

The 80s Club

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - NIGHT

Five enterprises occupy a strip mall on the corner where two quiet boulevards intersect:

-**BedazzZled!**, with a sign in its big display windows: "We'll BedazzZle Anything!". Through those display windows, you can see that they will: clothes, toys, objets d'art, books, furniture, and a stuffed dead cat.

-**The "Ty" Spa & Nail Salon**, featuring Deep Tissue Massage by Tyrone.

-**Oko Tea Bar**, with big storefront windows showing off sleek minimalist Japanese decor, design, and hi-tech web access appetizing to the young and terminally hip.

-**Beyond the Draw** body piercing and tattoo studio.

-**Paw Gills**, a pet and aquarium supply depot. It's flashy neon logo is a fish wearing overalls and a straw hat; with paws instead of fins.

-**Fire Truck**, a gourmet food truck parked in its reserved spot in front of Paw Gills. It is designed to look like a real fire engine including a big red flashing light on top. The slogan, "Our food is hot and so are our chefs!" is painted in flames on the side.

The Fire Truck's trash can is painted to look like a Dalmation. Throw your trash in his mouth if you dare.

It's almost nine-thirty. Busy Fire Truck employees, in bright yellow chef coats and little red toques, serve up food and drink to the beats of Indie Rock, Hip Hop, and New Wave 80s Pop.

CUSTOMERS wait for orders at the service window or dine on the benches of two bright red portable picnic tables.

Three Vespas with matching helmets, black, gray, and a pink one bedazzled with a camouflage pattern are parked side by side in front of Beyond The Draw.

A man is getting his tongue pierced inside. Two employees lean on the jewelry display case looking exceptionally bored.

Everything else is closed.

A Fire Truck customer takes a first bite. His eyes bulge as the bite falls out of his desperate mouth.

CUSTOMER

Ahhh-ahhh-ahhh!!!

He rips off the lid of his cup and drinks as fast as he can, spilling all down the front of his shirt and into his lap. The Fire Truck light spins and a siren goes off as everyone inside and outside the truck laughs.

A pickup truck pulls into the parking lot. A MAN and WOMAN exit the truck laughing and chatting; passing Beyond The Draw on their way to the Fire Truck.

FADE TO:

The man and woman walk back to their pickup truck with hands full of The Fire Truck food and drink.

As they near Beyond The Draw, the woman spots a small black jewelry box on the ground near the open door. She nudges the man and points.

They stop walking and talking. They glance at the entrance. At each other. At the box. At the entrance.

The exceptionally bored employees seem oblivious as the woman sneaks over to the box, grabs it up, and tries to look like she's not scurrying back to the man. He rearranges his hand full of food and drink to take the box.

WOMAN

(whispering)

What do you think it is?

MAN

(whispering)

I bet it's a-

The lid is off and they're looking down at what looks like four gigantic bumblebees: wingless but just about almost able to reach the top of the box in their struggle for freedom.

The woman screams and runs. The man screams, too, as his eyes "bug" out, but his fingers are stuck to the box like wet fingers in a freezer. He almost drops everything before he finally flings the box away.

He scurries to the truck where the woman can barely stand, she laughs so hard. He's laughing, too. They look back at Beyond The Draw.

One of the exceptionally bored employees runs out, puts the bugs back in the box, puts the lid back on the box, sets it near the entrance, and runs back inside.

The truck pulls away with the man and woman still laughing.

A car pulls into the parking lot. The tongue piercing is done. The employees lean on the jewelry display case. Looking exceptionally bored.

NIGHT FADES INTO:

THE NEXT MORNING

The Fire Truck is all closed up. No picnic tables. No Dalmation.

BOO and BOOBOO JOHNS, 40s, pull into the half full parking lot in a GEM(Global Electric Motor) car.

They wear matching bright festive print outfits, his with Bermuda shorts and hers a Bermuda skort. His belt buckle is bedazzled "Boo", hers "BooBoo". They sport matching Bluetooths. Never go anywhere without them.

BooBoo drives. Boo jumps out and steers her into their reserved parking spot in front of BedaZZZled! with elaborate hand signals.

He fishes a key from the ring dangling from his belt and unlocks the front doors of BedaZZZled!

Booboo is waving and bowing back to HIRO and KYOKO OKO, 30s, as they unlock the front doors of their tea bar.

INT. BEDAZZZLED! - A MOMENT LATER

Boo turns on lights. BooBoo sifts through mail and drops all but one piece on the counter next to the cash register. Tears it open. Reads. Frowns.

BOOB00

Oh no!

BOO

What's wrong?

BOOB00

We're being sued!

BOO

(looking over her shoulder)

For what?

BOOB00

Our Super Glue Gun!

BOO

By who?

BOOB00

By Superglue. They say Superglue is a registered trademark and we should cease and desist immediately!

BOO

What?!?! But it's the gun that's super, not the glue.

BOOB00

And we have a patent!

Boo taps his Bluetooth.

BOOB00 (CONT'D)

Who're you calling?

BOO

Buddy.

BOOB00

Why're you calling your baby brother?

BOO

Because he's our lawyer, BooBoo.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - LATER

Boo and BooBoo sit in BUDDY JOHNS', late 20s, dismal little office: no view, few law books, not much furniture, and absolutely no decor.

Except for the Harvard School of Law degree hanging on the wall behind him, beside his UCLA undergraduate degree.

Buddy Johns looks fresh out of law school; and he is. His eyes look like a deer's in headlights.

BOO

-and we knew this would sell like hotcakes.--That's why we kept it under wraps. BabyBoo doesn't even know about it, yet.

BUDDY

--And what's this invention?

Boo and BooBoo sit up proudly.

BOO

You tell 'im, BooBoo. It was your idea.

BOOB00

But you made me think of it, Boo.

BUDDY

Why don't both of you tell me?

Boo and BooBoo look at one another and smile.

BOO & BOOB00

Ok!

BOOB00

You go first, Boo.

BOO

No, you go, BooBoo.

Buddy's eyes are rolling.

BOOB00

But-

BUDDY

Edward! Edna! Please! I have another client after you.

BOO

You do?

BOOB00

Who?

Buddy poises his pen over his, as yet, blank legal pad.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(smiling through a grimace)

--Your idea? What is it?

BOOB00

Oh.--Okay.--We developed a tool for your larger home improvement projects.

BOO

It combines the technologies of a nail gun, a glue gun, and a "Super Soaker" water gun.

BOOB00

That way, you get a big quick shot of hot glue. You see? That's why it's the gun that's super, not the glue.

BOO

Matter of fact, if anybody should sue us, it's the "Super Soaker" water gun folks.

Buddy and BooBoo look at Boo as if he has just cussed in church.

BOO (CONT'D)

(sheepishly)

Well--I'm just saying.

BOOB00

Well, don't!

BOO

Okay, but does Superglue have a case,
Buddy?

BUDDY

Have you thought of maybe just changing
the name of your--tool?

BOO & BOOB00

To what?

BUDDY

Oh, I don't know--how about a Fantastic
Glue Gun? Or Fabulous?

BOO & BOOB00

--No.

BUDDY

Okay. There're certainly other great
adjectives that could end this before it
begins. There's Wonderful. Incredible.
Superb. How about a Superb Glue Gun?
That's only different by one letter.

BOOB00

Well, Hell, then why not call it the
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Glue
Gun?

BOO

So we can get sued by Mary Poppins? I
don't think so! Look, Buddy, this whole
idea started because BooBoo is a
veritable sharp shooter with a glue gun.

BOOB00

Boo calls me his trigger happy glue gun
sniper!

BOO

All of our success is because of BooBoo. She's the bedazzler. I'm just along for the ride.

BOOBOO

Oh, Boo-

BUDDY

You know what-

BOO

We are not changing the name, Buddy, and that's that!

BUDDY

Why not?

BOOBOO

Because the name we already have matches the name on our logo and on the web site we're ready to launch.

BOO

Or how about, Because we don't want to and when you got accepted into your fancy "best law school in the country", you promised BooBoo and me that we'd get a big return on our investment if we paid your tuition.

BOO (CONT'D)

So do your job and fight the good fight for your family.

BOOBOO

Otherwise, we might as well have sent BabyBoo to Harvard.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE PREP SCHOOL - THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

The school marquee reads, "WELCOME BACK RAVENS!" in front of a campus that is nestled among well kept single dwelling residences on both sides of a two lane residential street.

BAMBI JOHNS drives a baby blue Vespa bedazzled with a camouflage pattern. Her bedazzled helmet matches. She's in her early 20s but looks more like one of the throngs of teens arriving for their first day of school.

She is dressed professionally: heels, skirt and blouse, with a big and full baby blue bedazzled camouflage print book bag slung over her shoulder.

She navigates speed bumps, bicyclists, and parents in very fancy cars dropping off their progeny. Passes a group of jocks in letter jackets hanging out on the lawn in front of the school.

Posers.

They point at her and laugh, falling all over and into one another as she stops to let a clique of prom queen candidates cross the street.

The prom queen candidates are more discreet when they whisper, giggle, and point at Bambi after she drives by.

Then they slink towards the jocks all cool. The jocks snap to attention. Kisses, hugs, and a couple of cold shoulders are exchanged.

EXT. FACULTY PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The bedazzled Vespa turns into the lot. ZACK COPPER, early 30s, pulls a big full book bag from his trunk. He's a strapping, handsome chap with a good haircut.

Spots Bambi when he closes his trunk.

ZACK

(shouting)

Students park in the south lot.

BAMBI
(shouting)
Okay. Thanks.

She takes off her helmet. Long thick wavy blonde hair cascades down her back. Zack looks dumbstruck.

He also seems silenced by the somewhat ample bosom that passes as she makes her way to the entrance. She smiles.

He all but falls into her baby blue eyes as he hears Heavenly angels singing to beautiful harp music that sweeps him up into her kaleidoscope of beauty.

INT. FACULTY CAFETERIA- A LITTLE LATER

Bambi sits alone at a table near the entrance. She sips coffee and scans an Advanced Algebra II Teacher's Guide.

Other faculty have breakfast together at other tables.

Zack Copper barely hears the voices at his table over his harps and **singing** angels as he eyeballs Bambi on the sly; to the point where he can't help getting up and walking over.

ZACK
Good morning.

Bambi looks up.

BAMBI
Good morning.

ZACK
You know, if you keep parking in our lot and hanging in our cafeteria you're going to get a bad reputation with your peers.

She looks around the room, frowning as nosy eyes quickly look away.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)
Mr. Copper! Welcome back.

Zack's heavenly music fades as HEADMASTER MARCUS, late 50s, approaches. He's a tweedy button down type with owlsh glasses, a handlebar moustache, and a bow tie.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We missed you at the staff development workshops.

ZACK
Yes. Sir. Sorry about that. I really couldn't fly home in a typhoon, though.

HEADMASTER MARCUS
Yes, well, perhaps next summer you'll plan your vacation in a more temperate climate.

ZACK
Yes, Sir.--And how was your summer?

HEADMASTER MARCUS
Delightful. Mrs. Marcus and I chose not to waste our valuable time with travel and instead spent it on home improvement projects--

Blah, blah, blah. Zack nods as if he really cares. As if.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (CONT'D)
--and I see you've met our new Advanced Algebra II instructor, Ms. Johns.

ZACK
I have?

The bell rings as Headmaster Marcus laughs and slaps Zack on the back.

HEADMASTER MARCUS
Still the jokester, eh?

Bambi stands, gathering her things. Headmaster Marcus turns to face other teachers standing and gathering their things.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (CONT'D)

Okay, People. Have a great first day back to school and remember--let's be careful out there.

He chuckles to himself as he makes his way to the exit exchanging personal hellos with some of the teachers.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi and her armful of books are jostled in the hallway as students scurry, or saunter, to classrooms. She almost drops everything but makes a great save.

She also catches the eye of every boy she passes; even the gay ones. Doesn't go unnoticed by the girls, either.

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - JUST AFTER THAT

Bambi enters a room filled with jocks, prom queen candidates, goths, nerds, slackers, a couple of stoners already nodding out in the back row, and finally the ordinary normal kids.

The goths, nerds, slackers, stoners, and ordinary kids are at least in their seats.

Silence rolls through the room in one big wave as everyone stares at Bambi. A wolf whistle shatters the silence as TED, a senior in a varsity letter jacket, approaches her.

TED

Well, well, well. Look who's already sucking up to the teacher for extra credit.

BAMBI

Who?

She drops her things on her desk as the room erupts into laughter so loud that no one sees or hears Headmaster Marcus in the doorway until he clears his throat a third time.

The room falls quiet. Now that Bambi's arms are empty the jocks really notice her...assets as they make their way to the nearest desk with the quickness.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen. I
hope your summer-

A poppy, bouncy cell phone ring tone is silenced too late.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (CONT'D)

-vacations were to your liking.--Now.--Do
I need to remind you of Venice Prep's
policy regarding cell phone, iPhone,
iPod, iPod touch, iPad, Droid, Droid
tablet, Sidekick, Blackberry, and
etcetera usage during instructional time?

CLASS

(deadpan)

No, Headmaster Marcus.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Good, then allow me to introduce you to
your Advanced Algebra II teacher, Ms.
Johns.

BAMBI

(waving to class)

Hi!

Mouths fall open, especially the nerds', so far that chins
almost hit desks.

TED

You have got to be kidding.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

I beg your pardon, Mr. Bansfield?

TED

Nothing. Never mind.

Headmaster Marcus' stern glare lingers on Ted for a moment
then falls on the entire class.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Please give Ms. Johns your utmost
attention and respect. Make her feel like
a Raven!--Caw! Caw!

Bambi looks at him, a little startled.

BAMBI

Actually, Sir, that's the cry of a crow.
A raven makes more of a 'Thwonk! Thwonk!'

She makes some kind of unnatural sound. Like a high pitched nasal car horn.

Mouths quiver around the room. A few laughs can't help sneaking out. Headmaster Marcus doesn't look happy on any front.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Well it's been, 'Caw! Caw!' at Venice Prep for the past seventy-five years and no alumni have complained so far, so we'll just leave it that way. Have a good first day, Ms. Johns.

BAMBI

Thank you, Sir. I will.

He exits. As she writes her name on the board, students text message like crazy, then look all innocent when she turns around.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

I know--most of you have one burning question. Go ahead, ask away.

TED

How-

BAMBI

Please raise your hand first. There are others with questions, too.

Although no hand but his is in the air when he looks around the room.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Yes--Mr. Bansfield?

TED

How old are you?

BAMBI

No.

TED

No?

BAMBI

That's not the question.

RANDY, a jock in a junior varsity letter jacket, raises his hand.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Yes?

RANDY

Will you go out with me?

Laughter, laughter, and more laughter, except for the prom queen candidates who roll their eyes and scowl. Even Bambi laughs, before she says:

BAMBI

No, that's not it, either.

Prom queen candidate, JESSICA, raises a French manicured hand.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Yes?

JESSICA

Can't you just tell us what the burning question is?

BAMBI

Sure.--Okay. I just thought maybe most of you were wondering, like I used to, why you need to take algebra.

Heads nod around the room.

BAMBI

Well, I think it's because life, like algebra, is full of constants and variables, each with suitable formulas to solve our problems.

CLASS

--What?

BAMBI

Think about it. Every morning we get up, get ready, and then drive, bike, ride a bus, or walk to where we're going. Right?

CLASS

--Right--

BAMBI

But what if we get a flat tire or break a heel on the way.

TED

Yeah, you broke a heel on the way to school this morning, didn't you, Randy?

Laughter as Randy shakes his head vehemently, looking embarrassed.

BAMBI

Well, if you get a flat tire, you can't just blow that tire up yourself, but you might think you could if you didn't know how to fix a flat. Knowing how to fix a flat is like knowing the correct formula to solve an algebraic problem.

The class is looking at each other like they've just been told a secret they didn't even know they wanted to know.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Driving is the constant, a flat tire is the problem, or the variable, and knowing how to put on a spare is the formula. If you know the formula, you can solve your problem and continue driving.

The nerds are in shock. The slackers' and goths' heads are tilted with interest for maybe the first time since they assumed their alternative personae.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

I mean, nobody would just leave a problem unsolved unless they didn't know the formula, right? And no one would just leave a tire flat unless they didn't know how to change it.

No answer.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

So now I'm going to take roll and then we'll get this party started.

She digs through her things until she pulls out a roll sheet and a pen.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

--La'Queesha Adams?

LA'QUEESHA

Here.

BAMBI

Andrea Ash?

ANDREA

Here.

BAMBI

Theodore Bansfield?

RANDY

Oh, Theodore?--Theodore?

TED

(scowling at Randy)

--All the teachers know to call me Ted.

BAMBI

(writing on the roll sheet)

Duly noted.

FADE TO:

The chalkboard is almost filled with algebraic equations and Bambi is still writing. The nerds take copious notes. Goths and slackers lean on fists. The stoners try to stay awake.

The jocks and prom queen candidates are text messaging like crazy, watching Bambi's back, stopping when she turns around just as the bell rings. They start to get up.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Before you leave, I feel compelled to remind you that your parents pay a lot of money for you to attend Venice Prep and I don't think it's for playing with your electronic toys during instruction time.-- Now, I really would rather not be put in the position of being a snitch, so I'll let today be a gimme, but starting tomorrow, I will enforce school policy.

Her students rise and file out, some of them scowling and sulking like kindergartners.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow!

The nerds linger. REBECCA is short, stocky, and homely, with braces and a sheep's fashion sense in a wolf's world.

REBECCA

Msh. Johnsh?

And a lisp that whistles sometimes.

BAMBI

Yes?

REBECCA

Would you like me to erashe the board for you?

BAMBI

Sure, Rebecca. Thank you.

IRIS, a too tall version of Rebecca, with overbite instead of a lisp, and very very thick glasses, smiles at Bambi.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Would you like to help her, Iris?

Iris is a shy whisperer.

IRIS

No. But I have a burning question.

BAMBI

Ask away.

She and the other nerds, minus Rebecca busy at the board, lean close.

IRIS

Well, when you explained the point of solving the square root of ab divided by x --well, it made me wonder what kind of algebraic expression you could use for a variable like when you throw a party and some of the people you thought wanted to be friends with you, because they said they did, say they tried to come to your party but they all got flat tires on the way and couldn't make it.

The nerds are all nodding, except Rebecca who strains to reach the problems written at the top of the board.

BAMBI

Well, Iris, I'll have to get back to you about that one. Is that okay?

IRIS

Sure. Thanks, Ms. Johns.

A second bell rings.

BAMBI

You're welcome. Now hurry along,
Everyone. You don't want to be late for
your next class.

She glances at her struggling helper.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

I'll get the rest, Rebecca. Thank you.

REBECCA

Okay. Shee you tomorrow, Msh. Johnsh.

The nerds nearly knock Zack over on his way in as they all
but skip out of the classroom with glee. Bambi erases the
rest of the chalkboard.

ZACK

Hello there.

BAMBI

Hello.

ZACK

(extending his hand)

Zack Copper. Folks around here call me
Mr. Copper.

BAMBI

(shaking his hand)

Bambi--Ms. Johns.

ZACK

Right.--Pretty funny not telling me you
weren't a student.

BAMBI

I didn't know you didn't know.

ZACK

Right.--Well, we have the same lunch
period and I wanted to invite you not to
dine alone.

BAMBI

Okay. Sounds great, but I have a boyfriend.

ZACK

Oh.--O. Kay.--Damn.--Serious?

BAMBI

(nodding)

Sorry.

Students file in, glancing at Zack and staring at Bambi as they sit down.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Am I still invited to dine with you and your friends at lunch?

ZACK

Please. Of course. See you at noon.

BAMBI

Okay.

She closes the door behind him and turns to the roomful of gaping eyes and mouths.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Ms. Johns.

Silence.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

I know--most of you have one burning question. Go ahead, ask away.

Hands shoot into the air. She smiles and points to a student way in the back of the classroom.

INT. FACULTY CAFETERIA - LATER

An assortment of cliques of teachers sit at what can only be their usual tables. Zack's head tripping Heavenly music plays only for him at his table as he listens to Bambi in earnest.

BAMBI

--and one of my other passions is the forgotten fifth season.

Zack's music fades as everyone stops mid-chew or mid-sip. Eyes freeze on her, looking almost terrified.

ZACK

--What season would that be?

BAMBI

Hello? Awards season? Everyone's always all winter, spring, summer, fall, but then leave out awards season like it doesn't matter or something. Well, I love movies, TV, and music and I love when a movie, show, song, or actor or singer I love wins an award for a movie, show, or song that I love.

Quivering lips try to continue chewing and sipping. Eyes don't dare look at one another.

ZACK

(clearing his throat)

And how is it you came to teach algebra?

BAMBI

(shrugging)

I've been good at math and science since grade school. I'm better at understanding things that don't change.

Nerdy teacher JASPER SMYTHE, 40s, speaks up.

JASPER

Please. Science is always changing.

BAMBI

Science just expands on itself, Mr. Smythe, but our basic animal, plant, and mineral physiologies have never really changed.

Eyes ease back up to her. Ears at other tables stop listening to each other to drop in on her words.

JASPER

What? What about evolution? Or recent discoveries in DNA. That's growing by leaps and bounds.

BAMBI

True. But it's always been there. Science didn't invent it and can't change how it works, only understand it. And no one's come up with a new way to create life have they? I mean, other than sex?

Zack, and a couple of other teachers, nearly choke on their beverages.

JASPER

Well--there's cloning.

BAMBI

Is there really, Mr. Smythe? How many clones and how long can they be sustained? I believe it's turning out to be only as long as the cloned cells were meant to live in the first place.

JASPER

--Er--uh---

BAMBI

And who's found a new way to count all of evolution's little idiosyncracies?

Silence. Until the bells rings and shatters the return of Zack's harps and chorals. A couple of teachers smile at Bambi as they hurry to finish lunch. She smiles back.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

(standing)

Have a good afternoon, Everyone. See you later.

INT. BEYOND THE DRAW - LATE AFTERNOON

Alternative Indie rock music plays. In the back room CROW, early 20s, blows his freshly polished black fingernails dry as he reads the high brow literary magazine lying in his lap.

Bambi sits on a tiny stool holding his foot in her lap. Giant cotton balls separate the toes as she paints his toenails black.

He sports a silver ring on his third toe, silver rings on many fingers, silver earrings up and down both ears, longish bottle jet black hair, black eyeliner and black lipstick.

He also sports a moderate amount of beautiful tattoos and body piercings. Nothing too radical, although you can see the outlines of bolts going through each of his nipples under his snug black T-shirt.

CROW

Did you tell them everything or just the good stuff?

BAMBI

(laughing)

Just the good stuff of course. It should keep their tongues busy at least until Rosh Hashana.--Switch.

He switches feet as she closes the nail polish bottle and shakes it. Opens it and starts with his pinky toe.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

CROW

Back to work.

Bambi removes the cotton balls and slides his feet into the black flip flops sitting on the floor by her stool.

CROW (CONT'D)

How do I look?

BAMBI

Like the hottest boyfriend in the whole wide world.

They kiss passionately.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

With only six painted toenails.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

CROW

(shouting)

Be right with you.

One more passionate kiss before they walk out to the front of the parlor together. The walls are covered with traditional tattoo designs, large, small, and in between.

Bambi continues on towards the door as Crow presents the WOMAN, late 20s, his portfolio of original tattoo designs.

WOMAN

So I hear you're the best in the city.

Bambi blows him a kiss. He grabs his cheek as if he's just been gently slapped.

CROW

In the county. You'll barely feel a thing and you'll fall in love with yourself all over again.

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - CONTINUOUS

The Fire Truck is nowhere in sight. Bambi's Vespa is parked with the black, gray, and pink bedazzled Vespas, two by two, in front of Beyond the Draw.

She passes the busy Oko Tea Bar, "Ty" Spa, Paw Gills, and the parked GEM car. She strolls into Bedazzled!.

INT. BEDAZZZLED! - CONTINUOUS

BooBoo bedazzles a pair of clogs as Bambi enters.

BAMBI

Hey, BooBoo!

BOOBOO

Hey BabyBoo. How was your first day?

BAMBI

Hectic.

BOOBOO

Going back tomorrow?

Bambi smiles.

BOOBOO (CONT'D)

Good. Maybe now you and Crow can start thinking about tying the knot.

BAMBI

Now BooBoo, you know The 80s Club refuses to marry until everyone in the country has the legal right to marry.

BOOBOO

I know, BabyBoo. And you know your dad and I would get a divorce in support of your cause if it made sense. We just want a GrandbabyBoo someday.

BAMBI

I **am** thinking about living with him.

BOO (O.S.)

(shouting)

--In that tree house? In sin?

BOOBOO

Well it'll have to be if they're not getting married until **everyone** in the United States has the legal right to marry, now won't it?

BAMBI

Hey, Boo!

BOO (O.S.)

(shouting)

Hey, BabyBoo!

BOOBOO

--Are you almost done back there? Ty and Alice will be here any minute.

THE WASHINGTONS (O.S.)

We're here now.

TY and ALICE WASHINGTON, 40s, are African-American versions of the Johns, down to the matching sportswear (in festive, traditional African print) and accessories.

TY

Come on, Boo! We can still play nine holes easy if we hurry.

BOO

(hurrying out with a clipboard)

Everything's here!

BOOBOO

(putting away the glue gun and clogs)

Then let's go.

ALICE

Hope said you and Crow should meet her and Steve at their house, Bambi.

EXT. HOPE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - EVENING

It's a lovely little clapboard Craftsman's bungalow with lots of well tended cacti and succulents hanging or growing around the porch.

Ty and Alice's very beautiful daughter, HOPE, early 20s, an African-American version of Bambi with stunnungly long dreadlocs and luscious brown eyes, opens the front door and waves.

Crow and Bambi cruise up on their Vespas, waving back, and park beside the pink bedazzled and gray Vespas in front of the house.

INT. HOPE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Their taste falls somewhere between Pottery Barn and The Flintstones. There's just something modern stone age about the big fat unstained rustic wooden pillars and crossbeams, mosaic tiling, and unfinished cement floors.

To the beat of 80s New Wave music, she, Bambi, Crow, and STEVE, early 20s, a buff and handsome African-American, repeat a series of quick yoga positions on mats on the living room floor.

Steve wears gray Lycra tights. He's topless and barefoot and he too, sports body art and piercings.

No make-up, though, or nail polish, and his hair is shaved into a close 'Fro Hawk.

Crow, also minus the make-up, wears black Lycra tights and is also shoeless and topless except for his nipple bolts and the large black wings tattooed on his back.

His sweaty mop hides his face. The men look like a sexy pair of dancers in some avant-garde production of any classical ballet you can name as they obey Bambi's order of:

BAMBI

And down doggie. Up doggie. Down doggie.
Up doggie.

She and Hope wear camouflage print workout outfits in their respective favorite baby blue and pink colors; with matching raggedy camouflage headband ties.

Steve and Crow stop exercising and turn on their sides, leaning on their elbows, smiling, watching Hope and Bambi.

BAMBI & HOPE

(breathless)

What are you doing?

CROW & STEVE
 (breathless)
 We like to watch.

BAMBI & HOPE
 (breathless)
 Oh, you!

They all cool down with a few stretches.

HOPE
 So you going back tomorrow?

Bambi just smiles.

CROW
 She has to. Already has a crusher.

STEVE
 Hmmmm...sounds like someone could use an
 escort.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NEXT MORNING

The 80s Club cruises two by two down the street: Crow and Bambi, Steve and Hope.

They pass the front entrance of Venice Prep teeming with arriving students and staff, navigating speed bumps, bicyclists, and parents in fancy cars dropping off their progeny.

Everyone has the predictable slack jaw reaction.

EXT. FACULTY PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The 80s Club stops at the entrance.

Zack closes the trunk of his car. Smiles when he sees Bambi. Frowns when he sees her escort. Locks eyes with Crow, in full make-up, then Steve. Then Hope.

Bambi kisses Crow goodbye on the lips and his best friend on the cheek. Hugs her best friend and turns into the lot.

BAMBI
 Good morning, Mr. Copper.

ZACK
--Good morning, Ms. Johns.

He's at the entrance holding the door open for her, but watching her escort turn and leave.

BAMBI
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. VENICE PREP SCHOOL - WEEKS LATER

Bambi calls roll as students attempt to solve algebraic problems written on the board. Well, most of the students.

The jocks and prom queen candidates still rebel with texting fingers when they think she isn't looking.

ERICA, one of the goths, raises her hand.

BAMBI
Yes, Erica?

ERICA
Is it true that your boyfriend owns
Beyond The Draw?

BAMBI
--Yes.

ERICA
And his best friend owns The Fire Truck?

BAMBI
Yes.

ERICA
And your boyfriend is, like, your high
school sweetheart or something?

BAMBI
Math camp sweetheart.

TED
(smirking)
You went to math camp?

BAMBI

Every summer since sixth grade. We were even math camp counselors all through high school and college.

The nerds are beaming. The prom queen candidates are rolling their eyes so hard, they look like they may just stay rolled forever.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

--Now, is everyone finished?

Pencils jump back to work. Texting fingers, too.

INT. FACULTY CAFETERIA - LUNCHTIME

Tables are pushed together to squeeze in all the teachers who want to sit with Bambi.

Zack must listen to his Heavenly harp music and angelic chorus five seats away, with lots of chattering interference, and Bambi avoiding his knowing glances.

TERRY MARTIN, 50s, a graying school marmish teacher who looks like she may retire soon, is all agog.

TERRY

Is it true your parents own BedaZZZled!?

Bambi nods.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I love that store! I love your mom! She's bedazzling the fading peace sign on my favorite poncho from my civil unrest days.--Had to drag it back out recently.

BAMBI

Well, she does believe in peace and love. --I think that's the most important gift my parents ever gave me. Not hating anyone, judging anyone, or letting bad people get away with being bad.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

What in the Sam Hill is going on here,
People?! That bell rang five minutes ago!

The teachers scramble to their feet, gathering their things.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (CONT'D)

May I have a word with you, Ms. Johns?

BAMBI

Yes, Sir, but I have-

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Mr. Copper, please cover Ms. Johns' fifth
period class for a few minutes?

ZACK

Sure.

And he saunters off after a quick smile at Bambi, chirping to
the music playing in his head.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Ms. Johns, next Saturday is your turn in
detention rotation.

BAMBI

Yes, Sir, I know. I'm really looking
forward to it.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

You are? Why? Most teachers hate it. Even
I hate it.

BAMBI

Well, if you don't object, Sir, I was
thinking that rather than just baby sit,
I could teach a yogaerobics class.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

--A what?

BAMBI

Yogaerobics. It's a stretch cardio regime
my best friends and I do that combines
traditional yoga with-

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Whatever, Ms. Johns, as long as it isn't fun. This is punishment after all.

BAMBI

Yes, Sir. I'll try my best to make it as not fun as possible.

INT. GYMNASIUM - SATURDAY MORNING

Yoga mats of many colors are lined up in a circle on the gymnasium floor, around of a set of baby blue, pink, gray, and black yoga mats.

Bambi sits on a front row bleacher in a baby blue yogaerobics outfit tying on her headband.

Bouncy 80s New Wave music plays softly on the big boom box beside her as students trickle in. Only the nerds have dared workout clothes and not in the good way.

REBECCA

Good morning, Msh. Johnsh.

BAMBI

Rebecca? Iris? You don't have detention.

REBECCA

But we love aerobicsh.

IRIS

(whispering)

And yoga.

Ted, Randy, and a few prom queen candidates stroll in looking all hung over. They take one look at Bambi and nearly swallow their tongues.

JESSICA

(whispering)

First there was Rambo, then--Rambimbo.

TED

(snickering & whispering)

Or Rambambi.

RANDY
(snickering & whispering)
Or Rambambo!

TED & JESSICA
(scowling & whispering)
Shut up!

They head for the top bleacher.

BAMBI
No, no. Down here, please. Pick a mat.

JESSICA
No thank you. I'm naturally fit. I don't
need yoga or aerobics.

BAMBI
Beauty fades unless you help it to stay,
and ugly stays unless you chase it away.

JESSICA
What?

The gymnasium doors open and spill in a laughing Hope, Steve,
and Crow in their yogaerobics outfits. Crow and Steve wear
snug T-shirts.

No, no make-up for Crow, but you **can** see the outline of his
nipple bolts.

Every girl in the room, even the prom queen candidates,
suddenly has eyes only for him and Steve.

CROW
Man, that headmaster's tribute case to
himself is-

BAMBI
Ahem!

STEVE
Oops.

He, Crow, and Hope stifle giggles under Bambi's stern glare.

CROW
 (smiling)
 You must be Iris.

Hard to miss her towering like a weed over everyone. She nods quickly and grins, revealing why, with her shocking overbite, she prefers to keep her mouth closed as much as possible.

Crow shifts his gaze.

CROW (CONT'D)
 Which makes you Rebecca.

REBECCA
 It'sh nishe to meet you Mishter Crow.

CROW
 It's just Crow.

Back to Iris.

CROW (CONT'D)
 Next time you throw a killer party you won't forget to invite us?

HOPE
 Because The 80s Club never misses a good party.

BAMBI
 (smiling)
 That would be the square root of ab divided by xy, Iris, with y representing knowing who our true friends are.

Iris is nodding her head, grinning like a fool. Rebecca is all but gasping for breath.

The posers in the top bleachers are pretending not to care either way as they pull out their electronic toys.

BAMBI (CONT'D)
 Okay, then. Everyone, this is my best friend, Hope, and I think you already know who Crow and Steve are.--Now, before we get started-

She turns to the bleachers.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

-I'll need the electronics, please.

The posers frown down at her like she's speaking a language they don't understand. Jessica squints and taps her ear. Ahhhhh, sign language.

Bambi pretends to take ear pods from her ears and wrap them around an MP3 player. Then she extends her hand and gestures for everyone to give 'em up.

Reluctantly, they put their toys away. Not good enough.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Looks like we'll be spending a lot of Saturday mornings together if everyone doesn't start cooperating.

She waits, until they all come down and hand over their toys.

The gymnasium doors open again. This time it's Zack, looking around until his eyes finally realize they have already found her. His Heavenly music starts, then screeches to a halt.

ZACK (V.O.)

Oh, my God, it's Rambimbo.

REBECCA

Good morning, Mishter Copper. What are you doing here?

ZACK

Good morning, Rebecca. Headmaster Marcus asked me to drop by in case the usual suspects wanted to cause trouble for Ms. Johns' first detention.

Steve, Hope, and Crow shoot sideways glances at each other as Zack looks up at the top bleachers.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Good Morning, Ms. Johns.

BAMBI

Mr. Copper. These are my friends Hope,
Steve, and Crow.

ZACK

--Ah, the infamous Crow.

He's trying to sneak a peek at Crow's nipples as he extends his hand.

ZACK (CONT'D)

You're a lucky man.

CROW

(shaking Zack's hand)
I know. Thanks.

Steve shakes Zack's hand but Hope only offers a wilting stare that turns Zack's smile a little nervous. His extended hand slowly drops to his side.

BAMBI

Help yourself to a mat. We're just getting started.

ZACK

With what?

BAMBI

Yogaerobics!

ZACK

Oh.--Headmaster Marcus didn't mention that.

He takes a seat on the first bleacher as Bambi turns up the music and joins The 80s Club warming up with stretches on their mats. The few students who dare a mat try their best.

BAMBI

Let's go everyone. Those muscles won't move on their own.

Rebecca raises her hand.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Yes, Rebecca?

REBECCA

Actually, Msh. Johnsh, we do have shome involuntary mushle movementsh like for blinking our eyesh and breathing, and shtuff.

Zack crosses his legs and covers his mouth with his hand. The posers don't care and laugh out loud, falling all over one another. Rebecca flushes a foolish red until Bambi says:

BAMBI

You forgot the most important involuntary muscle, Rebecca.

REBECCA

I did? What mushle did I forget, Msh. Johnsh?

BAMBI

The heart, which we need to fall in love-

She smiles at Crow. He smiles back. Zack, who couldn't really hide his laughter, can't hide his simmering envy, either.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

-and to keep our blood flowing. So let's get stretching.--And if I hear any more laughter from the bleachers, there will be additional detention next Saturday.

Late comers of every variety straggle in and are smart enough to gravitate towards the bleachers when they see who's already there.

And the nasty smirk trying to hide behind Mr. Copper's hand.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MID-OCTOBER

A pair of bedazzled Jack-o'-Lanterns bobble atop a headband Bambi wears as she makes her way through a sea of students on their way to class.

Headmaster Marcus' voice drones from loudspeakers.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (V.O.)

Don't forget Ladies and Gentlemen, due to threat of revolt, Saturday morning SAT prep classes have been changed to Saturday afternoons.

Bambi spots Terry Martin in a big purple suede fringed poncho with a bedazzled pink peace sign.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--Also, you no longer have to get a detention to take Ms. Johns' Saturday morning yogaerobics class.

They try to wave at each other but Bambi's arms are full of books and Terry's are too, under her poncho. They laugh and continue on their way.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--As long as there is enough staff and your parents sign the agreement not to sue should you--pull something, you may participate.

Bambi opens her classroom door.

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her walls are decorated with all sorts of bedazzled Halloween fixin's.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (V.O.)

--Of course, if you do actually have detention, while you do not have to participate in the yogaerobics class, you must do your detention.

Bambi drops her things on her desk.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (V.O.) (CONT'D.)

--Go, Ravens!--Caw! Caw!

Her cell phone rings. She glances at the caller ID. Answers.

BAMBI

What's wrong?

BOOBOO (O.S.)

Goodness. Can't I just call and chat?

Bambi pulls out a stack of graded midterms. Ted Banskfield's is on top with a big fat red F on it.

BAMBI

We just chatted at breakfast. Not much new has happened since then.

She turns the stack of midterms face down.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JOHNS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Johns love Lucite, melanite, Plexiglas, fiberglass, pleather, naugehyde, polyester, nylon, vinyl, and gadgets. In fact, you have to search high and wide to find a piece of wood or natural fiber or inconvenience anywhere.

BooBoo sits at the kitchen counter in big pink sponge curlers, a housecoat, and her Bluetooth. Sipping coffee from her bedazzled personalized mug.

BAMBI (O.S.)

And there's a definite tone in your voice.

BOOBOO

Wha-you asked what's wrong before I even opened my mouth.

BAMBI (O.S.)

So something is wrong?

BOOBOO

Wha-BabyBoo, now you are putting words *in*
my mouth!

BACK TO:

INT. VENICE PREP SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Bambi organizes her desktop.

BAMBI

Okay. Then I am sorry I do not have time
to chat right now.

BOOBOO (O.S.)

Buddy just called. The arbitration date
is set for February.--Can you beat that?

BAMBI

--Oh.

BOOBOO

Buddy says it means they need time to try
to build a strong case.

BAMBI

Well, then, that's good, BooBoo.

BOOBOO

Four months is an awful long time to put
your hopes and dreams on hold. We wanted
to have a Super Glue Gun under every tree
this Christmas.

BAMBI

But now you won't have to compete with
everyone else who'll have their patented
inventions under trees this Christmas.

BOOBOO

What?

BAMBI

There's just too many choices and never enough time to make them, so you and Boo can concentrate on birthdays, Mother's Day, and Father's Day and let word of mouth make yours the must have gift under every tree **next** Christmas.

BOOBOO

(smiling)

Well, Hell, I never thought of it that way, BabyBoo.

BAMBI

It'll be fine. You'll see. Everything will work out fine.

THEN BACK ONCE MORE TO:

INT. THE JOHNS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BooBoo refreshes her coffee and fills Boo's personalized bedazzled mug when she hears his slippered footsteps **dragging nearer.**

BOOBOO

I know. I just needed to hear it from you. Some days, yours is the only voice that makes sense in our world, BabyBoo.

BAMBI (O.S.)

Is Boo okay?

BOOBOO

(laughing)

You know nothing ever bothers him. He's just nagging poor Buddy, trying to get his way no matter what. It's kind of nice that he's all fired up about this. It's firing him up in a few other areas, too.

Boo wanders into the kitchen in slippers, boxers, a sleeveless undershirt, bed hair. And the Bluetooth.

BAMBI (O.S.)

BooBoo, if you're going to start talking about your and Boo's sex life, please call Alice. Please?

Boo tries to kiss the back of her neck. Almost puts his eye out on a curler. BooBoo laughs.

BOOBOO

Where in the world did you ever get that prude gene from? It doesn't run on either side of the family.

Boo grabs a breast, instead, and makes nasty pumping motions at BooBoo's ass. She grabs his ass.

BAMBI (O.S.)

See? Now we're chatting. I have to go.

BooBoo turns around to kiss Boo. His hand is rummaging under her housecoat.

BOOBOO

(breathless)

Okay. See you when you get home.

She taps her Bluetooth as she and Boo drop to the floor for some action.

INT. CROW'S NEST - ONE LATE NOVEMBER AFTERNOON

Upper tree leaves filter sunlight into every window in Crow's spacious one room loft. He lives very feng shui, surrounded by an impressive library of books and music. LPs.

He and Steve carry in a large flat screen television, followed by Hope and Bambi carrying boxes. Bambi wears a bobbling bedazzled Thanksgiving turkeys antennae headband.

The men set the television on a console facing the couch in the living room area. The women set their boxes atop a stack of other boxes marked for various area distribution.

BAMBI

There.

She looks around and smiles.

INT. HOPE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - LATER

Setting sunlight falls through the living room windows. Hope and Steve lounge on the couch, him reading a gourmet cuisine magazine featuring chile peppers and listening to music under headphones; her napping in his lap.

INT. BAMBI & CROW'S NEST - SIMULTANEOUS

Bambi and Crow cuddle on the couch in the living room area. She watches *Flashdance* with headphones on. He reads a book with an arm around her shoulder.

She snuggles close. Her bedazzled turkeys bobble, smacking his face gently, until she settles down.

FADE TO:

INT. HOPE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - A FEW EVENINGS LATER

Steve and Crow lean on their sides, on their elbows, on their yogaerobics mats on the living room floor, smiling, watching Hope and Bambi cool down with a few stretches.

STEVE

Think The 80s Club has time for a dance
before we go our separate ways for
Thanksgiving?

MOMENTS LATER

They've rolled up the yogaerobics mats and turned the living room into a discoteque where they bop about to an Extended-12"-Disco-Maxi-Euro-Dance-LP mix from their favorite decade.

FADE TO:

INT. MATH CAMP CABIN - DAY

The 80s Club is four ugly, chubby, scrawny, pimply, flat chested teenaged ducklings with bad fashion and mouths full of metal; nowhere near becoming the swans they are today.

The two couples slow dance to a dark, whiny, angst ridden top ten 80s ballad.

FADE BACK TO:

INT. HOPE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - DAY

The 80s Club looks about as happy as four former nerds can be bopping about to the Extended-12"-Disco-Maxi-Euro-Dance-LP mix from their favorite decade.

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - BLACK FRIDAY RUSH HOUR

The 80s Club Vespas are parked two by two in front of Beyond The Draw, the busy Fire truck in front of Paw Gills, feeding a long line of hungry shoppers. The GEM car is parked in front of Bedazzled.

INT. PAW GILLS PET & AQUARIUM DEPOT - SIMULTANEOUS

Hope and her busy employees ring up plain and bedazzled purchases of holiday pet gifts and supplies.

Little schools of fish mouths look like they sing the New Wave 80s Christmas music melodies the birds seem to chirp to.

INT. THE "TY" NAIL SALON & SPA - SIMULTANEOUS

Surrounded by shelves of organic jars of creams, oils, and nail polish, Ty and Alice rub, buff, and relax harried shoppers to a calmer state with reckless abandon, R&B Christmas music, and bedazzled holiday decor.

INT. BEYOND THE DRAW - SIMULTANEOUS

Not much in the way of holiday decor but Alternative Indie Christmas rock plays as Crow tattoos a client and his busy employees sell body jewelry and pierce away.

INT. OKO TEA BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Japanese Temple music renditions of Christmas carols float softly through the air. Rows & rows of canisters line shelves that climb to the ceiling as busy employees steep teas from around the world.

The place is packed with early bird shoppers with giant shopping bags and a flock of late birds waiting for the early birds to drink, eat, pay, and get out.

INT. BEDAZZZLED! - SIMULTANEOUS

Boo whistles to that old Bing Crosby classic as he hangs bedazzled Christmas, Chanukah, and Kwanzaa decorations.

Four bedazzled Christmas tree antennae bobble as BooBoo and Bambi ring up bedazzled purchases.

FADE TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - EARLY DECEMBER

Bambi's bedazzled Christmas trees bobble in front of a nearly full gymnasium of yogaerobics devotees. Other teachers are either in the class or helping supervise the masses.

Looks like a few parents have shown up, too. Iris and Rebecca are in the front row, their body language speaking with a little more confidence these days.

Bambi's bouncy New Wave 80s Christmas tunes drown out Zack's harps and chorals as he supervises the bleachers and attempts to grade papers.

His eyes, like most males' eyes in the room, can't help trying to steal gazes at Bambi's assets, then trying to look away before someone spots them and leans in to whisper.

Too late.

Doesn't go unnoticed by Bambi either, although she's reached the point of having to pretend not to notice **and** pretend not to notice other people noticing.

INT. HALLWAY - THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS VACATION BEGINS

A Kwanzaa print is bedazzled onto a Menorah and a Candy Cane bobbling atop Bambi's head as she makes her way through a crowded hallway decorated for the holidays.

She carries a medium sized rectangular Christmas present.

Stops at Headmaster Marcus' office. Knocks.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

Enter!

INT. HEADMASTER MARCUS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She opens the door. His office is overrun with presents in every shape and size imaginable.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Ms. Johns! What's that you have there?

BAMBI

(extending her gift)

Merry Christmas, Sir.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Oh--Well, thank you.

He looks around at the mountain of gifts surrounding him. Plucks up a very small one from his desk and gives it to her; after he rips off the gift tag on the sly.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas to you, too--er(glancing at her holiday head gear), it is Merry Christmas isn't it?

BAMBI

Yes, Sir. Thank you.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Because we embrace all people's celebration of the birth of Baby Jesus here at Venice Prep.

BAMBI

Yes, Sir. Well, I hope you enjoy your gift. I thought you might like it when I heard how much you and Mrs. Marcus enjoyed spending your vacations on home improvement projects.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

(shaking the box)

Oh. Yes, we do. Thank you, Ms. Johns. Have a great vacation.

BAMBI

You, too, Sir.

INT. FACULTY CAFETERIA - LATER

Walls are covered with holiday decor and tables are pushed together for a pot luck buffet. Bambi's waved over to the party when her Kwanzaa Menorah and Candy Cane bobble in.

As usual, Zack watches from a distance, as Bambi keeps hers. And as usual, his ears hear Heavenly music that has nothing to do with Christmas.

FADE TO:

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - LATER STILL

Bambi is alone finishing up some paperwork. Zack knocks and enters, hiding something behind his back.

BAMBI

Hello, Mr. Copper. What can I do for you?

ZACK

I wanted to give you your Christmas present.

She looks confused as she stands, organizing her things.

BAMBI

But I already got my Secret Santa gift.

When she turns around he is holding a sprig of mistletoe over her head. When she looks up he pulls her close and kisses her most inappropriately. She pushes him away and slaps him.

ZACK

(rubbing his cheek and smiling)
Wow. How do you say thank you on your birthday?

She grabs her things and steps around him, turning out her classroom lights as she leaves.

EXT. FACULTY PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi hurries out to her Vespa all red faced. She looks around at Zack walking to his car. Watching her. She puts on her helmet and drives away.

FADE TO:

EXT. BAMBI & CROW'S NEST - CHRISTMAS DAY

The black and pink Vespas are parked at the foot of a long flight of wooden stairs, festooned with all sorts of red, green, blue, and white lights and bedazzled ribbons.

They lead up to a front door festooned with all sorts of red, green, blue, and white lights and bedazzled ribbons.

Boo and BooBoo walk down a residential alley with armfuls of gifts.

BOO

Tell me again why I am spending my
Christmas in the tree house?

BOOBOO

Because it's BabyBoo's tree house now,
too, and she invited us. And stop calling
it a tree house!

They're climbing the stairs.

BOO

Me?! You're the one who named it-

BOOBOO

(whispering)
Would you please lower your voice?! He'll
hear you!

BOO

(whispering)
Well, it is ridiculous for both families
to be crammed into some tiny little-

BOOB00

(whispering)

For Heaven's sake, Boo, will you please sing a different song today? Please!

BOO

(whispering)

Our house, or even one of his parent's houses, would've been more suitable to accommodate everyone in the comfort to which we have become accustomed.

BOOB00

(whispering)

And would you also like them to deck their Chanukah Bush with boughs of holly for your holiday comfort and pleasure, Boo? Would you like them to do that, too?

BOO

Please. We're more Jewish than the Shembergs.

BOOB00

(whispering)

For the last time, lower your voice!

She's about to knock at the door, but stops to look at Boo. Squints. Sniffs.

BOOB00 (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Edward Johns! Have you started drinking already?

BOO

(whispering)

Well, I had to do something to make me feel like I was happy at my house in my Laz-E-Boy, watching what I want to watch on my TV. Do they even have a TV? All I've ever seen the boy doing is reading.

BOOBOO

(whispering)

Will you please shhhhh, Boo!

INT. BAMBI & CROW'S NEST - SIMULTANEOUS

Chanukah and Christmas also have equally bedazzled billing inside the well festooned "tree house". Bambi and Crow eavesdrop from their side of the door, stifling giggles.

Yes, she's wearing bedazzled headband antennae: Mr. and Mrs. Snowman. No, he's not wearing make-up, nail polish, nor much jewelry. And his body art is well hidden under black attire.

BOOBOO (O.S.)

(knocking)

BabyBoo! Crow! We're here! Merry Christmas! Happy Chanukkah!

Crow opens the door.

CROW

Merry Christmas, Mr. & Mrs. Johns.
Welcome.

The Johns enter. First thing Boo sees is the big fat Laz-E-Boy chair with a big fat red ribbon around it. Sitting smack in front of the television with a remote control on the seat.

BAMBI

Merry Christmas, Daddy. Now you can visit whenever you like.

BOO

Daddy? You haven't called me Daddy since you could speak in full sentences.

They're hugging each other so tight that they're squeezing tears out of each other. BooBoo is wiping hers away, smiling over at Crow standing there all shy with his arms crossed.

BOOBOO

Oh, you get yourself over here for some love, too.

She throws her arms around him and just smothers him with hugs and kisses.

BOO

(sniffing)

How did we get so lucky, BooBoo?

He takes out a handkerchief with his initials bedazzled in the corner. Blows his nose.

BOO (CONT'D)

How did we ever get so lucky?

LATER

Bambi puts the finishing touches on a beautifully set tablecloth spread out on the floor and surrounded by eight big seat cushions.

Boo, Buddy, and Crow's father, ADAM, 40s, watch a Christmas Day football game on TV.

Crow's brother, BORIS, mid-teens, lies on the floor near the TV reading a celebrity gossip magazine, only looking up for the commercials.

Crow sits with Buddy and Adam on the couch, reading a high brow literary magazine, not looking up at all.

Crow and Boris's mother, ESTHER, 40s, and BooBoo bring full piping hot serving dishes to the tablecloth.

ESTHER

Okay, Boys, time to TiVO the game.

LATER STILL

The serving dishes are passed as plates, mouths, and conversations are filled with...the usual holiday fare.

BORIS

--And your yogaerobics class sounded so cool that I asked my principal if he would let me have my Saturday morning Chering class on campus.

BOOBOO

Is that where you all sit around sharing your feelings or something?

BORIS

No. It spelled C-H-E-R-I-N-G. We practice impersonating Cher. The singer? There's a big contest in Vegas every year where you can win \$10,000 for being the best Cher.

BOOBOO

Oh, that's so sweet, Boris. Have you finally come out?

BORIS

--Of where?

BOOBOO

Well--the closet, Darling.

ADAM

What?!--(looking at Esther)Well, how much longer were you going to make me wait to finally hear this?

ESTHER

He's not gay.

BORIS

I'm not gay.

BOO & ADAM

He's not?

BOOBOO & BUDDY

You're not?

ESTHER

No. He just wants to win the \$10,000.

BORIS

No. I just want to win the \$10,000.

BOO, BOOBOO, & BUDDY

--Oh.

ADAM

(to Boris)

I will give you the money. Good grief! If I'd wanted kids who wore make-up, jewelry, nail polish, and impersonated female singers, I would've prayed for girls.

Crow stares at his plate playing with his food. Boris looks shell shocked. Esther? She just looks pissed; and like she is chewing on her tongue instead of the holiday fare.

Bambi kisses Crow's cheek. A sweet, gentle peck. And then another. He finally looks sideways, into her eyes, and smiles half hearted, squeezing her hand back.

BOOBOO

--Did your principal say yes, Boris?

BORIS

--Um, well, at first he said no, and then me and my friends in the GLBTIS Student Union were gonna boycott classes in protest, but instead we promised that if any of us won, we would put half of the money towards the school's scholarship fund. So then he said yes.

Adam's mouth opens, but so does Esther's.

ESTHER

Don't you dare say another word. If you want to complain about how great our sons have turned out, how uninhibited and free they are despite you, then get up and get out and go complain to your newest girlfriend; if her parents say she can come out and play after dinner.

If it was any quieter in the nest, everyone would have to be dead.

BOO

--Er--uh--say, Esther, what do you call this dish you brought again? It is simply delicious!

BOOBOO

It certainly is!

ESTHER

Macaroni & Cheese?

BOO & BOOBOO

Really?

ESTHER

Really.

BOO

Well, it sure doesn't look or taste like any macaroni & cheese BooBoo's ever made.

BOOBOO

That's true. I can never get my crust this crispy.

BOO

(laughing)

But she always burns it trying.

BooBoo shoots him a look that makes him swallow like it's her macaroni & cheese he is trying to eat and not Esther's.

BOO (CONT'D)

What I meant to say is--you'll have to come to dinner some night and taste how good my BooBoo helps hamburger.

BooBoo's eyes **soften** as they move back to Boris who has two fists full of food puffing out his cheeks.

BOOBOO

Boris, if you and your friends need any help with your outfits, please promise you will stop by BedaZZZled! and let me fix you up with some that'll make Bob Mackie and the real Cher green with envy. We'll only charge you for the materials.

BOO

The gays are BooBoo's best customers!

BORIS

(nodding and not looking anywhere near his father)

--Okay.

BooBoo looks over at Boo. Blows him a kiss. He smiles and grabs his cheek as if he's just been gently slapped.

Bambi smiles at Boo and BooBoo smiling at each other. And then at her. How did they ever get so lucky?

BAMBI

Everyone hurry up and finish eating so we can open our presents!

BOO

And finish watching the game!

BOOBOO

Oh, you!

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - THE MORNING AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY

Ty and Alice pull into the nearly full parking lot in their brand new GEM car.

Steve's red toqued head pops out of the driver's window as The Fire Truck turns out to leave. He waves.

STEVE

Nice!

INT. BEDAZZZLED! - CONTINUOUS

They're closed. Boo is on a ladder whistling Christmas carols as he hangs a sign advertising "50% Off All Bedazzled! Christmas Ornaments and Decorations!".

BooBoo looks up from bedazzling a tricycle. Alice is waving.

BOOBOO

Oh, no they didn't!

Boo spins around just in time to see Alice's mouth saying, "Oh, yes we did!" He and BooBoo are laughing as they run outside.

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - CONTINUOUS

Boo uses his elaborate hand signals to steer Ty into the reserved parking spot in front of the spa. Alice jumps out and runs to hug BooBoo and Boo.

ALICE

Girl, we missed you! Next year, you have to come with us.

BOOBOO

On Christmas Day? Only if the ski lift has Laz-E-Boy seats and television.

She points to the GEM car.

BOOBOO (CONT'D)

--Now when did this happen?

ALICE

It was waiting for Ty in the driveway when we got home last night. You know how he is about saving the environment and all. Wouldn't shut-up about yours. Now he won't shut-up about ours.

Ty and Boo are taking a manly stroll around Ty's Christmas present, examining and discussing what same features they have or don't have in common. Hiro comes out to throw in his opinion.

Kyoko follows and offers up her personal Season's Greetings, although she's still getting the idiosyncracies of American holiday culture all sorted out.

KYOKO

(bowing)

Melly Chlistmas to youuuuuuu!

Melly Chlistmas to youuuuuuu!

Melly Chlistmas to you-ooooo!

Melly Chlistmas to youuuuuuu!

The Johns and Washingtons are slightly stunned. Hiro, merely a Japanese-American born and raised in Los Angeles, says:

HIRO

--I tried to explain how, even though it *is* a celebration of Jesus' birthday, we don't actually sing Happy Birthday, not even that way, to him.

BOOBOO

Well, Hell, Hiro, I never thought of putting Merry Christmas to "The Birthday Song" but I love it. Thank you, Kyoko!

KYOKO

(bowing)

You vely welcome.

Everyone bows back.

ALICE

C'mon, Girls, let's leave the men to their machines and go get ourselves rubbed down and prettied up!

She hooks her arms in BooBoo's and Kyoko's and steers them towards the salon as the menfolk pile into Ty's new toy for a joy ride.

INT. THE "TY" NAIL SALON & SPA - LATER

The womenfolk relax, laughing and chatting, in massage chairs as their bodies are rubbed, scrubbed and buffed with reckless abandon.

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - EARLY JANUARY

Bambi takes down holiday decorations and places them in a box. Someone knocks and tries to open her locked door.

She spins around, startled, until she sees Iris and Rebecca waving through the tiny window in the door. She lets them in.

BAMBI

Good morning, Girls. Happy New Year.

REBECCA

Happy New Year, Msh. Johnsh.

IRIS

(whispering)

Did you have a nice Christmas?

BAMBI

Yes, I did. How about you?

They both nod. Rebecca nudges Iris who pulls a small Christmas present from her backpack.

REBECCA

(giving Bambi the gift)

We didn't get a chance to give this to you before.

BAMBI

Oh. How sweet. I have something for each of you, too.

She pulls out two small identical Christmas presents for each of them. They all tear open the exact same gifts: the director's cut DVD of ***Flashdance***.

They burst out laughing, Iris's mouth full of metal shining through her donkey brays.

REBECCA

Wow, this is just like O. Henry's ***Gift of the Magi***.

IRIS

But a little different.

BAMBI

How did you know this was my favorite movie?

REBECCA

We asked Mister Crow.

IRIS

He said you had a copy but that it was old and scratchy.

REBECCA

He wash going to give you a new one for
Chrishmash, but we ashked him to let ush
give it to you.

BAMBI

You know, we just may have to make you
two honorary members of The 80s Club if
this kind of behavior keeps up.

The bell rings.

REBECCA

Msh. Johnsh, how did you know that we
liked thish movie, too?

BAMBI

(shrugging)

I didn't. I just hoped so. Now hurry or
you'll be late for-

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

Was that the first bell I just heard,
Girls?

REBECCA & IRIS

Yes(h), S(h)ir.

And they scurry off.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Happy New Year, Ms. Johns.

BAMBI

Happy New Year, Sir.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Everyone missed you in the cafeteria this
morning.

BAMBI

Yes, Sir, well I wanted to get these
decorations down.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

No matter. I'm actually here to thank you again for that wonderful Christmas present. Mrs. Marcus and I got our home improvement projects done so quickly, we actually had time to spend with family members who came to visit.

BAMBI

That's great, Sir. I'm glad you like it.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Like it? We love it. So do all of our in-laws. In fact, Mrs. Marcus and I would like to give them all their own so they can stop calling to borrow ours.

BAMBI

--Oh.

He's smiling expectantly.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

I'll have to look through my receipts to see where I got it.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Excellent. Well, have a good day, Ms. Johns.

LATER

Bambi calls roll. Ted Bansfield's seat is empty. The prom queen candidates saunter in late. Randy runs in seconds behind them.

FADE TO:

LUNCHTIME

Bambi eats a sandwich alone at her desk and grades papers. To the drone of Headmaster Marcus from the intercom.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

Don't forget, Ravens, our baseball season is just around the corner. Remind your parents that tickets go on sale next Monday and that home games always sell out early-

INT. FACULTY CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

A pall hangs over the staff cafeteria: very little conversation. Just eating and sipping and everyone, especially Zack, looking up expectantly each time the door opens. Only to look disappointed when it isn't Bambi.

As Headmaster Marcus drones on.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

-so if they don't want to have to pile the family into the Country Squire for a road trip to an away game-

EXT. VENICE PREP SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The jocks and prom queen candidates blow their lunch period on the front lawn of the campus. Posing like nobody's business. Ignoring Headmaster Marcus's loudspeaker voice until it's saying:

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

-in order to see our star pitcher, Mr. Theodore Bansfield, lead the Ravens to a second consecutive state championship in a row, they should purchase tickets ASAP!

The guys are chest bumping Ted. The girls are rolling their eyes.

INT. FACULTY CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Terry Martin, one of the few teachers left in the desolate cafeteria, can no longer contain herself.

TERRY

Where is he from?

No answer. And when the bell finally rings, no one even hesitates to stand and leave.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

--Go, Ravens!--Caw! Caw!

INT. BUDDY'S LAW OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Buddy is livid as he paces the floor.

BUDDY

You did what?!!

BAMBI

I gave the headmaster of my school a Super Glue Gun for Christmas.

BUDDY

Why on Earth would you do something like that when you know there's a lawsuit pending?

BAMBI

I thought they **just** couldn't be sold. I didn't think there was anything wrong with giving one away.

BUDDY

I don't believe this. I told those two clowns to sit tight!

BAMBI

--Actually, Boo and BooBoo don't know that I took one.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDAZZZLED! - MOMENTS LATER

Boo and BooBoo are on their Bluetooths on a three way call with Buddy. They are livid.

BOO & BOOBOO
She did what!?!

Boo disappears into the back of the store.

BOO (O.S.)
--She sure did! One's missing!

BOOBOO
Put us on speakerphone, Buddy! Right now!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BUDDY'S LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Buddy hits the speakerphone button.

BOOBOO (O.S.)
Bambi!--

No answer. Bambi just looks at the phone all terrified.

BOOBOO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bambi!--I know you can hear me!

BOO (O.S.)
Let's just drive over there, BooBoo!
Buddy, don't you let her leave!

But Bambi is already gone.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Bambi races towards home at lightening speed; for a Vespa. Doesn't even see Boo and BooBoo in the GEM car coming from the opposite direction until she flies right past them.

BOOBOO
That was her, Boo! Turn around!

He makes a sudden U-turn and gives chase at lightening speed; for a GEM car.

MOMENTS LATER

Bambi spots the GEM car in her rear view mirrors. And the police cruiser bearing down on all of them. Everyone gets pulled over.

OFFICERS PENDLETON and ORTEGA late 30s, get out of their cruiser and walk over.

OFFICER PENDLETON

You have got to be kidding me.

BOO

Afternoon, Officer. Did we do something wrong?

OFFICER PENDLETON

When you say wrong, are you talking about speeding, which I did not even know these --things could do, or that illegal U-turn you made back there? Or the fact that neither of you is wearing a seat belt?

Boo and BooBoo look at their seat belts, shocked, and immediately snap them on.

BOO

We apologize, Officer. We were just so upset and trying to catch our daughter up there so we could talk to her about why we're so upset.

The officers look at Bambi waiting patiently for her turn in the hot seat.

OFFICER PENDLETON

Of course, that would be your daughter.

Bambi takes off her helmet. The officers smile and shake their heads.

OFFICER PENDLETON (CONT'D)

Ms. Johns?

BAMBI

Good afternoon, Officer Pendleton.
Officer Ortega.

OFFICER ORTEGA

Ma'am.

OFFICER PENDLETON

Did you get the movie? Iris and Rebecca had me driving all over to find that last remaining copy in the whole county.

BAMBI

Yes, Sir. In fact Iris'll have a funny story to tell you about that when you get home tonight.

OFFICER PENDLETON

I'm sure she will. She has something new to tell us about you every day, Ms. Johns. I know we said it at our last parent-teacher conference, but Mrs. Pendleton and I didn't even know Iris had so much to say until she took your class.

He looks at his partner, who shrugs and gives a tiny nod.

OFFICER PENDLETON (CONT'D)

Okay, Folks.--We're gonna let you all off with a warning this time, but please, observe the speed limit and drive safely.

BOOBOO

Yes, Sir. We most certainly will, Sir.
Thank you.

OFFICER PENDLETON

Thank your daughter, Mrs. Johns. She's working wonders with my little girl. Have a good day.

Boo and BooBoo smile and wave at the officers as they pull away, then unsnap their seat belts and jump out of the GEM car to flank Bambi.

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - WEEKS LATER

Another lunch period, another lunch alone at her desk as she grades papers.

There's a light tap on her door. She looks up. Terry Martin's face grins in the tiny window. Bambi smiles and goes to open her door to Terry and her lunch bag.

TERRY

Are you ever going to get caught up on that paperwork? People are beginning to think you're avoiding us-I mean them.

She pulls up a chair, clears a space on Bambi's desk, and spreads out her fare of what looks to be every organic food ever produced by Mother Earth.

BAMBI

Oh, Terry, you know how it is for new teachers. We're behind our whole first year.

FADE TO:

INT. FACULTY CAFETERIA - DAYS LATER

Zack and a couple of weird looking substitute teachers dine at mostly empty separate tables.

FADE TO:

INT. FACULTY CAFETERIA - A FEW DAYS AFTER THAT

Zack dines alone. Headmaster Marcus pops his head in, looks around and frowns. Smiles halfheartedly back at Zack before his head pops back out.

FADE BACK TO:

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Her classroom is overrun with the teachers who are not in the cafeteria. Everyone laughs and chats as they do lunch at student desks. Good times are rolling again. Just in a different place.

Headmaster Marcus knocks and has his key in the lock by the time Jasper Smythe is opening the door.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

So this is where everyone is.--Is there a revolt about to happen that I need to be made aware of, Ms. Johns?

BAMBI

No, Sir. We're just having lunch.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

I thought that's what we had a cafeteria for. Why are you all eating in here?

TERRY

--We don't know, Sir. It just kind of happened and we seem to like it, so if you don't object, we'll keep liking it.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Very well.--Ms. Johns, may I have a word with you in private?

BAMBI

Certainly, Sir.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bambi joins Headmaster Marcus outside her classroom.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

I was just wondering if you remembered where you purchased our Super Glue Gun.

BAMBI

No, Sir. I've looked through all of my receipts and just can't find that one.--I bought so many gifts that day, that-

HEADMASTER MARCUS

I know, Ms. Johns. It's just that Mrs. Marcus and I are taking ours to a home improvement convention in Palm Springs this weekend and need to be able to tell folks where they can get their own so--

Blah, blah, blah. Bambi hasn't heard a word after the word weekend. Doesn't see Zack Copper approaching, slowing down, and ducking back around a corner to eavesdrop, either.

The color is drained from her face and she must grab a piece of wall to remain standing.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (CONT'D)

--and I've even gone online, but it's just not available anywhere. Naturally we'd be willing to pay almost any price at this point, because Mrs. Marcus and I are afraid that if we keep lending ours out, it'll get misused or misplaced. Please, Ms. Johns, please. We need you to get us more of those guns!

Zack frowns.

BAMBI

--Yes, Sir. I'll look again, Sir.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Thank you, Ms. Johns. Thank you.

Headmaster Marcus walks away. Zack comes out of hiding. Bambi quickly pulls herself together, avoiding his eyes as he continues on his way. He sees their colleagues finishing up lunch in her classroom. Stops.

BAMBI

Don't even think about it.

The bell rings as she walks into her classroom and closes the door in his face.

EXT. A VERY SUBURBAN HOME - THAT NIGHT

Two shadowy figures camouflaged in all black steal up to the open garage.

One keeps watch for the other who sneaks in, then sneaks out again with something in his hands.

Or is it her hands? Hard to camouflage the ample bosoms on both of the shadowy figures as they steal back into the night.

INT. HALLWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Headmaster Marcus hoofs it to Bambi's classroom. Knocks and tries to enter, but the door's locked. Sifts through his ring of keys as Bambi opens the door.

BAMBI

Good morning, Sir.

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Ms. Johns, we've been robbed!

BAMBI

The school?

HEADMASTER MARCUS

No! Mrs. Marcus and I! Someone came into our garage last night and stole our Super Glue Gun!

BAMBI

Oh, no. That's terrible, Sir. I'm so sorry.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

It's worse than terrible. We can only suspect it's one of our relatives. Mrs. Marcus is just inconsolable! Our whole weekend in Palm Springs is ruined unless-

BAMBI

Sir, I just don't know what else I can do. I'm sorry.

He looks absolutely heartbroken. Devastated. His shoulders droop as he turns to leave. Bambi's shoulders droop, too, but hers accompany a heaving sigh of relief.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FEBRUARY

A pair of bedazzled Valentines bobble atop Bambi's head as she puts the finishing touches on decorating a hallway bulletin board. She spots Zack Copper approaching from the corner of her eye. Keeps decorating.

ZACK

Ms. Johns.

BAMBI

What.

ZACK

We have a problem.

BAMBI

Well, maybe you should've thought of that before you bought your mistletoe.

ZACK

(laughing and shaking his head)

Women.

She stops decorating and looks him in the eye.

BAMBI

Excuse me?

ZACK

You, all of you, hold on to things,
everything, forever.

BAMBI

Well, thank you. For your candor. And for lumping me in with other women you've surveyed about holding on. I'm sure they're all grade A, number one.

ZACK

Speaking of grades, that's our problem.
You're failing Ted Bansfield.

She returns to her bulletin board.

BAMBI

I'm not failing him. He's failing himself.

ZACK

That's a just matter of perspective. Nonetheless, he's our star pitcher and his parents donate a lot of money to our school. Doesn't look good for their son to be failing a required class.

BAMBI

Then perhaps you might encourage him to stop ditching my class and improve his study habits. I can't do anything until that happens.

More laughter from Zack.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but why is this any of your business?

ZACK

I coach the baseball team.

BAMBI

Oh.--Of course. And, of course, he's passing your Advanced English Lit class.

ZACK

With flying colors. And he's at least passing his other classes. That's why Headmaster Marcus and I were so baffled when Ted and his parents came to us expressing concerns about **whether** your grading system actually fell in line with Venice Prep guidelines.

Finished! Bambi packs up her leftover decorations.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Alumni won't be too pleased about this--situation, either, if it isn't resolved quickly. And favorably.

BAMBI

Mr. Copper, are you threatening me?

ZACK

(laughing again)

Of course not, Ms. Johns. I'm simply suggesting that maybe you've made an error that can be corrected.

BAMBI

Well, maybe you should try controlling your libido before you need a favor.

ZACK

A favor? I don't-

Bambi and her box of decorations are walking away.

Zack, his mouth left hanging open, watches her with no Heavenly harp music playing or angels singing.

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - DAYS LATER

Ted Bamsfield is present but scowls at Bambi when she discreetly hands him a failed exam.

FADE TO:

EARLY MARCH

Shamrock antennae lie lifeless on Bambi's desk as she grades papers in a room bedazzled in green. Her cell phone rings. She glances at the caller ID, sighs, and picks up.

BAMBI

Hey, BooBoo.

BOOBOO (O.S.)

Hey, BabyBoo. How's your day going?

BAMBI

Okay. Yours?

BOOBOO (O.S.)

Fantastic! The Superglue people have postponed arbitration again and their lawyers have offered us a huge settlement **not** to market our Super Glue Gun.

BAMBI

(looking up from her work)
What?

BOOBOO (O.S.)

Buddy thinks they're losing their teeth. He says they know they don't have a leg to stand on.

BAMBI

That's great, BooBoo. That's excellent.

BOOBOO (O.S.)

I know! Boo and Buddy are strategizing as we speak. We have to be ready when we say no and their big fancy lawyers really come after us. Buddy thinks they might try to invalidate our patent. Or say we stole it.

BAMBI

Oh, no!

BOOBOO (O.S.)

I tell you BabyBoo, lawyers are some nasty people.

CUT TO:

IN. THE JOHNS' HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

BooBoo sits at the kitchen counter in her morning outfit and accessories sipping coffee.

She looks over her shoulder at Boo in his morning outfit and Buddy in his lawyer's outfit.

Papers are spread all over the large round Lucite dining room table as they strategize with excited arms and hands waving about.

BOOBOO

I'm just glad we have one on our side.

BAMBI (O.S.)

Me, too. I-

There's a knock at Bambi's door.

BAMBI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can you hold on a minute?

BOOBOO

Sure.

She sips her coffee, listening as Bambi gets up, walks to her door, and opens it.

BAMBI (O.S.)

Ted? What can I do for you?

TED (O.S.)

We need to talk.

BAMBI (O.S.)

About?

BooBoo glances back at Boo and Buddy sipping coffee from their personalized bedazzled mugs as they nod in agreement.

TED (O.S.)

Major League scouts **are** coming to see me pitch next week; some talking about me skipping college and going pro while this arm is young and hot.

BAMBI (O.S.)

That's great, Ted. Congratulations.

BooBoo refills her mug. **Stirs** in cream and sugar. Sips.

TED (O.S.)

Of course, I have to at least have my high school diploma.

BAMBI (O.S.)

--Oh.

TED (O.S.)

So you need to make sure I graduate--or I tell my parents and Horseasster Marcus how you seduced me last fall, then got upset when I broke it off.

Buddy and BooBoo's voices suddenly raise in earnest debate at the dining room table. BooBoo covers her Bluetooth.

BOOBOO

(whispering)

Shhhhhhh!

When they look up, she has set her mug down to gesture wildly and repeatedly at Boo to turn on his Bluetooth. He looks at Buddy, shrugs, and finally does as he's told.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAMBI'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bambi glances back at her cell phone barely visible amid the papers on her desk.

BAMBI

Um--that's going to be hard to prove.

TED

And harder to disprove. I'm the innocent and confused teenager with raging hormones, but you're the trained professional. The teacher. My parents entrusted you with their only child's welfare.--And now look what you've done.

BAMBI

Look, Ted.--I will be glad to tutor you-

TED

Please. I've already hacked into your computer to show how I was passing your class then suddenly started failing.

BAMBI

Really? Imagine if you'd put that much effort into actually studying and coming to class, Ted. We might not even need to have this conversation.--Do you really think you'll get away with this?

TED

Even if I don't, can you ever really get back your squeaky clean reputation, Ms. Johns? Because this kind of thing usually sticks to people like stink on--well, you know. Especially people who associate with freaks like that boyfriend of yours.

He backs out of the room with a sneer.

BOOBOO (O.S.)

BabyBoo?!--BabyBoo!?! I know you can hear me! Who was that?

Bambi picks up her phone and hangs up.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE JOHNS' HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Boo and BooBoo are scrambling up the stairs as BooBoo takes out her curlers and hollers a brief recap of what they've just heard back down to a bewildered Buddy at the foot.

BOO

Get the GEM car warmed up, Buddy! We'll be ready in ten minutes!

BUDDY

Ready for what?

BOOBOO

To fight the good fight for our family!
For our BabyBoo!

Boo reappears at the top of the stairs.

BOO

She's gonna need her big gun lawyer. Is he in or is he out?

Buddy smiles up at his big brother, nodding as he fixes his tie. The shower turns on.

BOOBOO (O.S.)

Come on, Boo! BabyBoo needs us! Now!

INT. HALLWAY - LUNCHTIME

Terry and Jasper peer into Bambi's dark locked classroom. They look confused, then suspicious when Zack Copper passes all smug.

ZACK

Looks like it's back to the cafeteria for The Lunch Club.

INT. PAW GILLS - SIMULTANEOUS

Bambi and Hope have lunch in the upstairs office. Well, Hope has lunch. Bambi looks worried and dejected over her untouched sandwich.

HOPE

Look. Bambi--remember when we were kids? How your Uncle Buddy told us that if we ever got into trouble at school the most important thing to do was beat the bad note home and tell our side first?

BAMBI

Hope, nobody believes teachers over students and parents, anymore. Especially with some crazy teachers actually-

HOPE

I believe you.

BAMBI

Because you're my first blood sister. We took a vow never to lie to one another.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOPE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hope and Bambi are ten years old, sitting on Hope's bed in pajamas, surrounded by stuffed animals, posters, and lots of pink; except for Bambi's baby blue pajamas.

Hope uses a paring knife to make a tiny cut on her left index fingertip. Makes one on Bambi's left index fingertip. They press their fingertips together, then hug each other tightly.

FADE BACK TO:

INT. PAW GILLS - CONTINUOUS

Bambi looks up at the office wall clock.

BAMBI

I have to get back.

She and Hope stand and hug each other tightly.

BAMBI (CONT'D)

Thanks, Hope.

HOPE

For what?

BAMBI

For knowing I'd stay true to our vow.

Hope brushes that off like it's nothing as she escorts Bambi downstairs, through little schools of fish mouths that look like they're singing the sad soulful Indie Rock song the birds seem to chirp to.

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi passes Beyond The Draw. Seems like everyone and their brother wants some kind of original piercing or tattoo on some unique body part today.

Clients turn through Crow's portfolio waiting for him to finish inking a spiderweb onto a unique elbow.

He doesn't see Bambi trying to catch his eye from the parking lot as she gets on her Vespa and puts on her helmet. Too busy.

Doesn't see her frowning at the locked, dark Bedazzled! store and its empty reserved parking spot.

EXT. FACULTY PARKING LOT - JUST A LITTLE LATER

A very worried Terry Martin waits as Bambi's Vespa turns into the lot.

BAMBI

Hey, Terry. Sorry about lunch. I-

TERRY

Headmaster Marcus wants to see you in his office. Now. I'm covering your class.

The color drains from Bambi's face.

TERRY (CONT'D)

So you already know what this is about. And why Officer Pendleton is waiting in the office with him.

Bambi nods as she takes off her helmet.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And you couldn't tell me because it's none of my business.

BAMBI

(shaking her head)

I didn't want to bother you with my problems, Terry.

TERRY

Oh, my God. I knew it was bad. It's that snake-in-the-grass Zack Copper, isn't it? This is some of his doing.

BAMBI

Look, Terry, whatever you think of me after today, I hope you know I'd never do what I'm being accused of.

TERRY

What? What are you being accused of?

BAMBI

And I really appreciate your friendship and the help and advice you've given me when I needed it.

Both of their eyes are filled with tears.

TERRY

Oh, my God. Oh, Bambi, you're the best thing that's happened to Venice Prep in years. In decades. Whatever this is, I'm sure it can be worked out.

Bambi smiles weakly. Walks to the entrance. Terry follows, she and her bedazzled peace sign looking as beaten down as Bambi does.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi knocks at Headmaster Marcus' door.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

Enter!

She opens the door like it's a time bomb set to explode in her face.

INT. HEADMASTER MARCUS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bambi's face peeks in through the slightly open door.

BAMBI

Ms. Martin said you wanted to see me, Sir.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Ah, Ms. Johns! Yes. We've been waiting for you.

Officer Pendleton stands, at attention and with a grave look of concern, beside Headmaster Marcus sitting at his desk.

BAMBI

Good afternoon, Officer Pendleton.

OFFICER PENDLETON

(nodding)

Ms. Johns.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

--A situation has been brought to my attention that must be cleared up before word gets out.

BAMBI

I know, Sir, but-

Headmaster Marcus puts his hand up.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Ms. Johns, in all my years as an administrator, I've encountered many meetings with many parents.

BAMBI

I know, Sir, but I can explain if you'll give me a-

OFFICER PENDLETON

Ms. Johns, if you'll please let the headmaster speak uninterrupted.

BAMBI

Yes, Sir. I'm sorry.

Headmaster Marcus' chair squeaks painfully as he stands and walks to his window. Opens the blinds. Looks outside at Ravens' track stars practicing their hurdles.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

As I was saying, in all my years as an administrator, I've met with many students' parents to settle all sorts of issues.--But never in all of those years have I had to meet with the parents of one of my teachers.

BAMBI

--Um--what?

He turns around and points behind her. BooBoo, Boo, and Buddy sit in chairs against the wall. They smile and wave.

Well, Buddy doesn't wave, but he does sort of smile. The color comes back into Bambi's face; as apple red cheeks.

Headmaster Marcus points to the other side of his office, where Rebecca and Iris huddle together on a little bench.

REBECCA & IRIS

(lispng & whispering)

Hi, Ms(h). Johns(h).

BAMBI

Girls? What are you doing here?

HEADMASTER MARCUS

--Ms. Pendleton and Ms. Fine were planning to surprise you with a biomentary at the end of the school year, Ms. Johns.

BAMBI

--A what?

HEADMASTER MARCUS

A biographical documentary. They've been following you, secretly, videotaping your day to day comings and goings at Venice Prep since just after Halloween.

BAMBI

(looking at the girls)

--What?

He settles back into his squeaky chair.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

They think you're such a great teacher that they wanted to be sure you never forgot how special your first year of teaching was as the years went by.

REBECCA

We wanted to do shomething shpecial to show our appreciation.

IRIS

For how you changed our lives.

BAMBI

Oh.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

--I must tell you, Ms. Johns, that I agree with them. You're the breath of fresh air that we've needed at Venice Prep for a long, long time.

BAMBI

Thank you, Sir.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

No need for thanks. It's just a fact. However--would you care to explain this?

He picks up a remote control lying on his desk and aims it at a tiny digital video camera that's wired to the television in his office. Presses play.

The room watches Zack Copper enter Bambi's classroom with the sprig of mistletoe hidden behind his back. Then, from the perspective through the tiny window in the closed classroom door, they watch what ensues.

No sound, but you can still almost hear that slap. Bambi's cheeks couldn't get any redder if they were on fire. On the television screen and in person.

BOO

What the-

HEADMASTER MARCUS & BOOBOO

Shhhhh!

You **can** hear, as well as see, the girls' suddenly jostled perspective: hurrying away from that door so fast that they dropkick Bambi's Christmas present down the hallway.

Headmaster Marcus presses stop.

BAMBI

--Um--Sir, I'm not really sure why you had to call my family about this.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

I didn't. They showed up just after Officer Pendleton and the girls showed this to me. But I figured it's why they were here.

BOO

No, it's not! And just who was that man? What is going on at this school?--You see, BabyBoo, this is why we sent you to public-

BAMBI

Please--whatever you do, do not try to help me here. Please. I'll be fine. Just go home. Or how about just go to work?

BOO

Like Hell, we will! Pardon my French, Girls.

REBECCA

--But that washn't French, Mishter Johnsh, that wash cushing.

IRIS

(whispering)

And in English.

Either no one knows quite what to say anymore, or they're just too afraid to speak. Until Officer Pendleton says:

OFFICER PENDLETON

Ms. Johns, my little girl and her best friend have been sitting on this-- situation, unsure of what to do about it, for almost three months. That's a heavy burden for children to bear. But they bore it--and kept filming their biomentary.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

About every single little thing you did here at Venice Prep that they thought was worth documenting.

He looks at the girls. Everyone leans toward Iris to better hear her when she whispers:

IRIS

--Like decorating the bulletin boards for St. Valentine's Day.

BAMBI

--Oh.

REBECCA

--And grading papersh in your classroom today jusht before lunchtime. When Ted Banshf-

BOOBOO

That's his name! That's the name she said, Boo! She said Ted! Who is this Ted? Is that who's in that video?!?

Headmaster Marcus presses play. There's sound for the next two scenes. When Headmaster Marcus presses stop, the room is dead silent. Again. Until Officer Pendleton says:

OFFICER PENDLETON

The girls finally knew they had to tell someone.

Bambi's looking into Iris and Rebecca's worried eyes.

BAMBI

What I don't understand is why you didn't tell me.

REBECCA

We didn't want you to know we shaw what Mishter Copper did to you.

IRIS

We were really embarrassed for you.

BAMBI

--Oh.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Ms. Johns. Mrs. Marcus and I have two daughters, one about to graduate from college and one working on Wall Street, but even if we didn't, we've always felt very strongly about equality in the workplace and the ills of sexual harrassment.--It was your duty to report these incidents to me immediately. Why didn't you?

BOOBOO

And we'd like to know why she didn't tell us, either.

BAMBI

Uncle Buddy, do something. Please.

Buddy is looking at her earnestly, without a touch of lawyerly concern. Only that of an uncle who loves her dearly.

BUDDY

Bambi, when I was in a kid, the one thing I always knew to do was to beat the bad note home from school when I got into trouble. You know, tell my side first.

BOO

He sure did. Every time. Didn't he BooBoo?

BOOBOO

Every time. And he stayed in trouble, too. You see, Boo and I raised Buddy after their parents died in a plane crash. That was a terrible time. We had just gotten married a few months before.-- I mean, it was all was just so tragic. Buddy was only six years old because, well, he was a second honeymoon baby, plus we were still in our first honeymoon phase, but we never blinked an eye when-

Now Buddy is the one with the fire red cheeks by the time Headmaster Marcus realizes it's time to say:

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Okay, then! Girls, back to class you go!

As soon as Rebecca and Iris leave the room, Headmaster Marcus picks up his phone.

FADE TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Boo and BooBoo exit the office, scowling at Zack Copper as he enters.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Ah, Mr. Copper! Please take a seat.

Zack is still wearing his smug face, especially when he sees Officer Pendleton. His smugness fades when he sees Bambi sitting beside Buddy, and he doesn't even know who Buddy is yet.

ZACK

Sir. Officer Pendleton--I take it you got my message.

OFFICER PENDLETON

What message?

ZACK

--The guns. Isn't that why you're here?

HEADMASTER MARCUS, BAMBI, BUDDY,
& OFFICER PENDLETON

What guns?

ZACK

(looking confused)

Well, apparently Ms. Johns has a side business procuring guns.--For people willing to pay almost any price.

HEADMASTER MARCUS, BAMBI, BUDDY,
& OFFICER PENDLETON

What?!?!

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Mr. Cooper, have you lost your mind?

ZACK

No, Sir, not at all. In fact--and I was hoping to keep you out of this, but you did ask Ms. Johns to get you some guns.

Officer Pendleton's frown deepens when he sees Buddy and Bambi exchange a nervous glance.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

--You mean like the Super Glue Gun she gave me for Christmas? The one that was stolen from my garage?!? How do **you** know about that?

His eyes narrow on Zack while Officer Pendleton's take on even more frown.

ZACK

--Uhhh--Um--What?

HEADMASTER MARCUS

--Mr. Copper, have you met Ms. Johns' uncle, Mr. Bradley Johns?

ZACK

No, sir.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

He's an attorney. Graduated from the best law school in the country.

ZACK

Oh.

Headmaster Marcus picks up his remote control.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Mr. Copper, I do hope your resume is up to date.

ZACK

I beg your pardon, Sir.

Headmaster Marcus presses play.

FADE TO:

MINUTES LATER

Zack storms out of the headmaster's office, almost colliding with Ted Bansfield on his way into the office.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Ah, Mr. Bansfield! Please take a seat.

Ted looks reluctant, especially when he sees Officer Pendleton. And Bambi. And Buddy sitting beside her, and he doesn't even know who he is yet.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (CONT'D)

Have you met Ms. Johns' uncle, Mr. Bradley Johns?

TED

No, Sir.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

He's an attorney. Graduated from the best law school in the country.

TED

Oh.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Mr. Bansfield, I really was looking forward to you and Mr. Copper taking Venice Prep's baseball team to a second consecutive state championship in a row this year.--But alas, it just isn't meant to be.

TED

What?

He shoots Bambi a dirty look.

TED (CONT'D)

Why not?

HEADMASTER MARCUS

We'll just wait until your parents arrive. Wouldn't want you making anymore of your idle threats or accusations without their presence.

BUDDY

--Meanwhile, while they're on their way, you should think about whether you can produce any evidence regarding the time you and my niece allegedly spent alone together last fall? Hotel receipts, photographs, or--you know--a witness?

Ted shrinks in his seat as sudden beads of sweat form on his brow and upper lip. Headmaster Marcus fondles the remote control in his sweaty palm. Leans way back in his chair. Real slow and real squeaky.

EXT. FACULTY PARKING LOT - THE END OF THE SCHOOL DAY

As Bambi walks out to her Vespa, Zack and Ted step out of the shadows to block her way. They're very, very upset. She takes a nervous step back.

ZACK

You think you're pretty clever, don't-

CROW (O.S.)

Hey!

Bambi and the bad boys spin around. The 80s Club sits on their Vespas. Waiting; Crow all gussied up in full make-up.

CROW (CONT'D)

Hope thought you'd like an escort home.

Bambi's fear melts into a broad smile. Especially when she and her adversaries see Officers Pendleton and Ortega cruising by. Slowly. Nodding at her. Shaking their heads at her adversaries.

She steps around her adversaries and walks over to kiss her boyfriend on the lips, his best friend on the cheek. And hug her blood sister as tight as she can.

CROW (CONT'D)

Is there anything I need to know
about?(looking at the adversaries)
--Anything at all?

Bambi shakes her head, wipes at her eyes, and puts on her helmet.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The 80s Club cruises two by two down the street: Steve and Hope, Crow and Bambi.

They and their very distant police escort pass the front entrance of Venice Prep teeming with departing students and staff, navigating speed bumps, bicyclists, and parents in fancy cars picking up their progeny.

Everyone smiles and waves. The 80s Club waves back.

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - A FEW EVENINGS LATER

The Vespas are parked two by two in front of Beyond The Draw a few spots down from the GEM cars parked in front of BedaZZZled! and The "Ty" Nail Salon & Spa.

The reserved parking spot in front of Oko Tea Bar is empty.

INT. PAW GILLS - SIMULTANEOUS

Hope and her busy employees wrap up a day of tending to birds, fish, reptiles, and very happy customers.

INT. THE "TY" NAIL SALON & SPA - SIMULTANEOUS

Ty and Alice wrap up a day of massaging and manicuring very happy clients.

INT. OKO TEA BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

It's open, with plenty of tea drinkers and techies, but Hiro and Kyoko are nowhere in sight.

INT. BEYOND THE DRAW - SIMULTANEOUS

Crow's busy employees help prospective clients select jewelry from the display case.

Crow helps Officer Pendleton, who's out of uniform, and Iris, leaf through his portfolio of original designs. Rebecca watches from the sidelines, a touch of green to her pallor.

OFFICER PENDLETON

--and I said, 'No, you're too young,' but then she pointed out how I'm always bragging about the tattoo I got when I was her age.

IRIS

(whispering)

It says Mom inside a big heart!

OFFICER PENDLETON

Hard to win that argument.--So, I hear you're the best in the city.

CROW

(nodding and smiling at Iris)

In the county. You'll barely feel a thing and you'll fall in love with yourself all over again.

And there's Iris, grinning like a fool.

OFFICER PENDLETON

Well, then Mr. Crow, I beg you, please, to just keep it simple because I'm already going to be sleeping on the couch when Mrs. Pendleton finds out. You'll have to determine how long that will be.

CROW

Yes, Sir. And it's just Crow.

He looks at Rebecca, who shakes her head quickly.

REBECCA

Oh, gosh, no. My parentsh would jusht kill me for the resht of my life.

INT. BEDAZZZLED! - SIMULTANEOUS

Boo is decorating the shop for St. Patrick's Day. BooBoo is at the counter bedazzling all kinds of shamrock shaped sunglasses.

Bambi's in the stockroom grading papers near the Super Glue Gun inventory. And yes, she has her bobbling Shamrocks on.

Something catches BooBoo's eye, makes her look up just in time to see the Okos pulling into the parking lot in their brand new GEM car.

BOOBOO

Oh, no they didn't!

Boo looks up just in time to see Kyoko's mouth saying, "Oh, yes we did!" as Bambi runs out from the stockroom. She, Boo, and BooBoo are laughing as they run outside.

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - CONTINUOUS

Ty and Alice come running out at the same time. Ty uses elaborate hand signals to steer Hiro into the empty reserved parking spot in front of The Oko Tea Bar.

Kyoko gets out of the GEM car sporting a little baby bump, trying to bow as Bambi, BooBoo, and Alice try to take turns patting the expected bundle of joy, giggling like teenagers.

Hiro, Ty, and Boo take manly strolls around the GEM car, examining and discussing what same features they each have or don't.

The Fire Truck turns into the lot. Steve spots the new GEM car. His smiling face pops out of driver's side window.

STEVE

Nice!

He parks in front of Paw Gills. He, his sous chef, and an employee climb out as Hope carries out a portable picnic table.

Steve kisses her passionately, then helps set up the table before they go over to check out the Gem car and feel the Oko baby bump; respectively.

Bambi feels Crow's eyes and looks up. He's smiling from inside Beyond The Draw, tattoo needle poised over Iris's arm.

Bambi blows him a kiss. He grabs his cheek as if he's just been gently slapped.

Bambi's bobbling shamrocks...

FADE TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - MID APRIL

A pair of colorful Easter eggs antennae bobble in front of Iris and Rebecca following them, taking turns at the viewfinder of the digital video camera.

As Headmaster Marcus' loudspeaker voice drones over and around them.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

Congratulations to Mr. Randy Jones for taking Venice Prep to their fifth consecutive home game victory in a row with his spectacular ninth inning grand slam last Saturday afternoon!

No faculty or student misses the chance to be in a shot with Bambi as they scurry to and from class.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE PREP SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Randy's the new BMOB posing out in front of the campus, with the honeys dripping all over his new ego. Under Headmaster Marcus' loudspeaker drone.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Who knew he had it in him?! We did!!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Students and faculty try to fist bump Jasper Smythe on their way to class, but he mostly misses.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (O.S.)

And congratulations to Venice Prep's new baseball coach, Mr. Jasper Smythe! He's bringing out the best in everyone on our team!--Go, Ravens!--Caw! Caw!

FADE TO:

INT. BEDAZZZLED! - THAT EVENING

Bambi's colorful Easter eggs antennae bobble as she helps Boo decorate the store for Easter and Spring.

BooBoo is helping their newest very, very happy customers, The Marcuses. A Super Glue Gun box sits on the counter in front of MRS. MARCUS, an exact female replica of her husband.

MRS. MARCUS

(barely able to contain
herself)

Oh, Honey, I can hardly wait for Spring Break.

BOOBOO

Now remember. Mum's the word until we complete negotiations with the Superglue people. Let your in-laws think yours is still stolen.

BOO

Because if Buddy finds out about this, he'll have a fit.

HEADMASTER MARCUS

Our lips are sealed--or should I say glued!

They all laugh.

HEADMASTER MARCUS (CONT'D)

Shall we go home and test it out, Dear.

MRS. MARCUS

Yes, let's. Bye now, you two. And thanks again. Bye, Ms. Johns!

BOO, BOOBOO, & BAMBI

Bye!

DAY FADES INTO:

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - NIGHT

The 80s Club Vespas are parked two by two in front of Beyond The Draw. A small black box sits on the ground near the open door.

Customers wait for orders at the service window of the Fire Truck or dine at the picnic tables. A Fire Truck employee replaces a very full Dalmation liner with an empty one. Everything else is closed.

One customer takes her first bite.

CUSTOMER

Ahhh-ahhh-ahhh!!!

She rips off the lid of her cup and drinks as fast as she can, spilling all down her shirt and into her lap.

INT. BEYOND THE DRAW - SIMULTANEOUS

No paying customers but Crow lies on a table, on his stomach, reading a high brow literary magazine as Steve adds more feathers to the wings on his back.

Bambi and Hope lean on the display case looking bored and indifferent.

Outside, the Fire Truck siren goes off. Flashing red light and laughter spill into the studio. The 80s Club looks up and laughs over the Indie Rock Music playing.

EXT. THE MAXIMUM MINI MALL - SIMULTANEOUS

An unsuspecting couple pulls into the parking lot and parks.

FADE OUT.

POST CREDITS

EXT. THE PENDLETON'S BACKYARD - A LATE LATE SPRING NIGHT

DJ Steve spins Hip Hop and New Wave 80s music as Venice Prep students bust a move on a mobile dance floor under stars, moonlight, and bobbling bedazzled cap and diploma antennas.

Faculty and parents mind the punch bowl or bust their own moves. Officer Pendleton minds a grill covered with burgers, dogs, and veggies. Under the watchful supervision of Headmaster Marcus.

Crow decorates willing body parts with henna tattoos. Iris shows off her real tattoo to classmates. Is absolutely stunned when one of the tall ones asks her to dance.

Looks over her shoulder urging Rebecca to dance with the boy who asks her to. He's the perfect match: almost a whole inch shorter, with braces, and a sheep's fashion sense in a wolf's world.

Rebecca takes his hand and follows him to a spot on the dance floor near where Hope and Bambi bop about to their favorite Extended-12"-Disco-Maxi-Euro-Dance-LP mix from their favorite decade.