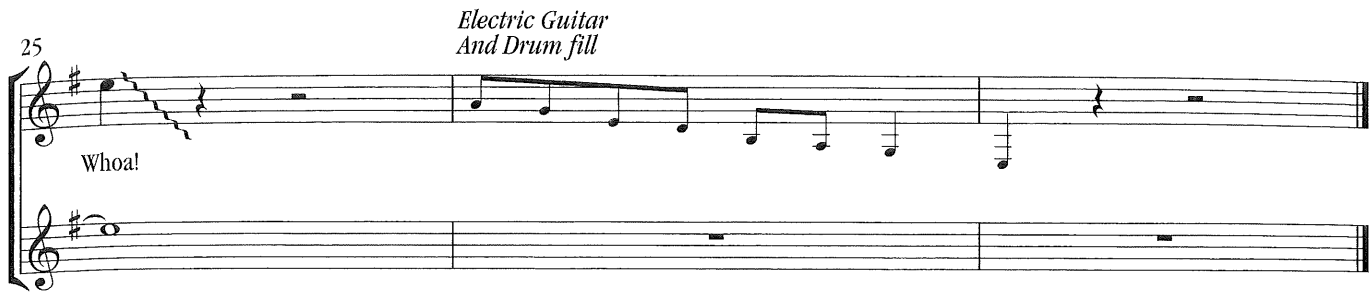


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*Electric Guitar
And Drum fill*

Whoa!



FREDDIE: Are we really going to goof off like this for the rest of the semester?

DEWEY: We are not goofing off, Freddie. We are creating musical fusion, we are forging rock and roll! Now listen, everyone - today is the last day to qualify for the Battle of the Bands. We only get one shot at it, so we have to blow them out of the water. Freddie that was awesome, you're rocking. But it was a little sloppy-joe. Tighten up the screws, ok?

FREDDIE: Sure.

DEWEY: Katie. That was awesome! Zack. Dude. What's up with the stiffness, man? You're looking a little ro-bo-tro-nic. Let's grease up the hinges, and loosey-goosey, baby, loosey-goosey.

ZACK: I'm just playing it the way you told me.

DEWEY: And you know what? It's perfect. But the thing is, Zack, rock is not about being perfect! It isn't about the rules. It isn't about getting As, Summer. Who can tell me what rock is about?

MASON: Scoring chicks?

DEWEY: No. Marcy?

MARCY: Getting wasted?

DEWEY: Noooo! Haven't I taught you anything? Rock and roll is all about sticking it to the Man!

SUMMER: Why can't it be a woman?

DEWEY: Ok, Summer, I grant you: The Man can be a woman.

SUMMER: Yeah, but she'll probably only get seventy cents to the dollar.

GIRLS: Mmm-hmm.

DEWEY: Controversial...The point I'm trying to make is that the world is full of things that will piss you off!

TOMIKA gasps.

DEWEY (CONT'D): I don't care. Billy! What really makes you angry?

BILLY: When my mom gets too much Botox, I can't tell if she's happy.