

WHIP IT!
by
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(based on her novel)

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INT. BEAUTY PAGEANT DRESSING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a giant can of hair spray. A manicured finger presses the nozzle and *PSSHHT* our camera lens is covered.

We PUSH IN through the fog, so thick we think we're in "Apocalypse Now", until we see...

...Well, OK, so it's not exactly Vietnam, but it is war -

A flock of TEENAGE GIRLS fight for space in front of a backstage mirror. Welcome to the world of beauty pageants - Texas style.

In this high stakes, do or die, pageant prep-a-thon, zits are concealed, hair is teased and lips are glossed.

CORBI BOOTH, 16, primping in front of a mirror, oozes the kind of just-add-water perfection that makes pageant judges weak in the knees. A plunging gown sets off her ample chest.

AMBER YORK, 16, earnest to a fault, stares longingly at Corbi's boobs as she tries to make the most of her A-cups in a gown that was clearly made for a girl packin' C-cup heat.

Corbi rolls her eyes.

CORBI

Jesus, Amber. Staring at mine aren't gonna make yours grow.

AMBER

Sorry, Corbi. It's just that your inner light is brighter than ever.

A CATTY CONTESTANT rolls her eyes.

CATTY CONTESTANT

It's called Zoloft.

Corbi throws her a 'I hope you die' look.

WALTER, 40, the chipper coordinator/emcee, rushes in waving his clipboard. The man's been in the closet so long he smells like mothballs.

WALTER

Five minutes to evening gowns!

Walter spots an empty make-up station. He suddenly stops.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Wait - I'm missing one of my girls.
Where is Bliss Cavendar?

INT. LOCKED BATHROOM - DAY

Drowning in a sea of pink taffeta, we find the elusive BLISS CAVENDAR, 16, bent over a sink with her head under the spout.

A pair of duct-taped, Converse sneakers peek from the hem of her frilly pink gown. Despite her pageant-pretty looks, Bliss is flirting with rebellion.

BLISS

Pash! It's not washing out!

PASH AMINI, 16, Bliss' best friend, a fearless Arab-American bombshell whose look can only be described as "punk rock meets 1950's pin-up", is busy spying on the pageant wannabes from the door.

PASH

Dude. Some girl just started crying because she left her 'lucky lip gloss' at home.

(Turning back to Bliss)

And we're the freaks. Hilarious.

A panicked Bliss stands up from the sink, her wet hair is BRIGHT BLUE.

BLISS

It's only hilarious because it's not happening to you.

PASH

Don't blame me. The bottle said it was temporary.

BLISS

Well, the bottle lied! What the hell am I gonna do?

PASH

(thinks, then)

Question. Do you like your hair like that?

BLISS

Yeah, totally, but --

PASH

-- They're always saying 'be yourself' at these tiara-fests. I say go for it.

BLISS

Not this self. Trust me. My mom's totally gonna freak.

PASH

What doesn't kill her makes you stronger. *nice*

INT. VA BANQUET HALL - PAGEANT STAGE - DAY

Miss America on a Wal-Mart budget - lots of cheap tinsel and fake flowers. A small town idea of 'fancy.'

As friends and family eagerly await the main event, BROOKE CAVENDAR, 41, Bliss' Texas-sized mama, works the small crowd.

BROOKE

There's no sinnin' in winnin'!
Right, Shania?

Brooke is joined by her other daughter, SHANIA, 5, an angelic blond in a stiff, frilly pink dress, a freshly-won crown and a sash that reads LITTLE MISS HOWDY-ROO. Shania beams.

SHANIA

I have so many crowns now, Mama.

CROWD MEMBERS gawk as Brooke and Shania take a victory lap.

CROWD MEMBER #1

Congratulations, Shania!

CROWD MEMBER #2

She's a future Miss America!

BROOKE

Bless your hearts, that's so sweet!

A STAGE MOTHER with her AWKWARD DAUGHTER, 8, rushes up.

MOTHER

Brooke, I gotta ask. How do you get Shania's make-up so perfect?

BROOKE

(conspiratorially)
A little Prep-H under the eyes does the trick every time.

MOTHER

Oh my word, that is brilliant!

Brooke smiles and squeezes into her seat with Shania as the lights dim. Walter takes the stage.

WALTER

Folks, I confess, these gals are so gorgeous, they make me proud to hang my spurs in Texas! So, let's start the interviews!

The crowd cheers as we CUT TO --

PAGEANT MONTAGE

One by one, the enthusiastic CONTESTANTS give their interview answers as Walter holds the microphone.

CONTESTANT #1

If I could have dinner with anyone I would pick Julia Roberts because, not only is she from the South, but 'Pretty Woman' is my favorite movie of all time.

(beat)

Except for the whole hooker thing, because that's so not right.

CUT TO:

CONTESTANT #2

...definitely Jesus. Everybody always says WWJD -- "What Would Jesus Do?" -- and I would just love to sit down and ask him face to face! "Jesus, what would you do?"

Then it's Corbi's turn. She smiles with perfection.

CORBI

...I would have to say either one of the two Laura's: First Lady Laura Bush or Dr. Laura, because both of them are proper female role models with strong morals!

Huge applause as Corbi lines up with the other girls.

WALTER

Corbi Booth, ladies and gentlemen! Now, last but not least, also from right here in Bodeen, here is...

IN THE AUDIENCE, Brooke excitedly whispers to Shania.

BROOKE

Watch, baby. Your sister knows
this one like the back of her hand.

WALTER

...Miss Bliss Cavendar!

There is a pause. Bliss slowly steps out with her blue hair.
The crowd gasps in horror. Brooke looks appalled.

Bliss forces a smile and makes her way to the mic. She takes
a breath and starts to deliver her prepared answer.

BLISS

If I could have dinner with
anyone...

IN THE AUDIENCE

Brooke mouths along with Bliss' well-rehearsed answer.
Never mind the shocking blue hair, Brooke wants to win.

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

....it would be Oprah Winfrey
because she has created something
important and special out of being
true to herself.

BACK ON STAGE

Bliss stops, thinking about what she just said. An epiphany
comes over her. And then --

BLISS (CONT'D)

-- Although, if I were really being
true to myself, I'd have to say
music is the most important thing
to me.

Bliss rattles on, unable to censor her genuine thoughts.

BLISS (CONT'D)

And I'd totally freak if I got to
have dinner with Joe Strummer from
The Clash because every time I hear
London Calling it makes me feel
like it was written just for me,
today, not 30 years ago by some
punk dudes in England, y'know?

--Bliss looks up and suddenly sees a slack-jawed crowd
staring back at her.

Front and center is Brooke, simmering with a quiet rage. Bliss forces a pageant smile and quickly tries to cover.

BLISS (CONT'D)

Uh -- and that is why I would like to have dinner with Oprah Winfrey!

WALTER

(covering the awkwardness)
-- OK, thank you, Bliss Cavendar.

As Bliss crosses the stage, Corbi hisses through her smile.

CORBI

God, you're tragic.

Bliss looks out to see Pash, behind the shell-shocked audience, holding up her hands in a 'ROCK ON!' gesture.

EXT. BANQUET HALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Bliss walks behind Brooke and Shania lugging their pageant gear to their SUV.

Just then, Corbi and her thinner, plastic-surgery enhanced mother, VAL BOOTH, 41, pass in their BMW CONVERTIBLE. Corbi rides shotgun wearing her CROWN.

VAL

(with a bitchy wave)
Step aside, royalty comin' through!

Brooke watches them go, then turns sharply to Bliss.

BROOKE

Do you enjoy humiliating me? Huh?!

BLISS

What? No.

BROOKE

Well, then enlighten me, Bliss. What was it you were trying to do?

BLISS

Um, I dunno. Express myself?

BROOKE

Really? So ruining your God-given, natural blond hair and rambling on about some band nobody's ever heard of is your idea of expression?

BLISS

A lot of people have heard of The Clash. Just because none of them live in Bodeen --

BROOKE

-- Bliss, I'm gonna ask you something very serious and I need you to tell me the absolute truth.

(beat)

Are you a Goth? Is that what this is about? I saw this whole deal about the "Goth lifestyle" on Dr. Phil.

(Bliss tries not to laugh)

Cause I'll put up with a lot, but I will not put up with Satan worshiping. Not in my house.

BLISS

Mom, Goths do not worship Satan.

BROOKE

No? Then what do y'all worship?

BLISS

I'm not a Goth! I just thought it would be fun to see what it was like to have blue hair. It was supposed to be temporary.

BROOKE

Oh, it will be.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUDY'S BEAUTY SALON - LATE AFTERNOON

Brooke supervises as a big-haired colorist, TRUDY, 40's, works on Bliss' dye job. Bliss looks like a trapped animal.

BROOKE

Need I remind you the Miss Blue Bonnet pageant is in three short months and, despite this little snafu, that crown will be yours. Not Corbi's. I don't care how much money her mama throws at it.

(Bliss looks away)

Hey.

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Your Me-maw was Miss Bluebonnet, I was Miss Bluebonnet, and you and Shania will be Miss Bluebonnets. It's in your blood.

BLISS

(under her breath)
Maybe I'm adopted.

BROOKE

(not missing a beat)
The only thing adopted is your bad attitude.

EXT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - EVENING

In a modest neighborhood, EARL CAVENDAR, 42, a good ol' boy with an Ex-Football player physique, waters his lawn.

Brooke's SUV pulls into the driveway and the girls file out. Bliss' hair is back to blond.

SHANIA

Daddy, Daddy! I won another one!

EARL

Way to go, Kiddo!
(then, turning to Bliss)
Had I known you were gonna cause a scene, I woulda bought a ticket.

Earl laughs. Brooke shoots him a withering look.

EARL (CONT'D)

I mean, dangit girl, what's got into you!?

BLISS

Sorry. I just --

BROOKE

-- Take Shania's trophy inside.

Brooke shoves a SIX FOOT TALL TROPHY at Bliss. Shania follows Bliss in the house while Brooke unloads the pageant dresses on Earl.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Nice parenting skills, Earl. She's a powder keg of rebellion ready to explode and you're out here wavin' the match. I need you workin' with me, not against me.

EARL

Geez Honey, of course I'm with you.

Brooke *harrumphs* and walks off. Earl's gaze wanders to...

...NEXT DOOR, where neighbor RONNY, 42, and his TWO FOOTBALL-PLAYING SONS get out of their pick-up truck, fresh from practice. The boys toss the FOOTBALL back and forth and --

-- It sails into Earl's yard and lands at his feet.

Earl, his arms full of pageant dresses, looks down at the football. After a moment, he sighs wistfully and kicks the football back. Ronny gives him sympathetic nod.

RONNY

Earl.

EARL

Ronny.

EXT. THE OINK JOINT BAR-B-Q RESTAURANT - DAY

A tourist trap with a GIANT TWO STORY PIG in the parking lot.

INT. THE OINK JOINT BAR-B-Q PIT

The place has seen better days. Manager DWAYNE BIRD aka 'BIRD-MAN', 18, super skinny with a starter moustache and a bolo tie, sprints out from the back.

BIRD-MAN

Hey, hey!

In UGLY GINGHAM SMOCKS, Bliss and Pash stand in front of a wall of yellowed POLAROIDs aka the "SQUEAL OF FAME" showcasing patrons holding up empty plates.

Bliss giggles as PASH covertly tacks up her own POLAROID - A FUNNY IMAGE OF BLISS STANDING NEXT TO A TUB OF BAR-B-Q SAUCE.

BIRD-MAN (CONT'D)

What do you two think you're doing?

BLISS

Making art. This piece is called 'Young Woman Contemplates Drowning Herself in a Vat of Bar-B-Q Sauce.'

BIRD-MAN

Take it down. This wall is only for customers who accomplish 'The Squealer Challenge.'

BLISS

Can stuffing your face with 5 pounds of pig meat in 20 minutes really be called an accomplishment?

Bird-man takes down the picture. Pash sighs dramatically.

PASH

Bliss, what happened to the cool Bird-man we used to know and love?

BLISS

I dunno, Pash. I guess when they give you the manager tie, you just become "one of them."

BIRD-MAM

What?! No! I'm still "one of us." Ladies, don't let the tie fool ya.

Bliss and Pash give him an "I don't think so" look. Bird-man relents and tacks their funny Polaroid back onto the wall.

BIRD-MAN

Fine. But only for a week. And y'all have to start calling me 'Dwayne'. It's more dignified.

PASH

Nuh-uh. "Bird-man" is much sexier.

BLISS

Yeah, it gives you an air of mystery.

As the girls walk off, smiling, Bird-man takes this in.

BIRD-MAN

Really? Cool.

Just then, a PICK-UP TRUCK blaring HIP HOP roars into the parking lot. A posse of FOOTBALL PLAYERS climb out.

Bliss and Pash share a look of dread as they strut in like they own the place. They grab a booth in Bliss' section.

PASH

Make sure they tip you this time.

Bliss snarls, then heads over to help the football boys.

COLBY

Yo, yo! What's that thing y'all got - the pork sandwich I get for free if I eat it real fast.

BLISS

It's called 'The Squealer.'

COLBY

Yeah. Bring me 'The Squealer'

CUT TO:

INT. OINK JOINT - DAY

The football posse huddles around the booth as Colby finishes off the huge Sandwich.

ALL

Col-by! Col-by! Col-by!

COLBY

(finishing)

Aw yeah! - I get it for free, bitches!

Bliss, hating her job, walks over with a Polaroid Camera.

BLISS

I have to get your picture.

Colby strikes a 'tough' hip-hop posse as Bliss snaps the pic. He grabs the Polaroid from Bliss and examines it.

COLBY

This goes on my Myspace!

BLISS

Um, we sorta have to keep the picture for the --

COLBY

-- You want it. Come get it.

Colby stuffs the picture down his pants. His football buddies laugh and high five. Bliss cringes and turns away.

BLISS

Or you can just keep it.

MINUTES LATER

As the football posse exits, Bliss and Pash walk to their table - no tip. Pash runs to the parking lot --

PASH
--Oh no they don't!

EXT. THE OINK JOINT BAR-B-Q - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Pash chases down the truck as it exits the parking lot.

PASH
Hey, in-breeders, you're supposed to leave a tip!

COLBY
Here's a tip: go back to Iraq, you terrorist!

PASH
I was born in Seattle, asshole!

As Bliss runs out to join Pash, SHERIFF BOYD, 30's, crewcut, pulls in and gives Pash a stern look from his car window.

SHERIFF BOYD
Young lady, that boy's the captain of your football team. He's gonna take us to state. I suggest you show some respect.

Bliss and Pash share a tortured look as we move to --

EXT. TOP OF THE OINK JOINT PIG - NIGHT

Bliss and Pash hang out on top of the giant pig after their shift. They have a birds' eye view of their crummy town.

Bliss gazes at a nearby billboard advertising Bodeen's own BLUEBONNET ICE CREAM. It features the reigning MISS BLUEBONNET, a pretty blond, smiling in a field of dairy cows.

BLISS
Why can't I do it? Why can't I just put on the poofy dress and smile? It would be so much easier.

PASH

What - to be a "Pink-Sweater-Normal?" Too late, Bliss. You've already gone to the dark side.

BLISS

Not on purpose. At least you had a couple of boyfriends before you moved here. I've never even had a decent make-out.

PASH

Because this town blows, not you.

Bliss laughs a little. They watch as a VAN painted with 'BODEEN SENIOR CENTER' passes by below. Bliss sighs.

BLISS

Maybe I can get the bingo bus to kidnap me and take me to Austin.

(thinks, then)

Or maybe some amazing guy from New York will transfer to our school this year. Ooh - that'd be cool.

PASH

And why the hell would a New Yorker ever come to the epicenter of suck?

BLISS

Because his parents die in a tragic accident and all he has left is his great-aunt who, it turns out, lives in Bodeen. He'll need a girlfriend to help him cope.

(beat)

We could take turns.

PASH

Bliss, I cringe for you.

Pash shakes her head as Bird-man climbs up on the Big Pig to join them. He tries a little too hard to be cool.

BIRD-MAN

Ladies - "high on the hog" again?

Pash and Bliss wince at his bad pun.

BIRD-MAN (CONT'D)

So, Bliss, I couldn't help but overhear your little "predicament."

(beat)

(MORE)

BIRD-MAN (CONT'D)

I happen to be a very good kisser.
Just puttin' it out there.

PASH

Ew! Take that back, you perv!

BLISS

(horrified)

Isn't that, like, sexual
harassment?

BIRD-MAN

What -- no! I only meant it as a
friend because I've been there.
I've done hard time in the never-
been-kissed prison. 16 turns into
17, 17 turns into 18, and pretty
soon it's just you and your Sponge
Bob boxers watching Star Trek re-
runs, saying "Thanks God, thanks
for nothing."

As Bird-man rants, Bliss and Pash decide to leave.

BLISS

Um, OK, well thanks for the offer,
Bird-man. We're gonna go now.

They wave goodbye, leaving Bird-man looking to the heavens.

BIRD-MAN

Why, God? Why give me the gift and
no one to use it on?

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - EVENING

BAND PHOTOS cover nearly every surface, a deliberate attempt
to erase any traces of little girl pastels.

Bliss lies on her bed listening to THE SMITHS on her stereo.
She looks up to see Brooke leaning against her door.

BROOKE

I can't send you back to school
wearing a bunch of junky T-shirts.
So, let's go to Austin and get you
some new clothes.

Bliss immediately perks up.

BLISS

Austin? Cool! Can Pash come?

BROOKE
Not this time. It'll be just us.

EXT. CAVENDAR HOUSE/ DRIVEWAY - NEXT MORNING

Bliss eagerly exits the house, but stops when she sees Brooke loading Shania into the SUV.

BLISS
What happened to "just us?"

BROOKE
Shania needs some new clothes.

BLISS
She's got twice as many as me.

BROOKE
That's because you don't like anything I buy you.

Bliss rolls her eyes.

INT. BROOKE'S SUV - DAY

In the front seat, Brooke and Shania sing along with *Wind Beneath my Wings* playing on the radio.

BROOKE & SHANIA
*...Did you ever know that you're my
herooooo...*

Bliss slinks down in the backseat, trying not to retch.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Brooke and Shania exit the mall, arms full of shopping bags. Bliss shuffles behind, empty handed. Brooke turns to Bliss.

BROOKE
You're 16 years old, Bliss. How could you not love Abercrombie?

BLISS
I dunno. I guess I just like real vintage t-shirts, not fake ones with corporate logos. Can we please go to one non-mall store?

BROOKE

What do you mean 'non-mall store'?

INT. ATOMIC CITY - DAY

Near the University, COLLEGE HIPSTERS shop for T-shirts and various counter-culture accoutrement.

Bliss, Brooke and Shania walk in. Bliss smiles. Brooke clutches her purse and grabs Shania's hand.

Bliss' eyes light up when she sees a pair of bright purple and blue John Fluevog MARY-JANE SHOES.

IN THE SHOE SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke grimaces as Bliss dances around in the mary-janes.

BLISS

I love love love them!

BROOKE

Well, they aren't covered in duct tape. That's an improvement.

AT THE COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

As Brooke pays for Bliss' new shoes, something in the window catches her eye, a shelf of TALL GLASS OBJECTS.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Oooh. Those are some pretty vases!

The SALES CLERK and OTHER SHOPPERS try not to laugh.

BLISS

Um, Mom, those aren't vases.

It takes a Brooke an extra second to realize the vases are actually BONGS. She suddenly yanks back her credit card.

BROOKE

That's it. I changed my mind.

BLISS

What!? No! I'll use my own money.

BROOKE

Bliss, I would not be doing my job as a parent if I let you buy shoes from an establishment that supports drug use. First it's the shoes, and Lord knows what's next.

BLISS

Right. Shoes are the gateway drug.

BROOKE

Keep talkin', Miss Sarcasm, see where that gets you...

As Brooke lectures, a TRIO OF COLLEGE AGED GIRLS in ROLLER SKATES skate past them, talking among themselves.

SKATE GIRL #1, a purple-haired punk in a black mini.

SKATE GIRL #1

Ew! No way! Death Cab is awful!

SKATE GIRL #2, a Latin girl with a butterfly tattoo, smiles.

SKATE GIRL #2

Yeah - awful good!

#1 bumps #2 into a RACK OF SUNGLASSES. SKATE GIRL #3, a blond hottie in a pink tank top, acts mock-embarrassed.

SKATE GIRL #3

I can't take you freaks anywhere!

They laugh and cut-up like the best of friends. Bliss watches them with awe as they set a STACK OF FLYERS on the counter before leaving.

BROOKE

(still on her rant)

...and I'm not discussing it any further. C'mon.

As Bliss follows her mother out of the store, she covertly GRABS A FLYER from the counter, and stashes it in her pocket.

INT/ EXT. BROOKE'S SUV/ EARL'S DISCOUNT FURNITURE - NIGHT

As they return from Austin, Brooke passes Earl's Discount Furniture Store on the edge of town. The parking lot is empty and the place is closed for the night.

Shania waves to the store as Brooke dials her cell phone.

SHANIA

Hi Daddy!

BROOKE

(on her cell)

I'm passing the store right now and I see a light on. That better not be you, Earl Cavendar. Dinner's in five minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVENDAR DISCOUNT FURNITURE/ BACK OFFICE - CONTINUING

Earl listens on his cell as FOOTBALL plays on an ancient TV and a just bought BURGER lays before him - his stolen moment of bliss has been clearly interrupted. He grimaces.

EARL

I'm headed out right now.

INT. BROOKE'S SUV - NIGHT

In the backseat, Bliss is mesmerized by the flyer. It's an ad featuring a fierce, Russ Meyer-esque photo of a CUTE RED-HEAD IN ROLLER SKATES and ripped fishnet tights. It reads:

Lone Star Roller Derby!
Austin's All-Girl Derby League
Exhibition Bout
THE HOLY ROLLERS Vs. THE SIRENS
Friday, Sept. 3. 8PM

EXT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - DAY

Bliss runs out of the house as Pash pulls up behind the wheel of a hand-me-down GRANDMA CAR, blasting the Ramones' *Rock and Roll High School*. Bliss hops in, excited.

PASH

The "Pash-mobile" is now officially in business.

BLISS

Awesome. Because I'm spending the night with you on Friday and we're going to this --

-- Bliss hands Pash the Roller Derby Flyer.

PASH
What exactly is roller derby?

BLISS
No idea, but we're gonna find out.

INT. PASH'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Pash and Bliss, dressed up like Bodeen football fans, stand in front of Pash's parents IBRAHIM and SHAREE AMINI, 40's, immigrants who have embraced small-town America with gusto.

PASH
I know it's an away game, Dad, but the first one of the season is very important. The team needs us.

IBRAHIM
OK. But you come home right after the game, not a second past 11:30.

EXT. PASH'S HOUSE/ DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Pash and Bliss run to Pash's car laughing and peeling off their decoy school football jerseys. They climb in the car.

BLISS
Your parents are so adorable. I feel sorta guilty lying to them.

PASH
Don't. They get their straight A's, I get my freedom.

INT. PASH'S CAR - NIGHT

The WHITE STRIPES blast from the stereo as our girls head for Austin. Bliss does Pash's eye make-up while she drives.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dressed to kill, Pash and Bliss head for the entrance. Bliss fusses with her PUNKY DIY DRESS covered in safety pins.

BLISS
Sure it's not too many safety pins?

PASH
Please. There's no such thing.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Pash and Bliss enter, survey the scene. Their jaws drop.

They gaze out at a sea of HIPSTERS and ALTERNA-TEENS - the coolest crowd these small-town girls have ever seen.

BLISS
These are our people.

Pash drags Bliss through the crowd, scouting for BOYS.

PASH
OK, check out Retro Glasses there.
He'd be perfect for you.

Pash gets distracted by a HOT MO-HAWK BOY. Bliss notices.

BLISS
Jeez, what is it with you and
mo-hawks?

PASH
(giving him 'the eye')
What *isn't* it with me and mo-hawks?
Just because you're romantically
stunted doesn't mean I have to be.

BLISS
I'm just waiting for the right guy.

As if on cue, Bliss' gaze falls on a dreamy BOY wearing a threadbare Modern Lovers T-shirt, oozing a low-key coolness.

Meet OLIVER, 19, the kind of boy God invented to break the hearts of rebellious girls. Pash clues in on Bliss' not-so-covert swooning.

PASH
Don't say I never gave you
anything.

Pash shoves Bliss *SMACK* into Oliver. Bliss turns to see...

...Oliver up close. He offers a wry, heart-melting smile.

BLISS
Uh, I, uh...

OLIVER

This is so weird. I was just saying 'I really need a safety pin right now.'

(beat)

And here you are with safety pins to spare.

Oliver points to a hole in the knee of his jeans.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

See? I could catch a cold.

BLISS

Well, uh, I could let you have one.

But before Bliss can react, the lights go out. Darkness.

Pash and Bliss get swept up in the crowd, pushing and shoving with excitement. Bliss looks back, but Oliver is gone.

BLISS (CONT'D)

Oh no! I lost Safety-Pin Boy!

And then *whoom!* spotlights ignite a giant --

--ROLLER DERBY TRACK. For the uninitiated, a derby track looks like giant oblong donut, ramped high on the sides and flat in the middle with an infield.

A mirrored 'Disco Skate' rotates overhead as the Clash's *I Fought The Law* thunders on the PA. The crowd CHEERS.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT, 30's, a campy dude in a bad tux, announces.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

Ladies and Gentleman, say hello to everyone's favorite squad of bad cops: The Siiiiireeeeeens!

And then it happens -

Ten of the coolest chicks you've ever seen in your life...

...skate out wearing COP DRESSES and shredded fishnet tights. Their silver helmets sparkle with rhinestone monikers like JUANA BEAT'N, MIRANDA RIOTS, and SLAMMITY JANE. They toss toy hand-cuffs to the audience.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

And who do we have skating against
The Sirens this fine evening?

(MORE)

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

Give it up for the girls so bad
even God can't keep them in line,
The Holy Rollers!

The Red Hot Chili Peppers' *Catholic School Girls Rule* plays.

Ten equally bad-ass DERBY GIRLS hit the track in CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRL UNIFORMS. Their red helmets showcase names like SMOTHER THERESA, DINAH MIGHT, and MISS Demeaner.

Bliss nudges Pash and points to DINAH MIGHT, 20, a tiny, but fierce skater with red pig-tails flying out of her helmet.

BLISS

She's the girl from the flyer!

Bliss catches a PLASTIC ROSARY Dinah throws to the crowd.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

LET'S PLAY SOME ROLLER DERBY!

MONTAGE: THE SIRENS VS. THE HOLY ROLLERS

So visually action-packed, it makes football look like yoga.

A REFEREE'S whistle BLOWS and the pack takes off for the first jam - their skates THUNDERING on the wooden track. Dinah Might jams for the Holy Rollers. She dodges a gnarly block, sends one Siren to the floor, and scores.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

Sister Dinah Might, team captain of
the Holy Rollers, showing once
again why she is soooo explosive!

The Sirens' Juana Beat'n SLAMS the Holy Rollers' Smother Theresa into the rail, helping her jammer get through.

PASH

Go Sirens!

BLISS

Go Holy Rollers!

Referees send Siren Juana Beat'n to the PENALTY BOX.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

Juana Beat'n will serve time in the
penalty box for 'police brutality.'

Juana shakes her curvy butt at the crowd. The bloomers peeking beneath her pleated skirt say 'Penalize This!'

The Sirens' Slammity Jane slides between the legs of her tall opponent Miss Demeaner of the Holy Rollers to score.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)
 And that's the calamity we call
 Slammity! Sirens take the lead.

The Holy Rollers' Dinah Might gets called for a penalty.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)
 Now it's Dinah Might's turn to
 serve penance in the Penalty Box.

Dinah flashes her bloomers. They read: PRAY FOR ME.
 Everyone cheers. Dinah's a star and she knows it.

On the final jam, Dinah Might smokes Slammity Jane.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)
 And The Holy Rollers remain
 undefeated!

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bliss turns to Pash, jumping up and down.

BLISS
 Holy-freakin-moly! That's the most
 amazing thing I have ever seen!

PASH
 Ever!
 (then, checking her watch)
 We have 45 minutes to get home!

Pash grabs Bliss and plows through the crowd. They pass a
 MERCH TABLE where DERBY GIRL TRADING CARDS are for sale.

BLISS
 They have their own trading cards?!

Pash keeps walking, but Bliss stops to get a closer look.

MALICE IN WONDERLAND, 26, works the booth in her skates. She
 has blonde streaks in her cherry-red hair. Her arms are
 peppered with tattoos. Bliss is in awe.

BLISS (CONT'D)
 OK, not to be, like, weirdo stalker
 or anything, but y'all are my new
 heroes! I wanna be you!

MALICE

(with a wry grin)

Then, get your ass on the track and make it happen.

BLISS

What, me? I haven't touched my Barbie skates since Fifth Grade.

MALICE

Whatever. It's like riding a bike. It all comes back.

(beat)

You should come to try-outs on Tuesday. Right here, Seven o'clock. Bring your skates.

BLISS

Seriously?

MALICE

Yep. As long as you're 18?

Bliss swallows. She's so not 18.

BLISS

Uh, yeah, just had my birthday.

MALICE

Cool. I'm Malice. Malice in Wonderland.

BLISS

Awesome. I'm Bliss.

(off Malice's look)

But I can totally change that.

MALICE

You'll need to.

Malice throws a cool smile at Bliss as she walks off.

EXT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Pash turns to Bliss as they walk to the car.

PASH

OK, what the hell was that?

BLISS

What the hell was what?

PASH

You can't play roller derby!

BLISS

Why not? Let's try out together!
It'll be so fun!

PASH

Um - excuse me - getting pummeled
by a bunch of bad-ass chicks on
skates is not my idea of fun. For
the record, I didn't have a "Barbie
Roller skating" phase, OK? I had a
"fat kid sits inside and reads a
book" phase. Unlike some people, I
know my limits.

BLISS

What's that supposed to mean?

PASH

It means those derby girls are
seriously tough, and Bliss, you --

Pash grabs Bliss' arm and gives her an "Indian Sunburn."
Bliss knees buckle as she yelps.

BLISS

OW!

PASH

- are not tough.

BLISS

Well, not yet. But I could be.

PASH

And your mom is gonna fuh-reak.

BLISS

No she won't. She'll never know.

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Bliss digs through her closet, tossing out old clothes and
stuffed animals. She pulls out a pair of well-worn BARBIE
ROLLER SKATES. Bliss blows the dust off, then wrestles her
overgrown foot into one.

EXT. BODEEN STREETS - DAY

Bliss hobbles onto the sidewalk wearing her too-tight Barbie skates. She starts slow, but gradually picks up the pace. Lost in her own world of speed, Bliss is oblivious to a TRUCK slowly creeping up behind her.

At just the right moment, Corbi LAYS ON THE HORN.

HOOONK!! A startled Bliss goes flying in a WALL OF BUSHES as the Corbi and Colby posse laugh their asses off.

CORBI

Nice wheels, Freak!

From behind the wall of bushes, we hear a meek --

BLISS

Ow.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lunch time. Pash notices Bliss' Barbie skates peeking out of her backpack.

PASH

You're really gonna do it, huh?

BLISS

I have to. Saturday was the first time I actually felt like there's life outside of Bodeen, y'know?

Pash nods, then pulls out a BLACK SHARPIE and starts marking up Bliss' skates.

PASH

Did you find a ride?

EXT. BODEEN SENIOR CENTER - DAY

The Austin-bound, bingo shuttle loads up with OLD FOLKS.

INT. BINGO VAN - DAY

The DRIVER moves to shut the door. Then --

VOICE (O.S.)

Wait!

Everyone turns to see Bliss sprinting up to the bus. She climbs aboard, out of breath.

BLISS

Um, hi. I was wondering if I could catch a ride with y'all to Austin?

TERRITORIAL OLD LADY

(shaking her head)

This is our bus, Toots.

A CRANKY OLD MAN echoes the sentiment.

CRANKY OLD MAN

-- You heard her. We're full.

The bus is half-empty, but the seniors don't want any stowaways. Bliss bites her lip, then --

BLISS

It's just that my Great-nanna, she's in Austin and she's real sick. And my mom and dad, they're busy, and, well never mind --

Bliss turns sadly and starts to exit the bus. Two ladies, HELEN and LORRAINE, exchange a look.

HELEN

I should be so lucky. My grand kids can't even bother to call me.

LORRAINE

Yeah, they just use me for birthday cards and five dollar bills.

HELEN

Hon, take a load off.

Helen pats the seat next to her. Bliss looks at Helen's BRIGHT BLUE, OLD LADY HAIR and sits down.

BLISS

I like your hair.

HELEN

Thank you. I do it myself.

INT. BINGO BUS - EVENING

Bliss looks out the window as they pass the Oink Joint on the way out of town. Bird-man and Pash are dutifully working.

EXT. AUSTIN BINGO HALL PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING

As the senior citizens file off the bus and into the bingo hall, Bliss run-walks across the parking lot to...

EXT. AUSTIN STREET/ CITY BUS STOP - EVENING

Bliss climbs aboard a city bus marked: DOWNTOWN SHUTTLE.

EXT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Bliss runs up as the DERBY GIRLS file in for TRY-OUTS.

They range in age from 18-35 (mostly college age), and in physical type: skinny, ample, tall, short, tattooed, not-tattooed, Black, White, Asian, etc. They ooze confidence.

Bliss watches as TWO DERBY HOPEFULS size each other up.

DERBY HOPEFUL #1

My name's gonna be "Bloody Holly".

DERBY HOPEFUL #2

Cool. I'm "Princess Slaya".

Bliss feels less confident. She turns back, then --

VOICE (O.S.)

--Hey. You made it.

It's Malice. Bliss sighs and smiles nervously.

Suddenly A BRIGHT PURPLE DUNE-BUGGY pulls in to the warehouse parking lot. A vanity plate reads: SK8 DOOD.

Out hops BRIAN 'RAZOR BLADE' MCGEE, 34. He would be a total stud if weren't for his unrepentant 80's aesthetic - acid-wash shorts, a cut-off muscle shirt and a gold dolphin necklace - all worn without a hint of irony.

BLISS

Whoa. Who's the 80's guy?

MALICE

That would be Razor, our coach.

(off Bliss' look)

He can't help it. He was raised by a pack of wild mullets. He's a total dork, but he knows his derby.

Razor throws a pair roller blades around his neck and heads for the entrance like he's the shit. And, in a way, he is.

RAZOR
Ladies, let's roll.

As everyone heads inside, Razor gives Bliss a look.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
What are you, 12?

MALICE
She just turned 18, Dumbass.

Razor watches Malice take Bliss inside.

RAZOR
Dude, I feel ancient.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Razor stands with the team captains on the track as they introduce themselves to the crowd of DERBY HOPEFULS.

JUANA BEAT'N, 24, a Latina with curves to kill, starts.

JUANA BEAT'N
I'm Juana Beat'n, captain of The Sirens.

EVA DESTRUCTION, 23, a heavily made-up Goth, is --

EVA DESTRUCTION
Eva Destruction, The Black Widows.

TINKER HELL, 25, a sweet-faced blond who looks like she'd be more at home playing tennis, is next.

TINKER HELL
Tinker Hell, The Fight Attendants.

JOAN THREAT, 21, an indie rocker with black hair, snarls.

JOAN THREAT
Joan Threat, The Cherry Bombs.

DINAH MIGHT, star of the league, steps forward.

DINAH MIGHT
Dinah Might, the undefeated Holy Rollers!

Everyone cheers. Bliss, in awe, blurts out --

BLISS

You're the reason I'm here!

Arrogant Dinah scoffs at Bliss.

DINAH MIGHT

Uh, yeah. Kissing my ass isn't gonna get you on my team.

Malice gives Dinah a 'Be nice' look, then smiles at Bliss.

MALICE

And I'm Malice in Wonderland, captain of the Hurl Scouts.

RAZOR

OK, fresh meat, we have 10 spots. So, let's see whatcha got.

A DERBY HOPEFUL raises her hand.

DERBY HOPEFUL

Wait. What exactly are the rules of roller derby?

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

A handful of veteran skaters demonstrate the rules.

MALICE

Roller Derby 101, people. Four blockers from each team line up on the track.

Eight skaters line up in blocker position - four on four - staring one another down and growling for silly effect.

EVA

10 feet behind them, two jammers line up, one from each team.

Dinah and Eva line up in jammer position.

DINAH

The game's decide by us - the ones who score.

MALICE

The first whistle blows and the pack takes off.

Razor blows his whistle and the pack demonstrates.

EVA

Then, a second whistle blows and the jammers take off --
(Dinah and Eva do)

DINAH

-- Some of us faster than others.

EVA DESTRUCTION

We catch up to the pack, and try to get through without getting stopped by the opposing blockers.

Blockers Malice and Juana demonstrate with exaggerated hits, trying to stop the opposing jammer. Dinah darts through.

DINAH

Like a hot knife through butter!

MALICE

Now, once the jammer gets through the pack, she hauls ass around the track and to get through the pack a second time to score.

EVA DESTRUCTION

(catching up to Dinah)
Here I come! I'm a bad mama Jamma!

Dinah hip-checks Eva into a wall of blockers, then cuts low to through the pack, pumping her fist as she scores.

RAZOR

Now. For every player on the opposing team the jammer passes, she gets a point. Most points win. NOW LINE UP!

TRY OUT MONTAGE

Bliss lines up on the track with the other derby hopefuls, her pink Barbie skates now covered in Sharpie graffiti - Barbie has a mo-hawk, skull and crossbones, etc.

Razor leads the derby girls through an obstacle course of cones on the track. Some fall. Bliss stays up - barely.

Stopping drills. Bliss falls every time.

Backwards skating drills. Bliss tries her best, but when a COCKY GIRL flies past her with a sarcastic comment --

COCKY GIRL
Nice skates, Barbie.

-- Bliss falls on her ass.

Blocking drills. The girls skate and rough each other up.

RAZOR
Don't be afraid to make contact.
It's roller derby, not ballet!

Bliss hovers at the back, too scared to engage. The team captains make notes off to the side.

Malice pulls Bliss aside.

MALICE
Hey. Try to have fun out there.

Speed drills. Stopwatch in hand, Razor times the girls.

RAZOR
OK. Three laps around the track as
fast as you can. Push it.

One by one, the girls do well - a couple fall - but keep going. Razor calls out their time as they finish.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
33 seconds...37...34...29...

Bliss's turn. Razor blows the whistle and Bliss takes off.

And something happens when Bliss hits the first turn, her eyes ignite with hunger -- she attacks the track with speed like no other skater. The place falls to a hush --

MALICE
Ooh. Dinah's got some competition.

DINAH
Yeah, yeah. Wake me when she
learns how to block.

Bliss flies through the finish line and everyone cheers.

RAZOR
19 point five seconds! Nice!

Bliss, unable to stop, slams into the rail. She lays on the track panting, and looking a little shocked.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Bliss, hobbling like a wounded animal, limps up to Pash.

PASH

Whoa. You look like you got your ass kicked.

BLISS

Oh, I totally did! But guess what? I made it! I'm a Hurl Scout!

PASH

What -- no way! Congratulations!

BLISS

Yeah, now I just have to get some real skates, change my work schedule and --

PASH

--What?! No! The only reason that godforsaken job doesn't drive me to a murderous rampage is because we have the same schedule. You can't change it, Bliss!

BLISS

We'll always have Fridays.

Bliss gives Pash a look. Pash caves.

PASH

I hate you.
(then)
We're still hanging out today, right?

BLISS

Sorry. I have chores with the "Pageant Nazi".

INT. CLARA'S SEWING STOP - DAY

Bliss stands on a pedestal in front of a three-way mirror as seamstress CLARA, 50, pins a mock-up, muslin gown on her.

Shania skips around waving a FAIRY WAND.

BROOKE

The silhouette is lovely, Clara.
Let's just nip that waist in.

Clara pulls in the waist. Bliss gasps for air.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Perfect. One more thing...

Brooke pulls a pair of silicone BREAST ENHANCERS from her purse and stuffs them down the front of Bliss' dress.

BLISS

Mom. You're totally molesting me.

BROOKE

It's for a good cause.
(Stepping back)
Now look. Ta-da! Gorgeous!

BLISS

No, I am not wearing 'stunt boobs'.

BROOKE

Honeybunch, I'm not saying your
boobs aren't adorable. But this is
Miss Blue Bonnet. We need the 'ta-
da!'

INT. CAVENDAR HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Earl kicks back in his Lay-Z-Boy watching Monday Night Football. Brooke enters with Shania in a cowgirl costume. Brooke turns off the TV with the remote. He jumps up.

EARL

Honey! It's Monday Night!

BROOKE

You promised you'd watch Shania's
Little Miss Armadillo routine.

Earl sinks into his chair and smiles at Shania.

EARL

OK, lay it on me.

Before she can start, Bliss walks in.

BLISS

Um, hey, I just wanted you guys to know I'm changing my work schedule to Monday/ Wednesdays so I can go to this study group Tuesday/ Thursdays. For my SAT's.

Brooke looks up from adjusting Shania's costume.

BROOKE

You know. That's not a bad idea. Smart girls are all the rage in the pageants these days, and you can bet your biscuit the Miss Bluebonnet judges will be impressed by that. Sounds good to me. Earl?

EARL

Sure - whatever your mom said.

Bliss turns away, smiling as Shania starts her routine.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hurl Scout team practice. Bliss quickly dons her gear while her lazy teammates take their sweet time.

MALICE

Hurry up, y'all. We're starting practice on time today.

EMMA GEDDON, 26, a tall, trouble-making bombshell, whines.

EMMA GEDDON

Mom! I hate it when you make us set a good example.

KID VICIOUS, 19, a sardonic sister with dreads, looks up.

KID VICIOUS

Yeah, Bliss might get the idea that we actually win games.

BLISS

You don't?

Everyone cracks up laughing. LETHA INJECTION, 30, a girly-girl with lots of make-up, looks pitifully at Bliss.

LETHA

You know how the Holy Rollers are undefeated? We're the opposite.

MALICE

But we try and we have fun.

On the track, Razor blows his whistle.

RAZOR

Hey, get your asses on the track!

CRYSTAL DEATH, 22, puts an insouciant hand on her hip.

CRYSTAL DEATH

I think you meant our fine asses.

RAZOR

OK, get your fine asses on the track. NOW!

ON THE TRACK, DOING DRILLS

The Hurl Scouts skate in a single file, "pace line."

RAZOR (CONT'D)

No gaps in the line! Let's go!

When Razor blows his whistle, the girl in the front takes off, skates around the track, then steps back in line.

EMMA GEDDON is first. She takes her sweet time.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

You can do better than that, Emma!

Just then, SMASHLEY SIMPSON, 23, a hippie chick, rides in on her bike, her Whole Foods smock dragging from the back tire.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Smashley Simpson, you are late.

SMASHLEY

Not my fault. There was a very intense raw food debate at work.

Back to the drill. Razor blows the whistle.

RAZOR

Cross over in the turns! No coasting!

Razor then starts 'DANCE-SKATING' on the infield, doing FREAK MOVES in his roller blades. The girls groan in horror.

KID VICIOUS

Razor, no! Stop it!

RAZOR

Hey, if y'all are gonna give me sloppy drills, I'm gonna give y'all "The Jam."

Razor gets more obnoxious with his jam skating moves, slapping his ass doing the 'cowboy.'

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Everybody say "hey-ay!"

EMMA GEDDON

My eyes - they burn! Aaaahh!

MALICE

(shaking her head)

You can take the dude out of the 80's, but you can't take the 80's out of the dude.

Razor blows the whistle and Bliss takes off as fast as she can around the track, crossing over in the turns -

RAZOR

Well, thank God someone showed up to practice.

Bliss unable to control her speed, SLAMS into Smashley, Emma and Crystal from behind. They all wipe out.

SMASHLEY

Takin' down her own teammates. Man, she's a Hurl Scout already!

BLISS

Sorry!

RAZOR

What did you just say? Girls?

ALL DERBY GIRLS

THERE'S NO 'I'M SORRY' IN ROLLER DERBY!

LATER, AT THE END OF PRACTICE

An exhausted, but determined Bliss powers past her teammates as they do their lap of lunges around the infield.

SMASHLEY

Slow down, you're making us look bad.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bliss joins her teammates as they peel off their sweaty gear.

She looks curiously as Crystal Death slips on a pair of hospital scrubs.

CRYSTAL

Oh, I'm a nursing student. I work nights at a clinic up the street.

BLISS

You play roller derby, but you're also a nurse? That's so cool.

MALICE

That's nothing. Emma teaches Kindergarten.

Emma playfully flexes her muscles and growls.

EMMA GEDDON

Hell yeah. Me and my half-pints.

MALICE

Kid Vicious works at a bakery, and Letha Injection's a bikini waxer.

LETHA

Esthetician, dammit.

KID VICIOUS

What about you, Bliss?

BLISS

Me? Oh, I go to sch -- I work at a restaurant. Saving for college.

CRYSTAL DEATH

I heard that.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL/ GYMNASIUM - DAY

In loser P.E. class, Pash holds Bliss' legs as she seriously performs a set of perfect sit-ups. Pash looks stunned.

PASH

Whoa! Did you just do an un-ironic sit-up?

(Bliss keeps going)

You're freakin' me out here.

BLISS

It's weird, Pash. All I can think about is getting strong for roller derby. Just being on the track feels like, I dunno...home.

PASH

Wow.

Bliss catches Corbi and HER SNOTTY FRIENDS snickering about them across the gym.

BLISS

Yeah, and the best part is nobody cares if you're a freak, because they're all freaks already, y'know? It's so the opposite of here.

PASH

Except for me -- I'm a freak. Remember?

BLISS

Yeah. God, I can't wait to actually skate in a bout. How totally amazing will that be?

Pash smiles and nods, trying to look excited for Bliss.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

League meeting. Bliss sits with the Hurl Scouts on the infield as Razor and the Captains address all the girls.

RAZOR

Listen up y'all. In two weeks our season begins.

(everyone cheers)

Games will be Saturday nights and every team play each other. Then there's two weeks of play-offs and the winners go to the championship.

DINAH

But that's not even the best part.

MALICE

Yeah. This just became official. The championship team gets to represent our league at the Hell On Wheels tournament - the first-ever competition between all 38 leagues from all over the country. It's gonna be at the Houston Astrodome in December!

JUANA BEAT'N

And P.S. ESPN is going to broadcast the entire thing!

The girls before the girls start WHOOPING and HOLLERING.

CRYSTAL DEATH

Well hell, why even play? Let's just send the Holy Rollers now.

BLADE

Not so fast. If the Rollers go, you girls better make them earn it.

A determined Bliss watches as Dinah and her teammates share a round of 'we own this' hi-fives.

RAZOR

Any questions?

EMMA GEDDON

I have a question, Razor. The Hurl Scouts would like to know if you're going to re-grow your moustache for the championships?

EVERYONE

Supa-stache! Supa-stache!

Razor clears his throat dramatically.

RAZOR

I cannot confirm or deny any Supa-stache rumors at this time.

EXT. BODEEN POST OFFICE - DAY

Bliss excitedly exits the Post Office carrying a PACKAGE.

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - DAY

Bliss opens the package and pulls out a beautiful pair of speed roller skates. She tries them on - perfect.

Bliss strikes a tough-girl, roller derby pose in front of her mirror. Not bad.

MONTAGE - BLISS TRAINS FOR ROLLER DERBY

Bliss roller skates to school along side Pash, who drives and blasts the YEAH YEAH YEAHS from the stereo.

At practice, Bliss leads the pace-line, pushing hard with her teammates who struggle to keep up.

Working on blocking with Malice, Bliss too scared to throw a hit, falls to the ground before Malice can make contact.

Bliss powers through lunges after practice, ignoring her grumbling teammates. Kid Vicious joins her.

At the Oink Joint, Bliss works her shift on roller skates, working derby moves as she serves. Bird-man is impressed.

After Work, Bliss sits on the Pig, looking over the town massaging her feet and holding her skates.

Late at night, Bliss sneaks out of her bedroom window with her skates on.

On an empty road under a streetlight, Bliss has laid out the shape of the derby track with a bunch of rocks. She skates around, copying all the practice drills. Even lunges.

Riding the Bodeen Bingo shuttle, Bliss diligently does her homework as Helen knits beside her. Bliss holds Helen's ball of yarn with one hand.

At the dinner table, Earl and Brooke exchange a look as Bliss helps herself to an obscene amount of food. Brooke takes some food off of Bliss' plate.

At practice - Bliss shows off all her stops: the T-stop, the power slide, and the snow plow. Perfect.

The Hurl Scouts regard Bliss with a mixture of annoyance and amazement as she flies past them in drill after drill. Malice and Kid cheer her on.

At home, Earl notices a skate roll out of Bliss' bag. Bliss quickly sticks it back in her bag before Brooke sees it. Earl raises an eyebrow, but doesn't say anything.

Brooke coaches Bliss on her pageant walk and posture.

At school, Corbi and her friends make fun of Bliss, laughing.

Back on her home-made street track, Bliss keeps practicing under the street light.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Scrimmage. The Hurl Scouts vs. The Holy Rollers.

RAZOR

Treat this scrimmage like a real game. For the first jam, I want Dinah out there - and Bliss, why don't you jam for the Hurl Scouts.

Bliss gives Dinah a friendly smile as they line up.

BLISS

Hey, Dinah. Good luck.

DINAH

Suck my skate, newbie.

Razor blows his whistle. The Blockers take off in a pack.

A second whistle blows. Dinah and Bliss shoot out like cannon fire, Dinah barely ahead of a determined Bliss.

The Holy Roller blockers rotate in and out of position like a well oiled machine. The Hurl Scouts are like the four stooges, nearly blocking Bliss.

But Bliss makes it out of the pack before Dinah -

MALICE

Go Bliss! Yeah! That's it!

Bliss is home free, but Dinah sneaks up on her right and then BAM! blocks Bliss to the floor hard. Bliss gets back up, but Dinah is long gone.

Bliss rolls off the track and Razor lets her have it.

RAZOR

You had Dinah beat, but she smoked you because you were too scared to throw a hit. And you gave up.

BLISS

I'm sorry, I --

RAZOR

-- And stop with the apologies! It's a contact sport, Bliss. You know what that means -- eventually you're gonna have to make contact! Or just go home.

(blows his whistle)

Next group on the track.

Bliss, fighting back tears, looks up as Malice skates over.

BLISS

I don't fit in here. I'm just not tough enough.

MALICE

Bullshit. You have to get over your nice girl thing. It's cool, but not when you're skating. Know what I do? I think about my Ex - Dax - lying bastard from hell. Piece of advice, Bliss, stay far away from boys in bands. And Leos. Anyway, when I block, I picture beating the crap out of Dax with his precious guitar. It helps. Think of stuff that pisses you off.

Bliss considers Malice's advice.

INT. SUPER WAL-MART -DAY

Bliss grocery shops with her mom and Shania. Brooke takes a pack of Oreos out of Shania's hands.

BROOKE

No Shania. Those'll make you fat.

BLISS

Mom. She's five.

Just then, Corbi and Val, round the corner with their basket.

BROOKE

Oh my goodness, how're y'all doin'?

VAL

Busy busy busy! Just got back from Corbi's dress fitting in Dallas.

BROOKE

Dallas? What about Clara's?

VAL

Oh Clara's is fine for Bodeen, but we're thinkin' bigger than just pageants. Commercials, music, TV - an agent saw Corbi in Dallas and said there's no reason why she couldn't have her own *Laguna Beach*.

Corbi throws Bliss a bitchy smile. Bliss wants to flee.

VAL (CONT'D)

(with cattiness)

And what about you, Bliss? Are we gonna have anymore "surprises" at Miss Bluebonnet?

BROOKE

Oh no. We are done with surprises.

VAL

Well then, happy shoppin', y'all!

As a smug Corbi and Val walk off, Brooke turns to Bliss.

BROOKE

I swear, she had that child just to get revenge on me. Val saw that crown on my head 20 years ago, and never recovered. What's *Laguna Beach*, anyway?

BLISS

(with sarcasm)

It's a show about these completely unspoiled teenagers who are really smart and interesting and just doing their best to make the world a better place.

BROOKE

Well, you better step it up.

Bliss stews with frustration, just wishing she were at --

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Hurl Scouts practice. Girls roll around warming up.

RAZOR

I wanna see some bad-ass blocking.

Bliss starts to see the FACES of EVERYONE WHO ANNOYS HER: Brooke, Corbi, Corbi's friends, Football Boys, Annoying Customers, etc. Bliss is fired up and it shows.

Malice raises an eyebrow, turns to Razor.

MALICE

Check her out.

They watch as Bliss moves in on Crystal Death. Bliss throws her hip into Crystal's thigh and BAM! Crystal goes down.

CRYSTAL DEATH

Damn, girl! Nice block!

Bliss doesn't stop. She throws one killer block after another - she sends Kid Vicious to the rail, power slides into Letha, and plows through Emma and Smashley.

Bliss realizes she's the only one left on the track, so she takes out Razor from behind, knocking him on his ass -

Her teammates start to applaud. Even Razor.

RAZOR

Welcome to roller derby, Bliss.

Bliss snarls as tough as she can.

BLISS

And I'M NOT SORRY!

MALICE

No, but you are ruthless.

Bliss smiles.

INT. OINK JOINT - NIGHT

Bliss, on her skates, follows Bird-man around pestering him.

BLISS

C'mon. It's my first game. Pash has to be there!

BIRD-MAN

What about me, huh? Did anyone bother to think "Hey, Bird-man might like to see hot girls in fishnets and roller skates beating the crap out of each other?" Huh? No, they did not. It hurts, Bliss. It really does.

BLISS

Awww, Bird-man. Do you want to go?

BIRD-MAN

Gee, I'd love to Bliss, but unfortunately, I have to work to cover for you and Pash.

Bliss breaks into a smile as Pash walks up.

BLISS

He said yes! You're goin'!

PASH

You know we love you, don't you, Bird-man?

BIRD-MAN

Yeah, yeah...not enough.

Bird-man shuffles off as Bliss excitedly turns to Pash.

BLISS

There's gonna be a major party after the bout. So, here's my plan: you say you're spending the night at my house, I say I'm spending the night at yours-

BLISS AND PASH

- And we stay out all night.

They share a low-key hi five, then get back to work.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Game night. The place is packed. Pash wanders the crowd exchanging flirtatious glances with any and all CUTE BOYS.

Pash spots Oliver hanging out with some derby girls. Dinah Might grabs Oliver's arm and puts it around her shoulder.

DINAH MIGHT
C'mon Oliver, you know you want me.

He laughs, playfully teasing her.

OLIVER
I'm saving myself, Dinah.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Chaos as members of the Black Widows and the Hurl Scouts get ready to skate - make-up, hair, derby gear. Like a cooler version of the pageant world. Much cooler.

WITH THE HURL SCOUTS

Bliss unwraps a gift - GREEN FISHNET TIGHTS.

BLISS
Awww, my first fishnets! Thanks!

Crystal Death hands her a MOUTH GUARD.

CRYSTAL DEATH
And a mouth guard. Safety first.

Smashley comes running in, late as usual, wearing a RED COWGIRL UNIFORM. She suddenly stops in a panic.

SMASHLEY
(realizing)
Oh man, that's riiight. We're not the Cowgirls anymore.

LETHA
Yeah, since, like, last year.

MALICE
Smashley, skip the team intros and go get your Hurl Scout uniform.

SMASHLEY
Man, y'all are so harshin' my mellow.

MALICE
Your "mellow" is what got you into this mess. Now go!

Smashley sighs and walks off. Malice turns to Bliss.

MALICE (CONT'D)

Ready for your big debut?

BLISS

I can't wait.

(then, suddenly nervous)

Has anyone ever thrown up on the track?

KID VICIOUS

OK, that is exactly why we should not be called the Hurl Scouts.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

AC/DC's *Back in Black* plays as people cheer.

Eva Destruction and her Black Widows skate out looking fierce in BLACK MINI DRESSES WITH BLACK VEILS.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

Beware these vicious vixens. No man survives a honeymoon with the Blaaack Widooooows!

CHEERS as the Widows throw plastic spiders to the crowd.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Beastie Boys' *Time to Get Ill* plays.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

-- Time to get ill because here are the Hurl Scouuuts! Can this troupe stay out of the Widows' web?

The Hurl Scouts hit the track. Bliss takes a breath - she's OK. She looks tough - and hot - in her fishnets.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

Ladies and Germs, meet the newest member of the Hurl Scouts: she's a derby machine. Say hello to # 44, Babe Ruthless!

Bliss skates around, throwing Girl Scout cookies to the crowd. Her green helmet sparkles with her name.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Pash laughs and cheers.

PASH
Whooh! Go Babe Ruthless!

MONTAGE: THE BLACK WIDOWS VS. THE HURL SCOUTS

The First Jam - Bliss CHEERS Crystal Death on from the bench, Robin Graves sneaks past to get the points for the Widows.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT
Robin Graves makes off with three points. The Widows take the lead!

Bliss watches as jam after jam the Hurl Scouts get smoked. Her team is disorganized, each girl doing her own thing.

Smashley jams for the Hurl Scouts, but gets frustrated and starts a FIGHT with one of the Black Widows.

Letha jams as Smashley sits in the penalty box.

The SCOREBOARD reads: BLACK WIDOWS 20, HURL SCOUTS 3.

Smashley is back to jam, but takes a nasty BLOCK. She's hurt. Malice turns to Bliss.

MALICE
You're up, Ruthless.

Eva Destruction looks at Bliss as they line up to jam.

EVA DESTRUCTION
I'm not goin' easy on you.

BLISS
Good. You won't get a chance to.

The WHISTLE blows. Bliss and Eva take off. Eva's ahead, but Bliss cuts low through the turn. She bumps Eva up to the rail and gets the edge.

Bliss makes her way through the pack and takes off.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT
Babe Ruthless is out of the pack!
She's coming around for her points.
Oh but, here comes Eva Destruction.

Bliss looks back to see Eva still on her tail. BAM! - Bliss lets her hip fly and sends Eva flying into the infield.

Bliss zips through the pack and scores. The crowd goes nuts.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

Whoa! That scout just earned her badge for bad-ass jamming.

In the crowd, OLIVER watches, impressed.

Bliss takes a fall - her skirt flashes bloomers that read: TOUGH COOKIE on the butt. She gets up and keeps going.

Bliss may have been good in practice, but tonight with the crowd roaring, she is somebody else. She is a star.

In the crowd, Pash is blown away, jumping up and down.

On the infield, Razor gets so excited, he starts busting out his DANCE-SKATING MOVES. The derby girls cringe and gag.

RAZOR

Aw, you know you love it!

FINAL SCORE: Black Widows 65, Hurl Scouts 63.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

Well, that was a dramatic start to the season, the Black Widows just squeaking by with the win. But how about that Babe Ruthless, huh?

The crowd CHEERS. Dinah Might, watching, rolls her eyes.

DINAH

So, she scored a couple of points - throw a freakin' parade.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

On the infield, The Black Widows and Hurl Scouts share post-game hugs. Eva gets in Bliss' face.

EVA DESTRUCTION

You tricky bitch! You blocked me so hard I saw stars.

(then, hugging her)

It was SO COOL!

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE/ OFF THE TRACK - NIGHT

Bliss heads backstage with her team. LETHA INJECTION'S PARENTS, 'Ma and Pa Apple Pie', wait for them.

LETHA
Hi Dad, Hi Mom!

LETHA'S DAD
Go Hurl Scouts! You girls were
terrific. Especially you, Babe
Ruthless. Yowza.

LETHA'S MOM
Your parents must be so proud!

BLISS
(forcing a smile)
Um, yeah.

Bliss turns away as Pash comes running up.

PASH
Two things. One, I take back
anything I ever said about you not
being tough. You're a total ROCK
STAR! And two, I saw your Safety-
pin Boy!

BLISS
You did?!

PASH
Yeah, but then I lost him again.

MALICE
See y'all at Hot Tub Johnny's.

She hands Bliss a party flyer. Bliss and Pash share a look.

PASH & BLISS
Hot Tub Johnny's?

MALICE
At the warehouse, he's 'Johnny Rock-
it' --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - BACK YARD - NIGHT

A raging party spills out of an awesome, rambling old house.

MALICE
-- But here, he's 'Hot Tub Johnny'.

Malice nods towards a HOT TUB overflowing with derby girls.

PARTIER

Hot Tub Johnny, you're the king!

HOT TUB JOHNNY

Elvis is the King. I'm just a foot soldier in the roller derby army.

(beat)

Who needs a coozie?

Hot Tub Johnny, dancing through a sea of PARTIERS, proceeds to pass out DRINK COOZIES. Pash and Bliss exchange a look.

BLISS

We're not in Bodeen anymore.

PASH

I know! Try to act 18, OK?

Bliss laughs as they make a move to enter the fray, but --

DINAH MIGHT

-- Not so fast, Babe Ruthless.

Bliss is swarmed by a pack of Holy Rollers. They carry her to the hot tub, and dump her in. SPLASH! While everyone cheers, Dinah holds Bliss' head under water for an extra beat. Bliss finally fights her way up, coughing loudly.

DINAH

Just playin' around, rookie.

Dinah laughs and walks off. Bliss tries not to look shaken.

INT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S HOUSE - LATER

Bliss, in dry clothes with her hair still wet, wanders through the party looking for Pash, who is now M.I.A.

IN THE KITCHEN

Eva, Letha and Robin compare injuries. Eva has her jeans pulled down showing off a NASTY HIP WELT.

LETHA

That's nuthin'. Check out my track rash.

Letha hikes up her skirt and displays a fishnet patterned, technicolor BRUISE near her butt cheek.

A TRIO OF GUYS, watch, enthralled, from the corner.

ENTHRALLED GUY #1

These chicks scare me. And yet, I
love them all.

His buddies toast drinks in agreement as Bliss enters.

BLISS

Has anybody seen my friend, Pash?

Everyone shake their heads 'no.'

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Razor and Hot Tub Johnny throw down in a hilarious DANCE-OFF.
The Derby Girls join in. Kid Vicious tears it up.

Bliss passes through when a much-too-old DRUNK GUY grabs her.

DRUNK GUY

You're Babe Ruthless! I love you!

Drunk Guy tries to dance with Bliss, but she wrestles free.
She quickly exits, creeped out.

INT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bliss walks down the hall, searching rooms until she finds --

HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

A room full of records and CDs. She smiles and steps inside.

Bliss flips through a stack of albums until she sees THE
VELVET UNDERGROUND AND NICO. She places the record on a
nearby turntable. *Sunday Morning* starts to play...

Bliss lays down with her ear to the speaker, closes her eyes
and letting the dreamy tunes nearly swallow her whole...

She opens her eyes and suddenly - there, standing over her --

-- is Oliver! Bliss jumps up so fast he has to hold out his
arm to steady her.

OLIVER

Sorry. I didn't mean to --

BLISS

-- No, I'm fine. Head rush.

OLIVER

Yeah, The Velvets will do that.

BLISS

It's my first time. Listening to the record, I mean.

OLIVER

Really? So, what do you think?

Oliver gives Bliss a look. She dissolves into a puddle of dorkiness.

BLISS

Uh, uh, well, y'know how sometimes, people are all "*This record will completely change your life!*" And then you hear it and you're all "*Whatever, I'm so not impressed?*" But then other times, you listen to a band for the first time and it's so good it makes your stomach hurt?
(beat, bites her lip)
I guess this is one of those times. Or whatever.

Bliss suddenly stops, embarrassed. Oliver just smiles.

OLIVER

OK - where did you come from?

BLISS

Bodeen. I know, not cool, but --

OLIVER

-- As in the tiny redneck town?

BLISS

Uh, my parents -- I mean, I'm saving for college working at this super lame Bar-B-Q place and never mind -- wanna talk about music?

Suddenly --

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)

OLIVER! Get your skinny ass out here!

Oliver opens the window and looks down on the lawn.

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Eddie's guitar is in your trunk.

OLIVER
(turning to Bliss)
What are you doing in approximately
5 and half minutes?

BLISS
Um, no plans.

OLIVER
Cool. Meet you back here.

Oliver gives her a look before running out the door. After a moment, Bliss runs out the other direction.

INT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bliss rushes in, grabs a brush and quickly combs out her tangled hair. She pinches her cheeks, looks in the mirror.

BLISS
(to herself)
You can kiss him. But that's it.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who are you - my mother?

BLISS
Pash?

Bliss turns and pulls back the shower curtain, revealing a drunk Pash in the arms of a scrawny MO-HAWK BOY, 19.

PASH
I've been looking for you!

BLISS
Yeah. I bet.

Pash stumbles out of the bathtub and into Bliss' arms.

PASH
(then, turning green)
Whoops. I don't feel so good.

Pash starts to sway. Bliss quickly turns Pash to the toilet as she PUKES her guts out. Mo-hawk Boy throws up his arms.

MO-HAWK BOY
That's it. I'm out.

He exits as Bliss finds a wash cloth and cleans up Pash.

Bliss looks back at the door, longing to meet Oliver, but with Pash hitting a second wave of puking, Bliss can't leave.

INT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - UPSTAIRS DEN - NIGHT

Pash crashes on the sofa as Bliss covers her with a blanket.

INT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

Bliss rushes into the music room. Oliver is long gone.

EXT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - DEN - LATER

Partiers crash everywhere, Bliss joins Pash on the sofa. Pash stirs, still a little woozy.

PASH

Do you totally hate me?

BLISS

Yes.

(beat, sigh)

Oliver - isn't that the best name ever? Emma said he plays guitar in this band called The Stats and --

PASH

-- I ruined everything. I suck.

BLISS

You don't suck...much.

(then smiling)

Actually, it was the best night of my pathetic life. I got to skate, I heard the Velvet Underground and a hot boy flirted with me. It's like...I was just born.

PASH

You were. You're a derby girl now.

Pash drops her head on Bliss' shoulder and falls asleep.

EXT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - DAY

Bliss stumbles out of Pash's car as Earl hammers something into the lawn.

BLISS

Hey, Daddy.

Earl waves as Bliss goes inside. Earl looks next door where Ronny pounds TWO WOODEN PAINTED FOOTBALL SIGNS with words 'JORDAN, #47' painted on one, and "KYLE #6" on the other.

Earl pounds two similar signs into his lawn - except his are PINK TIARAS. One reads 'SHANIA,' the other 'BLISS.'

Ronny looks over and nods.

RONNY

Earl.

EARL

Ronny.

INT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - BLISS' BEDROOM - DAY

Bliss finds Brooke in a PINK SKIRT SUIT talking on the phone.

BROOKE

(on the phone)

Never mind Sharee, she just walked in...OK, you too...Bye-bye.

(to Bliss, hanging up)

I was trying to get Pash's mom to wake you up. Seemed like she was sayin' y'all spent the night over here - and I dunno, she's a real sweet lady, but I swear sometimes she gets all turned around with the second language and all.

Bliss lets out a sigh of relief - a bullet dodged. Bliss then sees a matching PINK SKIRT SUIT laid out on her bed.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

You didn't forget, did you? The mother-daughter Bluebonnet brunch is today. I splurged on the suit.

(walking out of the room)

You're welcome.

Bliss turns back to the pink monstrosity and gags.

INT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brooke waits. Bliss slowly enters wearing her pink suit. She and Brooke look like twins.

BROOKE

Oh Honeybunch, you look sweeter
than a Fredericksburg peach!

Brooke grabs Bliss' hand as they exit.

INT. BODEEN COUNTRY CLUB - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

In a hall decorated with giant black and white PHOTOS of previous Miss Bluebonnets on giant easels, mother-daughter duos mingle in their matching pastel suits.

BLISS

(to herself)

Looks like a bag of Easter M&M's
exploded in here.

She overhears Corbi and another CATTY CONTESTANT making fun of Amber, the awkward girl from the beginning who always has the worst clothes - her lavender suit fits like a sack.

CORBI

God, why don't the "inner beauty"
types just go home?

VAL

(laughing)

Oh, you girls! Stop.

From behind, Bliss slowly raises her drink over Corbi's head, wishing she could empty it, but Brooke rushes up.

BROOKE

C'mere. You have to see this.

INT. BODEEN COUNTRY CLUB - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Bliss stands with Brooke in front the giant black and white PHOTO OF BROOKE as Miss Blue Bonnet 1982. Brooke is thin, beautiful and wearing huge hair.

BROOKE

"The bigger the hair, the closer to
God" we used to say.

Brooke looks at Bliss, then back at the old photo.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

That was the happiest day of my
life.

BLISS
I thought marrying Dad was.

BROOKE
Oh, that too.

Brooke suddenly seems a little melancholy.

BLISS
Mom, you're still really beautiful.

BROOKE
Oh save your sarcasm, missy.

Brooke turns and walks off.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - END OF DAY

Bliss shuffles down the hall with Pash as Corbi and her posse walk their way. Corbi snickers to her friend about them.

BLISS
OK. I've had it with this she-troll.

And just as they pass, Bliss throws out her hip and BAM! Corbi sails into a locker.

BLISS (CONT'D)
Whoops! Gosh, I'm such a klutz!

CORBI
Uh! You can't do that to me!

PASH
Um, I think she just did.

The place comes to a hush as Bliss and Pash continue casually down the hall. Corbi lays there in a stunned heap.

INT. OINK JOINT - DAY

Bliss and Pash re-enact the Corbi story for Bird-man.

PASH
...Corbi hit the floor and we just kept on walking. It was beautiful!

Pash holds up her hand for Bliss to HI-FIVE, but Bliss leaves her hanging as something outside catches her eye --

A BLACK BARRACUDA...with Oliver leaned against it.

BLISS

Oh my god. It's him!
What do I do?!

PASH

You go out there and see if he's
"hungry".

Pash pushes Bliss to the door.

EXT. OINK JOINT PARKING LOT - DAY

Bliss walks up to Oliver trying to contain a giant grin.
Neither one of them knows what to say.

BLISS

Hey.

OLIVER

(re: the giant pig)
Nice Pig.

BLISS

Thanks.
(after several seconds)
Um, are you, like, stalking me?

OLIVER

No. I mean, maybe. Do you mind?

BLISS

No. I kinda always wanted my own
stalker.

OLIVER

Cool. So, do you get a break or..?

INT. OINK JOINT - DAY

Bliss quickly gathers her things as Pash and Bird-man watch.

PASH

You so owe me. I wasn't even
scheduled to work today!

Bliss waves and runs out the door. A not-so-happy Bird-man
turns to Pash as they watch Bliss take off with Oliver.

BIRD-MAN

So, he just shows up here with his rock star hair and his cool car and takes her away? What if he's dangerous?!

PASH

Yeah. In a good way.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - DRIVING

Bliss shimmies out of her Oink Joint smock, revealing her favorite thrift-store T-shirt underneath. Oliver laughs.

OLIVER

Are you really wearing a Stryper T-shirt?

BLISS

Yep. 80's Christian Heavy Metal. "In the name of Jesus, we rock."

OLIVER

Go ahead and laugh, but their guitarist - Oz Fox - that dude really shreds.

Bliss flips through a pile of his CDs from the floorboard.

BLISS

Can I borrow this one?

Bliss holds up THE STATS CD.

OLIVER

Yeah. But if I find it in a used bin at Waterloo, there'll be hell to pay.

Bliss laughs. She looks at his hoodie. 'HS 3,585,000' is printed in iron-on letters over the pocket.

BLISS

So, um, what's 'HS 3,585,000'?

OLIVER

Oh. That's my high score for this pinball game me and my bandmates always play. It's pretty much the stupidest game ever invented. We're totally obsessed.

BLISS

That sounds fun. I mean, I love weird stuff like that.

OLIVER

Really? Wanna check it out?

Bliss nods. Oliver smiles and hits the gas.

INT. HYDE PARK PHARMACY/ SODA SHOP - AFTERNOON

The place is a relic. In the back corner, near a soda fountain, Bliss and Oliver play a kitschy, western-themed pinball game called 'STORM'S A COMIN'.

OLIVER

(coaching Bliss)

Now, you hafta flick the ball at just the right -- okay Now!

Oliver's hand on Bliss' sends the ball to the game's sweetspot - the board lights up with sound of STAMPEDING HORSES and goofy RECORDED COWBOY VOICE that shouts --

RECORDED COWBOY VOICE

-- Yee-haw! Storm's a comin'!

BLISS

That is the most awful thing I've ever heard!

OLIVER

Exactly. I totally wanna sample it on one of our songs!

Bliss laughs as she notices the part of the screen that reads 'HS 3,585,000.'

BLISS

Hey, that's you. You're famous!

OLIVER

I dunno about that. The pinball revival is still very underground. No ESPN tournaments yet.

BLISS

Yeah. Hey. I actually have to get to practice.

OLIVER

That's cool. I'll drop you off.

Oliver grabs her hand. Bliss swoons.

EXT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Oliver's car pulls up, Bliss hops out. She turns back and pokes her head into Oliver's window.

BLISS

I can't believe you really came all the way to Bodeen --

-- Oliver kisses her. A hot one.

Bliss' Hurl Scout teammates file past her, acting appalled. Emma slaps her butt.

EMMA GEDDON

Get a room!

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Girls get ready. Bliss, woozy from the kiss, pulls on her gear. Malice drops her skate bag next to her - THUD!

MALICE

Ruthless! What did I tell you about dating boys in bands?

BLISS

What?

MALICE

Oliver Hastings. He's in a band! And not like a fake band, a real band. A band that doesn't suck.

BLISS

So? It's cool.

MALICE

Yeah. For him, not you.

BLISS

Oh, he's so not like that. He's kind of a dork, actually. It's super cute.

MALICE

Oh lord, here we go.

Crystal Death rolls her eyes at Malice.

CRYSTAL DEATH

Not every guy who's in a band is a dick, oh Bitter One.

MALICE

Really?

(calling out)

Everyone here who's ever dated a guy in a band, raise your hand.

Every girls' hand goes up.

MALICE (CONT'D)

OK. And how many of those guys weren't dicks?

All the hands go down. Except for Letha's.

MALICE (CONT'D)

Dating a trombone player in the UT marching band doesn't count.

(Letha drops her arm)

I rest my case.

JUANA BEAT'N

Right. You're telling me if Jack White walked in here right now and was all 'Malice, I'd like you to ring my doorbell', you'd be like 'no thanks'?

MALICE

(after several seconds)

OK, fine. I would ring his doorbell. But I wouldn't go to Kinko's and make flyers for his gig on Friday.

JUANA BEAT'N

I rest my case.

Everyone laughs. Malice puts her arm around Bliss.

MALICE

Just look out for yourself, OK?

BLISS

'K.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The girls finish their warm up drills, sweating hard.

RAZOR

OK. Get ready to scrimmage.

Bliss gathers with her Hurl Scout teammates on the infield.

SMASHLEY

Man, I love practice on weeks we don't have a game.

EMMA GEDDON

Totally. Coast-a-palooza.

BLISS

C'mon y'all, I want to win a game.

LETHA

You'll get over that.

KID VICIOUS

I'm with Ruthless. Let's win one for a change.

CRYSTAL DEATH

OK. Well what exactly did you have in mind? Big idea?

EXT. BODEEN STREET - DOWN THE BLOCK FROM BLISS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Oliver's car creeps into Bliss' neighborhood.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - NIGHT

Bliss doesn't want her parents to see Oliver and vice versa.

BLISS

OK, here's good.

Oliver parks, then turns to Bliss as they listen to SPOON. They start to make out. Bliss pulls away.

BLISS (CONT'D)

I seriously have to go inside.

(then, kissing him more)

Just...after...this...song...

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bliss flops on her bed as the THE STATS CD plays. She pulls the liner notes from the jewel case and gazes at a PHOTO OF OLIVER as the pitch perfect indie-rock washes over her.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Bliss sits in her History class with Pash as their teacher, Mr. SMILEY, a man who never does, lectures the class.

MR. SMILEY

This project is half of your grade.
I suggest you and your partner
start gettin' down to business
sooner rather than later.

Pash leans over to Bliss.

PASH

He's talking about you, Slacker.

BLISS

You know I'm a procrastinista.
I'll get it done. Here, listen -
isn't this the best ever?

Bliss covertly hands Pash her Ipod headphones.

An OFFICE AIDE enters gives a note to Mr. Smiley.

MR. SMILEY

Bliss. Looks like you got a date
with destiny. Front office.

Bliss slowly rises from her seat.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Bliss sits with Brooke, Earl and MRS. WEAVER, 40, an earnest counselor with a large collection of self-help posters.

BROOKE

Please tell me you did not knock
Corbi Booth into a locker.

BLISS

Oh yeah - that. Um, well...

MRS. WEAVER

Corbi has a huge bruise on her leg.

BROOKE

And she has to cheer tonight!

BLISS

Oh my god. Cancel the game.

BROOKE

Bliss!

BLISS

What? I know Corbi's Little Miss Perfect to y'all, but she's pretty evil when you guys aren't looking.

MRS. WEAVER

Bliss, what concerns me is you, and how you deal with your anger.

BLISS

I think I dealt with my anger just fine.

Earl starts to laugh. Brooke shoots him a look. He stops.

INT. PASH'S CAR - LUNCH TIME

Parked near the Oink Joint, Bliss and Pash wait.

PASH

So, does he know you're still in high school?

(Bliss shrugs)

That you're only 16? Bliss!

BLISS

What's with the Mom-lecture?

PASH

Nothing. Just seems like a lot of lies to keep track of --

Oliver pulls up. Bliss gets out of Pash's car.

BLISS

-- The only lie is my life in Bodeen.

Pash watches as Bliss throws herself into Oliver's arms. Envious, Pash throws her car in gear and PEELS away.

MONTAGE: BLISS HANGING OUT WITH OLIVER

Oliver and Bliss browse music at Waterloo Records. He puts a pair of headphones over her ears at a listening station.

Bliss and Oliver sit on the curb outside Tamale House, sharing a plate of tacos.

Oliver and Bliss play the Stampede Pinball game, laughing.

Bliss happily flips through a music mag as Oliver rehearses with his band.

At an empty art house theatre, Bliss and Oliver make out in the back row as a black and white foreign flick plays.

INT. CLARA'S SEWING STOP - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Brooke waits outside the dressing room for Bliss to emerge.

BROOKE

Let me see! Let me see!

Shania jumps up and down clapping.

SHANIA

Me too! Me too!

Brooke pulls Bliss out of the dressing room and onto the pedestal in front of the three-way mirror.

Bliss' custom white gown has a huge, puffy skirt covered in applique bluebonnets. Brooke suddenly GASPS.

BROOKE

Where did you get that!?

In a side mirror, with the dress still unzipped, a GIANT ROLLER DERBY BRUISE is on glaring display.

BLISS

Oh, um, I fell. Onto a, um, telescope, in Biology.

Brooke shakes her head as she zips up the dress.

BROOKE

You better get that out of your system now, because you can't be clutzin' it up on pageant day. And look at your arms - where did those muscles come from!?

Bliss looks in the mirror - her arms do look ripped.

BLISS

Um, P.E.?

BROOKE

Well, I'm writin' that teacher a note. No one's gonna crown a girl with Conan the Barbarian arms.

Brooke hands the "stunt boobs" to Bliss, who grimaces, but slips them in, filling out the gown. Brooke sighs.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Ta Da! You look like you're floating on a cloud of Bluebonnets.

SHANIA

Ta da!

Bliss forces a tight smile.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - HURL SCOUTS PRACTICE - NIGHT

Bliss, more confident, pushes her team.

BLISS

Our blockers have to keep rotating. And Emma, I've a got a plan for those long arms of yours.

SMASHLEY

Ugh. Can't we just let whatever happens happen? Organically?

KID VICIOUS

Smashley, what usually "happens" is you get mad, start a fight, then spend half the game in the penalty box while we're down a player.

SMASHLEY

What?! I do not get mad!

BLISS

Smash. You're a hippie with anger issues. Use it to your advantage.

EXT. BODEEN STREETS - NIGHT

Bliss skating at night.

EXT. EARL'S DISCOUNT FURNITURE - NIGHT

Bliss takes a shortcut through the parking lot. She skates around the back of the store, but stops when she sees -

A BRAND NEW WINNEBAGO.

BLISS

What the?

There's a LIGHT ON. Bliss cautiously approaches, closer and closer. She raises her hand to knock on the door.

Then she hears it. Her FATHER'S EXCITED VOICE from inside.

EARL (O.S.)

That's it! Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Bliss considers the ROCKING MOTION and immediately freaks.

BLISS

Oh my god!

She turns to bolt, but Earl opens the door. Bliss screams.

EARL

Bliss, what are you doing?

BLISS

Argh! I don't want to know!

After a moment Bliss realizes her Dad's not in there with another woman, but with a sweet satellite feed and a FLATSCREEN TV, watching football and drinking beer.

EARL

(suddenly defensive)

A man's gotta right to watch the game now and then and if he has to resort to a secret hideout to get the job done, then so be it.

BLISS

Wait. You bought a WINNEBAGO so you could watch football?

EARL

I'd appreciate you not mentioning this to anybody. 'Specially your mama.

Bliss gets distracted by the football action on TV - an OFFENSIVE LINEMAN BRUTALLY PANCAKES A DEFENSIVE END.

BLISS
Ooh! Nice block!

Earl suddenly stops and turns slowly to Bliss.

EARL
Since when do you like football?

BLISS
(quickly covering)
I don't. I was never here.

Bliss turns and skates off. Earl goes back to his 'hideout.'

THE HURL SCOUTS VS. THE CHERRY BOMBS

On the first jam, The Cherry Bombs' Joan Threat CUTS on the inside to score against Crystal. Kid Vicious is ready, she blocks Joan hard to the infield. The Hurl Scouts score.

The Cherry Bombs' ROXIE COTTON tries to block Smashley into the rail, but Smashley DUCKS, evading the move.

Bliss jams. Joan Threat goes to block, Bliss rolls the other way, leaving Joan and her TEAMMATE CRASHING into one another.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT
Two cherries plucked from the tree!

The Hurl Scouts kick ass on the Cherry Bombs.

Roxie Cotton, frustrated, SHOVES Smashley. The ref blows a WHISTLE sending Roxie to the penalty box.

SMASHLEY
(smiling)
Better her than me.

Bliss pulls Emma aside as she lines up to jam.

BLISS
Emma. It's time. Just like we practiced.

EMMA GEDDON
No. I don't have the timing down.

BLISS
Just trust me. Put your arm out and I'll be there.

Bliss takes a gnarly HIT, slides and pops back up, pushing as fast as she can. She goes into the turn --

BLISS (CONT'D)
EMMA, NOW! WHIP IT!

Emma throws out her arm, Bliss connects. The timing is perfect. Bliss FLIES OUT OF THE TURN AT SHOW-STOPPING SPEED. No one can touch her. Even Emma's amazed they pulled it off.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT
Ooh! Emma gives Babe Ruthless the whip and she's gonna use it!

In the audience, Oliver cheers as Bliss skates by him.

The FINAL SCORE READS HURL SCOUTS 84, CHERRY BOMBS 79.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)
Whoa! We have a derby first! The Hurl Scouts have won a game!

Bliss and her teammates share post-game hugs and shoves with the Cherry Bombs we DISSOLVE TO:

A FLURRY OF SKATES speeding around the track as The Sirens and the Hurl Scouts battle it out.

Bliss scores and the crowd CHEERS.

THE SCOREBOARD READS: HURLS SCOUTS 88, THE SIRENS 67 as we DISSOLVE TO:

THE SCOREBOARD READS: HURL SCOUTS 67, BLACK WIDOWS 45 as we DISSOLVE TO:

THE SCOREBOARD READS: HURL SCOUTS 91, FIGHT ATTENDANTS 72.

On the final jam, Malice and Emma give Bliss a double whip and the Hurl Scouts win again. They're on fire.

Oliver cheers with his bandmates. Bliss flashes her bloomers, emblazoned with "THE STATS ROCK" across the butt.

Dinah watches with her Holy Roller TEAMMATES.

DINAH MIGHT
Let them celebrate. They'll be eating track next week.

INT. STAR SEEDS DINER - LATE NIGHT

An all-night dive, Bliss and all the derby girls pack several booths. Malice laughs and chucks a sausage at Bliss.

MALICE

We know you're ga-ga for the boy,
but you don't need to make your ass
a billboard for his band.

EVA DESTRUCTION

Yeah. We need your ass to be a
billboard for us!

Eva Destruction unrolls the NEW POSTER. Bliss is shocked to discover that 'Babe Ruthless' is now the poster girl.

BLISS

No way!

Dinah, sitting nearby, nearly chokes on her french fry.

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alone, Bliss unrolls the derby poster and carefully examines it. She breaks out in a HAPPY DANCE and until --

BROOKE (O.S.)

-- Bliss!

She quickly stuffs the poster under her bed.

BLISS

Coming!

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Bliss slides a copy of her poster to Pash, who sighs.

PASH

That girl looks familiar - oh yeah,
I used to be her best friend.

BLISS

Shut up. We are so hanging out
after the game on Saturday.

PASH

Fine, but you better finish our
project.

(MORE)

PASH (CONT'D)

All you have is the collage. It's,
like, Special-Ed easy.

BLISS

Have I ever let you down before?

Pash shakes her head. Bliss gives her an 'OK, then' look.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The Hurl Scouts and Holy Rollers get ready backstage.

MALICE

It's crazy-packed out there!

HURL SCOUTS VS. THE HOLY ROLLER MONTAGE

The crowd THUNDERS as Dinah Might and Bliss line up to jam.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

This is the match up of the season,
folks. Dinah Might versus the
upstart Babe Ruthless.

Dinah gives Bliss a dirty look. The WHISTLE blows and they
take off - Dinah is ahead. Bliss comes up fast and Dinah
makes a killer SPIN to block Bliss.

But Bliss cuts low, balanced precariously on one skate.

Bliss SCORES and her Hurl Scout bench goes wild.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

Ooh. Dinah Might-not tonight.

But on the next jam, Dinah gets the best of Bliss, sending
her to the floor.

But then Bliss and Emma do their killer WHIP move and the
Hurl Scouts extend their lead. The crowd CHANTS for Bliss.

CROWD

WHIP IT! WHIP IT!

Bliss turns to her teammates, feeling the excitement.

BLISS

You guys! We can totally win this!

EMMA GEDDON

Yeah, man, let's crush 'em!

As Crystal jams, Bliss watches from the bench with Smashley.
A DOZEN MEN IN YELLOW COATS SUDDENLY SURROUND THE TRACK.

SMASHLEY

You gotta be kidding, man!

KID VICIOUS

(gravely)

Fire Marshall.

BLISS

What does that mean?

MALICE

It means this match is over.

EXT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Chaos. Police helicopters WHIR overhead as COPS and FIREMAN usher the crowd from the building. One DISAPPOINTED SPECTATOR looks at a COP.

DISAPPOINTED SPECTATOR

Roller Derby is not a crime, man!

COP #1

Yes, but illegally filling a warehouse with too many people is.

Bliss skates through the crowd. She sees Malice, Crystal, and Juana getting questioned by COPS, who check I.D.'s.

BLISS

Malice! Crystal!

MALICE

(over her shoulder)

Hot Tub Johnny's is still on! See ya there.

Bliss turns and skates right into another COP.

COP #2

You too. I need to see your I.D.

Bliss gets nervous.

BLISS

What? No, I was just leaving, sir.

COP #2

You can show me your I.D. Or you
can go to jail.

Bliss sighs and hands him her Bodeen High I.D. The cop looks
it over.

COP #2 (CONT'D)

You're only 16? Don't you think
you're a little far from home
tonight, Ms. Bodeen?

Bliss looks around, hoping nobody heard that.

BLISS

Yeah, totally. That's, uh, why I'm
leaving right now.

COP #2

Wise choice.

The cop gives Bliss back her I.D. She slides it in her
pocket just as Oliver walks up and grabs her hand.

OLIVER (O.S.)

There you are. Let's bolt.

They exit, not realizing that standing right behind them, is
DINAH, who just overheard Bliss' everything.

DINAH

So little Babe Ruthless is only 16?
(then, smiling)
Now, there's a fun fact.

EXT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Pash, left alone, fights through the crowd looking for Bliss.

EXT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The place is PACKED. BOUNCERS are guarding the door.

LEFT OUT PARTIER #1

Bouncers? What the hell!?

BOUNCER

Look, Hot Tub wants y'all to know
he supports your right to party.
(MORE)

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

But after the Fire Marshall clamp down, he can't let things get out of hand. Strictly VIP's tonight.

Bliss and Oliver walk up. Bliss stops.

BLISS

What happened to Pash?

OLIVER

She's probably already inside.

Oliver pulls Bliss inside.

EXT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Bliss and Oliver walk out to see the hot tub filled with derby girls and Hot Tub Johnny at their service.

HOT TUB JOHNNY

Ladies, How's the temperature?

LETHA

Perfect.

HOT TUB JOHNNY

Sure wish I could join y'all. My sciatica's really actin' up.

ROBIN GRAVES

You know the rules, Johnny. No hot tubbin' while we're in here.

JUANA BEAT'N

Yeah, that would make you a perv.

INT. HOT TUB JOHNNY - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

Bliss and Oliver hang out/make out listening to music. Oliver "drums" along on Bliss's stomach.

OLIVER

So, guess what. We're going on tour with Spoon.

BLISS

That's so cool! When?

OLIVER

We leave Monday. We'll be crammed into a crappy van for four weeks. But it'll be our biggest crowds.

BLISS
Four weeks? As in a whole month?

OLIVER
Don't worry, I can still stalk you
from the road.

BLISS
You better.

OLIVER
But I'll need extra helpings of you
now.

Oliver pulls Bliss close, undoes the button of her jeans.
She jerks away nervously. Oliver pulls her back, laughing.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Where do you think you're going?

BLISS
What's so funny?

OLIVER
You. C'mon. It's not like we're
in high school, right?

BLISS
(trying to cover)
Right. I just um, not here, OK?

OLIVER
OK. Let's go back to the party.

Bliss sighs. Oliver pulls her out the door.

EXT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH NIGHT

Pash pushes her way through a handful of PARTIERS being kept
out of the house by a TRIO OF BRAWNY BOUNCERS.

PASH
But Babe Ruthless is my best
friend!

BOUNCER
If she were really your best
friend, you'd already be in here.

A crestfallen Pash turns and heads back to her car.

INT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Bliss and Oliver hang out. Dinah struts up to Bliss.

DINAH

Guess we'll have to wait 'til the championships to beat you.

BLISS

Who knows. We might surprise you.

DINAH

You already have, Babe Ruthless.

(then, to Oliver)

When you're done with the kid stuff, you know where to find me.

Dinah gives Bliss a knowing look as she sashays off.

INT. OINK JOINT - DAY

Pash angrily mops the floor as Bird-man follows her around.

BIRD-MAN

So, did Bliss' team win? Were there any hot cat fights? C'mon.

PASH

Ask me one more roller derby question and I'm gonna beat you ninja-style with this mop.

BIRD-MAN

You're so cute when you're mad.

EXT. DOWNTOWN AUSTIN - CONGRESS BRIDGE - SUNSET

Bliss and Oliver sit on the hood of his car, listening to music. He writes "LOOK AT THE BRIDGE RIGHT NOW" on her hand.

Bliss looks out as *FOOM!* a mass exodus of BATS fly out from under the bridge and take to the sky. Thousands of them.

BLISS

Whoa! Those are really bats?

Oliver nods as he taps a drum solo on her exposed stomach.

BLISS (CONT'D)

I love when you do that.

He smiles, kisses her...

INT. PASH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pash furiously works on her History Project alone. She turns up her music - LOUD.

EXT. BODEEN STREETS - EARLY MORNING

The sun rises on the Miss Bluebonnet billboard.

EXT. BODEEN NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - MORNING

Bliss huddles against Oliver in his parked car. They've spent the night together.

OLIVER

So I'll see ya in a month?

Bliss nods then pulls out her Stryper T-shirt to give him.

BLISS

Here. In case you miss me.

OLIVER

Sweet. Thanks.

There's an awkward beat, then it occurs to Oliver to give her his 'HS 3,585,000' hoodie.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Uh, and here. In case you miss me.

BLISS

I totally will.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Bliss, wearing Oliver's hoodie, is met by an angry Pash at her locker.

PASH

You spent the night with him, didn't you?

BLISS

Maybe. What's your deal?

PASH
Your mom called my house looking
for you.

BLISS
She did!? --

PASH
-- Don't worry. I covered for you.
Just tell me you have our stupid
collage.

BLISS
Um, I'll get it done by tomorrow.

PASH
Except for it's due today, genius.

Pash turns and starts to walk off. Bliss follows, trying to
fix her serious screw up.

BLISS
Pash!

PASH
You're lucky. You've got your
roller-derby-rock-star-boyfriend
life, but I still live in Bodeen.
If I can't make valedictorian at
this joke of a school, I won't get
a scholarship, which means I can
pretty much kiss being a surgeon
goodbye. I'm not just a grade-
whore, I'm trying to get out of
this crappy town. Like you.
Thanks for ruining it.

BLISS
I'm sorry. I totally suck.

PASH
Whatev. You might wanna do
something about that hickey.

Pash walks off. Bliss holds her hand over her neck.

EXT. OINK JOINT PIG - AFTERNOON

Bliss sits alone on the giant pig looking out at the town -
the water tower, the cow pastures, a car driving toward her
like a bat out of hell down Main Street.

Through the Oink Joint window, Bird-man watches Bliss head to Malice's car. He gives her a little 'thumbs up.'

INT. MALICE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Bliss climbs in the car.

BLISS

Thanks for the ride.

MALICE

No biggie. You think we'd play the Holy Rollers without our star?

CHAMPIONSHIP MONTAGE: THE HOLY ROLLERS VS. THE HURL SCOUTS

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

Alright, Derby fans, this is it, the Lone Star Derby Dames Championship. The winning team will represent the league in the Hell On Wheels tournament in two short weeks at the The Houston Astrodome!

The crowd CHEERS as the Hurl Scouts, and then the Holy Rollers skate out.

When Dinah is announced, she does a BACK FLIP.

Bliss jams, sneaking through Robin Graves' legs to score.

CROWD

Ruth-less! Ruth-less!

Dinah SCORES against Smashley.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

Dinah explodes on Smashley. Looks like we got a battle royale tonight.

THE SCOREBOARD READS: HOLY ROLLERS 9, HURL SCOUTS 11.

Dinah and Bliss trade steely stares as they line up to jam. The whistle blows. Dinah leans into Bliss as they make their way to the pack.

DINAH

Hey Ruthless. I got an offer for you.

BLISS

What?

DINAH

How 'bout, you let us win, and I
won't tell the league you're only
sixteen.

Bliss suddenly looks over, stunned. Then BAM! she takes a
hit that sends her to the infield.

Dinah scores 4 points. Bliss lays on the ground, the wind
knocked out of her. Dinah skates over to help her up.

DINAH (CONT'D)

Think about it. You won't be on
TV, but you'll get to stay in the
league.

Malice skates over.

MALICE

Ruthless, you OK?

Bliss nods. Malice sits her on the bench.

And from here, The Hurl Scouts fall apart as Bliss just tries
to keep her secret safe.

Emma and Malice miss a tough block on Dinah - she scores
again. The crowd CHEERS for her.

CROWD

Din-ah! Din-ah!

Smashley gets frustrated and starts brawling with Sister Mary
Jane Pain. Smashley goes to the penalty box.

But worst of all, Bliss skates timidly - getting boxed in by
blockers, missing a whip from Emma, barely scoring.

THE SCOREBOARD READS: HOLY ROLLERS 24, HURL SCOUTS 11.

During a time out, the Hurl Scouts gather at their bench.

KID VICIOUS

Am I the only who feels like this a
battle between good and evil?

SMASHLEY

And Evil's winning?

Bliss looks over at Dinah already celebrating with her team.

EMMA GEDDON

We can beat them!

LETHA

Yeah, let's do this.

CRYSTAL DEATH

Yeah.

Bliss looks at her teammates, then --

BLISS

-- Yeah!

Bliss smokes an unsuspecting Dinah in a Jam, lapping twice - scoring 8 points. The crowd goes nuts.

Smashley goes for a DIVING BLOCK against Dinah. She throws her body out horizontal, but Dinah 'limbos' under her. Smashley flies through the rail and into the audience.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

Smashley misses the block, but wins the crowd! Who, that was h-o-t!

THE SCOREBOARD READS: HOLY ROLLERS 38, HURL SCOUTS 35.

Bliss and Emma go for their signature WHIP, the crowd chants -

CROWD

Whip it! Whip It!

Bliss and Emma add a SPIN to their whip, leaving Dinah in the dust. The NOISE raises the roof.

THE SCOREBOARD READS: HOLY ROLLERS 76, HURL SCOUTS 74.

Bliss and Dinah line up for the last jam.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

This is the final jam, folks. Will the Holy Rollers remain undefeated, or will the Hurl Scouts outshine them?

Bliss looks at Dinah as they line up to jam.

DINAH

You can't win, Ruthless.

BLISS

Suck my skate, Dinah.

The WHISTLE blows and Bliss gets the early lead. But Dinah passes her in the pack. The crowd is on its feet.

As Dinah comes back through the pack to score, The Hurl Scouts' blockers - Letha, Malice, Emma and Smashley create a wall and take her down, plus a few more Holy Rollers.

It's a 7-girl pile-up as Bliss comes up fast. She closes her eyes and JUMPS, SAILING OVER the wreckage of girls and SCORING big. The crowd EXPLODES.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

The Holy Rollers might have God on their side, but that miracle was all Hurl Scouts. See them play on ESPN in two short weeks. Or, hell, drive to Houston and cheer 'em on!

All the derby girls CRY and HUG in the middle of the track. Bliss nervously finds herself face to face with Dinah.

BLISS

C'mon, Dinah. You don't want to win on a technicality.

Dinah isn't happy, but --

DINAH

-- Nice jump, Ruthless.

INT. OINK JOINT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Pash confides in Bird-man while they work.

PASH

Who cares, anyway? She can be a derby star with her cool parties.

Pash gets more depressed and agitated as she talks.

PASH (CONT'D)

I'm busy with my own life. I've got my MySpace friends, my official "Pash-Amini-best-ipod-mix-ever" project, and that old guy in the booth I'm serving this dry corn to.
(clearly miserable)
I'm happy!

BIRD-MAN

And me. You have me.

Pash gives Bird-man look -- then attacks him with a kiss. They passionately lock lips, before she pushes him away.

PASH
OK. That was weird.

Pash grabs the tray of food and exits. A shell-shocked Bird-man tries to catch his breath.

BIRD-MAN
No. That was awwwwwwesome.

INT. HOT TUB JOHNNY'S - NIGHT

Bliss dances and celebrates with Razor and her teammates as she calls Oliver - she gets his voice mail.

BLISS
(on the phone)
Oliver! You have to call me back so we can swap stories. But here's a hint - we won the championships! And I miss you. Bye!

Bliss hangs up as Emma and Letha throw their arms around her.

EMMA GEDDON
In two weeks we'll be on TV!

LETHA
Saturday night special, baby!

Bliss suddenly stops dancing.

CUT TO:

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a calendar. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7 is already marked - THE MISS BLUEBONNET PAGEANT. Bliss goes pale.

BLISS
No. Freakin'. Way.

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - DAY

Bliss gathers up her roller derby gear. She digs through her closet, searching for --

BLISS
What the? Where are my skates?

BROOKE (O.S.)
I have your skates.

Bliss slowly turns to see her mother standing there, holding the roller derby poster from under her bed.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Looks like you're famous.

BLISS
Mom!

BROOKE
How long, Bliss? How long have you been lying to us and sneaking off?

BLISS
I know it looks really bad, but I can totally explain it.

BROOKE
I can't trust anything you even tell me right now.

BLISS
Fine, you don't have to. Just give me my skates.

BROOKE
That's not happening, Bliss.

BLISS
Give. Me. My. Skates.

BROOKE
No.

BLISS
I paid for them! They're mine!

BROOKE
You're grounded until further notice.

Brooks shuts Bliss' door. Bliss, simmering with rage, flings it open and follows her mother around the house.

Bliss
You don't even know me.

BROOKE

Obviously. But you're 16, Bliss.
You don't even know you.

BLISS

I know I'm not Miss Bluebonnet. I
know that much.

Earl walks in. Brooke hands him the poster.

BROOKE

This is what our child's been up
to. This is her study group.

Earl reads the poster, clearly impressed.

EARL

Roller derby's back? Well hell, we
used to watch that on late night
TV. We'd get a case of Lone Star --

BROOKE

-- Earl! She's been doing it in
secret behind our backs!

On the verge of tears, Bliss pours her heart out.

BLISS

Mom, please just listen. For the
first time in my life I don't feel
like there's something wrong with
me. I found something I'm really
good at. You know how good Shania
is at winning pageants? That's how
good I am at roller derby. We're
gonna be on TV because of me.

BROOKE

Like heck you are! You're not
gonna be on TV with those girls
with the tattoos and the crazy
names. It's not lady like.

BLISS

I guess we have different ideas
about what it means to be a lady.

(then)

I know I lied and I'm really sorry.
I am. But I knew you would say no
and I can't explain it. I just had
to do it. I needed it.

(beat)

(MORE)

BLISS (CONT'D)

Just let me go to practice. You can ground me later, okay. Dad?

Brooke gives Earl a *don't you dare* look.

EARL

You lied, kiddo. That dog ain't gonna hunt.

BLISS

Oh - I'm the one who lied?

Bliss turns and runs to her bedroom, slamming the door.

BROOKE

She's just being dramatic.

EARL

Wonder where she gets that from.

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Bliss covertly climbs out of her bedroom window with her bag.

EXT. BODEEN SENIORS BINGO VAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Bliss, her eyes puffy from crying, climbs aboard the Bingo van. She plops down next to Helen.

HELEN

Hey -- wanna talk about it?

Bliss shakes her head. Helen takes out her knitting, hands Bliss the ball of yarn and they assume the position.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Bliss walks in determined to have a good practice.

BLISS

OK, who's got some size seven and a half skates I can borrow --

-- Bliss suddenly stops as she sees her teammates, Razor and Dinah huddled in silence.

MALICE

We gotta talk.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Bliss faces Razor and her disappointed teammates.

RAZOR

Since you're a minor, we can't let you skate. If you got hurt, your parents could sue the league, ESPN, all of us.

MALICE

Dinah's offered to skate for you.

A smug Dinah walks past Bliss with her gear. Bliss is beyond crestfallen.

EMMA

Wait. What if we get written permission from her parents?

The Hurl Scouts all perk up and look to Bliss.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Bliss nervously talks to Earl on a borrowed cell phone.

BLISS

Daddy, please say yes. I kept your secret.

INT. EARL'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

Earl, looking caught, as he watches football on mute.

EARL

Let me explain somethin' to you. I got two more years with you in my house, but I got a whole lifetime of your mama. You follow?

BLISS

Yeah. You're never gonna stand up to her, are you?

Bliss hangs up the phone and turns to her Hurl Scout teammates shaking her head "no." Dinah looks pleased.

MALICE

You can hang out if you want.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A heart-broken Bliss watches practice as she borrows Malice's cell phone.

OLIVER'S VOICE MAIL (FILTERED)

It's Oliver. Leave me some love.

The voice mail beeps.

BLISS

Hey, rock star, it's me. How's tricks? I'm OK, I guess... not really. I'm kind of at war with the world today. The world is winning. Anyway, I sort of left home - long story - but you can call me back on Malice's phone. When you have time. If you want.

(beat, sigh)

I miss your voice, and..everything else.

Bliss hangs up and pulls Oliver's hoodie tight around her.

INT. MALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The decor is thrift-store fabulous, more dash than cash. Malice makes a Goodwill sofa into a guest room for Bliss.

MALICE

You can crash here 'til you figure things out.

BLISS

Thanks, Malice. You're the best.

INT. MALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bliss lies awake trying to fall asleep. She hears the tunes of the Velvet Underground floating from Malice's room.

Bliss lifts her shirt and slowly drums to the beat with her hand on her stomach, like Oliver does. She closes her eyes.

EXT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - EARLY MORNING

Malice, sporting the just-rolled-out-of-bed look, drops Bliss off at school. She turns to Bliss.

MALICE

Hey. You know we love you, but at some point, you're gonna have to sort things out with the 'rents.

BLISS

No. They don't understand me.

MALICE

You have to give them the chance. Hell, my parents still think I'm a total freakshow, but I also know they really love me. I'm all for raisin' hell, but sometimes you gotta know when to make peace.

Bliss climbs out of the car, then looks back.

BLISS

Fine. Thanks, Mom.

MALICE

(in "Mom" mode)

Bye darling! Have a lovely day at school!

Bliss flips her off as she heads inside. Malice laughs.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Bliss trudges through the day. She passes Pash, who greets her with icy silence.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

Bliss spends her lunch alone, checking her email. NO NEW MESSAGES.

She logs on to THE STATS' WEBSITE. Clicks on a tab titled: TOUR SCRAPBOOK.

Bliss scrolls through the photos of Oliver and his bandmates. And then one snapshot catches her eye. Bliss STOPS.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO - Oliver, smiling, with his arm around a pretty GROUPIE GIRL, who's giving him a kiss. Oh, and P.S. -- Groupie Girl is wearing Bliss' beloved Stryper T-shirt.

Bliss' jaw drops.

Pash, reading in a corner, looks up as Bliss runs past a concerned LIBRARIAN and out the door.

INT. BODEEN HIGH SCHOOL/ MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Bliss sprints past a less-than-alert SCHOOL SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey! Where are you going?

EXT. BODEEN STREETS - DAY

Bliss keeps going, trying to outrun her oncoming tears.

EXT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - DAY

She finds herself standing in front of her parents' house. With nobody home, Bliss crawls through a window.

INT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bliss opens the fridge and pulls out a leftover casserole. She plops onto the floor and starts eating.

Bliss hears the sound of rattling keys and looks and sees Brooke standing in the doorway. Bliss tries to speak. But with so much emotion all she can say is...

BLISS

Please, I just --

-- and then the Hoover Dam holding back her tears crumbles and Bliss starts to SOB on the kitchen floor. The kind of tell-tale sobs that can only mean a broken heart.

Brooke's stage mother persona suddenly melts.

BROOKE

Oh, Honeybunch.

Brooke kneels down and puts her arm around Bliss.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Whoever he is, he doesn't deserve you.

BLISS

I feel like I'm gonna die.

BROOKE

Oh you're not gonna die.

BLISS

No. I totally am.

(coughing back tears)

She was wearing my Stryper shirt.
How could he do that?

BROOKE

I'm so sorry, baby.

(then)

Stryper? Good lord, I remember
seeing them when I was a Freshman
at Texas Christian University.
Those boys had bigger hair than me.

Bliss laughs as Brooke wipes her tears.

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - EVENING

Bliss naps on her bed after a good cry. Her eyes flutter
awake as Brooke enters carrying a plate of cupcakes.

BLISS

I'm not really hungry.

Brooke sets them down near Bliss.

BROOKE

In case you change your mind.

Bliss takes one as Brooke walks out.

BLISS

Mom. If you really want me to be
Miss Bluebonnet, I will.

BROOKE

Well, I wouldn't want to push you.

BLISS

No. I want to do it.

Brooke suddenly perks up.

BROOKE

Well. That would do my heart good.

Earl wanders in, laid back as always.

EARL

Well well, looks who's back.
Good to see ya, Kiddo.

He smiles and gives her a slug on the arm.

BLISS

You too. Sorry I was such a
nightmare on the phone.

EARL

It's already forgotten.

EXT. PASH'S HOUSE - MORNING

Pash tosses her backpack into her car and climbs in.

INT. PASH'S CAR - CONTINUING

Pash drives to school. After a few seconds, Bliss RISES from the backseat like something out of a slasher flick.

Pash screams when she sees Bliss in the rearview.

PASH

-- Jesus, Bliss! You scared me!

BLISS

Sorry. I just wanted to get you in a place where you couldn't walk off or hang up. Plus, you never lock you car, so this is a lesson.

PASH

(rolls her eyes)
Just say what you have to say.

BLISS

OK. I know I'm in best friend Siberia and I totally deserve it. I've been so crappy and I'm sorry I screwed up your GPA.

Pash slows to a stop light and Bliss opens the door to crawl out. At the last second, Pash pulls her back in.

PASH

Get back in here, you dork.

Bliss smiles and they hug.

BLISS
I missed you!

PASH
I missed you too. You're lucky I'm
still first in our class.

BLISS
Thank you, Jesus. Friends?

PASH
(mocking teen girl voice)
Ohmygod! B.F.F.!

They both laugh.

EXT. OINK JOINT PIG - NIGHT

In their gingham smocks, Bliss and Pash hang out on the pig,
looking out at the Bluebonnet Billboard.

PASH
Do you feel like you're selling
out?

BLISS
My mom lives for that pageant and
if I can make her happy doing it,
why not? Just once.

Pash gives her a nod.

INT. BLISS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Saturday night. Pash and Bliss hang out listening to music.

BLISS
Ew! How could you lock lips with
Bird-man!?

PASH
I was in a bad place, OK?! It was
a one time thing. But for the
record, he is a really good kisser.
I don't know what it is --

There's a Knock. Earl pokes his head in the door.

EARL
-- Bliss. Somebody named 'Malice
In Wonderland' on for you.

Bliss grabs her phone. Earl leaves.

BLISS

Hello?

INT. MALICE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING

Bliss' teammates take turns passing the phone around.

MALICE

Ruthless! We want to make sure
you're coming to the game.

INT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Earl eavesdrops on Bliss' phone call, having not hung up.

BLISS (O.S.)

I wish, but it's the same night as
my pageant. It totally sucks.

MALICE (FILTERED)

We're gonna get creamed without
you.

KID VICIOUS (FILTERED)

Hell, we wouldn't even be going if
it weren't for Babe Ruthless.
You're the soul of our team.

Earl quietly hangs up the phone as he notices the confiscated
Derby poster sitting nearby. He unrolls it.

INT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

Earl logs on to the Derby Dames WEB-SITE. He pulls up BLISS'
TRADING CARD. He shakes his head, laughing to himself.

EARL

"Babe Ruthless" - that beats all.

EXT. CAVENDAR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

One week later. With her hair in hot rollers, Bliss helps
load her pageant gear in Brooke's SUV.

BROOKE

Say cheese!

Brooke holds up her camera. Bliss awkwardly smiles as Shania strikes the perfect pageant pose at her side.

INT. ROLLER DERBY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bliss' former teammates gather their gear to leave for Houston. Dinah is running late.

LETHA

If Dinah's not even gonna show up on time, I say we leave her ass.

MALICE

She gets five more minutes.

Just then, the doors open. And in walks...Earl. He politely approaches, removing his baseball cap.

EARL

Excuse me, I'm looking for Malice?
In Wonderland?

CUT TO:

INT. EARL'S WINNEBAGO - DAY

The winnebago flies down the highway with The Beastie Boy's *Sabotage* cranked on the stereo.

Behind the wheel, Earl is surrounded by a bevy of hot derby girls rockin' out. The look on his face says it all - sheer terror mixed with a touch of excitement.

INT. BLUEBONNET PAGEANT - BACKSTAGE - DAY

The contestants sit at their make-up stations getting ready. Bliss applies her pageant make-up. Pash sits with her.

PASH

It hurts me to watch you do that to your face.

BLISS

I know. But if I win, we get free ice cream for a year.

Bliss looks over at AMBER who, once again, wears a cheap, awful gown. Amber gives Bliss a sheepish look.

AMBER
 Your gown's custom, huh?
 (Bliss nods)
 Gosh, you're so lucky.

EXT. BLUEBONNET PAGEANT PARKING LOT - DAY

Earl's Winnebago screeches to a stop. The door flies open and a wave of girls on skates hit the pavement full speed.

INT. BLUEBONNET PAGEANT - MAIN AREA - DAY

In her element with Shania by her side, Brooke shmoozes before the pageant begins. Earl walks up.

EARL
 (pulling Brooke away)
 S'cuse us. We gotta talk.

INT. BLUEBONNET PAGEANT - BACKSTAGE

Bliss has her hair teased up and 'done' - pageant style. Suddenly, she hears a familiar voice.

MALICE (O.S.)
 Drop the hairspray and step away
 from the mirror.

Then the derby girls appear from behind a row of mirrors. Bliss lets out a yelp and smiles.

BLISS
 Oh my god! What are y'all doing?

EMMA GEDDON
 Rescue Mission. Houston calls.

SMASHLEY
 What's with your hair? I've seen
 parade floats smaller than that.

BLISS
 (laughing)
 This is how we roll in Bodeen.
 I love that you're here, but
 there's no way in hell I can go.

INT. BLUEBONNET PAGEANT - LOBBY - DAY

Earl and Brooke talk alone in a corner.

EARL

Do you honestly think Bliss has any desire to be Miss Bluebonnet?

BROOKE

Of course she does. It's in her blood.

EARL

But not in her heart. You've been blinded by one too many tiaras.

BROOKE

Earl!

EARL

Woman, get it through your thick skull. She lives to be on her skates, not on that stage. Now, she's got a big game tonight. It's time for us to do right by her.

BROOKE

(starting to unravel)

Are you, Earl Cavendar, suggesting that we let her quit the pageant? Just flush the 800 bucks we spent on a beautiful - no, gorgeous - custom-made gown? You haven't even seen it! It's a real 'ta-da!'

EARL

I can take the financial hit. It's the emotional one I can't stomach.

Brooke can tell she's losing ground. Fast. She whines.

BROOKE

But baby...lambchop...

Earl hands her a bag. Brooke pulls out Bliss' skates.

EARL

I know you're a good mama. Now, as parents, we need to be a united front on this.

BROOKE
Roller derby. This is just absurd!

EARL
You don't have to love it, Honey.
You just need to understand that
she does.

BROOKE
What if she gets hurt?

EARL
I always said, if I had a boy, I'd
let him play football. I don't see
how this is any different.

BROOKE
(finally)
I hate it when you're right.

EARL
That's why I try to make it a rare
event.

INT. BLUEBONNET PAGEANT - BACKSTAGE

Bliss is still with the derby girls then she hears her mom.

BROOKE (O.S.)
Bliss?

BLISS
My mom! Y'all have to hide!

The derby girls scatter - pretending to be pageant girls,
doing their hair, make-up, etc. They do not blend well.

Brooke walks up to Bliss, who tries to play it cool.

BLISS (CONT'D)
Um, hey Mom. What's up?

BROOKE
I just wanted to give you a good
luck gift for your big night.

Brooke then holds up Bliss' skates. Bliss is stunned.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(beat)
Now, let's get out of here.

BLISS

What?

BROOKE

Shania's a natural. She'll be Miss Bluebonnet. But you - you're Babe Ruthless. You're gonna be on TV.

Bliss suddenly realizes, she's not only getting her skates, but her freedom. Her eyes well with grateful tears.

Brooke, not missing a beat, looks around.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Which one of y'all came up with that name anyway?

A TATTOOED ARM slowly raises from behind a rack of frilly dresses. Malice steps out.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Clever. But I don't wanna see it tattooed on her arm.

MALICE

Done. Thanks, Mom!

Malice throws her arms around Brooke as Bliss' other teammates step out - a motley crew. Brookes forces a smile.

BROOKE

Well, we better get a move on.

They all exit when Bliss suddenly sees Amber in her ill-fitting gown.

BLISS

Wait. One more thing.

EXT. BLUEBONNET PAGEANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Everyone runs to Earl's Winnie. Brooke stops.

BROOKE

Earl, where on God's green earth did you get this thing?

EARL

Uh, I'll explain it on the way.

EXT. ASTRODOME PARKING LOT - EVENING

Tailgating - derby style. Fans from across the country.

INT. ASTRODOME - NIGHT

Put in *Spinal Tap* terms, the scene is roller derby - turned up to eleven, man. Johnny Rock-it is announcing.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Johnny Rock-it for ESPN 2! Welcome to the first ever Hell On Wheels Roller Derby Tournament! Please welcome - from New York, the Brooklyn Bruisers!

A team of PUNK ROCK NURSES skate out to a CHEERING CROWD.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

Challenging the Brooklyn Bruisers, we have, from Austin, Texas....

CLOSE UP on Bliss, all made up, as a TIARA is slowly lowered onto her head...

PULL OUT to reveal Bliss and her teammates in new uniforms, shredded PAGEANT DRESSES with fishnets, uniforms they whipped up from the accoutrement they picked up at Miss Bluebonnet.

A thunderous crowd roars over Joan Jett's "Bad Reputation."

JOHNNY ROCK-IT (CONT'D)

Say hello to the PAGEANT SCREAMS!

IN THE CROWD

Earl, Brooke and Shania watch. Brooke is not amused.

BROOKE

Is that supposed to be funny?

EARL

You better lighten up, or it's gonna be a long night.

NEARBY, Pash watches with Bird-man, who's been given a PASH BOYFRIEND MAKEOVER. He looks, dare we say it...hot.

BIRD-MAN
 (taking in the scene)
 Hallelujah, I made it to the
 Promised Land!

PASH
 You can look, but you can't touch.

BIRD-MAN
 Never!

Next to them, the Lone Star Derby girls cheer them on.
 Except for Dinah - who sulks, sitting on the end.

HELL ON WHEELS MONTAGE: THE BROOKLYN BRUISERS VS. THE PAGEANT
 SCREAMS

Bliss and a BRUISER trade snarls as they line up to jam.

Earl CHEERS; Brooke covers her eyes.

Bliss throws an aggressive block and gets the early points.

CROWD
 Ruth-less! Ruth-less!

Brooke uncovers her eyes and starts to cheer.

PARIS KILLTON from the Bruisers SCORES against Smashley.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT
 Paris Killton of the Brooklyn
 Bruisers scores three.

Bliss ducks, dodges and weaves through a pack of Bruisers,
 sneaking out through an opponents' legs to get the points.

Brooke and Earl feel the fever as the crowd goes nuts.

BROOKE
 That's my baby! You can't knock
 her down, if she's wearin' a crown!

Bliss and Emma go for their signature WHIP.

CROWD
 Whip it! Whip It!

Brooke and Earl and Shania are on their feet now.

EARL
 Kill 'em , Girls!

Bliss and Emma add a SPIN to their whip, leaving the Bruisers in the dust. The NOISE raises the roof.

Razor, of course, is in the infield, rockin' some extreme celebratory DANCE MOVES.

SCOREBOARD READS: BROOKLYN BRUISERS 67, PAGEANT SCREAMS 76.

JOHNNY ROCK-IT

And the Pageant Screams win,
opening a Texas-size can a whupass
on the Brooklyn Bombers!

Brooke and Earl hug. Shania JUMPS up and down.

SHANIA

That's a "ta da", right Mama?

Meanwhile - BACK AT MISS BLUEBONNET - Corbi looks shocked as Amber wins the crown looking smashing in Bliss' custom gown.

INT. ASTRODOME - NIGHT

In the post-game melee, Bliss skates through the crowd looking for her parents. Suddenly, someone grabs her wrist.

FAMILIAR VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Sexy. Told ya you'd get here.

She finds herself face to face with -- Oliver. Bliss sighs.

OLIVER

Wait. Are you mad?

BLISS

'Mad' was three weeks ago. Now I'm
just over it.

Bliss skates off. Oliver tries to go after her, but finds himself suddenly surrounded by Malice, Kid and Emma.

KID VICIOUS

A word of advice.

MALICE

Don't mess with a girl on skates.

NEAR THE MERCH TABLE

Bliss skates to her family. Brooke and Shania have their arms piled high with SHIRTS and TRADING CARDS. Earl smiles.

EARL

Boy howdy, I tell you what. I have seen some ball games in my time, but this was even better!

BROOKE

I can't wait for the next round!

SHANIA

Mama, when can I get some skates?

BLISS

I've got some Barbie ones for ya.

Bliss laughs as we DISSOLVE TO --

EXT. BODEEN STREET - DAY

A perfect Bodeen day. Ronny hangs Christmas lights, showcasing his BOYS' FOOTBALL PLACARDS. He looks to...

... next door where Earl pounds a ROLLER SKATE PLACARD - BABE RUTHLESS #44 - into his yard. Earl stands and smiles.

RONNY

Earl.

EARL

Ronny.

Earl folds his arms, feels sun on his face. He's a new man.

THE END