

Pause.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I just figured you were kind of too smart and funny to be friends with a dipshit like me.

BIANCA

I'm pretty sure I am.

Wesley stands up. We see that he has a tiny bag with him.

WESLEY

Irregardless-

BIANCA

-Not a word.

WESLEY

Well, irregardless of *that*, what happened today will never, ever happen again.

He hands her the bag.

BIANCA

What's this?

WESLEY

A peace offering. If you want to keep doing...Whatever this thing we do is, I'm around.

He turns to leave.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Can I keep this Oprah?

BIANCA

Okra.

WESLEY

Right. I'll, uh...See you around.

Pause.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, and I'm sorry I ever called you the DUFF. I was an idiot. You're awesome. I'm still an idiot.

He exits. Pause. She waits to hear the door close, and looks in the bag.

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Bianca has her eyes closed. She tentatively opens them, and looks at herself in the mirror.

She is wearing Wesley's peace offering. The little black dress.

It neither looks great or terrible on her.

BIANCA (V.O.)

In my head, I was expecting some big reality show reveal.

(MORE)

BIANCA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But it was just me. Me in a dress  
that wasn't me.

Bianca goes to take it off.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
Still. It was nice of Wesley. It  
didn't make him less of an idiot,  
but it made him less of an  
egregious idiot.

**EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON**

Bianca is sitting with her back to the brick wall, listening to Toby on the other side.

Wesley, in his football uniform, takes a break from practice to run over.

WESLEY  
Hey, B! We on for this weekend?

BIANCA  
(panicky, whispered)  
SHH! He doesn't know I'm here!

WESLEY  
(whispering)  
Who doesn't know you're where?

She points to the other side of the wall.

Wesley pokes his head around. He sees Toby. Toby stops playing, and looks at him.

TOBY  
Hey.

WESLEY  
Hey. There's nobody on the other  
side of this wall.

TOBY  
Huh?

WESLEY  
Just so you know.

Wesley walks back around to Bianca.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
You're clear. He doesn't suspect a  
thing.

Bianca puts her head in her hands.

One of Wesley's buddies yells to him.

BUDDY #1  
WESLEY! GET BACK HERE! WHAT THE  
HELL ARE YOU DOING?

WESLEY  
I'M TALKING TO MY FRIEND BIANCA!  
WHO IS TOTALLY MY FRIEND, NO MATTER  
WHAT YOU DICK-HEADS HAVE TO SAY  
ABOUT IT!

Now it's Toby's turn to poke his head around the wall. Toby, Bianca, and Wesley all stare at each other.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
(to Toby)  
Oh, hey. Turns out there IS  
somebody here.

Toby smiles at Bianca.

TOBY  
Oh. With the cool socks.

BIANCA  
That's me.

TOBY  
Bianca.

BIANCA  
Yeah.

TOBY  
Cool.

He goes back to the other side of the wall. Pause.

WESLEY  
Hey! You didn't freeze up!

BIANCA  
I didn't? (beat) I didn't!

WESLEY  
You didn't ask him out, either.

BIANCA  
SHHHHHHHH!!!!

WESLEY

Right. Sorry. I'm gonna go throw a ball and tackle people.

Wesley runs off. Bianca looks bewildered.

BIANCA

What just happened?

She watches Wesley back on the field.

TEAMMATE

Hey! Wesley! You still talking to that big ugly DUF-

Wesley tsckles him.

WESLEY

'ROID RAGE!

**BEGIN "BIANCA'S SLOW TRANSFORMATION" MONTAGE**

We watch Wesley and Bianca working together on both school-work and Bianca work.

BIANCA (V.O.)

What happened was, for all of his millions of shortcomings, Wesley was having an effect on me.

We see:

\*Bianca and Wesley studying in the library and laughing.

\*Bianca getting ready for school. Instead of putting on her usual no makeup, she puts on a vaguely tinted lip balm.

BIANCA (V.O.)

And the truth is, he didn't really have millions of shortcomings.

\*Bianca and Wesley in science class. They are dissecting a fetal pig. Bianca makes the first cut. Wesley looks like he might pass out.

\*Bianca getting ready for school. A thought occurs to her, and she reaches for her hairbrush. She blows the dust off of it, and brushes her hair.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Certainly, he was no Toby.

\*Bianca sees Toby in the hall. She straightens her posture, and smiles as she passes by him. He smiles at her. They pass each other. She exhales and slouches.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
But he was Wesley. And as far as  
Wesleys go, he wasn't bad.

\*Bianca and Wesley in science class. Tests are handed back. She gets an "A," he gets a "C-." They're equally psyched.

\*Bianca getting dressed in the morning. Her jeans have a giant rip in them. She trades them out for jeans with a slightly smaller rip.

A pencil THUNKS on her window. She looks. Wesley is in his room, holding up a sign that says, "KILLER JEANS, B." She smiles.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

Bianca, walking to class, is stopped by the two POPULAR GIRLS from the beginning of the movie.

BIANCA  
Ladies?

POPULAR GIRL #1  
Hi, Bianca!

POPULAR GIRL #2  
Hi, Bianca!

BIANCA  
Hi, Bianca!

They look at her a little funny.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
What can I do for you?

They hand her a FLIER.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
What, is this a picture of me  
flossing?

POPULAR GIRL #1  
It's an invite to the Homecoming  
Afterparty.

POPULAR GIRL #2  
We wanted to make sure you got one.

BIANCA  
(confused)  
Why?

POPULAR GIRL #1  
You've got Wesley punching out  
dudes in your name.

POPULAR GIRL #2  
You've ARRIVED.

They walk away. Bianca smiles.

**EXT. WESLEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Bianca walks next door to Wesley's house, and knocks on the door. She hears shouting, and looks concerned.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
WESLEY, GET THE DOOR!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
STOP BOSSING HIM AROUND!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
MAYBE IF YOU DIDN'T CODDLER HIM, HE  
WOULDN'T BE FAILING EVERY GODDAMN  
CLASS!

WESLEY (O.S.)  
I'LL GET IT!

Wesley opens the door.

BIANCA  
Ready to go?

WESLEY  
Yeah.

**INT. BIANCA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Bianca drives, and Wesley stares at his shoes.

BIANCA  
So...Library? Mall?

Wesley doesn't say anything.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Surface of the Earth's sun?

WESLEY  
That sounds good.

Pause.

BIANCA  
Want to talk?

WESLEY  
I want to not talk.

Pause.

BIANCA  
I know just the place.

**EXT. LOCAL PUBLIC PARK (WOODED AREA) - A LITTLE LATER**

In the foreground, we see a large, flat rock in a clearing. Bianca clears some branches out of the way, and she and Wesley walk towards it.

BIANCA  
I give you, "Think Rock."

WESLEY  
Did you discover it?

BIANCA  
Yep. 1492. Claimed it for Spain.

Wesley laughs.

WESLEY  
So, what happens here?

BIANCA  
You sit on the rock and think. Or,  
I do anyway.

They sit.

WESLEY  
How long have you...

BIANCA  
Since my parents' divorce last  
year. I needed a quiet place, that  
wasn't filled with angry, screaming  
people.

WESLEY

Yeah. That.

BIANCA

Are your parents getting...?

WESLEY

God, I hope so.

Pause.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

If I'm not at school, I'm at football practice. Or at games. Or with my friends. Or out on dates. Or just sort of walking around.

Pause.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I don't love being at home.

BIANCA

I don't blame you.

Pause.

WESLEY

Is it gonna get better?

BIANCA

It has for my mom. Took her a while.

WESLEY

And you?

BIANCA

Let's just say I've logged a lot of time on this rock.

Wesley hangs his head down. He's a little weepy.

WESLEY

I hate them. I hate that I have to smile, and be cool and pretend that everything's fine. And none of my friends care, anyway. They don't want to hear that "poor me" shit from me. And girls just want to get to it. And that's great. Because then I don't need to think about...Anything else.

Bianca tentatively puts an arm around him.

BIANCA  
It's okay.

WESLEY  
It's not okay.

BIANCA  
It's okay that it's not okay.

Pause. Wesley looks at her.

WESLEY  
I like you, Bianca. You're not  
okay.

BIANCA  
I like you too, Wesley.

Pause. They lean in, and kiss.

They enjoy it for a few seconds, and then they both nervously pull away.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
I swear to god, there's a pivotal  
point in my life in here somewhere.  
This ain't it, though. I had no  
idea what the hell it was. And  
neither did Wesley.

WESLEY  
Woah.

BIANCA  
Yeah.

WESLEY  
That happened.

BIANCA  
It totally happened.

Pause.

WESLEY  
Practice.

BIANCA  
What?

WESLEY

It's part of the plan. Our plan.  
Um, you know, in case you've never  
kissed anyone before-

BIANCA

I have. I mean, what is summer camp  
if not Club Med for kids?

Wesley laughs.

WESLEY

I...Figured. But maybe you needed a  
refresher course?

Pause.

BIANCA

Yeah. Let's go with that.

WESLEY

Okay. Well. Good practice!

They both laugh.

BIANCA

Yeah! Good game.

WESLEY

Good game!

They bump fists.

BIANCA

Library?

WESLEY

Library.

They get up to leave. The camera slowly pans away from them,  
to a bunch of bushes.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Know how they say, "The hills have  
eyes?"

We see Sally Ann has been hiding in them. And taking notes.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Well, so do the shrubs.

## INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Bianca confidently walks down the hall towards her locker. A few kids smile and wave.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
Finally, I had a basic  
understanding of what it was like  
to not be a total freak. And I  
LOVED IT.

She smiles and waves back, whistling contentedly as she opens her locker. Suddenly, it SLAMS SHUT.

BIANCA  
What the-

We see ROBERTA standing there.

ROBERTA  
Stay the hell away from Wesley,  
freak.

BIANCA  
JESUS, you scared me.

ROBERTA  
I can be a whole lot scarier.

BIANCA  
How? Fangs and a cape? Zombie  
makeup?

ROBERTA  
Did you like that photo of you I  
sent around? I have TONS more like  
it. From "Forever Legal," from  
"Victoria's Secret..."

Bianca's eyes go wide.

BIANCA  
The Victoria's Secret pictures are  
in 3D. Better for the cellulite.

Pause.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
What do you want?

ROBERTA  
I want you out of Wesley's life.

BIANCA

I thought you dumped-

ROBERTA

Well now, I want him back. He's obviously deranged with sadness over losing me, which has sent him to YOU.

BIANCA

Speaking of "Obviously deranged-"

ROBERTA

I'm not going to stand by and watch Wesley ruin his status in this school by chasing the likes of you. Thank god people just assume he's on steroids.

BIANCA

He doesn't care about any of that!

ROBERTA

Oh, wake up! He's a MESS. He mopes around all day. Obviously, it's because of YOU.

BIANCA

I think his parents might have something to-

ROBERTA

He doesn't give a crap about his parents. They're losers. He's a WINNER. He needs to be around WINNERS like ME. Not losers like you.

Roberta lets this sink in, and then she moves in for the kill.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Wesley will be back in my arms by Homecoming, bitch. You got that? I'm going to be Homecoming Queen, and he will be my King. YOU? He'll forget about you in two weeks.

Roberta storms off. Bianca sighs.

BIANCA (V.O.)

In the past, this would have been enough to get me to hide under my bed.

Her phone buzzes. "TOBY GUITAR PRACTICE."

She gets a determined look on her face.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
But I had a job to do.

**INT. GIRLS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bianca fixes her hair, applies her vaguely tinted lip gloss, and smiles determinedly.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
The fact was, in her own crazy-bitch scented way, Roberta had reminded me of a two very important facts. One: I didn't set out to bag Wesley Rush. And two: I didn't want the entire school knowing the topography of my ass.

BIANCA  
(Practicing into mirror)  
Hi, there. Hi there! Yo. Hey.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
I was in it to be able to talk to Toby. And to have him talk to me. And to have things go from there.

BIANCA  
Let's do this.

**EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER**

Toby is playing. Bianca takes a deep breath, and then sits next to him.

BIANCA  
Hey. Mind if I have a seat?

TOBY  
Looks like you have.

BIANCA  
Aren't you observant.

She smiles. He smiles.

TOBY  
Bianca, right?

BIANCA

Yeah. And you're Toby.

TOBY

Indeed I am.

BIANCA

Let me ask you a question.

TOBY

Shoot.

BIANCA

Would you like to grab dinner or something this weekend?

Toby straightens up.

TOBY

Are you asking me out on a date?

BIANCA

(unwaveringly confident)

I am.

TOBY

But...Aren't you with that jock kid? The one on the 'roids?

BIANCA

NO! No. No way. He's a buddy.

TOBY

A buddy.

BIANCA

That's right.

TOBY

It seems strange that an advanced woman of the new millennium would be hanging around with a caveman like that.

BIANCA

I'm tutoring him in science. And teaching him how to walk erect.  
(pause) NOT LIKE THAT.

They both laugh.

TOBY

Well, I'm glad to hear that. I figured I couldn't compete with a guy like that.

BIANCA

Compete? Over me? Hilarious.

TOBY

Why is that hilarious?

BIANCA

I'm not the competing over type.

TOBY

You could have fooled me.

Bianca smiles.

TOBY (CONT'D)

So. Yes. I would like to grab some dinner. With you. My place? Saturday? 8?

BIANCA

Yes to all of the above.

TOBY

Sweet.

BIANCA

Sweet.

Pause.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Mind if I...

She gestures to his guitar.

TOBY

I was hoping you would.

She listens to him while he plays.

BIANCA (V.O.)

After three years, I had finally made it to the other side of the wall.

She closes her eyes and smiles.

BIANCA (V.O.)

And right then, I *thought* that was  
the most pivotal moment in my life.

**INT. SCIENCE CLASS - AFTERNOON**

Wesley is working on an experiment before class starts.  
Bianca rushes in.

BIANCA

I DID IT!

WESLEY

What?

BIANCA

I asked out Toby! And he said YES!

She puts up her hand for a high-five. Wesley high-fives her,  
but we get the sense his heart isn't in it.

WESLEY

Way to go.

BIANCA

Saturday! 8pm! IT'S ON! And I never  
could have done it without you!

Wesley smiles.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

But don't worry about this class.  
We're acing it. Mr. Henderson will  
never trouble you again.

WESLEY

I appreciate that.

The bell RINGS.

BIANCA

Hey, you okay?

WESLEY

Yeah. Happy for you. Glad I could  
help make it happen.

BIANCA

Me too! And-

WESLEY

Class is starting.

BIANCA

Oh. Okay.

The teacher begins to drone on. Wesley stares straight ahead. Bianca looks at him sideways.

BIANCA (V.O.)

The hell was his problem? Isn't this what we've been working towards? Wasn't this the plan all along? You'd think he'd be psyched!

Bianca shrugs, and turns her attention to the teacher. Wesley looks at her, and then back to the teacher.

**INT. BIANCA'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING**

Close-up on Bianca as she trots down the stairs.

BIANCA

(shouting)

MOM! I'M OFF TO HAVE THE MOST  
IMPORTANT EVENING OF MY-

DOTTIE (O.S.)

SHHH!

We PULL BACK to reveal that Dottie is standing on the couch, as a ROOMFUL of WEIRD PEOPLE crawl around the room on their hands and knees.

BIANCA

What-

DOTTIE

(to the crawling people)  
...In order to evolve to the  
acceptance stage in your mind, you  
have to evolve with your BODY.  
Right now, you're primates.  
Skittering around the...Uh..Veldt.

The people begin to make primate/monkey type sounds.

WEIRD PEOPLE

OOO OOO OOO!/AAA-AAA-AAA!/Ca-CA! Ca-  
CA!

One guy begins to mime throwing his poop.

DOTTIE

Mr. Dobraux! There will be no poop  
flinging in my encounter session!

MR. DOUBRAUX  
(As if saying "Sorry.")  
CHEE-chee.

DOTTIE  
That's okay. Now, in your own  
time...EVOLVE! Stand up! Explore  
the space!

Everyone begins to stand up, and climb over the furniture. A bookcase gets knocked over in the process.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)  
That's okay! It's a safe space!

Bianca has had enough.

BIANCA  
I'll see you later, Mom.

DOTTIE  
Be back by 11.

Bianca rolls her eyes as she walks out the door.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)  
Okay. Let's take a few minutes to  
discuss. Linda? How did you feel?

LINDA, a large, sweaty woman, speaks in a deep voice.

LINDA  
Like I wanted to present myself and  
be mounted. Mounted in the veldt of  
my personal evolution.

Dottie is grossed out.

DOTTIE  
Okay. Discussion time is over.  
Silent reflection time.

**EXT. TOBY'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER**

Bianca rings the bell. She holds a bouquet of gladiolas. Toby opens the door. He holds a bouquet of gladiolas.

TOBY  
Well this is the nicest kind of  
awkward.

BIANCA  
Trade ya.

They trade bouquets.

TOBY  
Come on in. Dinner's getting warm.

BIANCA  
"Warm?"

**INT. TOBY'S HOUSE (DINING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS**

The lights have been dimmed, and the table is set with an Asian theme. There's an awesome looking sushi dinner spread out on the table.

TOBY  
I hope you like sushi.

BIANCA  
It's my favorite. How did you know?

TOBY  
It's exotic, raw, natural...Like you. My dad is teaching me how to make it...I hope it came out okay.

Bianca seems like she might melt.

BIANCA  
Well, I'm speechless.

TOBY  
Then I've done my job. Mind if we listen to Joni Mitchell over dinner?

BIANCA  
That...That would be perfect.

Toby pulls out her chair for her. She sits.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Thank you!

TOBY  
No prob.

He sits, and using a remote, turns on the stereo. Joni Mitchell's "Coyote" plays.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
I've been trying to teach myself this on guitar for FOREVER.  
(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)  
Joni Mitchell is such an artist,  
it's hard to even come close,  
y'know?

Pause. Without even knowing it, we're into a QUICK FANTASY SEQUENCE.

BIANCA  
Take me. Take me on this table  
right now.

Toby brushes all of the food off the table, and they begin to make out. He pulls away for a minute, and when he pulls back, we see that he's somehow morphed into Wesley.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
What the-

IMAGINARY WESLEY  
S'up! I'm AWESOME!

And just like that, we're BACK TO REALITY.

**CLOSE-UP ON BIANCA'S FACE**

Her eyes are closed. When she opens them, the table is exactly how it was a few seconds ago, and Toby is staring at her.

TOBY  
You okay?

BIANCA  
(shakes it off)  
Yeah...I just really like this  
song.

TOBY  
Me too.

Bianca pops a California roll in her mouth.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
When I got home, I was going to  
give my brain a stern talking-to.  
Here I was on a perfect date, with  
my perfect guy...

We pan over to Toby, who's talking dreamily about whatever.

TOBY

...Yeah, it's just, the poetry of  
the chord progressions intertwines  
with the poetry of Mitchell's  
lyrics...Like lovers, almost...

Just then, Imaginary Wesley pops up behind him.

IMAGINARY WESLEY

Like a midget jerkin' off!

Bianca LAUGHS OUT LOUD. Then she blinks, and it's just Toby, looking at her oddly.

TOBY

I mean, I guess it's kind of funny.

BIANCA

No! I wasn't laughing at you...It's just so surprising to hear a guy talk that intelligently about music. It makes me happy.

TOBY

Well, I like that. It reminds me of a poem I wrote a few weeks ago. Maybe I can read it to you later.

BIANCA

Oh, yeah. You TOTALLY can.

TOBY

It's a deal. I like poetry. I'm not very good at it, but I almost feel like if you get TOO good at it, it's not real. Not from the heart.

BIANCA

Oh, yeah, absolutely.

Imaginary Wesley pops up right next to her, and whispers in her ear.

IMAGINARY WESLEY

Like this one: "Hickory Dickory Dock/The mouse ran up my c-"

Bianca stands up.

BIANCA

Would you excuse me a second?

**INT. TOBY'S HOUSE (BATHROOM) - MOMENTS LATER**

Bianca is splashing water on her face.

BIANCA  
(to reflection)  
What the hell, brain?

Her reflection shrugs.

BIANCA'S REFLECTION  
Dude. You're into Wesley. Deal with  
it.

Imaginary Wesley also pops up in the mirror.

IMAGINARY WESLEY  
NUMBER ONE IN YOUR BRAIN!

Bianca sits on the edge of the tub, and massages her temples.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
The perfect date. The perfect guy.  
And only my Wesley-infected brain  
standing in the way of true  
happiness.

She takes a deep breath.

BIANCA  
Okay. I got this.

**INT. TOBY'S HOUSE (DINING ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER**

Bianca enters, re-energized.

BIANCA  
I think I'd like to hear that poem  
now.

TOBY  
I wasn't that hungry anyway.

BIANCA  
Me neither.

**EXT. TOBY'S HOUSE (BACK PORCH) - MOMENTS LATER**

Toby and Bianca sit on his back porch. He's tuning his guitar. She shivers.

TOBY

You cold?

BIANCA

A little chilly.

Toby takes off his jacket, and puts it over her shoulders.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Like, seriously. Wesley WHO?

TOBY

Better?

BIANCA

Oh, yeah.

TOBY

Check this out.

Toby sort of speak-sings over his playing. It's freaking awful, but to Bianca, it's THE GREATEST.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Woman...

Strong and powerful...

You will rise up...

Against your white male  
oppressors...

Like a mighty warrioress...

Like Harriet Tubman

And Diane Sawyer...

And also Hillary Clinton...

Hillaaaaary Cliiinton!

Hillaaaaary Cliiinton!

Hillaaaaary Cliiinton!

He finishes with a flourish.

TOBY (CONT'D)

It's not quite done yet.

BIANCA

It's great. Really.

TOBY

Thank you.

They stare up at the sky.

TOBY (CONT'D)

But enough about me. How are you?

BIANCA

It's been a weird month. But it's getting better.

TOBY

Weird how?

BIANCA

Well, I kind of found out that my two best friends...Weren't.

TOBY

Jess and Casey?

BIANCA

(off-guard)

Wha- Yeah. Jess and Casey. Anyway, I haven't talked to them in forever, and I'm not sure if I made the right call.

TOBY

You should talk to them. They seem like really caring, understanding people.

BIANCA

Do you...Know them?

TOBY

Jess is in my drama class, and I have Trig with Casey. They're both very cool.

BIANCA

Well...I don't know. But anyway-

TOBY

Jess is a terrific actress.

BIANCA

She's very good. Why don't you play another-

TOBY

And Casey. So...Firey.

BIANCA

She's the whole book of matches and a couple extra. But I'm not really talking to them.

TOBY

Sure. Is it intimidating?

BIANCA

What?

TOBY

Being friends with such...And it's  
so rare that I point this out,  
because I don't subscribe to the  
American ideal of feminine  
beauty...Such, POWERFUL women.

We pull in on Bianca. She's been down this road before.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Oh, NO, NO, NO, A MILLION GOD  
FORSAKEN TIMES NO.

TOBY

A friend of mine was wondering...Do  
they have homecoming dates?

Bianca is horrified.

BIANCA (V.O.)

This is what I wanted to do.  
Scream, cry, set him on fire,  
bulldoze his house, throw up, and  
explode.

TOBY

I mean, it's DEFINITELY not for me,  
because, you know, I'm not hung up  
on physical beauty...But...

BIANCA

Are you DUFFING me?

TOBY

Excuse me?

BIANCA

You are. Jesus. I feel diseased.

TOBY

I don't know...

BIANCA

You're using me to get a date with  
Jess or Casey!

TOBY

(caught)

No...No...For a friend...

BIANCA  
You PHONY! You POSEUR! You...Excuse  
me.

She gets up to leave. Walking by the trash cans, she sees  
bags and takeout containers from "Mr. Sushi."

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
TAKEOUT?

TOBY  
(sheepish)  
The poem was mine.

BIANCA  
Obviously! It was AWFUL! Good  
night, and DROP DEAD.

**INT. BIANCA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Bianca is driving, crying, and dialing.

WESLEY'S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)  
This. Is. WESLEY!

BIANCA  
Wesley. I get it. I get why you  
were bummed out in science.  
Toby...He's a fake. He was using me  
as the DUFF the whole time. I...I  
need to talk to you. I need to talk  
to somebody. I...Call me.

**EXT. WESLEY'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER**

Bianca walks from her house to Wesley's Pause. We hear a  
GLASS BREAK. Bianca winces.

She knocks on his door. The door opens a crack.

WESLEY'S DAD  
You looking for Wesley?

BIANCA  
I-

WESLEY'S DAD  
He's not here.

Wesley's dad closes the door.

**EXT. LOCAL PUBLIC PARK (WOODED AREA) - A LITTLE LATER**

It's a bright, moonlit night. Bianca makes her way to Think Rock.

BIANCA (V.O.)

I needed to clear my head. Get my thoughts in order. I mean, maybe it was crazy, the idea that Wesley and I could be a thing, but-

She sees TWO SHADOWY FIGURES on Think Rock. They're in a hot and heavy embrace.

She takes a step closer. It's **Wesley and Roberta**. Bianca's lip begins to quiver.

**INT. BIANCA'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER**

Bianca is sitting on the couch, staring at QVC. She looks...Blank.

There's a knock at the door.

**INT. BIANCA'S HOUSE (FRONT HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER**

It's Wesley.

WESLEY

I got your call, and my dad said you...

BIANCA

Forget it. Go home.

Pause.

WESLEY

Sorry about Tob-

BIANCA

I saw you and Roberta.

Pause.

WESLEY

What are you talking about?

BIANCA

(laughs, darkly)

I was going to MY Think Rock to think.

WESLEY

You said I could use it.

BIANCA

Not as a Motel 6.

Now it's Wesley's turn to laugh, a little.

WESLEY

...I think there's still a way we  
can be-

BIANCA

No. You belong with Roberta. I  
belong with nobody. I'm releasing  
you from your duties. There's no  
reason for you to go around  
pretending you're on steroids and  
threatening freshmen so we can  
be...Friends.

WESLEY

But I like threatening freshman.  
It's kind of what football players  
do.

BIANCA

It is. Football players also date  
hot chicks like Roberta. And they  
don't hang out with DUFFs. It's the  
natural order of things.

WESLEY

But...I...Care about you.

BIANCA

I have it on authority that you'll  
forget about me in two weeks.

WESLEY

But-

Bianca closes the door on Wesley, sighs, and walks up the  
stairs.

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Without taking off any of her clothes or her shoes, she  
climbs into bed.

**BLACKOUT.**

**TITLE CARD: "STAGE 4: DEPRESSION"**

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Bianca is sitting in bed, wearing an old bathrobe. She looks like she has not showered in a while.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
So this was it. 17, alone,  
friendless, single, destined for a  
life of TV dinners and bumper  
stickers that said, "My Other Car  
Is A Cat."

There's a knock on the door.

BIANCA  
GO AWAY!

CASEY  
We've done that already.

JESS  
We'd like to come back now!

BIANCA  
(weak)  
Okay.

The door opens, and it's Jess and Casey with snacks, magazines, makeup, etc.

CASEY  
Okay. First thing, open a window.  
It smells like Sylvia Plath's  
kitchen in here.

JESS  
On it!

Casey begins to attempt to tidy up a little.

CASEY  
I do believe there's a floor under  
all this.

BIANCA  
Why...Why are you guys here?

CASEY  
For the record, I don't want to be  
here, as I'm, like, RIP-SHIT mad at  
you.

JESS

Your mom called us. And I bribed  
Casey with a lifetime "WIRED"  
subscription.

CASEY

(scoffing)

Lifetime. Like there's gonna be  
such a thing as magazines in 5  
years.

Jess dumps a variety of magazines on her bed.

Bianca smiles, and then immediately starts crying. Jess gives  
her a big hug.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Still pissed.

Jess shoots her a look. Casey harumphs, and joins in the hug.

JESS

Bianca? Sweetie? What the hell is a  
DUFF?

Bianca sighs.

BIANCA

So we were at that house party. And  
Wesley came up to me....And...

BIANCA (V.O.)

And...Let's skip ahead. You guys  
know this stuff already.

CROSS FADE TO:

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER**

The room is now cleaned and livable, thanks to Jess and  
Casey.

BIANCA

...And then I got into bed.

CASEY

So...You stopped being friends with  
us because Wesley said you were  
ugly? But then you fell in love  
with him? You are SO going to lose  
your gold commenter star on  
"Jezebel."

JESS  
Stockholm Syndrome. Happens all the time.

BIANCA  
He's a shithead. But he's a sweet, thoughtful, funny...

JESS  
Shithead?

BIANCA  
Yeah.

CASEY  
Okay, that aside, why didn't you ever come to us?

BIANCA  
Because, I'm the ugly one out of all of us. That's just fact.

Pause.

JESS  
(quietly)  
Well...No. If anything, it's me.

Bianca lets out a hearty laugh.

BIANCA  
Oh, NO WAY am I going to believe that, you supermodel-shaped vision of wonderment.

CASEY  
She's right. It's me.

BIANCA  
OUT. BOTH OF YOU. I don't buy this at all.

CASEY  
Do you know why I never wear above the knee skirts?

Casey pulls up her skirt just high enough to reveal WEIRDLY KNOBBY KNEES.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Knobby old lady knees. I haz them.

JESS

I can top that. You know why I never wear anything backless? Three words: Mad. Ass. Backne. I'll show you-

She begins to pull up her shirt.

CASEY/BIANCA  
NO!/OH, GOD STOP!/Etc.

CASEY

I have a lumpy butt.

JESS

One of my boobs is smaller than the other.

CASEY

I go through a bottle of foundation a week.

JESS

I bathe in Proactiv.

Bianca flops back on her bed.

BIANCA

Ladies, ladies. Stop fighting. You're both hideous, apparently.

CASEY

We clean up well. But we didn't always.

JESS

Do you still have that picture on your phone?

CASEY

You know it.

Casey busts out her phone, and pulls up a picture of the THREE OF THEM AS 10 YEAR OLDS. Jess is giraffe-gawky. Casey is deathly pale with coke-bottle glasses. Bianca, on the other hand, looks relatively normal.

JESS

Look at those two dweebs.

BIANCA

Why do you have this?

CASEY

Because I never want to forget who  
my friends are. Who stood up for me-

JESS

And me-

CASEY

When we were kids. You did,  
Bianca.

JESS

You were always there for us. Never  
as our DUFF. As our friend. Our  
best friend.

Bianca is deeply moved.

BIANCA

I...Love you guys. Thank you.

Hugs all around.

JESS

You know how we should celebrate  
this emotional reunion?

BIANCA

Shakey's?

JESS

That. And...

(perks up)

HOECOMING! LET'S ALL GO!

Jess is jumping up and down on the bed with excitement.  
Bianca looks like she needs 20 Advil.

BIANCA

PLEASE don't remind me.

JESS

TONIGHT! WE'LL BE EACH OTHER'S  
DATES AND IT'LL BE FUN FUN FUN!

BIANCA

Look. I hate to take the T-Bird  
away. But NO.

Jess sits down.

JESS

I'll make my poutiest face.

BIANCA

I love you guys. And I'm sorry. But I can't see Wesley. I can't see Toby.

CASEY

Well, then, we'll stay here with you.

BIANCA

No. Go. Have fun. Let me wallow for the rest of the weekend. And then Monday, we'll be back to normal.

JESS

Promise?

BIANCA

Promise.

JESS

Hug?

BIANCA

I'm so hugged out.

CASEY

Me too.

**EXT. BIANCA'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - CONTINUOUS**

Jess and Casey pull away, as Bianca waves to them.

BIANCA (V.O.)

Well, I had my friends back. So I wasn't 100% alone. But I had a nagging question on my mind.

BIANCA

What now?

**INT. BIANCA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY**

Bianca wanders back in.

BIANCA (V.O.)

I mean, if only there was some kind of road map to get you through crazy, painful experiences-

She walks by one of Dottie's many visual aids with the 5 stages on it. Pause, she stops, and stares at it.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
Oh. Right. That.

Bianca runs her finger down the list.

BIANCA  
Denial, did it. Anger, did it.  
Bargaining...Close enough...  
Depression...Right.

She lands on ACCEPTANCE.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
I guess...

**TITLE CARD: ACCEPTANCE**

**INT. BIANCA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Bianca is draped over the couch, watching a "TEEN MOM 2" marathon on TV.

Dottie enters, after a long day of making life better for people.

DOTTIE  
Hey, sweetie!

BIANCA  
Hey, mom.

DOTTIE  
You seem like you're doing better.  
You've moved from the bed to the couch.

BIANCA  
The girls came by today.

DOTTIE  
Everything better?

BIANCA  
Yeah. Thanks for calling them.

DOTTIE  
I can't help but see you didn't go to Homecoming with them.

BIANCA  
Couldn't do it. But Rome wasn't built in a day.

Dottie sits next to her.

DOTTIE  
I'm sorry I haven't been around...

BIANCA  
No, as it turns out, you really  
helped me.

DOTTIE  
I did? Wow, I'm GOOD.

BIANCA  
I realized that this whole  
time...I've been following the five  
stages. And now I'm at Acceptance.

Pause.

DOTTIE  
And what do you accept, exactly?

BIANCA  
I accept that I'm not the DUFF...

DOTTIE  
What the hell is a-

BIANCA  
Long story. Trust me. It's not a  
good thing to be.

DOTTIE  
Fine.

BIANCA  
I accept that I have a lot more  
strength and self confidence than I  
was aware of, and I should use it  
more. And I accept I have two  
amazing friends.

DOTTIE  
Wow! You're accepting the hell out  
of Acceptance!

BIANCA  
And finally, I accept that I'm kind  
of a weirdo, and I'm going to be  
dateless for the rest of my life.  
And that's...Okay.

Pause.

DOTTIE

Okay. That last one doesn't work for me.

BIANCA

Me neither. But that's Acceptance, right? The good and the bad. Right?

Dottie takes a deep breath.

DOTTIE

Okay, first of all. You must be the first teenager in the world to take anything her mother says seriously.

BIANCA

Believe me, I didn't want to.

DOTTIE

Second of all, what I say is not gospel. I say it so scared, worried people will give me money, so I can provide us with the life's little luxuries, like food.

BIANCA

But...It happened! Every stage!  
Just like you've always said!

Dottie pulls out a sharpie, and walks over to yet another copy of the stages.

DOTTIE

Fine. Then I'm creating another stage. Just for you.

She writes underneath ACCEPTANCE, "STAGE 6: ACCEPTANCE PLUS."

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

Acceptance Plus. That's when you know who you are, you accept it, and then you...Turn it up to 11. You're a weirdo? Then be the best weirdo ever.

BIANCA

...How do I start?

DOTTIE

You clean yourself up. You go to that dance. And you rock that jock's world.

Bianca takes a deep breath, and whips out her phone.

BIANCA

Jess? Get over here. Bring your  
sewing machine.

**TITLE CARD: "STAGE 6: ACCEPTANCE PLUS"**

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

The three girls work together, ripping apart pieces of  
Bianca's wardrobe, as Jess reassembles them on her sewing  
machine.

Casey, meanwhile, is designing patterns on the fly on her  
laptop. Bianca gives them the once-over, as Dottie helps her  
try things on.

It's a whirlwind of activity, but everyone is PUMPED.

**INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Everyone stands around the mirror in such a way that they can  
see Bianca's outfit, but we can't. By the look on everyone's  
faces, the operation was a success.

BIANCA

We're clear on the plan?

JESS

Oh, HELL yeah.

CASEY

Double hell yeah.

Bianca smiles.

BIANCA

Let's DO this.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - AN HOUR LATER**

The dance is in full swing. Kids are dancing up a storm.

Roberta and Wesley are dancing, but she stops, suddenly.

ROBERTA

WesLEY. I need a drink. I need a  
Diet Coke.

WESLEY

I think they only have punch.

ROBERTA

There's a machine in the hall,  
sweetie!

Wesley sighs, and then puts on his best smile.

WESLEY

Okay, babe. Be right back.

ROBERTA

Please. After tonight, you can call  
me "Queen."

Wesley slumps off. We pull back to see Jess and Casey giving her the evil eye.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you looking at?

JESS

Nothing.

CASEY

Absolutely nothing.

Roberta walks away nervously. Jess and Casey both check their phones.

JESS

The eagle.

CASEY

She has landed.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Wesley is going through his pocket, trying to find change.

WESLEY

What the hell kind of machine  
doesn't take dollars?

Just then, 4 quarters drop at his feet. He bends over to pick them up. As he does, he sees who dropped them.

It's Bianca. The camera follows her from the feet up.

She looks amazing. It's not a "movie" makeover. She literally looks like Bianca, only the best version.

She and her friends have stitched, taped, and stapled bits of her favorite wardrobe pieces (The overalls, her ringer-t, etc), and sort of done a fashion "mash-up" with the dress that Wesley gave her.

And down the side of one sleeve, in Bedazzled letters, it reads, "D.U.F.F."

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Hey.

BIANCA

I'm into you. I'm pretty sure you're into me.

WESLEY

(without thinking)

Yeah. But...Why?

BIANCA

Because you're better looking on the inside than you are on the outside.

WESLEY

But...I'm so handsome!

BIANCA

My point exactly. You're a genuinely good person. You're honest, you're funny, and you're also a total weirdo. And so am I. So I propose that we be weird together.

Wesley considers, as he looks at her outfit. He points to her sleeve.

WESLEY

You're definitely not that.

BIANCA

The "D.U.F.F.?" Sure I am. It's a made up phrase. It can stand for whatever I want it to stand for.

WESLEY

Like what?

BIANCA

"Don't Underestimate Flighty Females." Or maybe, "Do U Fancy a Fling?"

WESLEY

(torn.)

I do...What about Roberta?

BIANCA

Are you into her?

WESLEY

Not at all. I just thought...That's what I deserved.

BIANCA

You don't. You know why? Because you're not just a dumb jock, who deserves a dumb girl who treats you like shit.

WESLEY

She's awful. She's the worst. So...

BIANCA

So. I think we should dance. And kiss. And not in that order.

WESLEY

Practice kiss?

BIANCA

Oh, no. Practice is over. This is the real deal. C'mere.

They kiss. It's a long one.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Roberta is checking her watch.

ROBERTA

Where is he?

Jess and Casey flank her on either side.

JESS

Right there, sweetie.

Wesley and Bianca enter the gym, hit the floor, and start dancing like there's no tomorrow.

ROBERTA

What? Her? EWWWW!

She marches over to them. Jess and Casey smile.

CASEY  
Give her a minute.

JESS  
Naturally.

Roberta taps Wesley on the shoulder.

ROBERTA  
What the HELL IS THIS?

WESLEY  
They were out of Diet Coke?

ROBERTA  
Wesley, take your hands off this  
disgusting piece of trash THIS  
INSTANT.

Bianca gets in Roberta's face.

BIANCA  
Or what?

Roberta pulls out her phone.

ROBERTA  
You know, "Or What." I unleash on  
this school, this TOWN, so many  
photos of your chunky ass that  
you'll want to LIVE in a paper bag.

BIANCA  
Go ahead.

Roberta goes to hit SEND, but doesn't like what she sees.

CLOSE UP on Roberta's phone. It just reads: "ALL FILES  
DELETED." Then the :( emoticon, followed by, "YOU BEEN  
HACKED, BITCH! ;)"

ROBERTA  
What the...

The camera whip-pans over to Jess and Casey. Casey is typing  
away furiously at her 11 inch MacBook Air. She slams it shut.

CASEY  
Thank YOU Rupert Murdoch, for  
making cell-phone hacking the new  
black.

JESS  
Let's finish this.

Jess and Casey TEAR A VELCRO STRIP off their sleeves, also revealing the letters "D.U.F.F." Just like Bianca. They flank Bianca on either side.

ROBERTA

Whatever. I have the photos on my home comp-

Casey just shakes her head, "No."

CASEY

You don't. And unless you want US to show the world YOU singing Rebecca Black's "Friday" into your, ahem, marital aid, you'll shut your trap.

ROBERTA

You're blackmailing me?

JESS

Rebecca Blackmailing you.

Roberta takes a step back.

ROBERTA

Okay. Fine. You know what? It's immaterial. Because any minute now, they're going to call MY NAME, and WESLEY'S name, and we are going to be the goddamn king and queen of this school!

Now it's Wesley's turn to shake his head, "No."

WESLEY

I forgot to tell you something.

ROBERTA

What...?

The lights DIM. A spotlight hits the stage. THE PRINCIPAL takes the mic.

PRINCIPAL

Okay, kids, I hope everyone's having a good time. Not TOO good of a time, I hope. Not like last year. With the "special ingredient" brownies on the refreshments table.

Everyone laughs. The principal doesn't.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
IT'S NOT FUNNY, KIDS. Mrs. Leopold  
spent 5 hours crawling around the  
ventilation ducts.

Everyone laughs louder. The principal smiles.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
Okay, that was kind of funny.  
Anyhoo! Let's get to it! The Queen  
of Homecoming is...

Roberta takes a deep breath. In spite of being surrounded by people who loathe her, this is still her moment.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
Ms. ROBERTA SMALLWOOD!

Roberta squeaks, jumps up and down, squeaks again, and turns to Wesley.

ROBERTA  
Let's go, Wesley. They're just  
about to say your name!

PRINCIPAL  
And our King, in a landslide  
victory, thanks to the tireless  
campaigning of Jess and Casey...

The girls smile.

ROBERTA  
Oh, shit.

PRINCIPAL  
BARRY HOROWITZ!

The MALE DUFF from the party at the beginning of the movie, confidently takes Roberta's hand, and walks/drags her to the stage.

ROBERTA  
Stop! Don't touch me!

BARRY  
Please, baby, let's just enjoy the  
moment.

The two of them stand up on stage. Barry is beaming, and Roberta looks utterly, totally humiliated.

ROBERTA  
SALLY ANN! DO SOMETHING!

But over at the bleachers, Sally Ann is locking eyes with Toby.

SALLY ANN  
Wanna blow this shit-show and go  
make out in the bathroom?

Toby shrugs.

TOBY  
Sure?

They exit. Roberta growls.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM (DANCE FLOOR) - CONTINUOUS**

Wesley and Bianca dance, blissfully happy.

BIANCA (V.O.)  
And THAT was the most pivotal  
moment in my life. Not because I  
got the guy. Not because I had my  
two best friends back. But because  
that night, I came into my own. I  
left my old DUFF self behind, and  
became a whole new DUFF...And so  
did a lot of other people.

We hear the hubub of VARIOUS KIDS looking at Bianca, Jess and Casey. Chatter spreads around Homecoming like wildfire.

KID #1  
Why do they all have DUFF on their  
sleeves?

KID #2  
Wait, they can't all be "DUFFS!"

KID #3  
Maybe DUFF stands for something  
else!

KID #4  
"Designated Ultimate Foxy Friend?"

KID #5  
"Divine Unbridled Far-out Famous?"

KID #6  
Damn, I wanna be The Duff.

KID #7  
Me too!

But Bianca and Wesley take no notice of this. They just lock eyes, and kiss like they were born to do it.

FADE TO:

**INT. OFFICE - EARLY EVENING**

...And we're back in the office, at Bianca's interview.

BIANCA

...And that's that. You know the rest of the story.

We pull back to reveal that Bianca is, in fact, sitting behind HER desk.

A WINDOW POPS UP over her head. It reads "DUFF." She stares at it for a second, and arches an eyebrow.

The WINDOW shimmers, and then reads, "BIANCA PIPER, CEO: DUFF FASHION INDUSTRIES"

BIANCA (CONT'D)

That's better.

This is, in fact, HER office. It's a cramped loft space with desks, computers, and a LOT of sewing forms and equipment.

The person she's talking to? A REPORTER.

We see that Bianca is wearing a very funky, professional outfit, with DUFF on the sleeve. The reporter also wears a shirt with a DUFF sleeve.

REPORTER

Who doesn't know the rest of the story? "DUFF-WEAR" goes viral, Chloë Sevigny wears a DUFF shirt to the Independent Spirit Awards, the three of you go into business...

We see Casey working away on a new website design, while Jess is fitting an outfit on a form.

CASEY

Bianca, can you proof the copy for the new DUFF-Wear website?

JESS

I need her to okay this design first, bossy-boots.

BIANCA

Settle, ladies. All in due time.  
It never ends.

REPORTER

And you're not even out of high  
school. But what happened to...

We hear a HONK! HONK! Bianca turns to the window. We see  
Wesley in a baby-blue convertible with DUFF-WEAR on the side.

BIANCA

He passed science. He's going to  
Notre Dame in the fall. Full ride  
scholarship.

She waves to Wesley. He gives the "Thumbs up."

REPORTER

Any last thoughts?

Bianca thinks.

BIANCA

It's not about the success. It's  
not about getting the guy. It's  
about believing in yourself. And  
having the people you care about  
believe in you.

(she leans in)

That said, all that other stuff is  
pretty frakking cool, too.

And with that, she marches out of the office.

THE END

OVER THE CLOSING CREDITS:

We see all of the celebrity DUFFS from the opening credit sequence...Each one of them starts with a DUFF bubble over their heads, which is then crossed out and replaced with the following text...

\* KHLOE KARDASHIAN - Star of her own highly rated reality series. Landed an NBA player.

\* SNOOKI - Receives \$35,000 to show up at a club and pass out. Currently on the university lecture circuit.

\* PEREZ HILTON - Oversees a multi-media gossip empire.

\*