

Nauseated. I look nauseated. Oh
God.

She puts her hand over her mouth, races for the bathroom.

INT. TIKI POST BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Josie has just gotten violently ill. She rises off her knees, grabs some toilet paper to wipe her mouth. She looks down at her feet.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We CLOSE UP on brown leather oxfords and widen to reveal teenage JOSIE

braces, heavy glasses, in all her nerdness, slowly walking down the corridor with a huge backpack on her back.

A boy sneaks up behind her, holds open the top of her backpack while another boy pours a half drunk Sprite into her backpack.

Kids smile and snicker as Josie continues down the hallway. She spots, BILLY PRINCE, ultimate high school heartthrob, and approaches him nervously.

JOSIE
Hey, Billy Prince, I noticed you
weren't in math today, and I have
the notes in case you want -

Midway through Josie's speech, WE HEAR the odd sound of liquid hitting linoleum. Josie follows Billy's gaze down to between her feet where a pool of Sprite has gathered. Billy starts to laugh. Kids around him join in. As the laughter echoes around her we

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

INT. TIKI POST BATHROOM - SAME (PRESENT DAY)

Josie stares into the mirror. Staring back is teenage Josie.

JOSIE
This is a very bad idea.

INT. THE MALL - TEEN CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Anita and Josie cruise through a teen clothing store, carrying large bags from a stationery store. Josie picks up a platform sneaker and just stares at it.

ANITA
So, you were a geek. Big deal.

JOSIE

Anita, remember espadrilles?

ANITA

Please. That doesn't make you a nerd. Everyone wore those shoes.

JOSIE

The girls threw them at me in the locker room.

ANITA

Okay. That's bad.

JOSIE

At the end of the year the person who got the most direct hit to my head got to toss me into the pool.

ANITA

Mama mia.

(then)

Just because you were a nerd once doesn't mean it's going to happen again. That's why you have me for fashion consultation.

Anita pulls a slip skirt off a rack and holds it up.

ANITA

Now this is cute.

JOSIE

That is lingerie.

ANITA

So I was thinking about what you were saying - y'know, about really being kissed? I think Roger could be the one.

JOSIE

What'd you feel when you kissed him?

ANITA

Bridgework?

JOSIE

Very romantic.

Josie pulls out a plain button-down cardigan.

JOSIE

How about this?

ANITA

I am not letting you out of the

house in that, young lady.

Anita grabs an awful white maribou jacket and matching earrings and holds them up.

ANITA

Cuuuute!

JOSIE

'Nita, this is about reporting,
not accessorizing.

ANITA

And we're going to have to do
something about your hair.

JOSIE

Anita!

ANITA

Jos, please try and have some fun
here, okay? How many of us get to
go back to high school? You're
gonna have a blast!

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - AN ALARM CLOCK

on a bedside table. Surrounded by make-up, boxes of hair color, a stack of index cards, ripped magazine pages of teen looks, issues of Teen Beat and YM. The clock slips to 7:00. NPR starts playing. A hand reaches over, hits the radio off.

SOUND EFFECTS: A school bell. As the bell continues to ring, we WIDEN TO:

INT. JOSIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Josie sits up in bed, covers pulled up to her chin in terror.

EXT. A CHICAGO STREET - MORNING

MUSIC UP: "Morning Train". Crowds of commuters stream down the sidewalk and onto the stairs leading up to the El.

A big yellow car jerks into frame, backfires noisily. It's Josie at the wheel of Bambi. She jerks out of frame.

EXT. SOUTH GLEN SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A suburban campus anchored by a main building. Cars pull into the parking lot for the beginning of the day. Kids greet each other, converge on the front doors of the school. General mayhem.