



GREASE MONKEYS

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by

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The Log Line

Loosely based on a true story, this coming of age tale is about two girls who crash the boys only club of high school car mechanics, train with a dedicated teacher and go on to astonish everyone by transforming themselves from laughing stocks to champions--the first girls to ever win the California mechanics contest.

The Story

They wanted to go where no girl had gone before. A contest that 50 years of history said was a men's only club. But not only did these two teens buck seemingly insurmountable odds to qualify, when they got there, they beat the pants off the state's toughest boys and won the California championship. For what? Being incredible car mechanics.

GREASE MONKEYS, loosely based on a true story, is a heartwarming tale imbued with guiding life lessons. Through their teacher and a great aunt, the two high school seniors, Mandy and Stacy, learn wisdom and insight that will mold and shape them to grow and become accomplished women. And through their own good example, the girls become a source of inspiration for fellow teens, who are shown how hard work, perseverance and a belief in yourself can make ones dreams a reality.

Although Mandy and Stacy's efforts are focused on driving through the auto obstacles, they must also deal with lives outside of school. Challenges stemming from an abusive home life and the recent death of a parent. Along with the usual teen problems such as trying to fit in with the cool crowd and unraveling the mysteries of to-die-for romance.

This uplifting story will capture young adults who'll find themselves rooting for and learning from identifiable peers who aren't exceptional--only their desire is. But teenagers of all ages won't be able to resist becoming caught up and compelled by the universal appeal of this real-life underdog story that is all heart.

GREASE MONKEYS commences with Mandy and Stacy as just average small town teens. They never accomplished anything exceptional. Never even bothered trying. But one day they heard about the California mechanics contest. The prizes could make their dreams come true. Mandy always wanted to be a designer and winning the scholarship prize would enable her to attend the art school her parents couldn't afford. Stacy wanted to grab the prize of a major auto training program so she could become a fine tech, join a racing crew and become a great racer herself.

But there were quite a few road blocks in their way. First they have to take auto shop. The girls in Ramona High never do that and the boys wanted it to stay that way. From the first day, when they built up enough courage to push each other into the classroom, the guys make it a bullying hell. Even laughing out loud at their mechanical ineptitude. Laughing was their big mistake. That forged the women's passion and deep determination. Determination they didn't even know they could muster.

So these two best friends join forces and vow to make their classmates stop laughing. To earn their respect. Their admiration. And then beat them all to represent their school at the regional's. Though their school hasn't won the regional contest in over 25 years--a contest in which you're given a disabled car and must race to find and repair 10 problems.

As dogged as Mandy and Stacy are, they couldn't transform themselves without the dedication of an exceptional teacher. This would be Mr. Jordan. Though Jordan has been teaching one of the most dilapidated and ill equipped shop classes in the state for years, he used to be surrounded by the finest gear and conditions as a professional racer.

But the only way to improve Ramona's program would be to attract big sponsors like car companies--attracting by producing a contest winner. Something Jordan hasn't done in many years and he's constantly tormented by the winning teacher from the nearby wealthy private school.

In Jordan's mind's eye, his potential winners didn't look like two little girls. But he kept an open mind, was bowled over by Mandy and Stacy's enthusiasm and worked hard training them after school. A highly unconventional training that made the girls start thinking he's half insane. But they believe he's wholly brilliant when the hours and hours of training have them driving into competitive land.

At the school contest, the underdogs face off against their enemy, an uncouth and vicious football hero, and everyone's big favorite. The girls defeat him and stun the whole school. And finally win the respect of the auto shop boys.

Next, the plucky girls go on to face off against two guys they hate--demons from the nearby private school--who unleash dirty tricks. But the girls have the last laugh at the California championship. Defeating them and amazing everyone in attendance. No one gave the obscure backwater school of Ramona a chance in hell of beating the large wealthier schools. No one will make that mistake again. And look out when they next roar into the National contest.

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It's a September morning in the small town of Ramona in Southern California. Stacy Govern, a cute high school senior, leaps into her battered Camaro convertible parked in the driveway of her trashy working class house. Stacy shatters the morning quiet by revving her engine and racing off. Stacy has a feisty demeanor and is apt to do and say any damn thing she pleases. As usual, the music is too loud and she's driving too fast and now screeches around a tight corner. And burns rubber down the dusty straight-away running along the orange groves.

Stacy skids to a halt in front of the modest home of her best friend, Mandy Anderson. She walks to Mandy in the garage. Mandy is also a senior, attractive and is the brainy anchor of this dynamic duo. The solid voice of reason. At least most of the time.

Mandy is under the hood of her baby, an immaculate 1957 Chevrolet Belaire coupe and Stacy starts helping her. Mandy's Mom comes out and puts a plate of breakfast on the fender. Mandy grabs some food with one hand and turns a wrench with the other as Mom frowns.

Mandy's step-father, Russ, heads for his car but can't help haranguing Mandy with questions she answers with non-committal grunts. They've been through this routine a million times. "Working late on the damn car again?" Grunt. "Instead of doing your homework properly?" Grunt. "You won't get accepted into a good college, young lady, if you don't keep your grades up!" And on and on.

Russ glares at Stacy and she runs off to move her Camaro that's blocking his car. Russ admonishes, "You keep hanging out with trash like Stacy, your future will be in the garbage too!" Mandy makes a face. "Cool pep talk, Russ." She gets in Stacy's car and they race away. Russ fumes.

On the way to school, the girls stop at a small shopping center and enter the jewelry repair store of local artist and Mandy boyfriend, Vic. Vic gives Mandy her repaired locket and he's also added a new gold chain and an emerald on the button. Mandy is surprised and touched, her eyes welling up. She thanks him with aggressive hot kisses and hugs, sprawling Vic over the jewelry counter.

She opens the locket and we see a photo of her and one of her late father. "Looking good, Dad."

On the final leg to school, Stacy guns her car past the meticulously groomed grounds of the boys prep school, Dunsmuir. She dangerously drives off the shoulder. "You said you wouldn't do this anymore," reminds Mandy. Stacy just smiles mischievously and drives along the athletic field to spook the polo ponies. A couple of steeds rear up and toss their preppie riders--Trevor and Bradley. The boys, sprawled on the muddy field, curse and obscenely gesture at the girls

Stacy's laughter echoes down the road. "Hot Rod Lincoln", their utterly favorite song, comes booming out of the radio and they screech and sing along. "My pappy said you're gonna drive me to drinkin if you don't stop drivin that Hot Rod Lincoln..." Mandy picks up a couple of drumsticks off the messy floor and starts drumming on the dashboard, the windshield and Stacy's leg.

At Ramona High School, we see a Ford banner announcing sponsorship of that year's AUTOMOTIVE MECHANICS CONTEST. Mandy and Stacy are excitedly reading the prize

details on a bulletin board. There are training opportunities, college scholarships and money. If they win, Mandy can attend the art school her family can't now afford and Stacy can get training for a great mechanic's job at a dealership.

We see the girls shyly peeking into the door of the auto shop class. They're hesitant as hell. No other females inside. After arguing the pros & cons and walking away and back again several times, they finally shuffle in. All the boys in class stare at them incredulously. And continue staring after they have sat down in the back. The guys joke and tease and generally make it clear the girls are not welcome in the boy's club.

The nastiest one is Tim, a hulking football lineman and uncouth loudmouth who accuses the girls of being bull dykes. Stacy gets in his face and the only thing stopping a fight is the entrance of the teacher--Mike Jordan. Jordan tells them all to cool their jets and to formally welcome Mandy and Stacy as the first women to take auto shop. There are a few lazy claps.

Jordan is late 40's, with an affable manner and it's soon apparent this guy really cares about what he does in this room. He has an easy going rapport with the kids who highly respect him.

After Jordan gets the syllabus stuff out of the way, attention perks up when he explains the mechanics contest. First there's a tough written test. Then each team of two will have a disabled car and have a timed race to find and fix ten problems.

Jordan says their neighbor, the Dunsmuir school, has been in the state finals for the past 20 years. When someone asks when was the last time Ramona made it, he says this year makes the 25th anniversary of their last appearance. And who got them there?

"I did," explains Jordan. "When I was a student. And I'm so damn sick and tired of years and years of losing." And taking crap from his counterpart at Dunsmuir. Tim assures him that he'll be the one to get Ramona back into the finals.

Jordan says its time to get their hands dirty and everybody cheers, eagerly jumps from their desks and runs to the garage in back. The boys make a point of blocking Mandy and Stacy so they're in the garage first and closer to the demo car. The ladies crane their necks from the back of the crowd. Jordan says they'll perform a simple task--removing and putting back a valve cover.

He gets a volunteer, hits the stop-watch and soon the click-clacking of a socket fills the garage. The bolts are removed. Cover lifted. Bolts re-bolted. Not shabby--just over three minutes. Two more guys try--around four minutes.

Tim sighs, "Enough of this small time crap." He grabs the wrench. Click, he's off. A whirl of wrist twists, efficient moves and brute force. Then done. An impressive 2:09. Tim wipes the sweat off his brow as he soaks in the back slaps and general awe of his classmates.

Tim spies the girls on the outside of the guy circle--Mandy looking uncomfortable and Stacy looking bored. "I wonder if there's any girlies around who aren't afraid of breaking a nail?" All heads turn around and all eyes stare down at the diminutive girls. Jordan asks Mandy if she wants to give it a try and she hesitantly approaches the engine as the boys snicker.

Soon the stopwatch is ticking and Mandy's turning the wrench. Or trying to. Tim screwed the bolts back tightly and is grinning mischievously as she strains to loosen one. She finally gets enough muscle into it but the force sends the wrench flying across the floor. Everyone laughs.

Mandy fetches the tool and starts unscrewing the bolt again. The teacher calls out one minute. Mandy cringes, tries to go faster. The wrench slips from her grasp and clangs to the floor. She turns red and the guys laugh again. Jordan tells them to quiet down, feels sorry for her.

She tries to carry on but it's obvious her time will be the worst, and she might even sprout a tear soon. Mandy cries at the drop of a hat. Even the thought of a dropping hat. Mandy gives an embarrassed glance back to her best friend.

Stacy comes to her friend's rescue, "Move your fat asses." She shoves her way past. Takes the wrench from Mandy, explaining "She's the brains of the operation, speed ain't her ticket. It's mine!"

Tim screws down the one bolt Mandy had loosened. Jordan resets the watch. Drastic determination fills Stacy's face. The boys smirk at the sight and anticipate the joy of watching her screw up next. David versus Goliaths.

Ready. Go. Slam--Stacy deftly leverages her weight, throwing it forward and smacking the socket wrench with both hands. The bolt is loosened. The rapid machine gun-like sound of CLICK-CLACK, CLICK-CLACK fills the garage. Her hands are a blur as she spins the wrench with adroit proficiency. The bolt is soon out. She puts it between her lips.

Slam. CLICK-CLACK. Soon another bolt it off the valve cover. And between her lips. Slam. Another.

Needless to say, the smiles and snickers are disappearing from the males' faces. Except for Jordan, who's enjoying this. Slam. CLICK-CLACK. Soon all eight bolts are out of the valve cover and dangling from her lips.

She lifts the cover. Smashes it back down. Deftly let's just one bolt drop from her lips, catches it mid-air, shoves it in the hole and tightens it in a flash. Mandy looks around at her classmates amazed expressions and relishes it. She gets caught up and starts cheering on her pal. "Go, girlfriend, go!" CLICK-CLACK.

Done. Stacy is disheveled, perspiring and breathless. And now happy as Jordan gives her time--2:14. Only a scant few seconds behind the class leader, whose mouth is agape, as is all the other boys'. The girls do a celebration variation of athlete's chest butts--a couple of belly butts. And sprout big grins.

Jordan gives her a job well-done look. "It appears Tim may have some competition now." Tim sneers at Stacy, "Beginners luck." She blows him a kiss. And the bell rings. The women hoot and chuckle as they merrily strut away.

The men look at each other. One notices something and points to the valve cover. They see an incongruous sight--the bolt heads are now mauve--stained with Stacy's lipstick.

They cringe. That ain't right. That's not kosher. That's insult atop injury. They sadly shuffle away.

Tim is on the job, working at an auto parts store. His boss wants him to make a delivery to the Dunsmuir school. Tim picks up some boxes and leaves.

Tim goes up the long driveway of Dunsmuir where we saw Stacy racing by and scaring the polo ponies. Tim enters the auto shop class.

In comparison to Ramona's shabby, ill-equipped one, this one is an expensive, pristine, state of the art facility with high-tech equipment NASA would be proud of. There are several banners of the companies that donate and sponsor the class--BMW, STP, Framco. And there's a half dozen BMWs and Mercedes that the students are working on.

Dr. JJ Roper conducts the class with the gruff personality of a general Patton with Ph.D. know-it-all mixed in. Tim gives the parts to Roper who berates him for not bringing them sooner.

Trevor, whom we last saw getting tossed from his polo pony, walks over. "Don't put down my cuz, Doc. It's not his fault he's too dumb to attend this fine school." Tim glares at him. Trevor's pal, Bradley joins them.

Roper grills Tim to see if Jordan's class has any students who may offer competition in the mechanics contest. Tim explains there's no new hotshots and he's still the best. "Then they'll be no decent competition once again," needles Trevor.

Tim complains that his class has been invaded by a couple of damn girls, dykes most likely. They feel sorry for him. What's this world coming to? They ask what they're like. And soon deduce they're the bitches that scare the polo ponies and are responsible for Trevor and Bradley taking a mud bath. They swear revenge.

Auto shop. Everyone is in their standard greasy overalls and Jordan is instructing them in repairs. Then the students try it, working under the hood of the cars.

All the boys are doing their best to ignore the pariahs Mandy and Stacy. Never help them, even though they could use it. Stacy is under the hood, leaning in to check out the spark plugs. Mandy fixes Stacy's hair so it won't fall into the fan belt. As Mandy gently pulls Stacy's hair into position, Tim passes by. Loudly saying, "You two make such a beautiful couple." Boys laugh. Stacy tells him to shove it. And they talk trash back and forth. Getting heated.

Jordan comes over and has Tim shut up and get back to his group. Tim moves on and the girls ask teacher to please not come to their aid anymore, they're tough enough to fight their own battles. Jordan hides a grin and says he'll comply with their wishes.

Mandy is back to working on the engine, asks for Stacy's help. She doesn't respond. Mandy turns to see her dreamily staring at a boy across the room--Carlos. He's a cute boy with wire rimmed spectacles and a more studious air than the others. He often uses his ever present laptop computer.

Mandy asks for help again. "Hold on. I think he's gonna check me out." Carlos does look up and we see his POV--Stacy in dirty overalls, disheveled hair and grease smudges on her smiling face. Not her most flattering look. He goes back to work. Stacy frowns.

The bell rings, everyone races to the sinks to clean up. The boys push and shove and the girls are last to wash.

In the cafeteria. One can see Mandy and Stacy are not in the upper echelon of popularity. Barely the middle echelon. They are sitting alone at a table. Several perfect looking cheerleaders are talking nearby with football hero Tim.

The cheerleaders approach the girls and tease them. Pointing out grease streaks on their arms they didn't have time to clean off. Although the girls do a decent job of teasing back, the girls can't deal with what's next.

The cheerleaders stand on chairs and lead the whole place with a call and answer cheer-- "Give me a G! -- G -- Give me an R! -- R...." And so on until they've spelled grease monkeys and everyone in the place has joined in and the pompoms are flying and the girls are high kicking.

And Mandy and Stacy are thoroughly red and embarrassed as the cheer ends and everyone's laughing at them. Especially the instigator, Tim.

Stacy mischievously looks at Mandy, "Got milk?" The girls dump cartons of milk over the cheerleaders' heads and they scream bloody murder.

A teacher promptly takes the monkeys to the principle's office.

The girls are in Mandy's garage, working on Mandy's prize '57 Chevy. The body is perfect but the engine isn't working yet. Mandy's boyfriend, Vic, is here and since he's useless with cars, he's just playing his guitar. Mandy's little brother, Steve, is sitting in the front seat doing his homework.

The girls are under the car working below the engine. They start asking Vic if he thinks they look feminine. He says yes, of course. They slide out from the car now. Stacy asks if he didn't know them and was just looking at them, he wouldn't think they're like dykes or anything?

Looking at them in their ugly baggy overalls with disheveled hair and dirt everywhere, Vic takes a second too long to answer, "Of course not."

And the girls are bummed. Look at each other in a full length mirror. And don't like what they see.

Stacy starts complaining that Carlos is never going to come on to her. Mandy gets an idea and goes over to the corner of the garage where she has all her fashion design stuff set up--sewing machine, dress patterns, etc. She starts drawing overall designs as she talks. Who says mechanic's overalls have to be ugly and drab? Baggy and dull? Stacy excitedly adds style suggestions too. Just as things are looking up, an angry Russ and Mom enter.

He received a call from school about them being sent to the principal's office. Mandy tries to defend herself, "But they were calling us grease monkeys." He asks what do you expect when you are. She's not going to receive a scholarship with discipline problems on her record and he can't afford to foot the whole bill and she should study more to maintain her grades and stop wasting her time on stupid cars.

He slams his fist on the hood which startles Steve inside, and changes Mandy's expression from guilt to anger. She marches close to him. "Don't touch that car again." He says he'll touch anything he wants. "No you can't cause it's mine. My father officially willed it to me. Right, Mom?" Her mother affirms that. Which makes Russ angrier and he slams his fist on the hood again and storms inside.

Mandy is livid and tells Mom she'll brain him with a wrench if he does that again. Mom tries to console her, gives her a hug. Then whispers, "I miss him too, hon." Mom goes inside.

Mandy clicks open her locket, looking at her father's photo. She looks up and her eyes meet her brother's. They share a wistful look. Vic comes over and puts his arms around her.

Inside, Mom tells her husband to go easier on Mandy. That Belaire is her connection to her father. They used to spend many happy hours tinkering around together. He explains he just doesn't want to see her screw up her senior year, screw up her life. She could be the first one in the family to have a college degree. Mom says she and Mandy want that too. She appreciates him trying to be a good parent but has to know when to back off. He says Mandy has to learn that too.

Late at night. Mandy is alone in the garage in full fashion designer mode. Making sketches of mechanic overalls. She flips through her sketchbook and we see a variety of clothing designs she's already made. They're good, show obvious talent.

Car class. The girls look great as they strut in wearing their new overalls. You can't really call them overalls anymore, because they look more like a jumpsuit or skiwear or even a costume on Star Trek. Instead of being drab gray like the boys', theirs have a brightly colored floral print;

the fabric is a stain resistant stretch material that hugs their curves. Mandy added plenty of pockets and loops to hold tools and even make-up. They still retain the ever present patches such as STP, CHEVY, CHAMPION. Overall our ladies look quite attractive and their classmates can't help sneaking glances. Stacy is pleased when she catches Carlos glancing.

Jordan surprises his class by giving a mini version of the mechanics contest. Today all teams are going to take a written exam and then find and repair two engine defects.

Half the class is taking the written exam while the other half works on fixing the six cars. The girls are working on the exam. Get startled as boys whoop and cheer when they finish a repair. The girls look at each other, shake their heads.

Now the girls are quickly working on a car as the five other teams, including Tim and his partner, compete. Tim finishes first. He makes a point of taunting the girls. They sneer back.

Jordan checks Tim's car. He made the two proper repairs. All systems running well. Teach pats him on the back, writes his team as number one on the blackboard with the fastest time.

Mandy tries to start their car, it won't. The girls frantically check out engine components. Stacy keeps insisting it's the starter relay. But they've already installed a new one. They can't determine what else could be wrong.

Everyone finishes. Teacher comes over to the disgruntled girls. He removes the starter relay asking if it is a new one? They nod. Is it a good one? "It's gotta be, it's new," Stacy states the obvious. He takes apart the relay. A component inside doesn't look right. The girls can't believe it and sulk. He tells them, "Don't sulk, you should be happy." Huh?? He explains they learned something valuable today. Don't trust a part just because it's new. In real world garages, bad parts fresh out of the box, are installed everyday.

They still sulk. And now even more when he puts their team on the board, dead last.

More taunting by Tim. Stacy wants to maul him, Mandy can barely hold her back. The class is over and people begin to shuffle out. The girls glumly gaze at each other.

Stacy thinks it's hopeless. "There's no freakin' way we're gonna beat these gearheads and even get a chance to be in the contest. Let's blow this dump!" Mandy tells her not to quit, tries to cheer her up, "We have as good a chance as any." But she's not really confident. Stacy thinks they'd be fools to stay. Why put up with all the grief? "Everybody hates us anyway."

A voice behind her says, "Everyone doesn't hate you". She turns to see Carlos smiling at her. She stops breathing. He says they wouldn't be fools for staying. "I think you're damn brave for even showing up in macho land." She can only manage a goofy smile, not a word. Mandy has to jump in, thanking him for being the first one to be civil to them.

Mandy wonders what he's always doing with his laptop. He's making a database of every kind of repair and solution he comes up with or hears about. Mandy says, "That's very interesting, right Stacy?" Stacy only smiles.

He's goes on to explain wanting to be a mechanical engineer and he's designing engines and cars. "Real cool, huh Stacy?" Stacy nods.

He opens his laptop and shows them a multi-media graphic of an engine with moving parts and even sound effects. "Someday I'm gonna design killer racing cars," he proudly states. Stacy comes out of her trance. "I'm gonna drive race cars someday. I love speed." He says, "No doubt."

He starts to leave. Turns and tells them, "Your new clothes rock." He moves on and just before he's out of earshot, Stacy loudly blurts "I'm not a dyke!" We hear him chuckle. Mandy can't believe she said that. Stacy can only slowly slide down along the car until she plops on the floor

with a blissful expression. Mandy shakes her head. "Maybe we shouldn't quit the class yet," Stacy mumbles.

Auto parts store. Tim calls Mandy, the special carburetor for her Chevy is here. He calls his cousin Trevor. At Dunsmuir school, Trevor answers his cell phone. Tim informs him the girls are coming in. Bradley and Trevor hop in his BMW and speed away.

The girls are excited as they approach the auto parts store. They've been waiting months for the 4-barrel carb and it's the last part needed to get the Belaire running. After giving them as hard a time as possible, Tim coughs up the carb and it takes every cent the girls have. The girls drive away. Followed by Bradley. Tim chuckles as he watches them go.

On a road passing farm fields, Bradley's BMW pulls along side their Camaro. Stacy exclaims, "It's Tim's jerk-off cousin." He does some dangerous driving maneuvers around them. They're almost run off the road. Stacy does some slick driving maneuvers, getting away. The BMW is much faster and responsive though and it's not a fair match.

Especially now as the Beemer is ahead of them and the trunk pops open. Trevor is inside the trunk with buckets filled with mud balls. "We owe you a mud bath." He starts tossing the mud. It splatters on the hood. Against the windshield. And sprays their heads. The goo drips down their faces.

It's becoming hard to see out the windshield. Brad soon succeeds in running them off the road and into the crop fields. Where their car gets stuck. The boys pull over and roar with demonic laughter. Warning them not to race along the polo fields again or the next time they'll get pelted with manure. The boys take off.

The girls are a muddy mess. Mandy punches Stacy's shoulder. "I told you to stop buzzing the preppies." Stacy gets out of the car in a huff. And falls flat on her face in a muddy puddle. Her partner cracks up and goes to help her up. And Stacy yanks her down in the mire too. Mandy comes up with handfuls of mud and stuffs it down the back of Stacy's blouse. Stacy retaliates and pushes her down and shoves mud down Mandy's pants. A wrestling match commences.

They're both laughing and screaming and are a messy sight to behold. Cars pass by with normal people pointing at the mud people. Some pull over and the families inside dumbfoundedly watch the wild women in disbelief.

Mandy and Stacy are excitedly installing the carb on Mandy's Chevy. It's a major project.

The girls go to auto class early to ask Jordan if there's some way they can put in extra time after class or something. He asks if they're serious because he doesn't want to waste his time.

They insist they'll work hard. They're dying to show all those bastard boys that girls are just as good. And their lives depend on them becoming good enough to win the contest. "Your lives?" he questions.

Mandy desperately needs the scholarship. "So I can go to art school and be a designer instead of going to state and end up being a lawyer like her father wants. I'll croak if I do that!" Stacy starts to rattling off, "And I havta get in the dealer mechanic training program so then I can get down with the latest car tech shit and then I can blow this crap town and join a pit crew and then get to race and then get to win the NASCAR 500. If I don't become a racer my life'll be wasted. Wasted!"

"Is that all?" Jordan lets out a good natured chuckle. But he's taken by their passion and enthusiasm. But he also remembers several times he put out much effort and the students ended up flaking out. The girls promise to be different. "Hell, just look at us," says Mandy. They give him

their biggest and best angelic smiles and pleas. You can't resist a concerted effort by these two. They wear him down. He'll agree to work with them after school. They all shake on it.

Car class. The girls are working on a car up on the hoist. Stacy starts being more aggressive in her pursuit of Carlos. Occasionally she goes to him and fakes a damsel in distress bit--she's not strong enough to loosen a part. He helps out.

Most of the other guys disapprove of him being a traitor and give him dirty looks. He doesn't like it. Though it doesn't stop him.

Mandy mentions to Carlos that her boyfriend Vic's band is playing at Club Trash and he should check it out tonight. Maybe he will.

After school, the girls show up at the garage to work with Jordan. Instead of doing fun mechanical stuff as expected--he makes them clean and organize tools, straighten up the garage, etc. They grumble but they do it. As they slave away, he expounds on his philosophy of mechanics. It's eccentric but it makes sense. At least most of it. And the girls understand some of it.

On his way to the athletic field, football hero Tim, in his pads and with the two nasty cheerleaders, passes by the open garage. Tim tells them he wants those tools nice and shiny. The cheerleaders point out spots they didn't sweep properly. Mandy and Stacy want to clean their clocks.

In Mandy's garage. The ladies finally finish installing the carburetor. Mandy hops into the Belaire. Holds her breath as she inserts the key in the ignition.

Inside the house, Mandy's brother looks up from his video game when he hears--VAROOOM! His face lights up, "Daddy's car!" He runs out to the garage.

Steve joins the grease monkeys, jumping for joy as the ancient '57 Chevy roars to life again. Mom comes out too. Big smile, eyes moist even. They all hop in and take a test drive around the hood. Steve hits the horn--a few notes from an Elvis tune bops out.

It's night and Mandy is dressed up and about to leave. Russ asks if her homework's done. It's not, it's been an unusually busy day. He forbids her to leave. She argues that after working on the Belaire for months it's finally ready for a night on the town and Vic's new band is playing and she has commitments and everything. He insists. She insists.

"If you live under my roof, you'll obey my rules," he snaps. "I'm not a kid anymore, I'm 18," she snaps back. They glare at each other. Mom tries to intervene and diffuse tensions. But they're both pig headed. Mandy strides toward the door. "Don't you dare leave," Russ bellows. She stops. She leaves.

Mandy and Stacy glide the cherry Chevy into a small shopping center. There's a department store, movies, a few shops, pizza joint, arcade and Club Trash.

In the club, Mandy and Stacy are dancing around in the crowd as Vic's band plays.

The band takes a break. Mandy pulls Vic outside.

Behind the club, they walk toward her car parked in the shadows by the trees. She smiles demurely and says, "It's time to christen her." He asks if she has champagne. She snickers. And yanks him in. Soon the old lady is rocking. Her springs are squeaking. Windows fogging up.

Vic's band is playing a ballad. And Stacy is blissed out, dancing close with Carlos. He whispers in her ear, "What an enchanting fragrance. Is it perhaps 20-40; 30-30?" She scowls and slaps his butt.

Mandy, Vic, Stacy and Carlos exit Trash and stroll toward Petriella's Pizza. Passing the video arcade. Stacy glances in the window, becomes livid and heads for the door. Mandy notices and yanks her back. "Hey, we're even with them. Don't start any more trouble." Stacy assures her peaceful intentions. Yeah, right.

Inside we see Tim, Trevor and Bradley sitting at a 4-seat video Grand Prix game. As soon as she's within earshot she yells, "Hey, look at the three stooges making believe they're racers." Tim's car immediately hits a wall, the other two turn, scowl at Stacy and crash their cars into each other. She laughs and slithers behind them, haranguing within a few inches of their heads and bugging the hell out of them throughout the race. Mandy can only shake her head. They want to kill her and probably would if she wasn't a she.

When the game ends she hops into the fourth seat and wonders if they're ready for real competition. They scoff at her. "We'll blow your ass off the track," brags Trevor. Carlos challenges them with a bet of five dollars on Stacy to win. They roll their eyes and come up with the money. Stacy is sitting besides Tim and puckers her lips at him. His eyes narrow.

Stacy gets ready. She caresses the steering wheel like a lover. Fondles the stick shift like a you-know-what. Her butt wiggles on the seat. Her eyes fill with drastic determination, relishing the coming event.

And there's the flag. She whoops, shifts through gears with fluid grace. Hears the crowd roar in her head. She starts talking trash like there's no tomorrow. "Oh, 'scuse my ass, boys." She cuts Tim off on a turn and he scrapes a wall. "Can any of you baby boys spell speed?" She bumps Bradley from behind and he spins out. Of course, the more she teases, the angrier they become. The boys try to gang up on her, run her off the track--but she always manages to slip by at the last second.

Mandy, Carlos and Vic cheer her on. She takes extreme chances, almost hitting pit crews, spectators, one tire running right on the sideline marker. Now she foolishly stands up. Now more foolishly butting the screen with her head. Laughing with abandon. Teasing her competitors, who are steaming and thinking she's crazy. And now left in the dust as she stops playing cat and mouse and just pushes on for pure speed. Squealing around tight turns. Her eyes are transfixed. In another world.

Then it's over. The game explodes with sounds and congratulations for breaking a new course record. Stacy stands atop the seat and jumps up and down with her arms raised. Over reacting and taunting the guys. Mandy has to laugh at her best friend. Laugh with her unabashed glee. Her aliveness. Stacy leaps off the seat, at surprised Carlos who just manages to catch her.

The losers are embarrassed and seething as they hand the money over to Carlos. Saying it's only a dumb game. Yeah, that's right. Trevor steps up to Stacy. "If you didn't have such a shit box, I'd blow you away on Demon Ridge." Stacy grins at Mandy who says, "Spoke too soon Tribble. Our wheels are back on track!"

The full moon reflects off the roofs of Mandy's Chevy, Trevor's BMW and Carlos' Jeep. They drive up a wooded road leading to Saddleback County Park. Pass a sign for DEMON RIDGE and the mountain looms ahead. They arrive at the entrance gate and drive in.

Mandy and Stacy switch places. Mandy puts on her seat belt. Stacy doesn't. "C'mon, Stace, use the belt for once." Stacy shakes her head, "Can't insult my main man with my lack of faith. I hear he ain't taking me tonight." "Don't give me that tired shit," complains Mandy. "I hear God's getting damn fed up with you. That's what I hear." Stacy shrugs.

They're side by side with the BMW and Vic is ahead and between the cars, holding up a towel. Stacy and Trevor agree the winner is the first one across the Saddleback river bridge. The girls are excited, adrenaline pumping. They do their secret handshake. Mandy pets the dashboard, "C'mon old lady, time to fly."

Stacy caresses the steering wheel like a lover. Fondles the stick shift like a you-know-what. Her butt wiggles on the seat. Her eyes fill with drastic determination, relishing the coming event.

VAROOOM--SQUEAL! The noise obliterates the forest serenity. Carlos and Vic cough in clouds of burning rubber and exhaust fumes. They jump into Carlos' car and follow.

The cars are neck and neck going down this straight-away. The girls are hooting and rooting themselves on as Stacy pulls ahead. Turns are ahead. Leading up the mountain.

SCREECH! The Chevy just makes the turn, takes the inside track. Hugging the rock wall.

BMW has to slide to the outside. And is gaining. Cornering better than the old Chevy. Trevor passes them. Pulls in front. And over to the inside track.

Mandy curses. "Don't worry," Stacy reassures her. "Just gotta keep it close on the switchbacks. I'll challenge in the meadows."

Blasting up the treacherous mountain road. Both cars almost swerve off the road and skid close to oblivion several times.

Halfway up the mountain, they take a fork that meanders back down the other side.

Descending now. Faster now. Stacy tries to pass. Neck and neck. A few inches between the speeding cars. Tight turn. Beemer pulls ahead.

The curves are less tight now. Heading for the meadow area. Stacy pulls out again. Gaining.

Trees whipping by in a surrealistic fashion--lit by their careening headlight beams.

The trees give way to the meadows. The Belaire roars like an angry lioness. Hemi huffing. Sparks fly as it scrapes bottom on the dipping road. Stacy pushes to the edge of control.

Speedometer passing 75. On this narrow road it feels like 150. She passes them. The girls scream. Filled with excitement and fear as they lurch through the night.

Pass the bridge sign. Trevor speeds up. So does Stacy. He tries to pull along side. She's holding her ground.

The bridge looms ahead. BMW front tires even with Chevy rear tires. The bridge is only wide enough for one car. Beemer gaining inches. Stacy isn't backing off.

Closer to the bridge. Closer. Stacy puts pedal to metal. ROOOARRRR! The monster engine wails.

Screech! Trevor brakes to slide behind Stacy--to not crash into the bridge abutment. But his car scrapes its side against the guard railing and sparks fly as they cross over.

And the girls win. EEEEHAAA! Their shrill voices fill the wilderness.

What's that? A deer leaps across the road. Stacy swerves to avoid it. Skids and spins around on the wet leaves. Does a complete 360. And another. She fights for control but the slick

leaves are hydroplaning the tires like ice. She amazingly gains control. Straightens out. Hits the brakes. But going too fast to avoid what's ahead. The ravine.

Into the darkness they plummet. Screaming as they descend. Careening down the embankment for over 40 yards, smashing through the underbrush.

Car reaches the bottom. Tips over on its roof. And into the shallow water.

Stacy is outside with her arm under the roof. She's not moving. Mandy crawls a few feet toward her friend. And collapses. Blood oozing from her head.

We see her locket float away and get lodged between rocks. A beam of moonlight illuminates the open locket. We see the photo's glass is now smashed.

The boys call from the top of the embankment. There's no answer. Could they be dead?

Mike Jordan is at his regular AA meeting. During a break, JJ Roper, his counterpart at Dunsmuir approaches. There are many years of friction between these two. Roper offers a toast with his coffee cup--this year marks the 25th anniversary of Jordan winning the mechanics contest state finals. Jordan sighs. "Hmm, I guess it also marks 25 years of Ramona losing," Roper adds. "Never even coming close, if memory serves me right."

Though Jordan would love to strangle him, he maintains a surface cool. Roper also casually mentions that STP recently came on board as a sponsor. This cuts into Jordan. Why? "Jeez, weren't they your main ticket back in your racing days?" They were.

Roper wonders if Ramona nabbed any more sponsors this year. Sure. Big Bob's Used Cars. Roper laughs so hard he spits out his coffee. The knuckles of Jordan's fists are turning white.

Hospital. A cast is being put on Stacy's broken arm as her uncaring parents observe. Her father bugs the doctor to go faster, his favorite show is about to start. Stacy looks embarrassed.

Mandy's family is with her. She has a good bang on her head and a wrap around bandage is going around. She also has a mild concussion and is a little woozy. Mom and Steve are consoling her. Russ is giving her "I told you so" grief. Mom tells him to cool it till they're home.

A tow truck leaves the battered Chevy in Mandy's driveway. A few tears fall as she looks her baby over. The roof is caved in, windshield cracked, there's numerous dents, gouges and the once pristine finish is all scraped up. She feels around her neck, where her locket used to be. Doesn't like the vacancy there.

She tries to start it. It won't turn over. She opens the hood and fiddles around. Then grinds it several times more. The engine coughs and starts. There's a knocking sound and it's sputtering, but her battered heart is still beating. Mandy let's out a long sigh.

Then gets startled to death--a fish flaps in a puddle on the floor beside her.

And Russ opens the front door and yells. "Shut that damn thing off and get the hell inside! Are you insane?" Of course she's insane, she's a teenager.

Inside the expected blow-up occurs. Her stepfather screaming at her. She's grounded for months, can't drive the car until she graduates. The odd thing is--she isn't fighting back. Not saying a word. Just shrugs or nods. Appears like she's decided something.

Middle of the night. Mandy has packed a suitcase. Goes in her little brother's room, kisses him. Leaves the house.

She opens the car door and tosses in her suitcase.

"Don't you dare." Russ is behind her. "This doesn't feel like home anymore," she meekly whispers, more to herself than him. He pulls her away from the door. She pulls out of his grasp. Leans to get in. He turns her around. Slaps her face.

He's surprised he did it. Even sorry he did it. But doesn't say so.

Her eyes automatically well up. But she doesn't make a sound. Her jaw juts out and she almost appears to rise in stature. And turns back around. Into the car. Drives away.

Stacy is surprised to see Mandy at her window. She explains what happened. There's a cot in the basement she can use. The basement is trashier than the trashy house. It's rank and smelly and spooky. Mandy's eyes are wide open as she lies on the cot. All alone.

Back in Stacy's crummy Camaro, driving to school, too fast as always. Stacy says she doesn't want to hold Mandy back. Since she has a broken arm, perhaps Mandy should see about teaming up with someone else. Mandy cuts her off, won't hear of it. They're going to be partners till the end. Wherever the hell that leads. Stacy enjoys hearing that.

Going down the road passing Dunsmuir. Stacy doesn't terrorize the polo players. But she does pull over to get within earshot of Trevor and Brad. Yelling and making sure all of their teammates hear about how the "little girlies smoked your asses!" Trevor and Brad are so humiliated as the other guys rag on them. Hatred brewing deep in their psyches.

The walking wounded limp into auto class, Stacy with arm in sling and Mandy with that turban-like bandage around her head. If only they had a fife and drum. Carlos gives Stacy a warm greeting. But tells her he'll think twice about going for a ride with her.

Later, as the ladies struggle with installing a muffler and tailpipe, the unthinkable happens. A classmate surprises them by coming over and actually helping them out. Other than Carlos, that's a first.

After class, Jordan says he understands if they don't come by for tutoring sessions this week. He's taken aback when they tell him to screw that--of course they're coming.

At tutoring, the girls ask if they're going to do cleaning again. "Oh, no. You're doing advanced work today." The girls get excited. "Today you'll be listening. And singing." Huh??

Jordan has the ladies sitting on stools with their eyes closed, next to a running engine. They look at each other--this guy has a screw loose. "Shut those peepers. And listen. Listen."

He does some paper work for 15 minutes and goes back to them. Next he has them put their hands atop the valve cover. "Feel her vibration. Feel it going through you. Becoming part of you." Now he wants them to hum along at the same pitch as the engine. He starts to do it--hummm. They don't join in, looking at him like he's insane. "You gotta be kidding," they say in unison.

He locks on a dead serious stare. "You think being a top-notch automotive technician is technical? Mechanical?" They nod. "Wrong. You practice it at a high level, it's art. High art. It's philosophy. Deep philosophy. It's Kant. It's Zen." His engine starts revving.

"You feel it deep down. It's not separate anymore. It's part of you. Will always be part of you. Every time you hear pistons tooling down a road. You have no choice."

He turns off the engine, "But, hey, if you want to be just average schlubs. That's fine." He walks toward his desk. "But I can't work with average schlubs. Can't aim that low. It's too depressing. Get outta here girlies. Get some pretty new pumps. Have your nails done. Hell, go get a whole goddamn makeover. That's the only stuff the guys think you're good for anyway."

We notice a sly grin on teacher's face--he knows that last part will get to them. And it does.

You can see them steaming up. Staring daggers at him. They talk amongst themselves. He sits at his desk, lost in paperwork. Ignoring them.

"Okay, we'll try some of that weird stuff, " Stacy offers. "Too late. Changed my mind." They plead a little. "Forget it. I hate the smell of perfume in a garage anyway. Disgusting." "We'll wash it off. Please?" Mandy begs. "Nah, it was a dumbass idea to begin with. A great mechanic. A woman. They just don't go together. What was I thinking??"

This goes on for a while with the girls getting more and more desperate as he pooh-poohs them. But he finally gives in. And only after they agree to do everything he tells them to, the way he tells them to and no questions asked. They swear it. Double swear it.

So now the girls are sitting with their eyes closed, hands on the engine, humming a B-flat pitch along with the motor. Jordan revs the engine a little faster and the pitch rises. The girls match it, or try to, their voices aren't great. And they look incredibly ridiculous and feel incredibly ridiculous.

Tim and a few other football players pass by the garage and start howling with laughter. The girls open their eyes, turn beet red and shut up. But Jordan will have none of that--either they sing or they walk. They sing and they've never been so embarrassed in their lives. Louder he says. Louder they go. But then Papa Bear turns to Tim and the louts, roars to get lost, and they run for their lives.

He instructs the ladies that, "The stupidest thing to be afraid of--is to be afraid of looking stupid." No one, who achieved greatness, made that journey without looking stupid at times. You fear looking like a fool. Fear looking different. You'll always look average. You'll always be average.

Jordan changes the engine's air to fuel ratio, the pitch changes, the girls attempt to match it. He tests them, asking if he added or subtracted air. Mandy gets it wrong. "Listen. Listen to her song. She's telling you. Let's start over." They groan.

Mandy is at her job, working behind the counter of Petriella's Pizza. She's on the phone with her mother. Assuring her she's fine. No, she can't come home. She has to have some space for a while. She sees Vic walking over from his store, smiles. He comes in and they kiss. Her boss Carmine starts yelling, "Eh, what's the matter for you? No kissing. No phoning. This working time. Why I put up with you, eh?" "Because I'm the only one who can put up with you, eh?" she retorts with a little grin. He makes one of those exaggerated Italian gestures.

In Vic's apartment behind his store, they're making love.

Later, Vic tells her to stay the night. Now that she's flown the coop, she doesn't have to go home anyway. She'd like to but she has Stacy's car and needs to drive her home from her job.

Mandy picks up Stacy at her job, pumping gas at a cheap station. They go home.

Mandy is sleeping on the basement cot. Stacy's father comes home drunk as usual. He ends up downstairs and coming on to Mandy. She has to fight him off. And she's losing. He covers her mouth, rips off her top.

Thud! Stacy clunks him on the head with one of his liquor bottles, knocking him out.

Stacy hugs her trembling friend. They agree it's probably a good idea for Mandy to stay somewhere else.

Mandy goes back to Vic's place. He's glad to see her and she stays with him.

Auto class. The girls roll their tool box to a car. We notice the boys watching them. When the tool box is opened--a snake surprises them. They scream, stumble to the floor and clutch each other. All the boys laugh hysterically. It was only a garter snake.

The girls are embarrassed once again. Gosh, wonder who planted that snake? They glower at Tim who acts all innocent. Carlos tosses the snake outside and gives Tim the evil eye too.

After class, Carlos asks Stacy out to the movies. You think she says yes?

Tutoring session. The girls ask their guru if they'll be perhaps--hugging mufflers or dancing on the roof? "Don't be silly," he replies.

We see them blindfolded and he has them guessing the sizes of various wrench sockets and bolts and such by using only their sense of touch. It's quite hard and they sometimes screech with frustration.

Mandy is in her room, packing more clothing in a suitcase. Mom and her brother are helping. Russ is pacing in the hallway. There's mail on her bed including an envelope from Cal State. Russ is going nuts. He has to stick his head in. "Aren't you even going to open it?" Mandy just shrugs. Russ can't handle it, leaves the house.

"How 'bout if I open it," asks Steve with a grin she can't resist. She allows him to and she continues packing. He gleefully says they want her. She doesn't show any glee. Mom is quite happy though and puts her arms around her. "Congratulations, my brilliant, daughter." She gives her a kiss. "Not your first choice though, I'm afraid. First choices can be pretty tough to come by." Mandy has all her stuff together, ready to go. "If I had the money for your art school I'd give it to you, baby" Mom adds. "I know. Thanks," Mandy replies.

Outside, Russ is standing in the Belaire and is managing to fix the cave in the roof. Forcing it up with his considerable strength. More headroom now. Tells her he's sorry he slapped her the other night. She says okay and takes off.

Stacy and Carlos are at the movies. More kissing than viewing is going on.

Vic is surprised when Mandy brings another suitcase into his apartment. He tries to be diplomatic about it, asking how long she is going to stay. She doesn't know. Thought he told her she should stay here.

"Oh, I did. I did. This is all just fine, " he assures with as much fake enthusiasm as he can muster. It's not a bad performance. But she is smart and perceptive and detects this isn't a dream come true for him.

At their AA meeting, JJ Roper is needling Jordan as usual. Wonders if he wants to wager on this year's mechanics contest. Jordan doesn't have his dough. "Yeah, I know," says Roper. "And your dumb ass probably spends what extra you do have on supplies for your decrepit class." Mike looks guilty of being a good guy. And look like he wants to punch out Roper too.

Roper proposes that the loser has to wash and detail the winner's car. Ramona has to only get a team into the regionals, and Dunsmuir has to go to the state finals. "You're on," Jordan says. Though he looks resigned to doing some washing.

Teacher is giving another trial car contest to his students, this time they have to diagnose and repair five things. Our heroes are feverishly working. Stacy still has her cast on, so the team is at a disadvantage. Sometimes we observe them doing some of the goofy looking techniques

Jordan showed them and the other guys think they're weird. But when the competition is over, the girls place right in the middle. Beating half the guys and they beam with satisfaction. Tim and his partner come in first as usual.

Mandy visits her great Aunt Chelsea, an elderly woman with a lot of sass. Chelsea has a nice sewing room, used to be a seamstress, and Mandy has spent many hours here since she was a child. Mandy looks around fondly.

Chelsea brings in tea and liqueur to the living room. They talk about Mandy wanting to be a clothing designer and how difficult and competitive it is. Her aunt couldn't make it. But Mandy should follow her heart and not let anyone sway her. Like that was possible anyhow.

"So, kiddo. When you gonna up and ask if you can stay with the little old lady?" Chelsea says out of the blue. Surprising the kiddo who says, "Think you got me all figured out, huh?" Chelsea grins, "I certainly do, I do." Chelsea tells her to go fetch her things and come back before she changes her mind.

Mandy smiles, "I already did. It's all in my car." Chelsea chuckles, "Think you're a know-it-all and all?" Mandy kisses her, "I certainly do, I do."

They're unpacking Mandy's things and setting her up in the sewing room where there's a sofa that opens up. Mandy is proudly showing Chelsea the latest dresses and other clothing she's created. They also look through her design book and her aunt likes many of the clothing sketches. "You were always so good with your hands, kiddo. God's given you a real gift there. Though I don't see how you enjoy getting your mitts in the mucky muck of cars. Guess your papa's genes brain washed your nicer ones." These two are enjoying each other's company.

Under piles of things, Mandy uncovers a large old book. It turns out to be Chelsea's sketch book from her youth. There are many fanciful elaborate designs. "Oh, I was dreamer. Thought I'd set the world on fire too. Things rarely pan out as you'd like. Be aware of that too, Mandy. Don't be blind to the cliffs. You'd be a fool to pretend they're not out there."

They come to a gorgeous evening gown with many detailed drawings and swatches of fabric stapled to the pages. "Oh, my, that was my dream creation. My Cinderella gown. I was going to make that for when my prince came back. We were going to go out on the town and have the grandest of evenings. Dancing and dancing and dancing. But the war... he never..."

The ancient memory makes the ancient lady bite her lip, dab at her moist eyes. Mandy holds her.

Mandy and Stacy are at Carlos' house, attempting to fix the battered Chevy. Trying to resuscitate her monster engine from the traumatic experience of the crash. Carlos has a great set-up with a lot of fine tools here. Stacy has his laptop computer and relishes looking at the cool futuristic racing car designs he's made. "Man, this is the bomb. Check it out. We gotta get this one on line!"

"How 'bout getting an old Chevy on line first, babe?" Carlos asks. She pinches his butt and goes back to helping them on the engine.

It's late at night before they finally get what they were looking for. Or hearing for... VAROOOM! Sweet music to their ears. Her heart is smoothly pumping once again. They both give Carlos a multitude of kisses for his assistance. And drive off into the starry night.

At the next auto class, since they placed in the middle of the car test, the girls are surprised at something very odd beginning to happen. The guys are starting to treat them like they're one of the guys. Treating them with respect. Sometimes helping them out. Or sometimes just the good

natured teasing they use on each other. Not the cruel and unusual punishment, the tricks and sabotaging, they've been getting since day one.

For the first time Mandy and Stacy are starting to relax and enjoy themselves here. Without the added tension, they can also concentrate and perform better. Sometimes a classmate will even come over to observe the way they're doing something and emulate them.

At their tutoring session, they're doing more normal auto repair training with their guru. Jordan puts a tape in a boom box and startles them with raucous rock music. Then it changes to crowds cheering. Booing. Audio tracks from TV shows. Many sounds jumbled and mixed together. Stacy complains it's hard to concentrate with that racket.

"You must acclimate yourselves to compete in distracting conditions. If you don't, you won't have a chance in the contest. There's going to be a lot people, noise and tension. Deal with it now or you're doomed!" Stacy makes a mocking face at him when he turns.

"Stop, you'll make me cry," he cracks. Shocking her.

Later they're working with the computer diagnostics equipment, which is old and rundown like everything else here. Sometimes the gear doesn't even work. Sometimes the old practice cars are almost beyond repair themselves. And sometimes Jordan loses his temper and kicks things in frustration. As he's doing now. The girls back away.

"God, one extreme to the other," he mumbles to himself after he calms down. Mandy wonders what he means. "It's just, just me and my crew used to have the best stuff money could buy, state of the art. How can I--" Stacy interrupts. "Whadda you mean 'you and your crew'?"

"Oh, me and my racing crew had sponsors like STP that would just throw all this great gear at us and--"

Stacy excitedly interrupts. "You used to be a real racer?? I don't believe it! You never said nothing! Why didn't you tell us?" He doesn't want to talk about it and tries to go on with the lesson. Fat chance. Under constant grilling, he's forced to tell them about his racing exploits. Turns out, in his twenties, he was one of the top NASCAR racers in the country.

He has a few photos in the bottom of his desk drawer. The girls are impressed to see their teacher with his racing car and crew; arm around some racing legends. They also want to know what happened. He's very reluctant to say.

But it's difficult to put off these two when they want something. And he can't. It turns out after about five years on the circuit, he started drinking. At first to help deal with the increasing pressure as he moved up the ranks. Then drinking until his performance was affected. And then he was a washed up alcoholic.

That shocks the ladies, he's such a stable and steady man now. He says, although it wasn't the lesson he was planning on teaching today--it's probably the most important. "If you're lucky enough and God gives you a chance of a lifetime, you better be grateful and make the most of it. You piss your chance away--you won't get another." They assure him they won't become alcoholics or anything.

He's working with them on the computer diagnostics machine again and telling them it's similar to the ones used in the contest but the screens and entry procedures vary. Dunsmuir has the expensive ones, same as the contest. Too bad the girls can't work with the exact gear...

He trails off. Thinking. Hushes the girls. And soon smiles with a scheme. Asks them if they can change their appearance to look more juvenile and even dumb. "Mandy can do that in a sec," Stacy offers with a grin. "Me? You don't have to do anything at all," Mandy kids back and they start teasing each other.

He tells them to shut up already and goes to the phone. Calls Roper at Dunsmuir. Tells him his little nieces are visiting from out of town this weekend. They've always looked up to him and still think he's an important racing mechanic type guy and want to see where he works. "And frankly I'm ashamed to show them this lousy dump. Can I pretend to be a hot-shot like you? Let me in for a few minutes before you tee off." Jordan does a great job of sucking up and laying on the bull. Roper agrees to be big about it.

Saturday morning, Jordan drives the girls up to Dunsmuir. "Roper can smell a con a mile away, so you better be good. Remember, act completely dumb about cars and do exactly what I said." We see the girls and they look humorous. Wearing no make-up, hair in pigtails, baggy childish clothing, lollipops, they appear to be younger than high school age.

Roper proudly shows them the dazzling high-tech auto shop. The girls don't have to act to be impressed. "Uncle Mikey, can I please see the computer stuff? We like computers a lot," Stacy asks with sweet innocence. Jordan asks his assistant to please give them a quick look. Roper is big about it and doesn't mind showing off his toys to envious Jordan. He types in his password and soon over a dozen computer screens and diagnostic gear come to life with many blinking lights and sounds.

"Super cool! Uncle Mikey, can you please show how you make a motor go better?" Mandy inquires. Roper says there's no time, he has to tee off in a few minutes. The girls go to him and sweetly plead and beg until he can't resist. He unlocks the box that holds all the car keys. Asks which car they like.

"Let's buzz the Benz 535 SL coupe," Stacy says too authoritatively. Jordan winces. Roper gives her a curious look. "That's our daddy's car too," Mandy quickly counters. Roper buys it and grabs the keys. After he passes, Mandy punches Stacy's arm.

The hood is opened and Uncle Mikey lets Stacy shine the pretty timing light inside the engine. Roper says he has to leave now. Stacy says she's not done playing with the light yet. He insists. Mandy starts complaining she hasn't gotten a turn yet. Roper tells her tough luck. Mandy goes into full brat mode and stomps her feet and whines. Roper still closes the hood.

"You dirty creep. I hate you I hate you I hate you!" Mandy runs down to the other end and locks herself in a car. They try to get her out but she keeps pushing the lock down. Now Stacy complains of having to go to the bathroom. Jordan tells her to hold it till they leave. "No, no, no. I gotta go bad and I gotta go now!" She runs away and leaves to find the bathroom.

Roper can't believe it, "What brats! They were so sweet a minute ago." Jordan profusely apologizes. "That's kids for ya. And girls are the worst." Roper looks at his watch, he's late. Jordan tells him to go on, he'll round up the brats, close up and leave.

Roper has no choice if he wants to play golf. Tells Jordan just to leave the way they entered so the alarms don't go off. He can catch trouble for being here today. He hurries out.

Soon as he's gone, Stacy comes back and they all hoot and high five each other. A masterful performance all around. Then they get down to work and become familiar with operating the gear they'll be using in the contest. The girls marvel at the place from time to time and wish Ramona had all this on their side too.

They spend most of the day in here. When they do leave, Jordan can't resist the opportunity to get back at Roper just once. He uses a different door to exit. And all the alarms wail. He snickers.

Looking in the bathroom, we see Stacy has written insults all over the mirrors with her lipstick. Dumbmore preppies suck--Trevor and Bradley are idiots--they're gonna lose the contest, etc.

Mandy is working at Aunt Chelsea's sewing machine late at night. We notice some of the striking red taffeta material she's using.

Trevor, Bradley and other guys from auto class are livid as they read the insults Stacy scrawled on their mirrors. In the principal's office, Roper is being dressed down for unauthorized usage of the facilities and the embarrassment caused when the cops responded to the alarms.

This is the big day. The contest to determine which team will represent Ramona in the Regionals. You could cut the tension with a crowbar as they all take the written exam. An announcement is heard on the school's P.A. system reminding everyone to attend the car competition. After everyone hands in the test, it's on to the garage.

Stacy finally had her cast taken off and is bugging the hell out of Tim, talking trash and showing off her speed. Acting like a gun slinger, she draws out a screwdriver from her jumpsuit's pocket and shoots him. "Dead again dorko! Didn't even see it that time, did ya? Too fast now for you slug. I'm beating your butt today!" Tim wants to mash her so much he could blow a gasket--too bad she's not a he. Before he kills her anyway, Mandy drags her off. Tells her not to stoop to his crude level. Stacy says she can't help it--she was born there.

Carlos comes over and wishes them luck. Kisses Stacy. All the garage doors are thrown open and spectators are outside gathering. Chairs have been set up in the parking lot.

The contest is about to start. Stacy and Mandy roll their tool box over to a car. Look at each other. For a while. The best friends don't need to say anything. They smile, snarl a little. Do their secret hand shake. And determination starts building and building.

HONK! There's the starting horn and they're off! Stacy opens the tool box--stops breathing. Their normally pristine and organized collection has been trashed. Tools are all mixed up and motor oil has been dumped over everything. They look up in unison and stare at Tim with hatred.

Looking closely at Tim, you can tell he's making a concerted effort not to meet their gaze.

A tear falls down Stacy's cheek. Mandy swipes at it. "Look, Stace. We can still do this! You hear me?" Stacy nods. "This means too much to let anybody or anything stand in our way."

Jordan is walking around and sees what's up and puts two and two together. He looks at the girls. Looks at Tim, angry as hell. But says to himself, "let it play out." He doesn't butt in.

Mandy tries to reassure her partner. "You know what else?" Stacy sniffs, "What?" "This means he's scared of us. And if he's scared of us that means even he can feel we can beat him. So let's do just that! Let's do it, girl!"

Stacy lifts her head and nods. Wipes her face off. And starts to suck in that wild character we saw when she was racing. It fills her small frame and you can almost see sparks flying from her heart and pistons pinging in her guts. The veins on her neck and face pulsate. Since the tears made her mascara run, it resembles warpaint. A cool effect. Look out.

Stacy grabs a roll of paper towels and pulls the holder right off the wall with it. Goes to their car and tells Mandy they'll clean off just what tools they need when they need it. And the ladies start analyzing what's wrong with their vehicle.

There's a good sized audience here. Tim is the big favorite. The football hero has many of his teammates and the cheerleading squad there for him. There are special Tim cheers, Tim banners.

The girls have a few friends from school pulling for them. And a very loud Vic who has hooked up a microphone to a small "Pignose" guitar amp hanging off his belt. Whenever the cheerleaders cut loose with a Tim cheer routine--Vic competes with a spontaneous and goofy and loud Mandy/Stacy cheer.

Sometimes the girls use the weird techniques their guru taught them. They have their eyes closed with their hands on the running engine. Mandy ventures a guess, "Think she's sucking too rich." "Vacuum control," suggests Stacy. They open their eyes and nod. Stacy picks up the socket wrench and wants a 5/16 socket. Mandy goes to the tool box and the 30 or so sockets are in an oily pile. Stacy tells her to hurry. Mandy's trying, but it takes a while to wipe off the oil and attempt to read the tiny size markings.

Jordan is behind her. "Don't waste time reading. You can do it blindfolded. Remember?"

Mandy remembers. Feels the bolt on the engine. Goes back and starts feeling the sockets in the pile. She pulls one out, tosses it to Stacy, who snaps it on the wrench and CLICK-CLACK, CLICK-CLACK. They're both amazed it's the right size. Jordan gives a sly smile, a thumbs up and moves on.

With Stacy's cast off, she's back to the speed machine we saw on that first day of class. She and Mandy are working great as a team--anticipating each others needs. Years of friendship have also given them the advantage of understanding each other with few words. They often finish each others' sentences. And they probably want it more deep down than anyone else here.

Jordan starts posting the results of the written exams up on the blackboard. Carlos' team is first. The madams are one point behind. Tim places in the middle of the pack. Even if Tim beats them in straight time, they still have a little slack to match his points.

The race goes on. The girls are a huffing and a puffing. Their lack of brute strength causes some tasks to take more out of them than the guys. They're sweating like pretty pigs.

HONK! The girls get startled at the signal that a team has finished. Hope fades from their faces. Carlos' team finished first. Stacy stops her work for a second. Mandy urges. "Don't stop. They still have to check out. Crank it!" Stacy continues taking something off the engine and Mandy tosses her the replacement part.

Jordan opens an envelope with Carlos' car number on it, takes the list of repairs required, and puts it on his clipboard. He inspects the car and checks off the repairs made. One. DING, Jordan hits the bell. Two. DING.

Since Carlos was first in the written exam, if he gets all ten repairs right, he's the winner.

The girls try not to pay attention and to keep working. DING. It's not easy. DING. The audience is getting into it too. With boos or cheers depending on their affiliations. It's a good thing Jordan trained them with his obnoxious tapes. Tim isn't doing as well tuning out his surroundings. DING. He drops a tool. Hollers at his partner to get it.

Mandy and Stacy are pretty calm and collected. But there's the eighth DING. And... And... That's it. Jordan shows him the two he missed. Carlos smacks his head and there's a lot of Spanish cursing going on.

Soon. HONK! Tim's done. About thirty seconds later, HONK! Our heroes finish.

Jordan inspects the cars and does his dinging thing. One for Tim. One for the good guys. Two. And Two. As this goes on, Mandy and Stacy are going nuts, clawing at each other, moaning. DING. Nine for Tim. And... and... Nine for the girls.

And that's it--they both missed one repair. "Who won?! Who won?!" The girls shout at Jordan. "I don't know yet. Calm down."

Tim finished slightly before them although they scored higher on the exam. Jordan walks to the board, or tries to as everyone, especially the girls, are crowding around him as he stumbles forward. He adds up the points on the boards. "Who, who, who??"

By one point--Mandy and Stacy.

They scream, they leap, they hug, they cry. They do their belly butts.

Everyone else is quiet. The crowd is stunned. Their classmates are stunned--someone beat big Tim? Girls beat big Tim? As the shock wears off, Tim starts kicking garbage cans, tires, walls, anything and everything in a fit of rage.

The girls' classmates shake off their shock and start to applaud. Looking at them with admiration even. The girls look at them and cry more. The rest of the crowd starts applauding too. Carlos hoists Stacy up on his shoulders and Vic lifts up Mandy and they parade them around..

Vic also does a running sporting commentary into his mike with a Howard Cosell impersonation. "Never in the world of sports have I witnessed such a stunning upset. What an automotive assault these two petite pugilists have unleashed here today! It's utterly utterly staggering!"

Fuming Tim notices the cheerleaders walking to the garage, expecting they're about to try to comfort him. He's surprised as they walk by him and go to the girls. The girls notice them and expect some harassment coming. Instead the cheerleaders say, "Those outfits are phat! Where can we get them?"

Stacy and Mandy share a look. "You can't get them nowhere. Mandy made them." The cheerleaders are shocked and impressed. A girl they dumped milk on insists that Mandy make her one and asks how much it will cost.

Stacy pulls her partner away and asks how much it cost to make them. About \$25. Stacy thinks they should start high at \$125 and negotiate down to around \$50 from there. Okay

"Since these fine one of a kind hand-crafted, uh, athletic, uh, jumpsuits use the finest materials, you can understand our price being \$125," Stacy reports. "Okay, then I want two. What colors are available?" asks milkhead. And the others are just as eager. The grease monkeys can't believe it.

The ladies love all the pockets--can put makeup and accessories in there--won't need purses. Can hang beepers and cell phones from those loops. And they think the automotive patches like STP and Champion "are so cute and unique."

At Dunsmuir auto shop, Roper is being given a hard time by his biggest sponsor, a BMW executive demanding a winner this year. Roper counters his students have won the Regionals for over ten years now. The exec wants better results since his company has shelled out so much money. He wants a state win or BMW is pulling out. And when STP hears that, he doubts they'll be sticking around either. Roper is horrified at the thought.

Roper is now pressuring his best team, Trevor and Bradley. If they don't win, they'll go down in the annals of Dunsmuir history as the losers who crippled the automotive program. Do

they want to be known as an embarrassment or as big winners? He's going to work them and work them until they're monster mechanics. The guys are unnerved.

Mandy staggers into Aunt Chelsea's with an armload of material for the jumpsuits. Explains what happened, she has over a dozen orders and wants them to be partners. Chelsea is delighted and admits the money would sure help out a fixed income situation. They place all the supplies in the sewing room and begin to set things up for production.

Mandy is home and excitedly telling the home crowd about her exploits today as she loads her Chevy with her sewing machine and other gear. Mom and Steve are excited and happy for her but guess who's taking the dim view. Russ asks what she received for winning. Nothing, though she can go on to the regionals. And? Well, nothing there either, but in the state level she could get a scholarship for art school. "Sounds like a crazy long shot to me," says Russ. "Your deadline for accepting Cal State is next week." Mandy is flustered. "Look, I don't need any more pressure now." She gets in her car and takes off.

At Club Trash, Mandy, Stacy, several friends and some auto classmates are having a celebration party, taking over a group of tables in the corner. Stacy took a bottle of vodka from her father and sneaked it into the club. She convinces Mandy to be slightly naughty for once, it's a special occasion. They slyly spike their glasses of Coke and toast themselves.

At their AA meeting, Roper enters, interrupting the speaker as he storms right at Jordan, hollering for setting off the alarms. "Sorry, my little niece ran out the wrong door." Roper sneers. "Don't give me that. I found out they were your students. You got some nerve snaking me, you lying bastard!"

"Like you haven't snaked me ten times over? What's the matter, Roper? Sounds like you're scared of losing for once." The exchange goes back and forth, becoming more childish and angry.

"Not to a loser like you." -- "Hah! I won the 500. You--never." -- "I won more races!" -- "You had more time. That's why!" -- "Wanna up the bet, loser?" -- "I'll up anything you want." Jordan immediately wants to take that back.

Roper says whoever has the team that gets the furthest gets his car washed and detailed every month for a year. Jordan agrees. Hides a grimace.

"You're really scraping the bottom of the barrel this year, Mike. Girls? Those two nitwit girls?? Wonder how you wound up picking them. Maybe they're giving you some extracurricular rod stroking?"

That did it. Jordan hauls off and smacks him with a punch that sends him sprawling over the folding chairs. Roper is up and lands one on Jordan and his fall demolishes the table with the coffee and pastry for tonight. Jordan is back up and they really go at it. The other people there are shocked and scatter out of harm's way.

Oops, the sluggers fall over on the podium and it's reduced to splinters. Some guys try to break it up but can't faze these two roughnecks. Oops, a sofa is demolished. There goes a lamp. The standing blackboard will stand no more.

Meanwhile, at Trash, Stacy and especially Mandy are feeling no pain. They're drunk and giggly and having a great silly time on the dance floor. Though Carlos has to occasionally catch them after a twirl too many. They ask Carlos if he's sure he's not mad at them for beating him. No, he can handle it. Then the girls lock arms and loop about in circles shouting, "We beat all the boys, we beat all the boys!"

Vic laughs at them from the stage and counts off a new song. The great catchy scratchy guitar riffs and pulsating bass lines stop the girls in their tracks. "Oh, oh. That's our song!"

"Here's one for the Ramona High car champs. Can the ladies please assist me with "Hot Rod Lincoln?" Carlos helps to lift them up on stage, it isn't easy.

Mandy gives Vic a big kiss which garnishes howls from the audience. Then she rips his mike off the stand and hogs it for her and Stacy. Vic looks worried as they stagger around. But then when the instruments come to a complete halt for the vocals--they don't miss a beat.

"My pappy said you're gonna' drive me to drinkin' if you don't stop drivin' that Hot Rod Lincoln." The girls give a howl and the band kicks in again and they're off to the races. "With a 4-barrel carb and a dual exhaust, with 4.11 gears you can really get lost. It's got safety tubes, but I ain't scared. The brakes are good, tires fair."

What makes it all the more amazing that the drunk monkeys are pulling it off, is that this song is known for its rapid-fire lyrics that mimic the car race. "Pulled out of San Pedro late one night. The moon and the stars was shinin' bright. We was drivin up Grapevine Hill. Passing cars like they was standing still."

The girls are moving and shaking, teetering and tottering. Carlos is following under them, ready to make a catch. "Now the boys all thought I'd lost my sense. And telephone poles looked like a picket fence. They said, 'Slow down, I see spots!' The lines on the road just look like dots."

Uh, oh. The bad guys enter--Tim, Trevor, Bradley and few other Dunsmuir guys.

"Took a corner; sideswiped a truck. Crossed my fingers just for luck. My fenders was clickin' the guardrail posts. The guy beside me was white as a ghost. We had flames comin' from out of the side. Feel the tension. Man, what a ride! I said, 'Look out, boys, I've got a license to fly!' And that Caddy pulled over and let us by."

The crowd is really getting into it, stomping and clapping. Those wacky dames are a sight to behold up there. And now the bad guys spot them, and saunter over.

The girls go over to the drummer and start smashing his cymbals for the final verse. "Now all of a sudden she started to knockin'. And down in the dips she started to rockin'. I looked in my mirror; a red light was blinkin'. The cops was after my Hot Rod Lincoln! They arrested me and they put me in jail. And called my pappy to throw my bail. And he said, 'Son, you're gonna' drive me to drinkin'. If you don't stop drivin' that Hot... Rod... Lincoln!"

The club erupts with a raucous standing ovation. The monkeys take a bunch of bows. As the applause starts to die down, we make out booing and hissing from you know who. Mandy and Stacy turn their fuzzy gaze there. See who it is. "Get 'em off the stage. They sound like shit," says Tim.

Mandy sneers into the mike. "I see the supreme asshole of assholes has arrived. The dirty cheater of cheaters." She and Stacy jump off the stage and head toward their prey.

Mandy snorts at Tim, "We know you trashed our tools, you shithead!" Tim feigns innocence. Stacy slaps his chest. "The funny thing is--we still whopped your sorry ass." Trevor says "That'll give me the pleasure of whopping yours even more in the regionals. You stupid bitches."

Stacy gets in Trevor's face. "I believe you're not showing us proper respects." Trevor shoves her away. Mandy sneaks behind him and gets down on all fours. Stacy growls like a dog,

bares her fangs, spits in his face, slams her head into his chest and he goes flying over Mandy and crashes to the floor. Stacy leaps atop him, straddling his chest and slapping his face. Mandy straddles his legs and starts pounding on his stomach; fairly ineffective but she's trying hard.

Tim pulls Stacy off roughly and she falls hard to the floor. Which forces Carlos to send him flying back onto tables. Which forces Bradley to punch Carlos. Which forces Vic to strike a blow against Bradley and we're off to the races. Other people are drawn in and it becomes a massive brawl with Ramona and Dunsmuir clashing with each other and entangling complete strangers too.

The last thing seen is Mandy hanging onto Tim's back with her legs locked around his waist, one arm around his neck and the other arm around his eyes as he blindly swings at the air as Stacy lands punches to his sizable gut.

Police station. Everyone's in jail. Mandy and Stacy are a disheveled mess in stained tattered clothing and aching heads. In a cell with several friends and the usual dregs of Ramona society.

In the men's jail, we see Jordan and Roper with black eyes and assorted injuries, looking embarrassed. Around them, their students are staring. Quite the fine mess they've gotten themselves into.

The teacher's wives and the students parents eventually come to bail out the hooligans. Stacy is walking out with Mandy and her parents. Stacy's didn't even show up. Russ can't help throwing out "I-told-you-so's" and Mom isn't pleased either.

At auto shop the next morning, half of the class who wasn't at Club Trash are surprised to see the walking wounded arriving with an assortment of bruises and injuries. Mandy and Stacy also have raging hangovers. Of course the most shocking is seeing their teacher. Jordan thinks it might be dangerous to be operating heavy machinery today and gives everyone a free period to study.

He takes Mandy and Stacy aside. Tells them he's very proud of their achievement yesterday, especially with their tools being sabotaged. It showed much character as well as skill. That said, he honestly tells them if they don't improve, they're going to get whipped in the regionals next month. And forget about any chance at the state level. The girls say they're willing to work harder.

He's glad to hear that, has some ideas. First, they must study more to garner a perfect score on the written exam. Most of the guys have the advantage of years' more experience--but the exam can help equalize the gap. Most mechanics aren't known for their great exam taking skills, himself included. A perfect score can mitigate up to a minute and a half difference in the repair time race. So Jordan is going to offer all their classmates extra credit for every time they ask the girls a question and they can't come up with the answer.

He asks them to make a muscle. Feels their biceps. Rolls his eyes. Then he does some easy arm wrestling with them. They offer an utter lack of resistance. "Excuse me saying this, ladies. But you're pitiful weaklings." The girls look downcast. He wants them to spend the next month working out with weights. Running and aerobics. "You wimps were about to collapse near the end there yesterday. You can't compete for an hour at your highest level if you're not in shape."

"But I've never exercised in my life," Stacy says with disdain. "What a horrible concept. Sweating and pain. Gross gag, man." Jordan reminds her of their agreement. He'll walk. Mandy assures him that she'll get her to work out hard.

And work out hard they do. We see a montage of scenes and hear the "Rocky" theme music "getting stronger", etc.

Mandy and Stacy working out on weight machines. Stacy cheating with no weights whenever possible.

The girls running at the school track. Stacy cutting across the infield when she gets too far behind.

Their classmates stopping them in the hallways to try stumping them with automotive questions. Walking away happy when the girls can't answer.

Numerous tutoring sessions after school with their guru. Pushing them to do things faster and faster.

Numerous shots of them being exhausted and beyond.

A month later: showing off their muscles--both running the track in a flash--their classmates walking away frustrated because the girls can't be stumped--their guru not thinking of anything else to show them as they badger him for more.

Mandy and Aunt Chelsea are sewing the jumpsuits together. After her aunt goes to bed, Mandy stays up late, sewing something we saw earlier with the red taffeta material. In the morning, Mandy has fallen asleep, slumped over the machine.

Chelsea wakes her up. Asks what she's working on. At first she tries to hide it. Then tells Chelsea to close her eyes. Guides her in front of a full length mirror. Takes the clothing off the sewing machine. And holds up a magnificent evening gown in front of Chelsea. Who opens her eyes and catches her breath. "Oh, my... Oh, my..."

Mandy says the obvious. "It's your Cinderella gown. Like it?" All Chelsea can manage is "Oh, my." Mandy says she still needs to hem it a little but wants her to try it on.

Chelsea comes back wearing the gown, looking radiant as she stands before the mirror. And tears flow down her cheek. Hugging Mandy. "Oh, my, dearest. It must have cost you a fortune." Mandy assures her, "You're worth more than a fortune."

Chelsea walks to a framed photo of a soldier--her prince. She holds out the sides of the fluffy gown and curtsies before him. "See what my beautiful niece has made for me. Most elegant, don't you think?"

She takes Mandy and starts to dance with her. Humming a tune from the forties. And soon a big band swells up and accompanies her voice. "I think I should wear this for good luck." Mandy asks, "What do you mean?" Closely looking at the dress swirling...

We pull back from the swirl and see Chelsea wearing the dress in the middle of the afternoon in the middle of an audience taking their seats. She sure stands out from the casually dressed crowd. Next to her is Mom, Russ, Steve and other relatives and friends. The audience is here for the Southern California Regional Mechanics Competition.

In front of the audience is a large warehouse looking building with its side garage doors open and displaying over 20 cars surrounded by equipment and tools.

In front of the crowd is the only school with automotive cheerleaders. We see Mandy and Stacy's former enemies are now wearing Mandy's jumpsuits with GREASE MONKEY GRRLS spelled out on their backs, with an image of a cute girl monkey twirling a wrench.

Carlos and rest of the auto class are here and numerous Ramona students, making them the largest contingent present.

Mandy and Stacy look on with bemusement. Jordan is a nervous wreck as he talks with the girls who are preoccupied waving to people, as Mandy waves to Vic and blows him a kiss.

"That's enough," Jordan says. "Time to get serious. Got any questions or anything?" "Yeah, when you gonna relax, Coach?" Stacy inquires. "Don't go getting a heart attack and ruin everything." "We worked our asses off, we know what's going on and we're gonna kick some serious butt today," Mandy adds. They do their elaborate secret handshake. "Time to have some fun."

They grab several fan belts and go to the Grease Monkey Grrls who start a Stacy and Mandy cheer. The girls start throwing the fan belts high in the air and catching them while the cheerleaders jump around with their choreography and the crowd cheers along.

Jordan cringes with embarrassment and hides his face while the other teachers and participants give him disgruntled looks. Everyone else is acting very serious. Everyone else is men.

Now Mandy and Stacy are doing a juggling routine tossing several hubcaps back and forth to each other. The crowd eats it up and gives them an ovation. The five minute warning buzzer goes off. Jordan has to go out and grab his kids who want to do an encore. "Ah, Coach, we've never been popular before," says Mandy. "You'll see how they turn if you come in last. Now go check your tools. Go!"

It's a contrasting and humorous sight sometimes when the petite girls are standing near their competitors--often big, burly, bearded, tough looking hunks. Sometimes the girls smile with exaggerated sweetness and wave just to garner a response, then laugh.

The scoreboard starts to flash the results of the written exam. Jordan's eyebrows raise when he sees Ramona High is first and the closest team is several points away. Of course, this results in the Grease Monkey Grrls doing a massive cheering routine and Mandy and Stacy have to run back out and leap around too. Do their belly butts.

And Jordan has to pull them back to the car. But Stacy escapes and goes two cars down to where Trevor, Bradley and Roper are. "Nyeh, nyeh. The Dumbsmore dunces are behind us already. Nyeh, nyeh!" Trevor and Bradley want to dismantle her. Jordan comes over and drags her back. "Hey, I'm doing some psychologicals warfare on 'em."

Roper harangues his guys that they better take this contest or else. There's a lot riding on this and the guys get pumped.

HONK! There's the starting horn. The P.A. announcer tells the teachers to move back beyond the white line. Jordan starts pacing back and forth on the line. His ladies give him a wink and then get down to business. Their engine won't even start. But they're not worried, go about analyzing the situation.

Half hour later, the ladies are competing like a well-oiled machine. Jordan's shirt has circles of sweat stains.

After 55 minutes our heroes are sweating and tired but not in dire straits like their last contest. And no more fatigued than the other guys. If anything they appear looser than the others, even teasing each other from time to time. Jordan is a nervous wreck.

HONK! A team has finished already--56:27. The women shout "Overdrive!" Increase their speed and taking chances. Tossing tools in the air to each other. We notice their new muscles bulging as they CLICK-CLACK.

HONK! Another team finishes--57:08. Jordan almost has a stroke. Mandy calls out to him, "Almost there."

HONK! Trevor and Bradley are done--57:24. HONK! Another team--57: 36.

HONK! Mandy and Tracy--57:52. The cheerleaders and their Ramona cheering section erupt in applause and jubilation. All the other teams finish within the next minute.

The announcer explains to the audience that the list of 10 repairs has to be verified first and for each one missed, a minute is added to the time. Then the written exam is factored in as well. The first and second teams will represent the region at the state championship.

Stacy hands Jordan a rag to wipe off his sweaty brow. Mandy pats his back. The judge walks to the team that finished first to check the repairs. Mandy and Stacy run down there. The scoreboard shows Dunsmuir in third. Ramona is fifth.

The scoreboard clears. Written exams being factored in. When the board blinks on again Ramona moves up to fourth. The Grease Monkey Grrls lead the crowd in a cheer.

The team that finished first missed two repairs. Scoreboard moves that team down and now Dunsmuir is second, Ramona third. Another cheer from the crowd.

The judge reports the team that finished second missed one repair. Dunsmuir is now number one, Ramona two. Yippee!

The judge checks out Trevor and Bradley's vehicle. Mandy and Stacy walk over. The competitors stare each other down with gobs of hatred in their eyes. The judge is done. The bastards nabbed every repair. They're first, going to the state level, as usual.

Judge moves on to the fourth finisher. Checks the required repairs. They did all ten.

It's on to our heroes. The Ramona fans come down from the stands and crowd around. If they did all ten, they stay in second. If they miss one, they fall to third and go home.

The girls' teeth chatter. They claw and grab at each other, letting out an EEK sound every time the judge checks off a repair--DING--EEK. And their fans murmur. DING--EEK--MURMUR.

Jordan has walked away, standing outside the crowd with his wife hugging him. He can't bare to look or even hear, covering his ears.

DING--EEK--MURMUR. Trevor and Bradley are hoping to hear no more. DING--EEK--MURMUR. The girls are going wacko. Jumping up and down with nervous tension. Nine down, one to go. And... And...

DING! EEEEHAAAAH! They stay in second. Ramona is going to the states for the first time in 25 years.

The girls go wild. The crowd goes wild. Jordan is trying to push through to the girls. They're trying to reach him.

The tremendous trio finally make contact and hug each other hard and hold their huddle of three. Mandy and Stacy are crying like blathering fools and Jordan is doing his damndest not to, but it ain't easy.

The crowd hugs and huddles around them. The Grease Monkey Grrls lead them in a cheering frenzy. "GREASE MONKEYS! GREASE MONKEYS! YEAAAAH!

Mandy and Stacy are driving to school in the Camaro. Checking out the newspaper with them on the front page, reading how they are first girls to ever do what they did. "It looks like I got snot dripping out," Stacy complains. "I think it's a strand of hair," Mandy corrects.

When they pull into the Ramona parking lot, they're very surprised to see a large banner across the entrance--CONGRATULATIONS MANDY ANDERSON AND STACY GOVERN. GOOD LUCK IN THE STATE.

As the girls walk through the hallways, many students congratulate them and urge them on to greatness in the finals this weekend. The girls try to act normal but aren't used to being noticed or even stranger--being admired. Even the most stuck-up higher strata of high school socialites are acknowledging their presence and even doing crazy things like inviting them to parties.

Stacy says, "This is strange shit, huh?" Mandy concurs. "Bizarro biz. We're popular? What a joke." They can't help laughing.

More than a few girls are walking around wearing the Mandy jumpsuit.

When they enter auto class, they're greeted with a standing ovation. Tim being the exception. The guys cover the girls' eyes and lead them to the garage. They unveil the fully restored '57 Chevy. Her body is perfect and gleaming again. Carlos explains. "Can't represent in crap. We wanted you driving to L.A. looking phat."

Mandy runs her hands along the Chevy's smooth surface. Stacy hops up and sits on a fender. Mandy turns back to her classmates, mouthing a "thank you" as her eyes cry. Then she hugs each guy individually and most gratefully. We hear comments like, "God, what doesn't make you cry?" -- "Don't do that shit at the States. Don't embarrass us."

Mandy, Stacy, Vic and Carlos drive to Saddleback County Park in the Chevy. Vic steers up the winding road to Demon Ridge. Stacy ventures, "Can I drive now ?" A resounding NO is voiced by everyone. "Just wondering," she snickers.

They drive past the meadows. Then over the bridge and park nice and easy in the lot near where they crashed. They hike down to the river and along a trail with the girls leading the boys to their favorite spot, a secluded swimming hole. They lay out a blanket and have a fun picnic.

The girls says it's time for a swim and surprise the guys by taking off their clothes and diving in. The boys follow suit. The girls show them a rope they tied to a tree limb. They swing on the rope out over the swimming hole and impress them with wild dives and back flips and some belly flops.

Later, Mandy squints her eyes when sunlight reflects onto her face. The light is bouncing off something in the reeds. Something shiny. She swims there and is pleasantly shocked to see--her locket. The one she lost after the crash. She's overcome with joy. Opens the locket. Kisses her father's photo.

Mandy and Chelsea are making more jumpsuits. Chelsea has enjoyed Mandy's company but thinks it's time to go home. She knows Mandy clashes with Russ, but she's sure "you would've clashed with St. Peter if he tried to take the your pa's place. And that's 90% of what's going on between you two." "But he's always yelling and treating me like a kid," counters Mandy.

"You are a kid, for Christ's sake. From where I stand. And ten years on, you'll look back and agree. Plus, Russ harping on you just shows he cares. He wouldn't bother if he didn't."

Mandy mulls it over. "If you wanna show how adult you are, then prove it by thinking more about others than your own self." Mandy asks what she means. "I'm sure your mama and brother want you back. Need you. Need your strength. Your love. You'll be leaving the nest all too soon. Use the remaining time wisely and fondly." Mandy considers all this.

Mandy carries her suitcases to the door of her house. Opens it. "I'm home."

A caravan of cars is gathering at Ramona High for the trip to the state championship in Los Angeles. Stacy is behind the wheel of the Belaire, Mandy, Carlos and Vic with her. Jordan pokes his head in, tells them to take it easy and try not lose each other on the road. Mandy laughs. "Get real. She hasn't been able to take it easy since she could walk." Stacy just smiles mischievously. Jordan bristles at her. "Oh, yeah? Think I can't keep up with you if I wanted? I'll just have to show you a--" His wife jabs him. "Don't even think of racing with me in the car." Jordan frowns. Stacy makes a goofy face at him. "Someday, little lady, I'll teach you a thing or two about speed."

Today isn't that day. Stacy burns rubber and leaves him in a cloud.

Later Stacy is screaming around treacherous back road curves. Mandy is beating things with her drumsticks in time to the loud rock music. The boys in back are white as ghosts, clutching the arm rests as if their life depended on it. It may.

There's a reception and dinner at the Peterson Automotive Museum. The thirty best teams from all over California are here. At the head table, Mandy and Stacy are the only ones wearing dresses, surrounded by men. At this point, they don't think twice about it. Families of the contestants are here too. Mandy waves back to her brother standing on a chair and smiling proudly.

After dinner, Trevor invites Mandy and Stacy to a meeting on the hotel roof tonight. "Why?" wonders Mandy. "So you can throw us off?" No, it's a tradition with the Southern California regions every year. There are great views, camaraderie, a few toasts, play a game.

They're on the roof of a high-rise hotel in west L.A. The girls enjoy the fantastic views and the camaraderie is nice, they're accepted more as equals here. Well, near equals. In conversations away from them, the boys know that of course the girls got here by some fluke and they have no chance beating them tomorrow.

Running along the roof's edge are wooden planks to walk on. Trevor announces it's time for the game, asks if anyone has a screwdriver. We hear a lot of clicking noise because all the boys come up with either a Swiss army knife or some portable tool combo.

Trevor rolls his eyes and takes the closest one. Soon a plank is screwed off and being carried away to a weird section of the roof where there's a gap between the two towers. They place the board over the 15 foot chasm.

Bradley opens a bag and takes out a bottle of tequila, shot glasses and limes. Trevor informs everyone that the rules, as laid down by his brother and gearheads decades before them, are simple. One must take a shot of tequila, walk across the plank, leave a five dollar bill and walk back across. The last one across, and hopefully back, keeps the money.

Stacy looks out over the ledge, it's a 20 story drop. She shivers, heights aren't her favorite thing. Mandy jabs her, she better not even think of walking the plank. They didn't come this far and work so hard for her to get killed before they have a chance to scoop up their dream prizes.

Trevor asks those who want to play to step up. Only half the guys do. Tim needles Stacy, "I knew the girls would be too chickenshit to try it." "Let's see you try it, lard brain," she shoots back. "I would but only finalists are allowed, skag," he counters.

"Now, now, no bickering," Trevor calmly says. "We're all friends here. I never expected the ladies to play. They can just stand back and watch. That's seems appropriate. Just stand back

and watch us." Trevor smiles at Stacy. Which has the hoped for affect of angering her more than Tim's blatant insult. She checks her purse, the small pocket on her dress, only a few dollars. Turns to her friend, Mandy won't give her a dime.

But Trevor offers to lend her money, takes out a thick wad of cash. Stacy steps up and joins the other foolhardy boys. Mandy can't believe it. The players take a shot of tequila and then walk across. Stacy has no problem with the shot. Takes off her pumps, starts walking across, the plank is only six inches wide. She's scared though she tries to hide it. She makes it to the other side. All ten are soon over. They each leave a five dollar bill under a shot glass, walk back across.

Stacy comes back across safely. Mandy lets out a sigh of relief, "All right, you proved your macho point. You dope." But Stacy looks at Trevor who is smiling and holding out another five for her. Despite Mandy's protests, Stacy takes the bill from Trevor, joins the other five guys, and they go across again. On the return, one guy teeters a bit and almost slips. They all make the return.

Suddenly a stiff wind blows in from the east and wobbles the board. "Ah, the Santa Ana winds. The demon's breath," Trevor informs. "Who will join me for another brave trek across the abyss? Hmm?"

Two guys step up. Trevor holds out another bill for Stacy. Mandy grabs hold of her, protesting mightily. Stacy won't be held back, breaks away. Takes Trevor's bill, takes a third shot down, looks out over the chasm. Her POV--the skinny board looks fuzzy.

Then she starts walking across. The wind buffets her, billows her dress out. She tries to stay low, her petite frame not much of an anchor against this wind. She loses her balance. Mandy gasps. Stacy teeters. Twirling her arms. Staggering. Takes two big steps and lunges forward. Falling to the other side.

After seeing that exhibit, the other two guys give Trevor a five, take a drink and back off. Stacy gives Trevor a cute wave. He waves back. But he's clearly worried. He downs the shot. Takes a couple of steps out on the board.

The wind whips his hair straight back. He takes another small step. Another. Almost halfway. Another step. He loses his balance. Falters. Falls. Everyone screams.

He just manages to grab the board with one arm. Grabs with the other, though that makes the board flip. Only one arm holding on again.

Stacy yells, "Hold down the end!" Tim lunges for the end of the plank that's sliding to the edge. Falls on it, holds it down. Two other guys dive and grab it too. Stacy holds her end.

Trevor grabs with his other arm again and the plank doesn't flip. Trevor starts to slip though. Looks at Stacy with wide desperate eyes. She's closest to him. She reaches out to him. Not far enough. She stretches out more. More.

He grabs her hand. Pulling her to the edge. She's sliding to oblivion. She digs her thigh against the lip of the roof, scraping off some skin. But stops sliding. He tries to pull up. He's not that strong, "Shit. Oh, shit!"

Stacy grabs the back of his shirt with her other arm and yanks with all her might. Her new muscles bulging. Straining. They finally manage to get his chest on the board. But he's freaking out. "Come on! Just a little more," Stacy urges him. "I can't," he complains. Stacy pulls with all her might adding, "You wanna die being showed up by a little girl, huh? This'll get in the papers you know. Sounds fucking embarrassing to me!" She's trying to push his anger to beat away his terror. "C'mon, you stupid weakling. I'm laughing at you. Hah, hah, hah. You fucking prissy preppie!"

He's sneering and grunting and groaning and straining. And inching up. Up. Stacy grabs the seat of his pants. Pulling. His crotch is up on the board which he hugs for dear life. He pulls at Stacy. She pulls back. More and more. He grabs the lip of the roof and she yanks his butt up and over and they tumble onto the roof together.

Everyone on the other side cheers with relief. Stacy peers down at him. And they share a look. She can say something cruel but doesn't. What she does do is snatch the money under the shot glass, tells Tim to keep hold of the other end.

And she backs up and screams and runs at the board. Mandy hides her eyes. Wham, wham, wham, wham--the wild child is over in four bounds, stepping on Tim's back and tumbling onto the roof.

Where Mandy hugs her and won't let go. Except for some tears--so what else is new? And a few testy words, "You stupid idiot jerk. You stupid idiot jerk..." The other guys, though, are struck with admiration, patting her back and congratulating her with stuff like "way to go" "awesome save, man" "killer handle" "you really rock."

Tim turns and looks at her. Looks at her like he hasn't before. Looks at her like she saved his cousin's life. Just the slightest nod passes between them.

Mandy sniffs her friend and makes a face. Stacy counters, "It ain't me. He's the one that couldn't hold it in."

Trevor just stays on the other side shivering. No way he's trying again.

Later, we see everyone has gone to escape the fallout. Firemen arrive on the roof, see Trevor, extend ladders to his side and rescue him.

Morning of the big contest. Trevor, Bradley and Tim bound down the hallway. Trevor stops at a door, pulls out a hammer from his backpack and Bradley takes some coins from his pocket. Tim wonders what they're up to. Bradley says they're eliminating some competition. He forces a couple of pennies between the door and the door jam and Trevor hammers them in further.

Tim asks who's getting pennied in. His question is answered when he hears Mandy's voice on the other side complaining about the noise. They slam more pennies in and walk away.

On the other side, Mandy and Stacy are in the middle of dressing up. Mandy turns the doorknob but the door won't budge. She tries again. They both yank on it and get nowhere. They phone for help.

A hotel guy puts his key in the lock but unlocking it doesn't do anything--the pressure between the door and the frame is doing the holding. He notices the coins and tries to slide them off with a key but they don't budge. He tells the girls he'll get the custodian, don't worry, be here in a half hour. Probably.

A half hour passes by and the girls are going bonkers. They're going to miss the big contest. All their blood, sweat and tears looks like it went for nothing. They won't go quietly though. They pick up a chair and ram it at the door. And again. Again. They manage to destroy the chair. Pick up another chair. And they smash the door knob completely off. But the door won't budge. They plop back on the bed, exhausted. Defeated.

Just when all hope is lost. WHAM! WHAM! "What the hell is that?" "I don't know but I like it."

On the other side, a surprising sight. It's Tim. Slamming his considerable bulk against the door. The football lineman is attacking the opposition with fury. WHAM! The opposition caused him considerable pain with that last hit. He crumbles to the floor, holding his shoulder.

He's not done though. He has another shoulder. He begins to hear the crowd roaring. It's fourth down and goal to go. He staggers up to a three point stance. He hears the cheerleaders--"Go Ramona!" WHAM! He slams with his other shoulder.

"Go Ramona! WHAM! That hurt. He psyches himself up, huffing and puffing. And now screaming himself, "GO RAMONA!" WHAMAROOM!

The door splinters and the gridiron warrior barrels inside, lands atop a dresser and demolishes it. You should see the surprised look on the damsels in distress. Tim is saving us??

They go to help him up but cause him more pain. "Are you all right?" "Of course not, you nitwits! My shoulder's dislocated." They start to phone for a doctor but he shouts at them. "Just get the hell outta here. And you better win. For us." They bend down and kiss him. "Get outta here!" They go. He groans when he tries to get up. Then lays back down. Shaking his head in amusement, "Who'd a thunk it?"

At the concierge, the girls grab a map and ask if they can make it to the convention center in fifteen minutes. He laughs, no chance. It takes a half hour. If there's no traffic.

A smoking '57 Chevrolet Belaire shoots out of the parking garage and flies across the street. Can Stacy pull this one off?

At the convention center, Jordan is a nervous wreck. This time for good reason. All the other contestants are here. Ten minutes before the written exam is about to commence. Jordan asks a judge what happens if his students don't show up by nine.

The judge says "Nothing." Jordan heaves a sigh of relief. "They're just disqualified," the judge snickers. Jordan moans. Rushes out of the room. Trevor and Bradley smirk.

VAROOM! On the streets. Stacy is driving like a demon. For once Mandy even looks on edge with this ultimate driving display and tells her, "C'mon, put on your damn seat belt!" "I hear the man ain't taking me today," Stacy admonishes.

Traffic jammed ahead. Hey, the other side of the street isn't. Stacy swings the old car up and over the median. WHOMP! Driving the wrong way for a while. Then cutting back across. WHOMP! Near misses a-plenty. She averages one every ten seconds.

Jordan is out in the parking lot, looking hither and yon. "I'll kill 'em. I'll kill 'em." It looks like a heart attack may kill him first. "Women! Never on time! Never on goddamn time!"

Back on the road. VAROOM! Look out, Chevy going airborne. Over the crest of a hill. SCRAPE! There goes the tailpipe.

Jordan is hyperventilating. Then his ears perk up. "Chevy engine." We start to hear the roar of the old lady. "Old Chevy engine--350." He looks hopeful. VAROOM! "Four barrel carb comin'!"

SCREECH! He sees the girls skidding into the parking lot. He jumps up and down, running toward them. They see him, race there. Then almost run him over. He yanks them and pushes them and gets them running in the right direction.

In the exam room, the clock reads 8:59. The judge picks up the pile of exams. Trevor and Bradley smile. Not so fast.

The door bursts open, the girls skid across the newly waxed floor and slide into desks. Knocking over several along with their occupants. The judge shakes his head with disdain but he doesn't think there's a rule against desk tackling. So the test goes on. Trevor and Bradley can't believe they made it. Mandy and Stacy give them the finger. The girls can hardly catch their breath. When they get the test, several drops of perspiration flop from their brows and splat on the paper.

Speaking of flopping, Jordan is down the other end of the hall, chest heaving. Leaning against the wall. Now sliding down the wall and sitting on the floor. "Never on goddamn time..."

Here in the Convention Center we see 30 cars lined up and the contest to pick the best of California is about to begin. The site is much grander, flashier and more high-tech looking than the regionals were. The Grease Monkey Grrls and the rest of the Ramona fans wildly cheer for Mandy and Stacy as they're introduced. The Ramona contingent is not the largest--but definitely the loudest.

Roper is being harangued again by his largest sponsor, the BMW exec. His boys better win today or Dunsmuir gets their feedbag taken away. Roper in turn harasses his boys. Making the pressure cooker in their heads begin to steam. They shut him up. Tired of hearing they'll go down in Dunsmuir history as the embarrassment who sunk the great auto shop. "Why don't you put a time bomb in our car to relax us even more." They give him the finger and walk to their car.

On the other end of the spectrum, Mandy and Stacy are massaging out the tension in Jordan's shoulders. They suggest he try relaxation tapes. He tells them to knock it off, he's fine and go prep their tools. They go to their station. Stacy shouts down to Trevor and Bradley, "We're still here, assholes. We're still here!"

HONK! There's the starting horn. It's funny hearing 30 cars trying to start at the same time and none of them turn over. Moving down the line of contestants, we see these guys look good, very good. Working with adroit speed and precision. Our ladies don't look too shabby either.

The written exam scores flash on the big board. Ramona has the highest and the Grease Monkey Grrls lead the crowd in a raucous cheer. Mandy and Stacy wave to the crowd. Jordan emphatically gestures to get back to work. The girls blow him a kiss.

Later we see the girls have figured out the fifth of ten repairs. Stacy installs a new exhaust valve in a flash. Mandy cranks the engine, it still won't turn over. They're sure it needed the exhaust valve. What's wrong? "It's a salted new part," Mandy bets. Stacy requests another relay from their judge. He tosses it to her and she installs it in half a flash. Mandy cranks and the engine comes to life. Their crowd cheers.

At the 50 minute point, somewhere in the next ten minutes is when people usually finish. Mandy and Stacy are doing great, feeling confident, just checked off the ninth repair in record time. The engine still isn't running smooth though. What the heck is it? They place their hands atop the engine, close their eyes, trying to listen and feel the problem. Toss out suggestions. Try some things. But they're stumped. Tension is building.

Jordan can tell they're in trouble. He moans.

Now the 55 minute mark is reached. The girls know another team is going to finish any second. They're becoming frantic.

HONK! A team is done. The ladies grab each other, "What is it? What is it?"

Mandy does something odd, she steps aside and opens her locket. Looking at her father's photo. "Any ideas, Dad?" Mandy closes her eyes, holding the locket to her heart. In a moment she starts singing a melody. "This ain't no time to be singing. Get your ass over here and help or we're done," Stacy admonishes.

Mandy doesn't pay attention. Starts to remember the words to the song her father used to sing to her when she was little, from the olden days of the '60's... "Take me to the river, wash me down..." Mandy opens her eyes, smiling. "Water. Water in the fuel line! Water in the fuel line!"

In a flash, Stacy and Mandy are dismantling the fuel line. Stacy putting the hose in her mouth and blowing it out. Mandy tosses her a new gas filter too. We can barely see Stacy's hands, moving in a blur. They start the engine. Smooth as silk. They shout to their judge, "DONE, DONE, DONE!"

HONK! The Ramona crowd is up on their feet cheering.

A few seconds later, HONK! Another team finishes. HONK! HONK! A cacophony of horns like an angry traffic jam as the other contestants finish in rapid succession.

The girls go to Jordan, who tells them they did great. He's proud of them. The girls just hope it wasn't Dunsmuir that finished first. No, it was another school. They look up at the scoreboard, they are currently second, Dunsmuir fourth.

They run down to the first place team and watch as the judge checks their repairs. DING--number eight. DING--nine. One more and the girls can't do better than second. Then there is silence. That's it. Missed one repair. The girls still have a chance.

They run back down toward their car and the crowd of other contestants follow too.

Mandy and Stacy are looking over the judge's shoulder as he starts his inspection. He tells them to back away behind the white line. They do, joining Jordan there. They all inch toward the judge again. DING. The Ramona crowd cheers after every repair is checked off.

The girls and Jordan are going bonkers inside, but are trying to act professional. They're clutching Jordan's arm. DING. Their claws dig into him. "Ouch. Take it easy." DING. "SEVEN," shouts the crowd. DING. "EIGHT," shouts the crowd louder.

The grease monkeys can't look anymore, burying their heads in their guru's chest. DING, "NINE", "OUCH". And... The girls quietly squealing. Stamping their feet. Seconds like hours. They can't take it. They lift their heads off Jordan's chest a little, peek at each other with deep anxiety. Will they hear that last bell toll? And... It tolls for them.

DING. "TEN" "Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah," shouts Jordan, thrusting his fist in the air as his girls hug him and tears of joy flow. He kisses the top of their heads, "You did yourselves proud, ladies."

Stacy and Mandy look at each other and start leaping around together in a wild frenzy, "WE DID IT! WE DID IT!" Their fellow contestants applaud around them, shaking their heads in amazement.

The Ramona fans are running from the stands in a fit of ecstasy. Now mobbing their petite champions. Mandy with hugs and kisses for her family, even Russ. Here comes Vic for some serious smooching, which is what Stacy is doing with Carlos.

Soon the crowd lifts up the girls and their teacher on their shoulders and takes them on a victory lap around the convention hall floor.

Announcer tells the crowd Ramona High is State champs for the first time. In the 50 year history of the contest, Mandy Anderson and Stacy Govern are the first women to reach the state finals--and the first to win.

Jordan tosses Roper a box of Q-Tips and tells him, "I like my car very clean there, Doc." The girls notice dejected Trevor and Bradley and make teasing gestures at them.

As we see Stacy and Mandy on stage receiving the large trophy they can barely lift, we begin to hear Mandy on a voiceover...

It was the proudest moment of our young lives. Stacy and I had never accomplished anything amazing before. We were just average teens doing average stuff. Which just shows anyone can do anything if they put in the work and want it bad enough. And we wanted it bad. Especially after being laughed at and told girls like us couldn't have it.

With Jordan's help, Mandy and Stacy raise the large trophy above their heads to the roar of the crowd.

We went on to the national competition but it almost seemed anti-climatic. We already achieved our goals. We got Ramona the California trophy. I won the scholarship for art school and Stacy won a spot in the great Ford training program.

Now we see the girls arriving in Washington DC.

Not that we didn't want to win it all. That would've been awesome. And you won't believe how close we got. Our outright time was even the fastest.

Mandy and Stacy are fiercely competing in the national contest. They finish first. Judge approves their repairs. They hop in the car and drive it 50 yards forward, going around a few traffic cones.

But the nationals had you drive a little course at the end to show your formerly disabled car was now able. Stace could've done it backwards. And we did it fine. Thought we won the whole enchilada.

We see Mandy and Stacy leaping about like spastic kangaroos. But then a judge goes to them and shows them something on his clipboard. The girls react sadly. Mandy frowning at Stacy.

Except we lost two points. Because Stacy didn't have her seatbelt on. Funny, huh? So we came in second. That's okay. No girls have ever come in second before. Or ever got to the nationals at all for that matter.

Jordan brings over a friend for the girls to meet. Stacy almost faints.

And my partner got something better than first place. She got to be low woman on the totem-pole. Our guru brought by a friend from his racing days and he liked what he saw and offered Stace an internship with his crew. The friend was Dale Earnhardt. He's a NASCAR racing legend, you know.

We see Jordan at Ramona High. In his new auto class building surrounded by great equipment and new cars. The trophy and a photo of the cute California Champs are prominently displayed.

Our teacher made out all right too. Our success resulted in a lot of publicity and he had every major car and parts company begging him to let them sponsor his class. They figured he must be a genius if he could train a couple of scrawny girls to do what we did. Little Ramona has the finest auto class in California now. I hear Dunsmuir went down a few notches.

We see Jordan supervising Roper as he washes and details his car.

Our teacher also has a very clean car. Stacy and I also love him very much and we're still close.

We see Mandy in art school. Working on clothing designs in class.

Things worked out pretty well for me too. Went to art school, which was great. Lasted less than a year though. No, they didn't kick me out. But the jumpsuits I made for Stace and I proved to be popular outside of Ramona High too. One thing led to another and now I have my own clothing line. My company doesn't just create activewear though. I feel proudest about the "Eternal Elegance" line and my partner.

We see a major fashion show and Aunt Chelsea on the runway with Mandy and they're surrounded with fashion models wearing elegant gowns.

My partner is Aunt Chelsea. I was able to help those gowns she designed in the forties finally see the light of day. And they soon sold like 'hotcakes on a frosty December morning', as she puts it.

We see a little girl furiously racing her tricycle against several boys. Her pigtails flying straight back as she pulls away from the pack, wins the race and can't slow down. She flies right through a hedge.

Stacy and Carlos were married and had that wild child, with another on the way. Carlos also became an engineer and designs racing cars. Awesome racing cars in my humble opinion. I gave him and Stacy all my loot and our new company turned out a beauty.

VAROOOM! The roar of racing cars on a starting line assaults our ears and rumbles through our stomachs.

Which brings us to today. And the Daytona 500.

Looking closely at a distinctively designed and painted car. Now inside, we see a helmeted driver caresses the steering wheel like a lover. Fondles the stick shift like a you-know-what. Her butt wiggles on the seat. She lifts her visor to blow a kiss to an older Carlos, Mandy and Jordan waving from the pit crew side of the race track.

She turns toward us now and we see our Stacy. Her eyes filling with drastic determination, relishing the coming event she's been waiting for all her life.

Dale Earnhardt couldn't keep my pal in the pits for long. She proved to be one of his finest mechanics but only a fool couldn't see that this girl was born to fly. After spending a summer with Mike, who taught his old student everything he knew about speed, Dale gave her a chance and she won some minor races. Then some more.

Inside the car with Stacy now. There's the flag. She whoops out loud and hears the crowd roar as she races away. Shifting through the gears with fluid grace and aggressively driving through the pack.

After she wins and grabs a lot of publicity, I'm figuring on adding a racing inspired clothing line to our company. The Stacy signature series. We'll sell them like hotcakes on a frosty December morning and make enough to build the most stupendous racing cars the world has ever seen.

Outside Stacy's car now as she screams around a turn. Slowly pulling up and away.

Huh? Did I hear somebody laugh? Think we're pie in the sky dreamers? Don't think Stace will be the first woman to win the Daytona 500? Okay, if it's not today. That just means we'll be back next year. Or the year after.

We slowly fade from the race and dissolve back in time to see young Mandy and Stacy on that first morning, driving to high school.

Whatever you do--don't laugh at me and my pal. It only makes us madder and better. And better. And better...

The girls sing along with the stereo playing "Hot Rod Lincoln" as Stacy drives too fast down the country road.

THE END