

THAT GIRL

"Pilot"

By

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TEASER

Over black:

GIRL (V.O.)

There are defining moments in every person's life. Moments where you kick ass or suck it. I was definitely sucking some serious ass.

INT. CAMP CHADWICK- AUDITORIUM- AFTERNOON

A dark auditorium. The room is packed with sweaty PRE-TEENS spastically dancing in "Chadwick Day Camp" shirts as a MIDDLE-AGED DJ spins Top 40 hits under a makeshift BANNER reading "End of Summer Daze". A few TEENAGE COUNSELORS (in shirts that spell it out) animatedly talk by the refreshments relishing their short-lived authority. Behind them we...

PAN ACROSS a row of brace-faced, frizzy-haired campers. At the end of reject row is a counselor, JENNA HAMILTON (15). Jenna has a simple, understated beauty... if you're looking ...hard. Making her the kind of girl who spends more time fantasizing about a life than living one. Right now, she's fixated on...

MATTY MCKIBBEN (15), a gorgeous, charismatic counselor with a million dollar smile. He looks directly at Jenna and WINKS. We FREEZE on the wink.

JENNA (V.O.)

There it was. The signal. I was hoping he'd do something more inspired like sniff his armpits but Matty had a habit of doing that. A lot.

Matty sniffs his armpits.

JENNA (V.O.)

Attention to personal hygiene was just one of Matty's many stellar attributes. He was adolescent perfection.

Jenna nervously dribbles punch down her chin.

JENNA (V.O.)

Unlike me. I was a hot mess of nerves cuz after a summer of flirting and exchanging seventy-two texts, Matty McKibben wanted me to meet him in the utility closet.

INT. JANITOR'S UTILITY CLOSET- DAY

A pathetic LONE CANDLE BURNS in the corner of the dirty closet to create the illusion of romance.

JENNA
It's so beautiful.

MATTY
Your boobs are amazing.

Like music to her ears, Jenna is swept away, figuratively and literally as Matty pulls her onto a bed of dusty rags.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jenna and Matty laying on each other, making out as they clumsily shift their positions. Something's not getting in...not working... painful.

JENNA (V.O)
I know what you're thinking and no, this wasn't the inciting incident of some sappy "Tyra" special about how I got knocked up on the last day of summer camp. I knew better than to bareback.

They shift again, it's in. Matty starts pumping with reckless abandon as Jenna braces herself stoically, holding onto the dusty rags beneath her with a death grip.

JENNA (V.O)
Our passionate, bumping of uglies was a sign. This year would be my year. For once I wouldn't be overlooked or invisible. Not with Matty at my...

JENNA
Back door!

MATTY
Sorry. It slipped.

He adjusts.

MATTY
(stoked)
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh...

FREEZE ON Matty in ecstasy and Jenna smiling through gritted teeth as a TEAR of repressed agony rolls down her cheek.

JENNA (V.O)
 Change was in the air. I could
 smell it. There was change
 and...Pine-Sol.

RESUME MOTION as Jenna's hand pushes away a wet mop. Matty stops and looks down. He sweetly brushes away the hair in her face.

MATTY
 Am I hurting you?

ANGLE ON Jenna. Her tightly locked eyes cannot stop the waterworks that are now streaming down her cheeks. She opens her pained eye-lock and nonchalantly feigns a smile.

JENNA
 All good.

MATTY
 But you're crying.

Jenna touches her face and wipes away the tears.

JENNA
 Um, it's probably just an allergy
 attack. I get 'em all the time.
 Don't let it stop you.

With that, Matty doesn't hesitate to push forward.

JENNA (V.O.)
 It was a lie. My lady business was
 on fire but somehow admitting my
 virgin status seemed like a buzz
 kill.

Three more pumps and Matty comes to Jesus.

MATTY
 Awe-some.

He rolls off of Jenna who looks more than a little relieved. Immediately, he pulls up his shorts and Jenna takes the cue to put herself together. With teen post-coital awkwardness, they quietly smooth out their matching "Counselor" t-shirts looking anywhere but at each other.

JENNA
 So...

MATTY
 Are you bummed that summer's over?

JENNA

Yeah.

MATTY

Any plans for your last two weeks?

JENNA

I dunno. Probably just hang out.
Watch movies. Swim or something.

MATTY

Cool.

JENNA

You going to sophomore orientation?

MATTY

Don't we have to?

JENNA

Yeah, right, of course. What I
meant was...

JENNA (V.O.)

I couldn't help myself. Matty had
cracked my hard candy shell and I
was oozing with sticky sweet love.

JENNA

...do you wanna go...together?

Matty gives her a sweet kiss then cups her exuberant face.

MATTY

You're the shit, J-town...

JENNA (V.O)

So he wasn't a poet. He was still
Matty McKibben.

MATTY

...but no one can know that I like
you.

HOLD ON her horrified and wounded expression.

JENNA (V.O)

And I was still Jenna Hamilton.

SMASH CUT TO:

"THAT GIRL"

ACT ONE

INT. HAMILTON HOUSE- KITCHEN- AFTERNOON

Jenna, disheveled and depressed, stumbles into the kitchen and takes a seat next to her mom, LACEY (mid 30's, immature, sexy, self-absorbed and superficial). Lacey's talking on the phone as Jenna subtly tries to get her mother's attention.

LACEY

(into phone)

That's ridiculous. Allison is not a size two. I saw her last week at the club. She was falling out of her tennis skirt and not in a good way.

Lacey finally sees her daughter and hands her a letter.

LACEY

(to Jenna)

This came in the mail.

(back into phone)

Are you kidding?! Jim Donnahe's a plastic surgeon. He would never sleep with her.

Jenna looks at her mom hoping she'll see the devastation written all over her face.

JENNA (V.O.)

My mother always knew when something was wrong...

Lacey looks at Jenna, concerned, then hands her a pile of folded laundry.

JENNA (V.O)

...and promptly avoided the conversation.

Jenna heads out of the kitchen, dejected.

LACEY

Sweetie?

Jenna turns, hopeful. Then,

LACEY

I'm not paying Dominick to do your hair anymore if you aren't going to style it.

INT. JENNA'S ROOM- MINUTES LATER

In her room, Jenna's on her bed, LAPTOP on her lap.

ANGLE ON her computer screen. She's on her Facebook page. Jenna's "Friends" bank is compiled with only 11 friends.

She types in "Matty McKibben" taking us to his page where we notice Jenna's Awaiting Friend Confirmation.

Jenna closes it out and pulls up her online blog "Invisible Girl Daily". Her online diary. Thinking out loud:

JENNA

What do I call the worst day of my
life?

She looks down at her red and raw inner thighs peeking out from under her shorts. She types as she answers her own question:

JENNA (V.O.)

Rubbed Raw and Reeling.

Suddenly an IM pops up from "SexieT": "*Calling you!*"

Jenna's cell phone RINGS. She picks up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TAMARA'S ROOM- SAME

TAMARA (15, cherubic, boy-crazy, smarter than she thinks, not as beautiful as she acts) sits on her bed snacking on crackers while talking into the phone.

TAMARA

Okay, don't tell me, let me see if
I can guess. I had this psychic
moment today when my mom couldn't
find her purse. It was so freaky,
I just knew it was in the car.

JENNA

Have at it, gypsy. What do you
see?

TAMARA

(concentrating)

Okay, so I'm sensing that Matty
took you to the closet and...um,
nada. I got nothing.

JENNA

Neither do I.

TAMARA

He blew you off?! That's crap-ass.

(beat)

But I sorta saw it coming.

JENNA

And you didn't warn me?

TAMARA

It wasn't like I saw it psychically or anything. It's just that guys like Matty, don't go for girls like us. At least not until college when the playing field is leveled and our fourth grade indiscretions are erased.

JENNA

I peed my pants during an earthquake. I was nine! That's not an indiscretion. And bringing that up isn't making me feel any better.

TAMARA

I'm sorry. Look at the bright side, Matty didn't finger you, broadcast it to the entire band and then ditch you at the winter formal to hook up with "Scary Kerry". That was hard core humiliation. In your scenario, at least nothing happened.

JENNA

Yeah, at least nothing happened.

Jenna crosses her legs, cringing.

TAMARA

I mean, can you even imagine how suicidal you'd be if, god forbid, you actually took your shirt off?

JENNA

I can only imagine.

TAMARA

Jen, I sense some major depressed action on your end and you gotta snap out of it.

(MORE)

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Marching band's having a kegger at Ricky Schwartz' house tonight. I need my favorite wing woman there since Keiko's bagged out.

JENNA

Is she grounded again?

TAMARA

Yeah, she can't get her PSAT scores above ten seventy. Her parents are starting to think she might not be Japanese.

JENNA

That's not cool.

TAMARA

I didn't say it. Keiko did. So, will you come?

JENNA

I'll think about it. Call you later?

TAMARA

I'll keep my phone up close and personal in anticipation. It's on vibrate.

JENNA

I just puked a little.

TAMARA

That's my girl. Now go sob in your blog. And feel free to quote me.

JENNA

Thanks, mom. I'm hanging up now.

END INTERCUT:

Jenna hangs up and inches off her bed dropping the unopened LETTER on the floor. She looks at the mysteriously typed envelope- no return address- and takes it to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM- SAME

Jenna runs a bath then she sits on the edge of her tub. She opens the letter and as she reads her face falls. As she reads we hear the letter.

JENNA (V.O.)
 Jenna, as you are now, you could
 disappear and no one would notice.

Jenna looks up. Mortified. She looks at the bottom of the letter, it's signed "A Friend".

JENNA
 Oh my god.

She continues reading.

JENNA (V.O.)
 Below is a list of suggestions you
 should take into serious
 consideration. Number one: It's
 time to be brave.

There's more to list but Jenna puts it down before we catch what's on it. Tears welling, Jenna returns to her room while the bath runs.

INT. JENNA'S BEDROOM- SAME

She goes to her phone. Looks at it-- then puts it down. Instead she pulls up her online blog "Invisible Girl Daily".

As the cursor blinks, Jenna's lip starts to quiver.

DISSOLVE TO:

MINUTES LATER

Jenna's typing away in a mad, sob-filled fury. She types, then deletes, then retypes some more. She stops to catch her breath and to calm herself down. She looks over at the letter and we hear/see as she types...

JENNA (V.O.)
 (devastated)
 Whoever wrote the letter didn't
 pull any punches. It was the truth
 and the truth hurt.

We now realize that Jenna's voice over is her blog.

LACEY (O.C.)
 Dinner in ten!!

She puts her laptop down on her bed, then stops, thinks and heads back to write one last sentiment (that we don't see).

She heads into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM- SAME

Jenna turns off the water and looks at herself in the mirror.

JENNA

You do look awful.

Jenna grabs the blow dryer and turns it on. She gonna try to do something to her hair. As she attempts to tame her mane, she sizes up a big Costco-sized bottle of aspirin in her medicine cabinet.

JENNA

Costco, take me away.

She puts down the blowdryer- still on- and she throws back two pills without water then...starts choking, the pills are lodged in her throat.

Immediately, she drops the bottle of pills, spilling them on the floor.

In her attempt to cough up the pills, she slips on them causing her to flail backwards, twisting her arm and knocking her head on the side of the bathtub which launches the pills out of her mouth while also simultaneously knocking the blow dryer and a set of razors into the bathtub.

Suddenly, the circuit breakers shut off. All the lights in the house go dark. Silence.

ANGLE ON the crazy bathroom and an unconscious Jenna in the middle of the floor of pills as the blow dryer and razors float on the surface of the water....

Off camera we hear Jenna's mom running upstairs:

LACEY (O.C.)

Jenna?...Jenna?...JENNA!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

Jenna's last blog entry still up on her computer screen:

Sometimes being a teenager makes you want to die.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- DAY

Jenna groggily comes to in a hospital room full of flowers, balloons and get-well wishes.

PULL BACK to see that Jenna's in a NECK BRACE and her left arm is in TRACTION.

Next to her bed, Lacey's with her husband and Jenna's father, KEVIN HAMILTON (30s, kind, insightful and grounded). They're standing with a DOCTOR, worried.

DOCTOR

Physically, she's on the road to recovery but emotionally, it's going to be a long haul.

LACEY

Why can't she just be like every other teenager and just starve herself? I can wrap my head around that. But this?

KEVIN

Lacey, this isn't about you. Our daughter is suicidal.

WHIP PAN TO JENNA- her eyes now wide open.

JENNA (V.O.)

I wasn't suicidal!

DOCTOR

Did she exhibit any warning signs?

KEVIN

She's always been a shy kid. I didn't really think there was anything to worry about...

JENNA (V.O.)

Dad to the rescue. He had my back.

KEVIN

...until I found the note on her computer.

SMASH CUT TO:

Sometimes being a teenager makes you want to die.

BACK TO:

JENNA (V.O.)

To clarify, it was just a dramatic teenage rant. Not a cry for help.

LACEY

She spends a lot of time alone on her computer. Is that a sign?

Jenna MOANS, constricted by her bandages.

KEVIN
Hey, sweetheart.

She MOANS again. Lacey shushes her with her finger against Jenna's lips as they wrap themselves around her.

LACEY
It's okay, honey. Rest.
Everything's going to be okay.
You're going to be okay.

As her parents cuddle her, Jenna's eyes go wide with panic.

JENNA (V.O.)
This was a misunderstanding of epic proportions. God, I wanted to die. I mean...you know what I mean.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT./EXT. SCHOOL- MORNING

Students gossip in a quick series of shots:

By the lockers...

SPORTY BOY

That girl was in my Western Civ
class last year. I had no idea she
was huffing spray paint...

In the bathroom...

NERDY GIRL

...my mom's manicurist's friend's
therapist was at the hospital when
that girl came in. I swear, it was
pop rocks and coke...

Under the bleachers...

STONER BOY

....dude, way. I heard when they
pumped that girl's stomach they
found like seven hundred pills.

STONER GIRL

(popping a pill)
What kind of pills?

In the hall...

EMO BOY

...no, it was auto-erotic
asphyxiation.
(tightening a skinny tie)
I love that girl.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY- DAY

Jenna, now a little less banged up than before, sports a neck
brace and a cast on her arm, fixed in a L-shaped "raised
hand" position. She carefully maneuvers down the hall
encountering the unabashed STARES and WHISPERS of passing
students.

JENNA (V.O.)

When I was initially charting my
course to visibility, I really
should have spent more time
defining the kind of visibility I
wanted.

ANGLE ON a TINY TEENAGER being hassled by his friends who are holding their noses and fanning their hands at him.

TINY TEENAGER

It's not me. I didn't do it!

Jenna walks by and winces at the smell.

FRIEND OF TINY

(taunting)

Those who deny it, supply it...

JENNA (V.O.)

Ironically, that expression was also applicable to suicidal tendencies. For two weeks, I tried to explain that my accident was just that, an accident. But the more I denied it, the more worry I was supplied with. Either way, the stink was hard to shake.

Jenna passes the MEMORIAL OF BRANDON TUCKER- a dead kid now memorialized via a cheap plaque in the school hallway. Flowers and stuffed animals are piled around the plaque.

JENNA (V.O.)

Brandon Tucker was found slumped over a half-eaten peanut butter sandwich. Rumor had it he was allergic to the spread and purposely ate his way to the afterlife. Personally, I think it was an impulsive craving gone bad.

As kids walk by looking at Jenna looking at the memorial, the irony isn't lost on her.

JENNA

R.I.P. Brando, I know the truth.

The BELL RINGS taking us to:

INT. CLASSROOM- DAY

A CHALKBOARD spelling out "Sophomore English" written above the title "HAMLET". The ENGLISH TEACHER walks up and down the aisle of students.

ENGLISH TEACHER

"Hamlet" is one of the most powerful and influential pieces of literature in the English language.

(MORE)

ENGLISH TEACHER (CONT'D)
 The famous expression "To be or not
 to be"... what do you think
 Hamlet's saying there? Anybody?

Nobody has any clue.

ENGLISH TEACHER
 Hamlet's contemplating his death.

The teacher catches a glimpse of Jenna. He stops, then quickly heads to the board, erasing the text.

ENGLISH TEACHER
 On second thought, maybe we should
 start with something lighter.

Jenna closes her book, perturbed.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM- DAY

Jenna sits in a stall. Under the stall we see TWO PAIRS OF FEET.

GIRL #1
 I can't believe that girl showed
 up.

GIRL #2
 Shouldn't she be in a mental ward?

They laugh.

ANGLE ON Jenna's face. Near tears she awkwardly attempts to hide her cast from peaking above the stall and makes a THUD. The girls stop laughing.

GIRL #1 (O.S.)
 Shut up.
 (whispering)
 She's in here.

A LOCKER SMASHING SHUT TAKES US TO:

EXT. LOCKERS- DAY

JENNA
 I'm officially losing it!

Tamara and KEIKO (16, an Asian tomboy, sharp in wit, remedial in brain) are at her side. They huddle around her, worried.

TAMARA
 Breathe in and out. There's no
 need to pull a Britney.

JENNA

Everyone's treating me like I'm in
a bad "Lifetime" movie.

KEIKO

You can be the one with Kristen
Stewart.

TAMARA

Kristen was date raped.

Keiko takes Jenna's bag as they walk down the hall.

JENNA

You guys know I would never try to
hurt myself, right?

Keiko and Tamara exchange quick glances. Sure...

KEIKO

We know, J.

TAMARA

I'm hitting shuffle on the subject.
What's with this all-school
assembly on the first day?

KEIKO

No idea. But if it gets me out of
Pre-Algebra, I'm down.

JENNA

Can we hide in the back? I can't
handle anymore lookie-loos.

KEIKO

Don't stress it. No one's looking
at you.

CUT TO:

All the students in a crowded auditorium looking at Jenna.

MAN (O.C.)

Teenagers at risk are incredibly
vulnerable.

We are:

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM- DAY

PRINCIPAL JONES (50s, stoic and a bit disheveled) stands
before his student body on STAGE. He's mid-lecture.

PRINCIPAL JONES

For this reason, the administration has taken measures to implement a zero tolerance policy. Any student caught bullying, being insensitive, or taunting their classmates will be suspended or expelled. Not to mention, it will be reflected in your permanent record.

Some students laugh.

PRINCIPAL JONES

Reggie Maxwell, that includes youtube parodies. Now, does anybody know how to spot a student in distress?

He sees Jenna's lone cast in the air.

PRINCIPAL JONES

You, in the back...

The students, once again, shift their eyes toward Jenna.

JENNA

I'm not raising my hand.

As she slinks in her seat we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM- DAY

The students jam to exit the room, bumping into one another, but taking great care to give Jenna space.

JENNA

(to Keiko)

Can you take the sign off my forehead that says "fragile"?

KEIKO

It's not on your forehead. It's around your neck.

Jenna tries to laugh.

JENNA

Owww...I can't even freakin' laugh in this contraption. Just go ahead, I'm gonna wait out the herd.

TAMARA

You sure?

JENNA

Please pretend I'm not handicapped.

Keiko gives Jenna back her bag.

KEIKO

Okay, okay, the short bus is
leaving.

Now alone, Jenna watches the room clear until she sees something familiar...

IN SLOW MOTION an arm lifts to expose an armpit to a sniff. It's Matty, surrounded by a group of GORGEOUS GIRLS.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED as Matty puts his arm down and his eyes meet Jenna's.

JENNA (V.O.)

It was the first time we had seen
each other since my deflowering...

He flashes his million dollar smile as a KID bumps into Jenna's cast.

JENNA (V.O.)

...and I'd almost forgotten how
jacked I looked. I had to hide.

But there's no where to run...even if she could. She finally tries to appear nonchalant in her clunky brace- but to no avail. She waves her cast.

Matty sweetly mouths: "Are you okay?"

JENNA (V.O.)

It was a complicated question.

But before she can respond- the PA system blares:

FEMALE (O.C.)

(over loudspeaker)

Jenna Hamilton please report to the
office.

Off Jenna's exasperated expression we...

CUT TO:

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE- DAY

VALERIE MARKS (26, perky, annoyingly empathic and most definitely still a virgin) sits across from Jenna.

VALERIE

Jenna! Sooo nice to meet you! And I love your outfit.

JENNA

Only took thirty minutes to put on.

Valerie laughs.

VALERIE

You go, girl!

Jenna's awkward expression says it all: weird.

VALERIE

So, I know that Mr. Michaels was your guidance counselor last year but considering your recent...

JENNA

Accident.

VALERIE

Yes, considering your recent accident, Mr. Michaels thought we might be better fit. Ya know, girl on girl. I mean, girl to girl. Sometimes it's easier to express yourself to your own kind.

JENNA (V.O.)

I'm not sure what she was insinuating but she was definitely crossing lines.

VALERIE

Your mom gave me a copy of the letter that you got in the mail. It wasn't very nice.

JENNA

Carefrontations never are.

VALERIE

That's a nifty turn of phrase.

JENNA

Nifty to say, not so nifty to get.

VALERIE

(turning very serious)
So tell me, how'd it make you feel
when you read it?

JENNA

Crappy? But you should know that
there's nothing to worry about. I
didn't try to kill myself. I mean,
I have a seriously low threshold
for pain.

VALERIE

Oh, I'm not suggesting that you did
anything. Not at all. But for
fun... would you mind if I looked
through your bag? Ya know, just
wanna make sure we don't have any
more "accidents".

Resigned, Jenna hands over her bag. Valerie rummages through
Jenna's bag as she talks.

VALERIE

We're gonna have awesome weekly
chit chats. Basically, I'm here to
ensure you have a happy, successful
year.

(she pulls out a canister
of pills; stern)

You weren't planing to ingest
these, were you?

JENNA

Actually, I was. They're breath
mints.

Valerie puts one in her mouth. Swashes it around.

VALERIE

So they are.

(sucking on mint)

Jenna, I had some troubles when I
was your age, too. Talk about
disasters...

JENNA (V.O.)

At that point, I was really
starting to question the school's
hiring practices.

VALERIE

...Ha! Who am I kidding? I'm still
a mess...

(MORE)

VALERIE (CONT'D)
 (getting serious again)
 Which gives me a unique perspective
 to make strong connections with
 students like you.
 (she pulls out lip gloss)
 Stila. Fancy.

She puts the lip gloss back in the bag and hands it over.

VALERIE
 Do you have any questions?

JENNA (V.O.)
 I had about a thousand but not one
 of them was appropriate.

JENNA
 Nope. I think you've covered
 everything.

Jenna gets up and is out the door when her cell phone BEEPS.
 She looks down and opens a TEXT reading:

You're gonna kill this year!

Another text BEEPS.

Just not yourself! - Valerie

Jenna slowly looks through Valerie's door window...Valerie's
 staring at her with a crazy smile. Jenna awkwardly smiles
 back then trudges on with a SIGH.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAD- DAY

It's lunch time. Students mill about on a grassy quad
 chatting, flirting and eating their mid-day meals.

ANGLE ON Jenna trying to sit comfortably on the grass but
 falling to the side with no back support. Keiko finally
 helps her lean up against a nasty TRASH CAN. Tamara stands
 over them with a look of disgust.

TAMARA
 She cannot sit against that.

KEIKO
 You have a better option?

They look around. There's no better option.

JENNA

Gravity sucks. I'll take what I can get.

Keiko spreads out a napkin and wedges it between Jenna's back and the trash can, adjusting Jenna just right.

KEIKO

(laughing)

I wish you could see yourself.

JENNA

Really? Cuz I don't.

Jenna spots Matty in the crowd. He's hanging with a GROUP OF CHEERLEADERS. It's hard to watch. As she looks away, she notices the not-so-subtle stares of students directed at her.

JENNA

(at wits end)

What is the fascination with me?!

KEIKO

You had a dance with death. Like a bad car crash on the side of the road. Everyone wants a peek.

JENNA

Next person who stares is gonna get the evil eye.

TAMARA

An evil eye, in your condition, is not gonna translate. Just take your panties off and flash your cooch.

JENNA

It's a plan. Just help me get my panties off and we're all set.

BOY (O.S.)

(on a microphone)

Are you ready to rally?!

JENNA (V.O.)

Perfect timing. My school spirit was at an all time high.

PAN TO a pep rally starting on the small outdoor AMPHITHEATER STAGE led by JACKSON NARDUCCI (16, handsome, preppy, a leader on campus). The crowd of kids gives him half-assed CHEERS.

JACKSON
 (into mic)
 I can't hear you!

The crowd cheers with a modicum more enthusiasm.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 We've got a big football game today
 and there's no better way to get
 pumped up than with our...WHEEL OF
 PEP!

A GIRL pushes "THE WHEEL OF PEP" onto the stage.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 I need two guys and two girls to
 make this a fair fight. Do I see
 Sadie Saxton raising her hand?

ANGLE ON SADIE SAXTON (15, fat with a pretty face and cheerleader. Despite her size, she's the queen bee and a certifiably bitch) She flicks him off. No way.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Sadie, get up here!

Sadie reluctantly acquiesces as she abruptly jerks the lip gloss out of a nearby Cheerleader's hands and applies it to her own lips.

KEIKO
 Looks like Sadie "Six Ton" might be
 hittin' seven tons.

TAMARA
 With all her money, you'd think
 she'd get some lipo.

JENNA
 We don't know what her life is
 like. Maybe she eats to fill a
 void.

TAMARA
 The only void she has is in
 personality. She's a prima
 bitcherina who buys her popularity.
 I mean, how does a girl- who can't
 even jump two feet in the air- get
 on a pep squad?

Enroute to the stage, Sadie rudely walks past Jenna's crew and TOSSES what she's eating at the trash. She misses, nailing Jenna in the head.

SADIE
 (disingenuous)
 So-rry

JENNA (V.O.)
 I never appreciated Sadie's
 bitchiness but I understood it.

Jenna looks at what hit her-- a half eaten "DietZone" bar.

JENNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She was hungry.

As soon as Sadie's on stage she grabs the mic.

SADIE
 (into mic)
 Matty McKibben also wants to play.

The other cheerleaders push Matty to the stage. On stage, Sadie grabs his hand. Concerned, Tamara checks on Jenna who's struggling to eat a sandwich with her one good arm as her eyes are locked on Matty.

TAMARA
 We don't have to watch this.

JENNA
 I'm fine.

Jenna takes a big bite and chews with frustration.

JENNA (V.O.)
 I wasn't fine. Despite all my
 external wounds, my heart was
 probably gonna take the longest to
 heal. And I was tired of the pain.

A MEATHEAD JOCK joins Sadie and Matty on stage with Jackson.

JACKSON
 We need one more girl. One more....

The crowd goes quiet.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 ...girl.

PAN TO see what has shut everyone up. It's Jenna, a fierce look in her eye and her hand- the good one- in the air.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. QUAD- DAY

Tamara tries to push Jenna's hand down but she keeps it in the air.

TAMARA
Your meds are malfunctioning.

Jenna awkwardly builds momentum to stand up.

JENNA
If everyone's going to stare then I might as well get on stage.

All the students on the green remain quiet as Jackson points to Jenna.

JACKSON
(into mic)
We have a taker. Come on down!

She looks at her worried friends.

JENNA
I know what I'm doing.

The sea of students part as Jenna carefully makes her way.

JENNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Confession: I had no idea what I was doing. But I couldn't look back. At all.

Jenna tries to look back but she can't turn her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR STAGE- MOMENTS LATER

Jenna stands close to Sadie. Sadie

SADIE
Personal space...ever heard of it?
(to Matty)
Save me.

Jenna steps back, mortified, hitting Jackson.

JACKSON
(off mic)
Name's Jenna, right?

She nods.

JACKSON
(into mic)
Jenna, spin the wheel!

She spins the low rent wheel, landing on "SEX EXCHANGE".

JACKSON
Sex Exchange is the name of the
game and here's how it works: Our
contestants will now pair up into
teams of two...

Sadie immediately grabs Matty, leaving Jenna with the Jock.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
...then, they will go behind their
individual partitions and race to
change into each other's clothes.
Whichever team gets dressed first,
wins.

SADIE
(to Matty)
This is gonna be a joke.

Jenna looks at her partner and motions to her cast.

JENNA
Should we even bother?

MEATHEAD JOCK
Hell yeah! We're in to win it! Go
team!

He high-fives her bad arm. She winces.

JENNA (V.O.)
My partner was delusional. A case
study in taking one too many in the
head. There was nothing to do but
suck it up.

JACKSON
Ready, set, GO!

Jenna and the Jock head to their partitions on one side of
the stage, as Matty and Sadie head to theirs on the other
side.

BEHIND JENNA'S PARTITION--

Jenna struggles taking off her clothes with her brace and cast as the Jock's CLOTHES fly over to and hit the ground around her.

JOCK (O.C.)
Hurry! Hurry!

Jenna easily gets her skirt off and passes it over to the jock while the crowd cheers on the race.

IN THE AUDIENCE--

The crowd goes crazy as the clothes fly.

BEHIND JENNA'S PARTITION--

Jenna is now stuck getting off her shirt. She tugs and pulls and... finally gets it off, tossing it over.

ON THE STAGE---

Matty's rushes out, swimming in Sadie's cheer uniform.

Then, the Jock hits the stage, snug in Jenna's outfit.

BEHIND JENNA'S PARTITION--

JACKSON (O.C.)
It's down to the girls. Is it
gonna be Sadie? Or is it Jenna?

Jenna struggles to pull over the Jock's jersey. She's stuck.

CHEERLEADERS (O.C.)
Go Sadie! Go Sadie!

Fuck that, Jenna motivates and rethinks her strategy. Quickly she maneuvers into his clothes by putting them on upside down. Her hands go into his jeans and head through the fly and she puts on his jersey like a skirt.

Dizzy but determined, she stumbles out from behind the partition and...

ON THE STAGE--

JACKSON
We have our winners!

Still disoriented, Jenna shrugs off the loss just as the Jock grabs Jenna's good arm and raises it into the air.

She's confused. She looks across at Matty- who's alone. Then- out to the audience- Tamara and Keiko on their feet cheering with a small crowd. Realization of her win sets in as a GROUP OF BURN-OUTS start to chant:

BURN-OUTS
Jenna! Jenna! Jenna!

She takes in the adulation of her tiny victory as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE/QUAD- LATER

The pep rally is over and the crowd on the quad is dispersing. Jenna, now back in her own clothes, and glowing from head to cast, comes out from behind the partition.

TAMARA (O.C.)
Hamilton! You're an animal.

Jenna walks over to the stage steps where Tamara and Keiko are waiting.

KEIKO
And you brought a whole new meaning
to gettin' in a guy's pants.

Suddenly, an onslaught of Cheerleaders push past them, rushing over to Sadie, back in uniform and hysterically crying.

JENNA
What happened to Sadie?

TAMARA
(elated)
She couldn't fit into Matty's
clothes.

JENNA
No...

KEIKO
It was karmic intervention.

Jenna looks over at Sadie. Feels for her.

JENNA
Can you guys meet me at the
lockers?

The nod and leave as Jenna heads over to Sadie who's now being consoled by her posse: LISSA, KARLI and VAL.

SADIE
 (through tears)
 I've never been so humiliated. I
 hate that freak.

LISSA
 It was a stupid pep rally.

KARLI
 Already forgotten.

Jenna cautiously pops her head in.

JENNA
 Are you okay?

The girls whip their heads like swords at Jenna.

SADIE
 No, I'm not okay. You picked that
 game on purpose!

Is she kidding?

KARLI
 Cruel much?

JENNA
 I just spun the wheel of pep. It
 could've landed on anything.

VAL
 Lame cop out.

JENNA (V.O.)
 Misunderstandings were quickly
 becoming my specialty.

JENNA
 Well, for whatever, I'm sorry.

SADIE
 Puh-lease, I don't need someone
 like you to feel sorry for me.

Jenna's speechless as Sadie and company pivot her out.

JENNA (V.O.)
 It's true when they say that no
 good deed goes unpunished.

Jenna turns around and smacks right into...

MATTY

Hey.

JENNA

Hi.

They look at each other. Frozen. He wants to say something but the words aren't coming....

MATTY

I...uh...

KARLI

Matt-y!

The moment is lost.

MATTY

...gotta go.

Matty heads to the other girls. Disheartened, Jenna turns, barely missing Matty looking back at her. His stare is wistful, inspired and maybe even... full of regret.

JACKSON (O.C.)

Don't let her get to you.

Jenna looks over to Jackson wrapping up the pep rally set.

JACKSON

Sadie loves to play the victim.
You, however, have some serious
backbone.

JENNA

Which is about the only thing not
broken on me.

JACKSON

Not many people could've done what
you did today.

JENNA

You mean when I added insult to
injury?

JACKSON

You were brave.

Jenna takes this in as Lissa appears at the stage.

LISSA

Babe, you gonna come grab some fro-
yo with us or not?

JACKSON
I'm having a conversation.

LISSA
We only have ten minutes before the bell.

JACKSON
Then, go without me.

Unlike Matty, who thinks with the crowd, Jackson thinks for himself. Lissa walks away, annoyed.

JACKSON
So impatient.

JENNA
Girls.

JACKSON
I better wrap up my stuff.

JENNA
Yeah, my friends are waiting.

JACKSON
Stay out of trouble, Jenna. I wanna see you around.

JENNA
You will. I'm sorta hard to miss.

INT. HAMILTON HOUSE- JENNA'S ROOM- NIGHT

It's night. Jenna's in her PJs looking at a Teddy Bear on her desk when her dad knocks at the door.

KEVIN
Ice cream?

JENNA
(holding the bear)
Nanny cam?

KEVIN
Damn it. Nothing gets passed you.

JENNA
I'm fifteen. I notice creepy stuffed animals in my room.

KEVIN
Will you just indulge your old man?

JENNA

Show me an old man and I'll indulge him.

Kevin wraps his arms around his daughter.

KEVIN

You have no idea what I would do if I lost you.

JENNA

I'm okay, Dad. There's nothing to worry about. I don't hate myself. Just high school. But it's gonna end. I know. Eventually.

KEVIN

Then I probably shouldn't tell you that high school starts in high school but it never ends. Life, unfortunately, is high school.

JENNA

Your first instinct was right. Shoulda' kept that to yourself.

Kevin sits down next to his daughter.

KEVIN

No matter how old you get, you will always encounter people who are cruel and there are always going to be situations that make you feel bad. You're never gonna be able to control the things that happen to you, sweetheart, but you will be able to control how you feel about them.

JENNA

(mocking him)

Turn your lemons into lemonade.

KEVIN

Hey, I'm trying. Can I have a little credit?

JENNA

You can have all the credit you want. You'll never max out with me, Dad.

Kevin kisses his daughter on the forehead.

KEVIN

I love you.

JENNA

I couldn't tell.

KEVIN

Eat your ice-cream, smart ass.

He leaves as she moves to her desk, setting the bowl down.

ANGLE ON her computer. Using her good hand she slowly logs onto her Facebook page and finds something unusual...

22 friend requests.

Jenna's taken aback. She scrolls through them accepting one after another as we hear the voices of students with their messages of encouragement: Kerry Shaw: "You rock balls!" Peter Dooner: "Will you marry me?" Cindie Zimmerman: "Way to give it to Sadie!"

She clicks on Jackson Narducci. There's no message but she lingers on him. Curious. Then, she sees the message of all messages: Matty McKibben: "Thinking about you." Jenna beams.

JENNA (V.O.)

Things were looking up.

(she looks at her cast)

Besides my arm.

She opens her desk drawer and pulls out the "letter". Carefully unwrapping it, she looks to the list.

ANGLE ON #1- "It's time to be brave." With a sense of accomplishment and Jackson's words ringing in her ears, she crosses it off. She turns back to her computer and opens her blog.

CLOSE ON the title: "Invisible Girl Daily". She puts the cursor next to it and deletes.

Slowly, she types, spelling out "That...Girl...Daily". She moves the cursor down and starts a new entry. We see/hear as she pecks at the keys finger by finger.

JENNA (V.O.)

Being "That Girl" was my new identity. But I won't let it define me. I will define it.

FADE TO BLACK.