

HEATHERS

An Original Screenplay

by

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REVISED SECOND DRAFT

Registered WGAW

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET--DAY

VERONICA SAWYER, a sullen seventeen year old beauty is jogging down a suburban street in a stylish running outfit. Evocative female voices can be heard, softly wailing.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK--DAY

VERONICA lurches into a neighborhood park, running with an increasing sense of desperation. The female voices wail louder.

EXT. PROMENADE--DAY

VERONICA whooshes past a series of shops and a movie theatre.

EXT. THE SAWYER HOME--DAY

Reveling in her own sweat and agony, VERONICA bounds onto the lawn of her impressive upper middle class home.

She painfully rushes closer and closer to the front door as the female moans swell to a deafening summit. The evocative wailing cuts off as she grabs the doorknob.

INY. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--DAY

VERONICA zips into a chic, but understated ensemble as she launches into voice-over narration.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Heather told me she teaches people
Real Life.

Composed and unsweaty, VERONICA fingers her bangs in the mirror then rambles off.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY--DAY

Continuing her narration, VERONICA glides through a bustling high school hallway with a frozen smile.

VERONICA (V.O.)

She said Real Life sucks Losers dry.
If you want to fuck with the eagles,
you have to learn to fly.

OUTSIDE THE CAFETERIA

With her back turned to the viewer, VERONICA stands at the outskirts of the cafeteria entrance. The viewer's viewpoint approaches and finally curls around VERONICA to reveal that she is writing in a diary, wearing a monocle.

VERONICA (V.O.)

I said so you teach people how to
spread their wings and fly. She
said Yes.

THE DIARY PAGE

VERONICA'S pen sways across the diary page forming the words echoed by her voice-over.

VERONICA (V.O.)

I said You're Beautiful.

A sudden off-screen bark from HEATHER MCNAMARA causes the pen to recklessly rocket across the written words.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (O.S.)

God, come on Veronica!

VERONICA coolly pops the monocle from her eye before angrily addressing the amusingly robust, conventionally beautiful, trendily coiffed HEATHER MCNAMARA.

VERONICA

What's your damage, Heather? You ruined my...

HEATHER MCNAMARA

God, I'm so sure. Don't blame me, blame Heather. She told me to haul your ass into the caf pronto. Back me up, Heather.

From behind HEATHER MCNAMARA emerges a similarly trendily accessorized but noticeably more inhibited waif, HEATHER DUKE. She is clutching a tattered copy of "The Catcher in the Rye."

HEATHER DUKE

Yeah, she really wants to talk to you.

VERONICA

Okay, I'm going, I'm going. Jesus...

INSIDE THE CAFETERIA

VERONICA, flanked by HEATHER MCNAMARA and HEATHER DUKE, strides into the lunchroom pandemonium.

The stunning HEATHER CHANDLER turns from the tray before her toward her incoming comrades. She is dressed stylishly and expensively but not trendily; her hair, dramatically tied back.

VERONICA

(submissively)

Hello, Heather.

Pulling out a crumpled piece of yellow paper, HEATHER CHANDLER smiles. The content of what Heather says is consistently offensive but the tone in which she speaks is sexy, dangerous, and mysterious. She is a mythic bitch.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Veronica. Finally. Got a paper of Kurt Kelly's. I need you to forge a hot and horny but realistically low-key note in Kurt's handwriting and we'll slip it into Martha Dumptruck's lunch tray.

VERONICA

Shit, Heather. I don't have anything

against Martha Dunnstock.

HEATHER CHANDLER

You don't have anything for her either. Come on, it'll be Very. The note'll give her shower nozzle masturbation material for weeks.

VERONICA

I'll think about it.

HEATHER CHANDLER

(looking off)

Don't think.

POV ON CAFETERIA LINE

Unattractive and quite overweight, MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK guiltily plops two jellos on her tray and clunks forward in line.

CAFETERIA ENTRANCE

VERONICA's arm, seemingly involuntary, latches onto the outstretched pen.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Splendid. I'll dictate. Veronica needs something to write on. Heather, bend over.

Both HEATHER MCNAMARA and HEATHER DUKE bend over. HEATHER CHANDLER violently laughs.

HEATHER CHANDLER

How nice. Two assholes: no waiting.

HEATHER MCNAMARA and HEATHER DUKE stand erect, embarrassed.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Heather Duke, back down.

VERONICA scurries to the contorting HEATHER DUKE.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Dear Martha, you're so sweet..

THE JOCKS' TABLE

The traditionally handsome KURT KELLY, the serene black EARL FRAZIER and the massive RAM sit with other stereotypical Jocks taking in VERONICA and the HEATHERS.

KURT

It'd be so righteous to be in a
Veronica Sawyer-Heather Chandler
sandwich. Punch it in, Ram.

KURT and RAM raise their right arms and slam their fists
together.

RAM

Hell yes. I wanna set a Heather on
my Johnson and just start spinning
her like a fucking pinwheel.

RAM makes a frantic spinning motion. EARL is bored.

EARL

Shit. Right.

RAM

Damn right right.

CAFETERIA ENTRANCE

In slow motion, VERONICA finishes the note and rises up
along with her makeshift desk, HEATHER DUKE.

HEATHER MCNAMARA hawkishly gazes toward the cafeteria line.

VERONICA hands the note to an impressed HEATHER CHANDLER.

MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK pays the CASHIER and then,
grasping her lunch tray with both paws, moves toward
VERONICA and the HEATHERS.

HEATHER MCNAMARA excitedly tugs on HEATHER CHANDLER'S arm as
MARTHA approaches. With a tranquil smile, HEATHER CHANDLER
passes the note to her frantic disciple.

In a self-consciously clandestine manner, HEATHER MCNAMARA
saunters past MARTHA then wheels around to sneakily tuck the
note onto MARTHA's tray.

The slow motion concludes as their plump victim shuffles
past a magnetic preppie PETER DAWSON and a thin, black,
bespectacled DENNIS. The guys are working a large stand
which has a cashbox reading THE FAMINE FUND and a banner
reading WESTERBURG FEEDS THE WORLD.

PETER

Come on people, let's give that
leftover lunch money to people
without lunches! Those tater tots

you threw away today are a delicacy
in Africa! They're Thanksgiving dinner!

HEATHERS' TABLE

The Girls reach their table with HEATHER MCNAMARA and
HEATHER DUKE sitting themselves down first.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

(looking to the stand)
God, aren't they fed yet? Do they
even have Thanksgiving in Africa?

VERONICA

(low key sarcasm)
Oh sure, Pilgrims, Indians, tater
tots; it's a real party continent.

HEATHER CHANDLER draws up a clipboard.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Sawyer. Guess what today is?

VERONICA

Ouch....the lunchtime poll. So
what's the question?

HEATHER DUKE

Yeah, so what's the question?

HEATHER CHANDLER

God-damn Heather, you were with me
in Study Hall when I thought of it.
Such a pillowcase.

HEATHER DUKE

(hurt)
I forgot.

VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER briskly bop away from the table
as a wounded HEATHER DUKE retreats to The Catcher in the Rye.

VERONICA

Hey, this question wouldn't be that
bizarro thing you were babbling
about over the phone last.....

HEATHER CHANDLER

Shut up, it is. I told Dennis if he
gave me another topic that was
political, I'd spew burrito chunks.

VERONICA shakes her head and looks off. She's suddenly captured by the sight of a JAMES DEANESQUE GUY sitting stark in a long, tan gunslinger coat, behind a Rebel Without a Cause lunchbox. They make eye contact.

Transfixed, VERONICA crashes into seated BETTY FINN, a slightly overweight, unstylishly dressed sweetie surrounded by clones.

BETTY

Sorry Veronica.

VERONICA

Betty Finn. Gosh.....

VERONICA crouches down, embarrassed and rueful.

VERONICA

I'm really sorry I couldn't make it to your birthday party last month.

BETTY

That's okay. Your Mom said you had a big date. Heck, I'd probably skip my own birthday party for a date.

VERONICA gently laughs at BETTY's innocent awe.

VERONICA

Don't say that.

BETTY

Oh Ronnie, you have to look at what I dug up the other day.

BETTY pulls from her purse a picture showing a YOUNG BETTY FINN AND VERONICA SAWYER, arm-in-arm, dressed in Halloween costumes: BETTY is an angel, VERONICA is a witch.

VERONICA glows at the photo until HEATHER CHANDLER tows VERONICA away causing the picture to fall face up on the floor.

VERONICA

I was talking with someone!

HEATHER CHANDLER

Color me impressed. I thought you grew out of Betty Finn.

THE COUNTRY CLUB KIDS' TABLE

A coolly coed cabal of Country Club Kids icily eye the approaching VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER. Country Club

kid COURTNEY sourly speaks out.

COURTNEY

Oh great. Here comes Heather.

COURTNEY'S FRIEND

Shit.

MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK'S TABLE

Alone at a table in the Siberia of the cafeteria, MARTHA finishes a forkful of chicken. She spears her plate again and brings the fork up. The note is wedged inside it.

THE COUNTRY CLUB KIDS' TABLE

HEATHER CHANDLER, Veronica in tow, hits the Country Club Kids with a salvo of false pleasantness, capped by a scowling smile.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Hi Courtney. Love your blouse. Ooh, let me snare a tater.

COURTNEY express elation in spite of yourself as HEATHER CHANDLER delicately takes a tot and turns around to face VERONICA. HEATHER CHANDLER inserts her finger in her mouth doing the "induce-vomiting" signal before devouring the tot and turning back around.

COURTNEY

Thanks. I just got it last night at the Limited. Totally blew my allowance.

HEATHER CHANDLER raises her clipboard. VERONICA closes her eyes and shakes her head with a half-smile.

HEATHER CHANDLER

That's pretty very. Now check this out. You win five million dollars from Publishers Clearing House, but on the same day Ed McMahon gives you the check, aliens land on earth and say they're going to blow up the world in two days. What would you do?

A stunned tableau; until Country Club Kid KEITH speaks.

KEITH

That's easy. I'd just slide that wad over to my father. He's like one of the top brokers in the state.

VERONICA

Wake up. In two days, Earth's going up like a Roman Candle. Crab Nebula City.

KEITH

Man, in two days, my dad could double my money. Triple it.

COURTNEY

If I got that money, I'd give it all to the poor. Every cent.

VERONICA

You're beautiful.

THE FAMINE FUND STAND

PETER reaches into the Famine Fund Box and takes some bills.

PETER

Dennis, my man, run over to Mickey D.'s and get me a Big Mac and some fries.

DENNIS

But that's the Famine Fund money.

PETER

Hey, even Bob Geldof's got to eat. If it makes you feel better, bag the fries, and nab yourself an Apple Pie.

CAFETERIA THOROUGHFARE

HEATHER CHANDLER drags VERONICA down a cafeteria lane.

HEATHER CHANDLER

If you're going to openly be a bitch....

VERONICA

(submissive)

I'm sorry, it's just why can't we talk to different kinds of people?

HEATHER CHANDLER

Fuck me gently with a chainsaw. Do I look like Mother Theresa? If I did, I probably wouldn't mind talking to the Geek Squad.

She points to a table of unfashionably dressed and coiffed students. Some wear glasses, some wear braces, some wear both.

THE GEEKS' TABLE

The GEEKS react to being pointed at. Their boney leader RODNEY splatters milk over himself.

RODNEY

Did you see that? Heather Number
One looked right at us.

BIG CYNIC

It must be love.

CAFETERIA THOROUGHFARE

VERONICA confronts HEATHER CHANDLER.

VERONICA

Doesn't it bother you that everyone in
the school thinks you're a pirahna?

HEATHER CHANDLER

Like I give a shit. They all want me,
as a friend or a fuck. I'm worshipped
at Westerburg and I'm only a Junior.

VERONICA

Pretend you're a missionary saving
a colony of cootie victims.

HEATHER CHANDLER

(giving in)

Whatever. I don't believe this. We're
going to a party at Remington University
tonight and we're brushing up our
conversation skills with the
scum of the school.

MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK'S TABLE

Her sweaty lips moving rapidly, MARTHA anxiously reads the note.

THE GEEKS' TABLE

The nervous GEEKS fidget and roughhouse each other in an
involuntarily immature reaction to their beautiful interviewers.

GEEK WITH BRACES

No seriously, I'd probably go to
the Pyrimads. With a girl.

GEEK WITH GLASSES

Where you going to get a girl, stud?

K-Mart?

BIG CYNIC

Taking a hooker to the Pyramids on
the last day of Mankind. You
sentimental old fart.

BRACES

Geez, forget it.

VERONICA

What about you Rodney?

RODNEY

(quietly to the others)
I told you she knew my name.
(beat of contemplation)
I'd change my life. New clothes.
New haircut. New house. New home.

HEATHER CHANDLER

How sad! Blowing all your cash on
two days of trying to be hip.

VERONICA tugs HEATHER CHANDLER away from the table.

VERONICA

If you're going to openly be a bitch....

VERONICA again catches sight of the JAMES DEANESQUE GUY.
He wraps his fingers around an egg and unfolds them back.
The egg is gone. He smiles. VERONICA smiles back.

Her trance is broken by a boisterous HEATHER MCNAMARA and
HEATHER DUKE who careen into the two pollsters.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

God, scan on Martha Dumptruck.

POV ON MARTHA

MARTHA looks up from the note to the JOCKS' table and KURT
KELLY, then flustered, back down at the note.

HEATHER CHANDLER

This is the part I hate. The waiting.
I'd say we're like twenty minutes from
major humiliation. Come on, Veronica.

HEATHER CHANDLER floats off. A disturbed VERONICA takes a
moment to react.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Veronica?

VERONICA follows the leader. She calls out.

VERONICA

Damn..

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER march into the school parking lot toward four HEAVY METALERS (one female) hanging out on a car hood. The girls' conversation is heard in voice-over.

VERONICA (V.O.)

..you Heather. Deep down all teenagers are the same. Didn't you see The Breakfast Club?

BETTY FINN'S TABLE

VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER set themselves down with BETTY FINN and her LOOK-ALIKE FRIENDS.

HEATHER CHANDLER (V.O.)

Look at me. I look great. I'm the girl in the commercials and the videos.

JOCKS' TABLE

VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER warily stand at the outskirts of the JOCKS' bastion of vulgarity.

HEATHER CHANDLER (V.O.)

I'm the blonde in the bikini on the horse holding a Pepsi can.

INT. SMOKE-FILLED HALLWAY

In a dark, smoky hallway, VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER cough toward a batch of STONERS in tattered forms of dress.

HEATHER CHANDLER (V.O.)

I'm the princess being spanked on the throne by Billy Idol's guitarist's guitar.

INT. THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER click-click across the school library floor to where an ALL-OUT NERD studies in solitude.

HEATHER CHANDLER (V.O.)

What do I get out of being friends
with losers. I give them a piece of
a winner and they stain me with loseriness.

PARKING LOT

Heavy Metaler MATT grins.

MATT

You get five million dollars but
some Martians are going to zap you
in two days. You hear that, Clyde?
That's got to be the most spooky-ass
question I've ever heard.

BETTY FINN'S TABLE

BETTY FINN daintily peeps up.

BETTY FINN

I think we should use the money
for an End-of-the-world get-together.
We could invite guys.

JOCKS' TABLE

RAM sputters out some chicken to bellow.

RAM

I'd pay Madonna one million dollars
to ride my face like the Kentucky
Derby. She should be paying me, though.

STONERS' HALLWAY

A FEMALE STONER IN ARMY JACKET starts to speak, then stops...

FEMALE STONER IN ARMY JACKET

What?

LIBRARY

The ALL-OUT NERD lashes out.

ALL-OUT NERD

This is important. With taxes, I'd
be only getting 3.5 million and....

PARKING LOT

Heavy Metaler CLYDE turns from his friend MATT.

CLYDE

If you want a good way to go out before the aliens land, get a lion from the zoo. Put a remote control bomb up its butt. When the lion starts tearing you up, press the bomb button. You and the lion die like as one.

Two Heavy Metal lovers, JACKIE and STEVE, intertwined against the windshield blankly respond.

JACKIE AND STEVE

Cool.

CAFETERIA THOROUGHFARE

VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER continue their conversation chugging through another busy cafeteria lane.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Just imagine somebody like your quasi-fat, goody-good friend Betty Finn doing a Crest commercial. No one would buy Crest.

VERONICA

Don't tell me. Crest would be stained with losersness.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Yeah, and who wants that on their teeth?

HEATHER MCNAMARA and HEATHER DUKE burst back between them.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Oh God, here we go...

POV ON MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK

MARTHA, with awkward apprehension, stumbles toward KURT and the JOCKS. VERONICA and the HEATHERS stop breathing.

MARTHA mumbles something unintelligible from where the girls stand. KURT'S head detonates with a terrifying cackle. MARTHA flees the cafeteria in horror. VERONICA spins away from her mirthful friends in disgust and makes eye contact with the similarly disturbed JAMES DEANESQUE GUY.

VERONICA lurches away. She brakes against the Foodless Fund stand where PETER DAWSON is hollering away.

PETER

A dime increases the time! A buck
brings good luck! Hi Veronica. A
five keeps the neighborhood alive!
A ten and you die without sen!

HEATHER CHANDLER wings a twenty dollar bill into the cashbox.

HEATHER CHANDLER

(to Veronica)

You wanted to become a member of
the most powerful clique in the
school. If I wasn't already the
head of it, I'd want the same thing.

VERONICA

I'm sorry? What are you oozing about?

HEATHER CHANDLER

That episode with the note back
there was for all of us to enjoy,
but you're determined to ruin my day.

VERONICA

(slapping her knee)

We made a girl want to consider
suicide. What a scream. What a jest.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Come on you jerk. You know you used
to have a sense of humor.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM

Combing their hair in the bathroom mirror, the HEATHERS
speak in comically whining-and-pathetic imitations of Martha
Dumptruck as VERONICA shakes her head with a half-smile.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Ku-urt, let's pa-arty.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Ku-urt, I ne-ed an orgasm.

HEATHER DUKE's gentle off-screen voice slices in.

HEATHER DUKE (O.S.)

Veronica, could you come back here?

HEATHER CHANDLER AND HEATHER MCNAMARA

Gross!

VERONICA

A true friend's work is never done.

VERONICA reveals her right index finger is cut noticeably short, then walks over to the stalls.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Grow up, Heather. Bulimia's so '86.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Color me nauseous.

THE STALL

VERONICA stands in a tight stall with an ashamed HEATHER DUKE.

VERONICA

Maybe you should see a doctor.

HEATHER DUKE

Yeah, maybe.

HEATHER CHANDLER (O.S.)

Come on Heather. We want another look at today's lunch.

VERONICA

Geez, don't listen to them.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (O.S.)

Did she have the pie or the ice cream for dessert?

(like a game show host)

And the answer is.

HEATHER DUKE holds up her copy of The Catcher in the Rye and makes a bizarrely defiant smile.

HEATHER DUKE

Yeah, you know Holden Caulfield in the Catcher in the Rye wouldn't put up with their bogus nonsense.

VERONICA

Well, you better move Holden out of the way or he's going to get spewed.

HEATHER DUKE puts down her book and opens her mouth. VERONICA sticks her finger in.

CAFETERIA ENTRANCE

A gnarly melange of chicken and potatoes is scraped off a plate

into a cafeteria trashcan as VERONICA and the HEATHERS stroll by outside. VERONICA pauses to peer in at the JAMES DEANESQUE GUY.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

God Veronica, drool much? His name's Jason Dean. He's in my American History.

VERONICA

Give me the clipboard.

As VERONICA walks off, HEATHER MCNAMARA oinks out some amusing sexual noises.

CAFETERIA/JASON DEAN'S TABLE

VERONICA saunters to JASON DEAN.

VERONICA

Hello Jason Dean.

JASON

Greetings and salutations. Call me J.D. Are you a Heather?

VERONICA

No, a Veronica. Sawyer. This may seem like a stupid question....

J.D.

There are no stupid questions.

VERONICA

If you inherit five million dollars the same day aliens tell the earth they're blowing us up in two days, what would you do?

J.D.

(suavely)

That's the stupidest question I've ever heard.

JOCKS' TABLE

The JOCKS witness VERONICA and J.D.

RAM

Who does that new kid think he is with that coat? Bo Diddley?

KURT

Veronica is into his act. No doubt.

RAM

Let's kick his ass.

KURT

Shit, we're seniors, Ram. Too old for that crap. Let's give him a scare though.

J.D.'S TABLE

An intrigued J.D. laconically answers the question.

J.D.

Probably just row on out to the middle of a lake. Bring along my sax, some tequila, and some Bach.

VERONICA

How very.

HEATHER CHANDLER breaks VERONICA's daze of admiration.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Come on.

VERONICA (to J.D.)

Later.

J.D.

Definitely.

KURT and RAM move into the exiting VERONICA's place.
RAM sticks his finger through a piece of pie on J.D.'s plate.

RAM

You going to eat this?

KURT

What did your boyfriend say when you told him you were moving to Sherwood, Ohio?

RAM

Answer him dick!

KURT

Hey Ram, doesn't this cafeteria have a No Fags Allowed Rule?

J.D.

It seems to have an open door policy
for assholes though, doesn't it?

KURT

What did you say dickweed?

J.D.

I'll repeat myself.

J.D. gracefully stands, reaches into his coat, and pulls out a
a .357 Magnum. He fires twice at the viewer.

EXT. THE SAWYER BACKYARD--DAY

Croquet wickets have been set up in standard form. VERONICA and
the HEATHERS stand at various positions in the yard holding
different colored mallets next to matching balls. HEATHER
CHANDLER knocks her ball through the middle wicket.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

God, they won't expell him. They'll
just suspend him for a week or something.

HEATHER CHANDLER

He used a real gun. They should
throw his ass in jail.

VERONICA

No way. He used blanks. All J.D.
really did was ruin two pairs of
pants...Maybe not even that...

(giggling)

Can you bleach out urine stains?

HEATHER CHANDLER knocks her red ball into HEATHER DUKE'S
green one.

HEATHER CHANDLER

J.D.? You seem pretty amused. I thought
you were giving up on high school guys.

VERONICA

Never say never.

HEATHER DUKE

What are you going to do, Heather?
Take the two shots or send me out?

The Girls look to the doelike HEATHER DUKE with incredulous
faces.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Did you have a brain tumor for
breakfast? First you ask if you can
be red, knowing that I'm always red...

HEATHER CHANDLER places her foot on her red ball. She swings
her mallet down hard on the red ball sending the adjacent
green one rocketing into a flower bed.

HEATHER DUKE

Shit.

HEATHER CHANDLER's next shot falls short of the next wicket.

HEATHER CHANDLER

(to HEATHER DUKE)

Damn. It's your turn Heather.

HEATHER DUKE

No, it's Heather's turn.

HEATHER MCNAMARA hits her ball through a wicket and squeals.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Anyway, I can say never to high
school. I've got David.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

King David.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Maybe when you hit maturity you'll
understand the diff between a Remington
University man like David and a
Westerburg boy like Ram "Wham-bam-
thank-you-maam" Sweeney.

HEATHER MCNAMARA misses her next shot.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Ram's sweet. Yo Heather, you're up.

HEATHER DUKE tries to navigate a shot from the flower bed.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

No way, no day!

VERONICA

Give it up girl!

As her friends howl, HEATHER DUKE slams her ball out of the
flower bed. The ball bounces off a tree and amazingly goes
through a wicket. HEATHER DUKE squeals in delight.

VERONICA

Holy shit!

HEATHER MCNAMARA

God, that was unbelievable!

HEATHER CHANDLER

What. A. Shot.

HEATHER DUKE's next shot falls short of the next wicket.
VERONICA begins setting up her shot.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

So tonight's the night. Are you
two excited?

HEATHER CHANDLER

I'm giving Veronica her shot. Her
first Remington Party. Blow it tonight
girl and it's keggers with kids all
next year.

VERONICA

(missing her shot)

Crap. So who's this Brad guy I've
been set up with? Witty and urbane
pre-lawyer or albino accountant?

HEATHER CHANDLER

Don't worry. David says he's very
so he's very.

HEATHER CHANDLER again hits her ball into HEATHER DUKE'S.

HEATHER DUKE

Why?

HEATHER CHANDLER

Why not?

HEATHER CHANDLER slams HEATHER DUKE's ball back into the
flower bed. VERONICA'S MOM calls out the back screen door.

MOM

Heather, your Mother's here.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Come on whoever wants a ride.

As the HEATHERS head into the house, VERONICA picks up HEATHER
DUKE'S ball and exuberantly throws it back toward the wickets.

Veronica's MOM, carrying a tray of pate, and DAD, carrying a
Robert Ludlum book, place themselves around a patio table.

DAD

Take a break Veronica, sit down.

VERONICA

All right.

VERONICA sinks into the empty middle deck chair.

DAD

So what was the first week of
Spring Vacation withdrawal like?

VERONICA

I don't know, it was okay, I guess.

MOM

Hey kid, isn't the prom coming up?

VERONICA

I guess.

MOM

Any contestants worth mentioning?

VERONICA

Maybe. There's kind of a dark
horse now in the running.

DAD

(looking up)
Goddamn. Will somebody please tell
me why I read this spy crap.

VERONICA

(smiling)
Because you're an idiot.

DAD

Oh yeah, that's it.

DAD immediately returns to reading with a wide grin.

MOM

(shaking her head)
You two....

VERONICA

Great pate, but I'm going to have
to motor if I want to be ready for
the party tonight.

EXT. OUTSIDE 7-11--NIGHT

A Volkswagen Cabriolet pulls up in front of a 7-11 with HEATHER CHANDLER at the wheel. VERONICA pops out of the car, into the store. HEATHER CHANDLER clamors to her.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Corn nuts!

INT. 7-11

Stylishly dressed-to-massacre, VERONICA reaches out to a bag of Corn Nuts as J.D.'s off-screen voice disarms her.

J.D. (O.S.)

You going to pull a Big Gulp with that?

VERONICA

No, but if you're nice I'll let you buy me a Slurpee. You know your 7-11speak pretty well.

J.D.

I've been moved around all my life; Dallas, Baton Rouge, Vegas, Sherwood Ohio, there's always a 7-11. Any town, any time, I can pop a Ham and Cheese in the microwave and feast on a Big Wheel. Keeps me sane.

VERONICA

Really? That thing in the caf today was pretty severe.

J.D.

The extreme always makes an impression, but you're right, it was severe. Did you say a Cherry or Coke Slurpee?

VERONICA

I didn't. Cherry.

VERONICA smiles at her Coolness. J.D. returns the smile.

7-11 PARKING LOT

VERONICA and J.D. slurp by J.D.'s ferocious motorcycle.

VERONICA

Great bike.

HEATHER CHANDLER sounds her car horn with a grimace.
VERONICA glares at her then turns back to J.D.

J.D.

Just a humble perk from my Dad's
Construction company or should I
say Deconstruction company?

VERONICA

I don't know. Should you?

J.D.

My father seems to enjoy tearing
things down more than putting things up.
Seen the commerical? "Bringing every
State to a Higher State."

VERONICA

Time out....Jason Dean. Your Pop's
Fred Dean Construction. Must be
rough. Moving place to place.

J.D.

Everybody's life's got static. Is
your life perfect?

VERONICA

(gently joking)

Sure, I'm on my way to a party
at Remington University.

VERONICA grows serious as the car horn sounds again.

VERONICA

It's not perfect. I don't really
like my friends.

J.D.

I don't really like your friends either.

VERONICA

It's like they're just people I
work with and our job is being
popular and shit.

J.D.

Maybe it's time for a vacation.

The car horn blares again.

INT. DORMITORY ROOM--NIGHT

DAVID, Heather Chandler's fine looking college beau, leads VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER into a cramped, eclectically tacky dorm room. Music pounds the door.

The semi-handsome BRAD leans against a desk while a WHINING STUDENT talks with COED ONE who sits on the floor.

DAVID

Throw your coats on the bed, girls.

WHINING STUDENT

That exam was so bogus.

COED ONE

Oh I know. Which exam?

DAVID

Veronica, this is Brad.

BRAD

Excellent. Did you girls bring your partying slippers?

HEATHER CHANDLER

Yeah, let's party.

DAVID

She loves to party.

As they head out the door, BRAD whispers something in BRAD'S FRIEND'S ear causing the pair to snarl off a laugh.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

The viewer is taken back and forth from a shattered post-party VERONICA to the traumatic dormitory party itself. The sobbing monocled VERONICA writes at her desk.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Dear Diary, I want to kill and you have to believe.....damn pen!

VERONICA frenziedly scribbles, trying to get her pen to write. She throws the pen across the room and pulls out another.

VERONICA (V.O.)

You have to believe it's for more than selfish reasons. More than a spoke in my menstrual cycle. You have to believe me.

DORMITORY HALLWAY

The chaotic hallway rumbles with beer cups and loud music. VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER's stylish garb clashes with the laid-back dress of the COLLEGE STUDENTS.

BRAD anxiously hands VERONICA a cup of beer as he watches DAVID and HEATHER CHANDLER move through a staircase door.

BRAD

So, are you a cheerleader?

VERONICA

(dealing with a jerk)

No, not at all.

BRAD

You're pretty enough to be one.

VERONICA

Gee, thanks.

BRAD

It's so great to be able to talk
to a girl and not have to ask
"What's your major?" I hate that.

They uncomfortably sip their beers. A deadly pause ensues.

BRAD

So when you go to college, what kind
of subjects do you think you'll study?

INT. DAVID'S DORM ROOM

HEATHER CHANDLER and DAVID sit on the latter's bed, surrounded by a Macintosh and a series of obnoxious Ferrari posters. They kiss. DAVID doing most of the work.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Come on David, let's go back to the party.

DAVID

(unzipping his pants)

Don't worry, we will. You're just so
hot tonight. I can't control myself.

DAVID pushes HEATHER CHANDLER's head down.

DORM HALLWAY

BRAD has given up on conversation.

BRAD

So what do you say we head up to my room and have a real party. I've got the best Windham Hill C.D. collection in the dorm.

A BIG AMIABLE STUDENT approaches before VERONICA can show disgust.

BIG AMIABLE STUDENT

Brad-man, Robinson's looking for you. He says he owes you for blow and he just got some product himself.

BRAD

You're kidding. That pecker actually scored something on his own?

BIG AMIABLE STUDENT

(ambling off)
He's in Sheila's room, guy. Party up.

BRAD

Excellent. Veronica, ever do cocaine?

VERONICA

Ever since Phil Collins did that MTV anti-drug commercial I refuse everything.

BRAD

Phil Collins? Are you sure he isn't drinking and driving?

VERONICA

Jeez, right, then why don't I do drugs?

BRAD

Hey, don't run away now.

With a wink, BRAD squirms off. VERONICA dashes into the room with the coats.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA rampages through her diary.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Seventeen is the last year Mom buys the Twinkies. When you make the jump from working weekends at Pizza Hut to thirty years at I.B.M., you lose something. Not innocence--power.

J.F.K. the cat jumps onto the Diary.

VERONICA

J.F.K.!

VERONICA flings the screeching cat off and continues.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Christ, I can't explain it, but I'm allowed an understanding that my parents and these Remington University assholes have chosen to ignore. I understand I must stop Heather.

DORM "COAT" ROOM

Panting, VERONICA collapses at a desk in the "coat" room. She draws a Vodka bottle from a stockpile of liquor and pours some in her beer cup, slouching down in her chair.

VERONICA lights a match from a 7-11 matchbook. She eerily brings her hand closer and closer to the fire until it touches. With an eek of pain, she tosses the match away into the Vodka cup, setting it afire. VERONICA laughs to herself before tossing the flaming cup out the window.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE THE DORMITORY NIGHT

The flaming cup lands in a large rusted garbage can filled with other cups and various refuse. The flames spread...

INT. DORMITORY BATHROOM NIGHT

A dejected HEATHER CHANDLER walks into a multi-mirror-and-sink bathroom. Using a glass off one of the sinks, she gargles some water and then spits it at her own reflection.

THE DORM "COAT" ROOM

VERONICA closes the window as BRAD opens the door.

BRAD

How's my little cheerleader? Now I know everyone at your high school isn't so uptight, come on.

VERONICA

Hey really, I don't feel so great.

BRAD

Let's do it on the coats. It'll be excellent.

BRAD plops down onto the bed of coats and begins bouncing.

VERONICA

I have a little prepared speech I
give when my suitor wants more
than I'd like to give him....
Gee Blank, I had a nice....

BRAD

Save the speeches for Malcom X.
I just wanna get laid.

VERONICA

You don't deserve my fucking speech!

VERONICA yanks up her coat from beneath BRAD on the bed
causing him to slide off onto the floor.

DORM HALLWAY

VERONICA storms into the hallway but slows down when she
sees she's attracting attention. She notices an incited
BRAD slither to the smiling DAVID who chats with some
STUDENTS, HEATHER CHANDLER on his arm.

BRAD causes DAVID's smile to ever-so-slightly diminish.
DAVID whispers to HEATHER CHANDLER who proceeds to set
down her beer and walk toward VERONICA.

DORMITORY ALLEY

The fire in the trashcan is raging.

DORM HALLWAY

A steel faced HEATHER CHANDLER comes face-to-face with VERONICA.

HEATHER CHANDLER

What's your damage? Brad says
you're being a real cooze.

VERONICA

Heather, I feel awful, like I'm
going to throw up. Can we jam, please?

HEATHER CHANDLER

No. Hell no.

VERONICA'S eyes fall shut in a near-faint. She flings
herself down off-screen with some ugly retching sounds.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA savagely scrawls in her diary, tears burning fierce.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Betty Finn was a true friend and I sold her out for a bunch of Swatchdogs and Diet Cokeheads. Killing Heather'd be like offing the Wicked Witch of the West. Or is it East? West! I sound like a psycho. Tomorrow I'll be kissing her aerobicized ass but tonight let me dream of a world without Heather. A world where I am free.

DORM HALLWAY

VERONICA rises into view with tinges of vomit on her mouth. A smile breaks across HEATHER CHANDLER's granite puss. VERONICA runs off as STUDENTS laugh in the background.

DORMITORY ALLEY

VERONICA charges into the alley. She whips around to face a screeching HEATHER CHANDLER. In back of VERONICA, the trashcan bellows like Mt. Vesuvius.

HEATHER CHANDLER

You stupid cunt!

VERONICA

You goddamn bitch!

The flickering flames cast HEATHER CHANDLER in a demonic light.

HEATHER CHANDLER

You were nothing before you met me!
You were playing Barbies with Betty Finn! You were a Brownie, you were a Bluebird, you were a Girl Scout Cookie! I got you into a Remington Party! What's my thanks? It's on the hallway carpet. I get paid in puke!

VERONICA

Lick it up, baby. Lick. It. Up.

HEATHER CHANDLER

(totally in control)

Monday morning, you're history. I'll tell everyone about tonight. Transfer to Washington. Transfer to Jefferson.

No one at Westerburg's going to let
you play their reindeer games.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA flings her diary across the room where it hits the
wall behind the stunning figure of J.D. VERONICA gasps.

J.D.

Dreadful etiquette. I apologize.

VERONICA

(exhaling deeply)

S'okay....

J.D.

I saw the croquet set-up in the back.
Up for a match?

VERONICA is simultaneously dismayed and exhilarated. She seems
ready to burst out all her anxieties but instead....

VERONICA

Sure. But I'm Blue.

EXT. THE SAWYER BACKYARD--LATE NIGHT

The viewer's viewpoint glides through the grass of Veronica's
backyard uncovering combinations of wickets and articles of
clothing. A pair of girls shoes and a pair of guys shoes rest
together by the first wicket.

J.D. (V.O.)

Goddamn, no wonder you looked so
mangled when I came through the window.

Feminine socks and masculine socks lay crumpled by the next
wicket.

VERONICA (V.O.)

I've always treated Heather's teen
queen power plays as bullshit.....

As VERONICA quiveringly pauses, a stylish blouse and a
rugged shirt are revealed mingling by another wicket.

VERONICA (V.O.)

But I'm really scared. Who am I going
to eat lunch with on Monday? I sound
like an Afterschool Special.

The viewer's viewpoint moves to a dress and a pair of jeans

resting side by side at another wicket.

J.D. (V.O.)

That was my first game of Strip Croquet, you know. I thank you.

VERONICA (V.O.)

You're welcome. It's a lot more interesting than just flinging off your clothes and boning away on the neighbor's swing set.

VERONICA'S blue mallet has been staked into the ground. Her panties hang on one end, J.D.'s underwear hangs on the other.

J.D. (O.S.)

Well, I don't know. There's something to be said for...Ouch!

VERONICA and J.D. are finally revealed, entangled in an artful pose upon J.D.'s gunslinger coat. They warmly kiss. VERONICA breaks off to uneasily giggle.

VERONICA

What a night.

J.D. gently bites in to VERONICA's neck. VERONICA grooves on it, closing her eyes tightly.

VERONICA

What a life. I almost moved into high school out of sixth grade because I was some genius. We all decided to chuck the idea because I'd have trouble making friends, blah-blah-blah.

VERONICA slides her head down against J.D.'s chest and gracefully rests on his lap. Gently fighting slumber, she murmurs up to J.D., who showers her face with slow kisses.

VERONICA

Now blah-blah-blah is all I do. I use my grand I.Q. to figure out what gloss to wear and how to hit three keggers before curfew. Some genius.

J.D.

Heather Chandler is one bitch that deserves to die.

VERONICA

Killing her won't solve anything.

J.D.

A well-timed lightning bolt through her window and Monday morning, all the other heathers, shit, everybody would be cast fucking adrift.

VERONICA

Well then, I'll pray for rain.

J.D.

See the condoms in the grass over there. We killed tonight, Veronica. We murdered our baby.

VERONICA

Hey, it was good for me too, Sparky.

J.D.

Just saying it's not hard to end a life.

VERONICA

There's a big difference between the most popular girl in the school and dead sperm.

They laugh. VERONICA maneuvers herself into a sitting position.

J.D.

I guess I don't know what the hell I'm talking about.

VERONICA

I know exactly what the hell you're talking about and you're right, you don't know what the hell you're talking about. Let's just grow up, be adults, and die.

J.D.

Good plan.

VERONICA

But before that, I'd like to see Heather Chandler puke her guts out.

INT. HEATHER CHANDLER'S BEDROOM--DAY

HEATHER CHANDLER's bedroom is lushly and expensively furnished with a glass coffee table as an eye-catching centerpiece. HEATHER CHANDLER half-sleeps in twisted bedsheets as MRS. CHANDLER sticks her head in the door.

MRS. CHANDLER

We are leaving soon for your
grandmother's. If you care to join us...

HEATHER CHANDLER

Bag that.

MRS. CHANDLER

Is that a "No" in your lingo?

As the door closes, HEATHER CHANDLER raises her arm and
gives her departed Mother "the finger."

HEATHER CHANDLER

Lingo this.

INT. THE CHANDLER KITCHEN--DAY

The sound of a lock being jimmed is heard moments before
VERONICA and J.D. burst through the door.

VERONICA

(quietly)

Trust me. She skips the Saturday
morning trip to Grandma's even
when she's not hungover.

J.D.

Then let's just concoct ourselves a
little hangover cure that'll induce
her to spew red, white, and blue.

VERONICA opens the refrigerator. J.D. opens the cupboard
beneath the sink.

VERONICA

What about orange juice and milk?
What's the upchuck factor on that?

J.D. holds up a bottle of Pine-Sol.

J.D.

I'm a Pine-Sol man, myself.

VERONICA

Don't be a dick. That stuff'll
kill her.

VERONICA and J.D. make queasy eye-contact. VERONICA descends
back into the refrigerator with some worked-up enthusiasm as
J.D. suavely pours bits of various toxic containers (detergent,

scouring powder) into a glass beer mug.

VERONICA

O-kay. We'll cook up some soup and put it in a Coke. Sick, eh? Now should it be Chicken-Noodle or Bean-with-Bacon?

J.D.

Man Veronica, pull the plug on that shit. I say we go with Big Blue.

J.D. raises the glass filled with what is now a strange blue liquid. VERONICA stares at the glass, scared by her own thoughts.

VERONICA

What are you doing? You just can't go.....Besides, she'd never drink anything that looks like that.

J.D.

Okay we'll use this. She won't be able to tell what she's drinking.

J.D. pulls down a ceramic cup and triumphantly pours the poisonously blue beer glass contents into it. An eerie pause ensues. VERONICA takes out a milk carton and a container of orange juice. She struts back to the counter in anger, icily muttering.

VERONICA

Just give me a cup, jerk.

J.D. sheepishly pulls down an identical ceramic cup. VERONICA tears it from him and pours some milk and then some orange juice into the cup.

VERONICA

Milk and orange juice. Hmmm. Maybe we could cough a phlegm globber in it or something.

J.D.

Yeah, great.

They both start coughing harshly.

VERONICA

No luck? Well, milk and orange juice'll do quite nicely. Quite nicely.

J.D.

Chick-en.

VERONICA

You're not funny.

J.D. turns on his heel and slinks away. VERONICA glares down at the mess of toxic containers. With both arms, VERONICA clumps the toxic containers together and drops beneath the sink to put them away. J.D. swaggers back into the kitchen as VERONICA bobs back into view.

J.D.

I'm sorry.

J.D. kisses the back of her neck. VERONICA closes her eyes with a grudging smile.

VERONICA

Bonehead.

VERONICA dreamily reaches out to one of the two ceramic cups.

Not the one with milk and orange juice in it.

HEATHER CHANDLER'S BEDROOM

HEATHER CHANDLER angelically sleeps as VERONICA and J.D. enter.

VERONICA

Morning, Heather.

Like a lion, HEATHER CHANDLER rouses herself up.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Veronica. And Jesse James. Quelle surprise. Hear about Veronica's affection for regurgitation?

VERONICA

We both said a lot of things we didn't mean, last night.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Did we? How the hell'd you get in here?

J.D.

Veronica knew you'd have a hangover. So I whipped this up. Family recipe.

J.D. holds out the ceramic cup. HEATHER CHANDLER snorts.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Did you put a phlegm globber in it

or something? I'm not drinking that piss.

J.D.

I knew this stuff would be too intense.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Intense? Grow up. You think I'll drink it just because you call me chicken.

They do. They're right.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Just give me the cup, jerk.

HEATHER CHANDLER rises from the bed and struts to J.D. in anger. She takes the cup, slams her head back and downs it all. She then launches her head forward, her face contorted in agony.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Corn nuts!

HEATHER CHANDLER'S eyes slam shut and her limp body crashes through the glass coffee table. VERONICA and J.D. freeze.

J.D.

Something tells me you picked up the wrong cup.

VERONICA

No shit, sherlock. I can't believe it. I just killed my best friend.

J.D.

And your worst enemy.

VERONICA

Same difference. Oh jesus, I'm gonna...

VERONICA staggers to a desk. J.D. laughs out of shock.

J.D.

What are we going to tell the cops?
"Fuck it if she can't take a joke, Sarge."

VERONICA

Stop kidding around. I'm going to have to send my S.A.T. scores to San Quentin instead of Stanford.

J.D.

I'm just a little freaked, all right?
(a beat)

You got what you wanted, you know.

VERONICA

It's one thing to want somebody out of your life. It's another thing to serve them a wake-up cup of Drano.

VERONICA stares off as J.D. paces like a caged animal. He scopes onto the rubble of the shattered coffee table and sees Cliff Notes for The Bell Jar plus a magazine proclaiming "THE FALL OF THE AMERICAN TEEN" sticking out from beneath HEATHER CHANDLER's body.

J.D.

We did a murder. In Ohio, that's a crime. But if this was like a suicide thing.....

VERONICA

Like a suicide thing?

J.D.

Adolescence is a period of life fraught with anxiety and confusion.

VERONICA

(calming down)

I can do Heather's handwriting as well as my own.

VERONICA takes some stationery from the desk and begins writing, calling out her words.

VERONICA

"You might think what I've done is shocking..."

J.D.

"To me though, suicide is the natural answer to the myriad of problems life has given me."

VERONICA

That's good, but Heather would never use the word "myriad."

J.D.

This is the last thing she'll ever write. She'll want to cash in on as many fifty-cent words as poss.

VERONICA

She missed "myriad" on a vocab

test two weeks ago, all right?

J.D.

That only proves my point more. The word is a badge for her failures at school.

VERONICA

You're probably right..."People think just because you're beautiful and popular, life is easy and fun. Nobody understood I had feelings too."

J.D.

"I die knowing no one knew the real me."

VERONICA

That's good. Have you done this before?

VERONICA's smile dies as she looks to HEATHER CHANDLER'S corpse.

INT. SCHOOL CONFERENCE ROOM--DAY

At the head of a long conference table is the bearlike PRINCIPAL GOWAN. Circling the table is the gray-haired but savvy MRS. POPE, the black counselor PAUL HYDE, the yuppie math teacher KEVIN STAPLES, and most noticeably, the eccentrically dressed MS. PAULINE FLEMING. Coats are in chairs and cigarette smoke is in the air, as the group batters their way through a morning mourning conference.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Any other Principal would take the same position. Keep things business as usual.

COUNSELOR HYDE

Heather Chandler's not your everyday suicide. She was very popular.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

I let the kids go before lunch and the switchboard'll light up like a Christmas Tree.

KEVIN STAPLES

The parents will be sympathetic, sir. These are troubled times for the young.

MRS. POPE

I must say I was impressed to see that she made proper use of the word "myriad" in her suicide note after brutalizing it in a vocabulary test.

PAULINE

(dramatically cutting in)
I find it profoundly disturbing that we are told of a tragic destruction of youth and all we can talk about is adequate mourning times and misused vocabulary words.

A collective sigh goes across the room.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Oh Christ.

PAULINE

The school, meaning both students and teachers, must revel in this revealing moment. I suggest we get everyone into the cafeteria and just talk. And feel. Together.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Thank you, Ms. Fleming. Call me when the shuttle lands...Now is this Heather the cheerleader?

COUNSELOR HYDE

That would be Heather Mcnamara.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Damn. I'd be willing to go half a day for a cheerleader.

KEVIN STAPLES

Let's just pack it in an hour early.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Done. I hate Mondays.

INT. PAULINE FLEMING'S CLASSROOM--DAY

The desks of the classroom have been maneuvered into an amusingly chaotic position by PAULINE'S PUPILS. She is furious.

PAULINE

I said a circle you imbeciles! Forget it! Just sit down. I'm just so thrilled to be given an example of everything I've taught you. That example is Heather Chandler. I have the note!

PAULINE melodramatically lifts the suicide note. The class AAAHS.

MALE STUDENT

All right!

PAULINE

I'll pass the suicide note around the room so you can feel its tragic beauty for yourself. Let us share together the feelings the suicide has spurred in us all. Who wants to begin?

FEMALE STUDENT

I heard it was really gnarly. She drank Liquid Plumber and Comet and stuff then she smashed....

PAULINE

Now, now, we're not here to rehash the coroner's report. Let's talk emotions.

THE ALL-OUT NERD

Are we going to be tested on this?

A stunned PAULINE glares until preppie PETER DAWSON speaks. The note continues to be breathlessly passed around.

PETER

Heather and I used to go together, but she said I was boring. I realize now I wasn't really boring. She was just dissatisfied with her life.

PAULINE

That's very good Peter.

VERONICA lets out a laugh that she disguises as a sob by putting her hands over her face.

PAULINE

Dear Veronica, Heather was your soulmate.....Share.

VERONICA

Heather was cool, but cruel. The good looks and bad manners gave her power, but it could not give her happiness.

The class stares to VERONICA as the suicide note is passed to her. She acknowledges it in horror, passes it on, then continues, realizing her ability to create truths for a captive audience.

VERONICA

She realized the only way she could
be happy was to give up her power and
the only way she could do that was death.

PAULINE cries. The PUPILS applaud. VERONICA queasily smiles.

INT. THE GIRLS LOCKER ROOM--DAY

The GIRLS are finishing up putting on their clothes.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Oh God, it's so unfair. It's just so
unfair! We should get a whole week
off not just an hour.

HEATHER DUKE

Write the School Board.

HEATHER DUKE gnaws on a chicken leg as she speaks.

VERONICA

Watch it, Heather. You could actually
be digesting food.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Yeah, where's your urge to purge?

HEATHER DUKE

(belching)
Fuck it.

HEATHER MCNAMARA pulls a Swatch from one of the lockers.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Look, heather left behind one of her
Swatches. She'd want you to have it,
Veronica. She always said you couldn't
accessorize for shit.

HEATHER MCNAMARA tosses the watch to a spooked VERONICA who
stands up and solemnly puts it on. The FEMALE STONER IN ARMY
JACKET stops next to their bench.

FEMALE STONER IN ARMY JACKET

I'm sorry about your friend. I thought
she was your usual airhead bitch.
Guess I was wrong. Lot of us were.

HEATHER DUKE bobs up from the world's largest sno-cone.

HEATHER DUKE

What a waste.

VERONICA zombiesquely moves into the shower area.

HEATHER DUKE (V.O.)

Oh the Humanity.

THE SHOWER

VERONICA turns on a shower and lets the water spray against her clothes.

THE LOCKER ROOM

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Veronica, what are you doing?

SQUEALING GIRL

Everyone in the shower!

The SQUEALING GIRL runs into the shower fully clothed. TWO GIGGLING GIRLS follow suit. The HEATHERS look to each other, laugh, and run in.

INT. THE GIRLS' COACH'S LOCKER ROOM OFFICE

Heavy Metalers MATT, CLYDE, and STEVE plus Geek RODNEY sneak into a darkened room. Girls' laughter drifts in.

MATT

Do I deliver or do I deliver?

RODNEY

Hurry up, we're going to get caught.

MATT

Mellow out Geek. Man, I never should have brought you.

CLYDE

Let's see some pussy!

MATT pulls a curtain revealing a semi-overhead view of the showering and clothed GIRLS.

THE SHOWER

The GIRLS splash and spin in balletlike slow motion. VERONICA stands facing the viewer, the Swatch noticeably attached.

THE GIRLS' COACH'S LOCKER ROOM OFFICE

Cautiously quiet pandemonium.

MATT

Does this have something to do with
menstrual cramps and shit?

CLYDE

(dazed)
What the fuck?

RODNEY

We're on Candid Camera, dudes. I
can feel it.

CLYDE

What the fuck?

STEVE

Do you deliver or do you deliver?

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE SCHOOL--DAY

Pulling their coats over their wet clothes, VERONICA and the
HEATHERS come out of the school.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

That was seriously warped, Veronica.

VERONICA

Uh-huh.

HEATHER DUKE

T.V. cameras!

In the distance, a T.V. CAMERA CREW is interviewing STUDENTS.
HEATHER DUKE dashes toward them. HEATHER MCNAMARA freezes.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Oh God, Veronica. My hair! My clothes!

HEATHER MCNAMARA moans, vibrates, then suddenly races toward
the cameras. VERONICA looks down at the soaked, stopped Swatch
on her arm. She takes it off and drops it in a nearby trashcan.

INT. THE DEAN LIVING ROOM--LATE AFTERNOON

A massive T.V. set shows the image of HEATHER DUKE
posed by a tree, talking into a microphone.

HEATHER DUKE (T.V.)

I choose to remember the good times.
Like when we got our ears pierced
at the mall.

The image of HEATHER MCNAMARA sitting in the grass talking into a microphone supersedes HEATHER DUKE's.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (T.V.)

I can still hear those late night talks on the phone.

The image of PETER DAWSON sitting on a rock comes on next.

PETER (T.V.)

The day I won her that stuffed rhino at the 4-H Fair, she said to me....

VERONICA (O.S.)

You're an asshole! Mute him!

VERONICA and J.D. are seen to be crashed on a couch. J.D. pushes a button on the remote control, cutting the sound.

J.D.

Mute!

VERONICA

Next channel, darling.

The silent image of HEATHER DUKE on a staircase talking into a microphone is on the screen.

VERONICA (O.S.)

Heather, how many networks did you run to!

Country Club Courtney appears wearing a T-shirt reading BIGFUN. VERONICA takes the remote and turns the sound on.

VERONICA

Oh, I have to hear this.

COURTNEY (T.V.)

In my heart, Heather's still alive.

VERONICA

(muting Courtney)

What are you talking about? She hated you! You hated her!

(to J.D.)

What are you smiling at?

J.D.

Heather Chandler is more popular than ever now.

VERONICA

Yeah. Scary stuff.

J.D. suddenly looks away from VERONICA with a mischievous half-smile. He inexplicably calls out.

J.D.

Why son, I didn't hear you come in.

J.D.'s father FRED DEAN, stands before them, handsome and threatening in a shirt and tie. He is rather malevolently holding a rowing machine.

FRED DEAN

Hey Dad, how was work today?

FRED DEAN slams down his rowing machine and straddles it before answering his own question. He rows as he speaks. The Brady Bunch sputters on the T.V. screen before him.

FRED DEAN

It was miserable. Some damn tribe of withered old bitches doesn't want us to terminate that fleabag hotel. All because Glenn Miller and his band once took a shit there. It's just like Kansas. Do you remember fucking Kansas?

J.D.

That was the one with the wheat right?

BIG BUD DEAN

The Save the Memorial Oak Tree Society. Showed those fucks.

J.D. turns to VERONICA with a bemused smile.

J.D.

Thirty Fourth of July fireworks attached to the trunk. Arraigned but Acquitted.

FRED DEAN

Fucking Kansas. Gosh Pop, I almost forgot to introduce my girlfriend.

J.D.

Veronica, Dad. Dad, Veronica.

VERONICA

Hello.

VERONICA, with a forced smile, reaches to shake FRED's hand. FRED DEAN extends his hand but makes no effort to stop rowing hence his hand pulls away from VERONICA. Pop and son laugh.

J.D.

Jason, why don't you ask your little friend to stay for dinner.

VERONICA

(awkwardly standing)
My Mom's making my favorite meal tonight. Spaghetti. Lots of oregano.

J.D.

Nice. The last time I saw my Mom, she was waving out the window of a library in Texas. Right, Dad?

BIG BUD DEAN stops rowing to grin a You-Think-You're-Tougher-Than-Me-But-You're-Not smile to J.D.

BIG BUD DEAN

Right, son.

VERONICA

(weakly)
Right.

EXT. THE SAWYER PATIO--DUSK

Just as in the earlier patio scene, DAD and MOM SAWYER are seated at a patio table with an empty chair between them. Pate is on the table. DAD smokes a cigarette.

DAD

Take a break Veronica, sit down.

VERONICA walks into view and sits down.

VERONICA

All right.

DAD

So what was the first day after Heather's suicide like?

VERONICA

I don't know, it was okay, I guess.

MOM

Terrible thing. So will we get to

meet this dark horse prom contender?

VERONICA

Maybe.

DAD

(looking at his cigarette)
Goddamn. Will somebody please tell
me why I smoke these damn things?

VERONICA

(smiling)
Because you're an idiot.

DAD

Oh yeah, that's it.

DAD immediately takes another drag with a wide grin.

MOM

(shaking her head)
You two....

VERONICA

Greate pate, but I'm going to have
to motor if I want to be ready for
the funeral tomorrow.

INT. HEATHER MCNAMARA'S BEDROOM--DAY

A montage commences showing the HEATHERS preparing for the funeral.

HEATHER MCNAMARA models an all-black outfit in front of a dressing table mirror. She storms away, pouting.

INT. HEATHER DUKE'S BEDROOM--DAY

Bobbing up from a fashion magazine whose cover story is FUNERAL CHIC, HEATHER DUKE finishes applying black lipstick. A look of horror passes over her face and she savagely scrubs her lips.

INT. CHURCH--DAY

A MORTICIAN puts the finishing touches on HEATHER CHANDLER, smoothing out her clothes and buffing her face. He gently kisses her forehead then quickly rebuffs the spot.

HEATHER MCNAMARA'S BEDROOM

HEATHER MCNAMARA models another black outfit. She responds this time with a satisfied smile.

HEATHER DUKE'S BEDROOM

Traditionally made up, a smiling HEATHER DUKE brings a crucifix earring to her ear and attaches it.

INT. CHURCH--DAY

HEATHER CHANDLER serenely lies in a coffin as FATHER FAUST bellows off-screen. A panorama of ADULTS and STUDENTS is revealed at this more social than spiritual event. VERONICA and J.D. watch from the back pew.

FATHER RIPPER (O.S.)

I blame not Heather but rather a society that tells its youth that the answers are on the MTV video games. We must pray the other teenagers of Sherwood, Ohio, know the name of that "righteous dude" who can solve their problems....

The bald FATHER FAUST finally comes into view.

FATHER RIPPER

(cont'd)

It's Jesus Christ and he's in the book.

KNEELING PODIUM BEFORE COFFIN--LATER

BETTY FINN is kneeling before HEATHER CHANDLER'S open coffin. The viewer hears what she is thinking.

BETTY (V.O.)

May Heather Chandler rest in peace even though she committed suicide. For-the-kingdom-the-power-and-the-glory-are-yours-now-and-forever-Amen.

BETTY FINN makes the sign of the cross, rises, and exits. HEATHER MCNAMARA takes her place on the kneeling podium.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (V.O.)

Oh God, this is a tragic thing and sometimes I have a hard time dealing with it and stuff. Please send Heather to heaven and all that. Thanks. I mean, Amen.

HEATHER MCNAMARA exits and PETER DAWSON moves in her place.

PETER (V.O.)

Dear God, make sure this never

happens to me. I do not think I could handle suicide and that's the God's honest truth. Pardon the pun. Fast-early-acceptance-into-an-Ivy-League-school-and-please-let-it-be-Harvard. Amen.

PETER flees and RAM uncomfortably takes his place.

RAM (V.O.)

Jesus God in heaven, uh, why did you kill such hot snatch. That's a joke, man. People are so serious.
(a beat)
Hail Mary, who aren't in heaven, pray for us sinners....so we don't get caught. Another joke, man.

RAM clumsily exits. HEATHER DUKE solemnly kneels in his place.

HEATHER DUKE (V.O.)

I prayed for the death of Heather Chandler many times and I felt bad every time I did, but I kept doing it anyway. Now I know you understood everything. Praise Jesus. Alleluia.

HEATHER DUKE departs and VERONICA kneels in her place.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Hi. I'm sorry. Technically I didn't kill Heather Chandler but hey, who am I trying to kid, right? I just want my high school to be a nice place. Amen. Did that sound bitchy?

CHURCH LOBBY

HEATHER MCNAMARA dips a big comb in the holy water basin and then combs out her hair. VERONICA breezes by.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Veronica. What are you doing tonight?

VERONICA

Mourning. Maybe watch some T.V. Why?

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Ram asked me out, but he wants to double with Kurt and Kurt doesn't have a date.

VERONICA

Heather, I've got something
going with J.D.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Please Veronica. Put Billy the Kid on
hold tonight, I'll never forget it.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT--DAY

KURT KELLY and RAM stand by RAM'S van.

KURT

We on tonight man?

RAM

I still got to talk to Heather,
dude. Weird funeral, huh?

KURT

Pretty weird.

Geeks RODNEY, FAT CYNIC, and BRACES thrust by KURT and RAM.
BRACES obliviously steps on KURT's foot.

KURT

That pudwapper just stepped on my foot.

RAM

Let's kick his ass.

KURT

Cool off, we're seniors.

RAM

Goddamn Geek!

BRACES gives them "the finger".

BRACES

(awkwardly defiant)
Sit and spin.

KURT and RAM turn to each other more amused than angered.

KURT

That little prick.

The bolting Jocks effortlessly catch BRACES and put him into a
hunched-over position. The other Geeks look on, ashamed.

KURT

All right you piece of shit fag,
do you like to suck big dicks?

BRACES

Cut it out!

RAM pushes BRACES down harder.

KURT

Say it man. Say I like to suck big dicks.

RODNEY

Leave him alone, Kurt.

J.D. rides by on his motorcycle. He turns to watch KURT,
wearing an overwhelmingly tinted motorcycle helmet that
reads THE TRUE KILLER across the top. KURT is spooked.

RAM (O.S.)

Say it!

BRACES

Okay, okay, you like to suck big dicks.

Unamused, RAM throws BRACES to the ground. BRACES semi-cries.

BRACES

I like to suck big dicks. Mmm-mm!
I can't get enough of them. Satisfied?

KURT

I'm sure your friends are happy
to hear that.
(with a lisp)
Right, guys?

ANOTHER PLACE IN THE PARKING LOT

VERONICA and HEATHER MCNAMARA sashay through the parking lot.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Don't worry, Ram's been so sweet
lately, consoling me and stuff.
It'll be really very. Promise.

Moving into the background, BRACES wipes dirt and blood off
his face as his friends glumly watch on.

VERONICA

All right, but I hope it isn't
going to be one of those nights where
they get shitfaced and take us to a

pasture to tip cows.

EXT. COW PASTURE--NIGHT

A COW stands sleeping. Giggling and drunk, KURT and RAM scramble around the COW. Uncomfortable and sober, VERONICA and HEATHER MCNAMARA look on.

KURT

Is it sleeping, dude?

RAM

I think so, man.

KURT

Then get over on my side. Oh shit, cowntipping is the fucking greatest.

RAM

Punch it in!

KURT and RAM slam their knuckles and then lean against the COW, poised to shove. HEATHER MCNAMARA manages a smile but VERONICA glares it away.

KURT

Count of three, guy.

KURT AND RAM

One. Two. Three!

An O.S. Moo and the Jocks' laughter is heard as mud splashes against the mortified faces of VERONICA and HEATHER MCNAMARA.

DEEPER IN THE PASTURE--LATER IN THE NIGHT

KURT stumbles after a more annoyed than scared VERONICA.

KURT

"When I get that feeling, I need sexual healing....."

VERONICA

Yeah, right, asshole.

VERONICA makes her way up a hill, pausing to compassionately stare at RAM on top of a dispirited HEATHER MCNAMARA. KURT's intoxicated brain has trouble dealing with the incline. Majestically, J.D. appears at the top of the hill. KURT squints up the hill and falls over backwards.

J.D.

What is this shit?

VERONICA

I'm doing a favor for Heather. A double date. I tried to tell you at the funeral but you rode off.

KURT

(still face down)

"Feel like making bah da dah bah da dah, feel like making love."

J.D.

Another fucking Heather.

(harshly laughs)

I'm sorry. I'm feeling kind of superior tonight. Seven high schools in seven states and the only thing different was my locker combination. We've broke through the peer pressure cooker. So what if we had to kill Miss Popularity..

VERONICA clumsily high heels it up the hill.

VERONICA

So what? Don't smile like that, Jesus!

J.D.

Our love is God. Let's get a Slurpee.

J.D. solemnly reaches toward VERONICA. She, less solemn, takes his hand. Their bodies disappear over the hill.

KURT

"And she's buying the stairway to heaven.."

INT. NEWSPAPER/YEARBOOK WORKSHOP--DAY

In a cluttered school workshop, Editor DENNIS and a YEARBOOK GIRL, wearing a BIGFUN T-shirt, confer over a layout sheet. Dennis's Famine Fund partner PETER DAWSON pouts behind them.

DENNIS

I'm not belittling the Famine Fund Peter, but we're talking teen suicide! Westerburg finally got one and I'm not going to blow it.

PETER

Great. Heather gets the headline and I get crammed in by the Taco Bell coupon.

VERONICA breezes in.

VERONICA

Hi Guys. I came to check on this week's lunchtime poll topic.

DENNIS

Don't worry about it, Veronica, sit down. That funeral yesterday must have been really rough.

VERONICA

Oh. Sure.

YEARBOOK GIRL

We were, uh, wondering if maybe you had some poems or artwork that Heather did that we could put in the Heather Chandler yearbook spread?

VERONICA

The what?

YEARBOOK GIRL

Take a look. We'll have a two page layout with her suicide note up here in the right hand corner.

DENNIS

It's more tasteful than it sounds.

Country Club COURTNEY and COURTNEY'S FRIEND come in giggling and whispering. Seeing VERONICA, they stop dead, then slide into chairs, laughing softly.

VERONICA

I don't know. This thing leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

COURTNEY

Like last night, Veronica?

COURTNEY and COURTNEY'S FRIEND explode in laughter.

VERONICA

I'm sorry? I don't get it.

COURTNEY

You did last night.

More laughter.

COURTNEY'S FRIEND

Kurt told us of your little date.

VERONICA

Yeah. And? I left him drunk and flailing in cowshit.

COURTNEY

I don't know. He was really detailed.

PETER

Shut up, Courtney.

VERONICA

Don't shut up. I'd like to know just what I did.

PETER

(gesturing to the door)
Let me show you that lunchtime poll topic, Veronica.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE WORKSHOP

PETER tells VERONICA.

PETER

I rarely listen to Neanderthals like Kurt Kelly bu-ut he said you were bent over like a coffee table with Kurt going in one end and Ram coming in the other. Pardon the pun.

VERONICA

(dazed)
Pardon the pun. Son-of-a-bitch.

Dizzy, VERONICA hands a clump of dollar bills to PETER.

VERONICA

Thanks Pete, for the Famine Fund.

PETER cheerfully pockets the cash as VERONICA drifts off.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--DAY

VERONICA arousingly speaks into her phone.

VERONICA

Hi, Kurt? This is Veronica Sawyer. I didn't expect to be calling either. I guess my emotions took over. I was

wondering if you wanted all those things you've been saying to really happen. It's always been a fantasy of mine to have two guys at once.....
Sure, you can write Penthouse Forum.

Revealed to be lounging on her bed, J.D. laughs out loud. VERONICA throws a book at him.

VERONICA

That's right, tonight. In the woods behind the school. Don't forget Ram.

INT. THE KELLY KITCHEN--DAY

KURT hangs up with an amazed expression on his face.

KURT

Women.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA and J.D. load guns on VERONICA's bed. VERONICA breaks into a laugh.

VERONICA

I don't get the point of me writing a suicide note when we'll just be shooting them with blanks.

J.D.

Get crucial. We won't be using blanks this time.

VERONICA

You can't be serious? Hey listen, my Bonnie-and-Clyde days are over.

VERONICA drops her gun in revulsion and launches off her bed. With a patient smile, J.D. pulls her back down.

J.D.

Do you take German?

VERONICA

French.

J.D. flicks open his gun and pulls a bullet from the chamber.

J.D.

These are Ich Luge bullets. My grandfather snared a shitload of

them in W.W. Two. They're like tranquilizers only they break the surface of the skin, enough to cause blood, but not any real harm.

VERONICA

So it looks like the person's been shot and killed when they're really just unconscious and bleeding.

J.D. nods then stands to pace the room, his mind whirring.

J.D.

We shoot Kurt and Ram. Make it look like they shot each other. By the time Kurt and Ram regain consciousness, they'll be the laughingstock's of the school. The note's the punchline. How'd it turn out?

VERONICA clumsily extracts the note from her purse. She also plucks out the crumpled yellow sample of Kurt's handwriting of the opening note-forged scene. She proudly displays both papers.

VERONICA

First tell me this similarity is not incredible.

J.D.

(warmly)
Incredible similarity.

VERONICA pulls back the note and reads.

VERONICA

Ram and I died the day we realized we could never reveal our forbidden love to an uncaring and ununderstanding world. The joy we shared in each other's arms was greater than any touchdown. Yet we were forced to live the lie of Sexist-Beer Guzzling-Jock-Asshole.

J.D.

Exquisite, but I don't think ununderstanding is a word.

VERONICA

We don't want to make them out to be too secretly eloquent. Why would the Germans invent a bullet that doesn't

kill people? I mean it was World War Two, not a school play.

J.D.

(rapid-fire)

They used them on themselves to make it look like they were dead. Really quite a brilliant device, but too flamboyant to seriously produce.

VERONICA

Neat. Let's try it out on J.F.K.

VERONICA swiftly picks up her gun and aims it at the lovable tabby entering the room. J.D. rips it away from her.

J.D.

It doesn't work on small animals!

VERONICA

Oh.

J.D.

Uh well hey, let's take a look at the homosexual artifacts I dug up. Now, prepare to be a little disappointed.

J.D. lifts up a feminine shopping bag and gently dumps the contents on the bed.

J.D.

We've got a Playgirl, a candy dish, a Joan Crawford post card, and lipstick.

VERONICA

You must have had fun.

J.D.

You know it. Oh man, I almost forgot. The one perfecto thing I picked up...

J.D. reaches in both his coat pockets and triumphantly raises out two bottles of Perrier water.

J.D.

Perrier water!

VERONICA

Oh come on. Lots of people drink Perrier. It's come a long way.

J.D.

This is Ohio. If you don't have a
brewsky in your hand after dark you
might as well be wearing a dress.

VERONICA

(mock-seductively)

Oh, you're so smart. How about a
little heterosexuality before we go?

J.D. laughs then climbs onto VERONICA for a hugging kiss.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT--NIGHT

A tense KURT and an excited RAM, playing air guitar, walk
through the parking lot toward the woods.

RAM

(singing)

Sex and Drugs and HBO is all I ever
need! Whoa! Can you hear me! Hello
Tokyo! I said Sex and Drugs and...

KURT

Shut the fuck up, all right.

RAM

Lighten up, dude. In those woods is
some of the finest pussy in the school
and we don't even have to buy it a
hamburger and a Diet Coke. Punch it in!

KURT feebly slams knuckles with RAM.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS--NIGHT

VERONICA stands in the middle of a clearing in the woods.
She nervously tucks the gun in the back of her dress as KURT
and RAM emerge into the clearing from a path in the woods.

KURT

Hi Veronica.

VERONICA

(forced cheerfulness)

Hi Guys. Glad you could make it.

RAM smacks his hands together.

RAM

So do we just start fucking?

VERONICA

I've made a circle on each end of
the clearing. Ram, you come over here.

KURT steps into the scratched-in-the-dirt circle next to him.
A confused RAM walks past VERONICA and steps into a circle at
the opposite end of the foggy clearing.

VERONICA

When you get in the circle, strip.

The guys pause, then slowly start taking off their clothes.

RAM

What about you?

VERONICA

I was hoping you'd rip my clothes
off me, sport.

RAM

Oh. Good idea.

KURT and RAM awkwardly stand at opposite ends in their undies.

VERONICA

Count of three, guys.

RAM giggles in anticipation.

VERONICA

One.

KURT finally cracks a smile.

VERONICA

Two.

J.D. suddenly moves next to VERONICA holding a gun in his
right hand and the feminine shopping bag in his left.

J.D.

Three.

J.D. almost non-chalantly shoots RAM in the forehead.

VERONICA rips out her gun and swings it toward KURT. Using
both hands, she fires, but misses completely. KURT runs
away onto the path. VERONICA throws down her gun with a smile.

VERONICA

Shucks.

J.D. races to VERONICA in a white sweat.

J.D.

Did you miss him completely?

VERONICA

(giggling)

Yeah, but don't worry, it was worth it just to see the look on....

J.D.

Don't move! I'll get him back!

VERONICA's laughter cuts off like a faucet. Suddenly trembling and confused, she watches J.D. bolt into the woods.

THE PATH

A panicked KURT runs on the path through the woods.

OFF THE PATH

J.D., with a cold efficiency, weaves through trees.

THE CLEARING

VERONICA turns toward Ram's collapsed body.

THE PATH

KURT sees the opening at the end of the woods. J.D. suddenly moves into the light at the end of the woods and raises his gun. KURT runs back the other way with a strangled moan.

THE CLEARING

VERONICA approaches Ram's body with increasing shivers. He does not look bleeding and unconscious. He looks bleeding and dead, dead, dead.

KURT barrels into the clearing as J.D. howls from the woods.

J.D.

Now!

In a burst of frightened, animal instinct, VERONICA whips around and fires her gun right into KURT's chest.

SQUAD CAR IN SCHOOL PARKING LOT

Two cops, MILNER and McCORD, smoke marijuana in a squad car already filled with smoke. After a coughing fit, MILNER shouts.

MILNER

I heard it that time!

McCORD

Wha?

MILNER

Another gunshot! From the woods!

McCORD

Shit, let's roll.

The two officer explode out of the car.

THE CLEARING

J.D. puts his gun in RAM's right hand while VERONICA zombiesquely does the same with KURT and her gun.

VERONICA

Kurt doesn't look too good.

J.D.

Remember he's left-handed.

A quivering VERONICA puts the gun in KURT's left hand.

MILNER (O.S.)

Keep going until you hit the clearing!

J.D.'s head snaps forward. He yanks up VERONICA. They both run into the woods behind RAM's body as the two Cops charge into the clearing, guns raised. Seeing the Jocks, they stop.

McCORD

Mother of Shit!

MILNER

Call in!

MILNER looks toward where VERONICA and J.D. ran out.

MILNER

I heard something out there. I'm checking it out.

MILNER runs off as McCORD shouts into a walkie-talkie. He is holding the pulse of KURT KELLY.

McCORD

This is Officer McCord and I've got

two dead bodies in the woods behind
Westerburg High. Oh my God, one of
them's Kurt Kelly, the quarterback.

IN THE WOODS

VERONICA and J.D. flow through the trees. An Owl hoos.

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS

MILNER blindly barrels through the woods.

JUST OUTSIDE THE WOODS

VERONICA and J.D. come out of the woods and start running up
a grassy hill toward VERONICA's car which is parked on top.

J.D.

Faster!

IN THE WOODS

MILNER is jolted by an OWL-HOO, then continues moving.

THE HILL

VERONICA and J.D. reach the car, panting.

MILNER races out of the woods just as VERONICA and J.D. slam
the car doors closed behind them. MILNER huffs up the hill.

THE SAWYER CAR

VERONICA and J.D. somersault into the backseat and begin
taking off their clothes.

THE HILL

MILNER continues to move up the hill.

THE SAWYER CAR

VERONICA and J.D., stripped down to their underwear, embrace.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

MILNER approaches the car and peers in. His crackling walkie-
talkie startles him.

McCord (O.S./walkie-talkie)

Milner, can you hear me? What's going down?

MILNER moves away from the car, then speaks into his walkie-talkie.

MILNER

Think what I heard was just a stinking owl. All I got is two kids making out in the backseat of a car. Should I pry them apart?

McCORD (O.S./walkie-talkie)

Forget it. I got all the answers back here, partner.

THE SAWYER CAR

Seeing the cop move away. VERONICA and J.D. stop kissing. They catch their breath, smile, then continue passionately necking.

THE CLEARING

MILNER runs back into the clearing.

MILNER

What's the deal?

McCORD

Suicide. Double Suicide. They shot each other.

MILNER

That's Kurt Kelly!

McCORD

Yeah, and the linebacker, Ram Sweeney.

MILNER

Oh my God, suicide? Why?

McCORD

Does this answer your question?

McCORD reaches in the feminine shopping bag and pulls out the bottles of Perrier water.

MILNER

Oh man, they were fags!

McCORD

Listen up, "We could never reveal our forbidden love to an uncaring and ununderstanding world."

MILNER

Ah Jesus H. Fuck. Kurt was a Parade magazine Honorable Mention...

MILNER shakes his head slowly then suddenly looks up.

MILNER

Wait a second. How did they shoot each other if we heard two separate sets of gunshots?

McCORD

Shit, I always hear gunshots when I'm high. Life is one crazy bitch. Don't try to analyze it. The quarterback buggering the linebacker. What a waste.

MILNER

Oh the humanity.

INT. SCHOOL CONFERENCE ROOM--MORNING

Another morning mourning conference. The participants look a little more frazzled. PAULINE sits at the head of the table.

KEVIN STAPLES

(sotto voce to Counselor Hyde)
After every touchdown or whatever, they give each other a little slap on the bottom. It seems innocent...

PAULINE (O.S.)

Shut up.

The elderly MRS. POPE shakes her head at the suicide note.

MRS. POPE

Look at this. "Ununderstanding."

PAULINE

Will you shut up! We were in a similar position Monday and I thoughtfully suggested that we get the students together for an unadulterated emotional outpouring. You took the suggestion as an opportunity to play yet another round of "Let's laugh at the Hippie."

COUNSELOR HYDE

Pauline, if you want a tryout for the school play....

PRINCIPAL GOWAN hoarsely breaks in.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Shut up, Paul. I've seen a lot of bullshit--angel dust, switchblades, sexually perverse photography exhibits involving tennis racquets, but this suicide thing....I guess it's all on Pauline's wavelength. We're just going to write off today, and Friday she can do her little little love-in or whatever. Whatever.

EXT. STUDENT PARKING LOT--MORNING

VERONICA's car is the lone vehicle in the student parking lot.

THE SAWYER CAR

A battered VERONICA climbs into the front seat, pulling on her blazer. She presses in the car cigarette lighter. J.D. rumbles from the back as other cars begin to fill the lot.

VERONICA

We killed them, didn't we?

J.D.

Of course.

VERONICA tugs out the car lighter and savagely brands the palm of her hand. J.D. hurdles into the front seat and bats the lighter away. He lights a cigarette off the scorched flesh of VERONICA's hand as she wails away.

VERONICA

Ich Luge bullets! I'm an idiot!

J.D. drags on his cigarette. School buses are pulling in outside of the parking lot, in front of the school.

J.D.

You believed it because you wanted to believe it. Your true feelings were too gross and icky for you to face.

VERONICA

I did not want them dead.

J.D.

Did to.

VERONICA

Did not.

J.D.

Did to.

VERONICA

Did not.

J.D. launches into a rapid-fire rendition of "did-to's". VERONICA responds by holding her hands over her ears and singing "We're Off to See the Wizard." J.D.'s "did-to's" get louder causing VERONICA to bang on the horn.

PARKING LOT

HEATHER DUKE and a vegged out HEATHER MCNAMARA stop sauntering through the parking lot to contemplate Veronica's hiccuping car and its sparring occupants.

HEATHER DUKE

Ah, young love.

The SQUEALING GIRL bounds up to the Heathers.

SQUEALING GIRL

Did you hear? School's cancelled today because Kurt and Ram killed themselves in a repressed homosexual suicide pact.

HEATHER DUKE

(incredulous, but amused)

No way!

THE SAWYER CAR

J.D. pulls VERONICA off the horn and warmly places an unlit cigarette in her mouth. As he speaks, VERONICA wearily takes the cigarette from her mouth and puts it in her blazer pocket.

J.D.

Football season's over, Veronica. Kurt and Ram had nothing to offer the school but date-rapes and A.I.D.S. jokes.

VERONICA

(looking to her burnt hand)

Sure. Can we make an ice run before the funeral?

STUDENTS head back to their cars and the Buses pull back out.

EXT. CEMETERY GROUNDS--DAY

A typically John Waynesque Jock's Father-type, MR. KELLY, stands over his son's open grave. FATHER FAUST and a seated mixture of ADULTS and STUDENTS watch on.

MR. KELLY

If there's any way you can hear me,
Kurt buddy, I don't care that you
really were some pansy. You're my
flesh-and-blood. You made me proud.
I love my homosexual son. My son's
gay and I love him!

In dark sunglasses, VERONICA wearily leans over to J.D.

VERONICA

Your son's dead and you love him.

J.D.

How do you think Mr. Kelly would
react to a son with a limp wrist
with a pulse?

They quietly laugh. VERONICA sees a LITTLE GIRL staring at her. She is wearing Kurt's football jersey and her face is soaked in tears. VERONICA's smile turns into a nauseated grimace.

INT. SAWYER LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Still in stylish funeral garb and dark sunglasses, VERONICA collapses onto her couch, splaying next to her MOM. The Sawyer T.V. flashes against Veronica's shades.

MOM

How was the funeral?

VERONICA

(deadpan)

Superb.

A young, statuesque blonde appears on-screen. A Super reading WHITNEY JAMES-W.E.T.C. COMMENTARY flashes on.

WHITNEY JAMES (T.V.)

It looks like the teen suicide
epidemic has hit home in Sherwood
as the death toll at Westerburg
High rockets to three.

A shiny number three flashes on and off in the screen's corner.

WHITNEY JAMES (T.V.)

Heather Chandler, Kurt Kelly, and Rupert "Ram" Sweeney all had good looks and popularity, but there's one thing they didn't have: Values, Ambition, and Hope.

VERONICA

That's three things.

WHITNEY JAMES (T.V.)

It rained everyday of my Maui vacation, but hey, I didn't kill myself. I'm Whitney James, Commentary.

The camera pans to an affable ANCHORMAN.

ANCHORMAN (T.V.)

Thanks Whitney, but I hate to say it. It looks like you brought that rainy weather back with you. Tomorrow's forecast calls for...

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

VERONICA lies on the floor next to a Vodka bottle. She drinks out of a Dixie cup as she talks on the phone.

VERONICA

No, it's okay J.D., I just kind of wanted to talk.....Oh, a newsmagazine show on Channel 16. Really? On the suicides. No, sounds great. Bye.

VERONICA hangs up and looks to her battered diary lying against the wall. She crawls to the diary and then reaches up to her night table to pull down her monocle and a pen. She sucks a cup of Vodka and begins writing.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Dear Diary, my teen angst bullshit has a body count.

Sitting up against her bed, VERONICA continues writing as J.F.K. laps up Vodka from the Dixie cup.

VERONICA (V.O.)

The most popular people in the school are dead. Everybody's sad, but it's a good kind of sad. Suicide gave Heather depth, Kurt a soul, Ram a brain. I

gave J.D. shit about the Ich Luge thing
but what really frightens me is that
I'm not frightened by what J.D.'ll do
next. It's God versus my boyfriend
and God's losing....

VERONICA drops her head back and closes her eyes, popping
out her monocle. She swoons down against the bed onto the
floor and curls into a fetal slumber.

THE CAFETERIA

STUDENTS eat and buzz together in typical cacophony. All are
wearing black armbands. A jukebox roars.

PAULINE FLEMING and an entourage of STUDENTS such as PETER
DAWSON and the HEATHERS invade the cafeteria, heads raised high.

PAULINE

Peter, kill the jukebox.

As the jukebox amusingly grinds to a halt, PAULINE hoists up
a bullhorn to her lips and crackles...

PAULINE

Could I have your attention?

A startled Geek RODNEY splatters milk all over himself.

STUDENTS whip their heads around to the front of the cafeteria.
MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK warily looks up from her plate.

PAULINE FLEMING chants with soaring self-importance.

PAULINE

Our school has been torn apart by
tragedy. I'm here today to fuse it
back together through love! I want
everyone to clasp hands. We need to
connect this cafeteria into one mighty
circuit. Let's begin a new happiness!

A tableau of dumbfounded STUDENTS stare at the Bullhorn Woman.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY--SAME TIME

Hungover in dark sunglasses, VERONICA stumbles down the hall. She
stops to read a sign plastered on a wall: THE NEW HAPPINESS-
A Special Lunchtime Announcement Ala Pauline Fleming. VERONICA
takes off her sunglasses, squints, then continues down the hall.

THE CAFETERIA

PAULINE's Evita Peron-like composure is crumbling.

PAULINE

Yo, what's the problem? I know you know how to hold hands. Ring-around-the-rosy-a-pocketful-of-posy...Forget it! I'm just so thrilled to announce that Whitney James of WETC News is taping a rap session with students from area high schools including Westerburg.

Cheers raucously emerge from the enlivened students.

PAULINE

Let's show the world Westerburg is a diverse happy home, not Suicide Central!
(shrewdly)
You know there's some people who say Westerburg is too weak and wimpy a school to be on T.V. Is that true?

The STUDENTS make loud, scattered rumblings of the word "No."
PAULINE hungrily unbuttons her paisley blazer.

PAULINE

No or Hell No?

STUDENTS

(louder)
Hell no!

Frightened and flustered by the fanatic camaraderie around her, MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK quakes for a moment then crawls underneath her table.

PAULINE

I can't hear you....

Fingering her bangs in an attempt at composure, VERONICA steps into the cafeteria and her fellow students boom.

STUDENTS

HELL NO!

As a blown away VERONICA takes in the panorama of students from different cliques chanting to the beat of PAULINE's gospel recital, PAULINE's voice is replaced on the soundtrack by the evocative female moanings of the opening scene.

J.D., also wearing a black armband, stalks VERONICA from behind. His hand unzips her dress.

The female voices swell louder as a glowing VERONICA takes in glorious images. Geek BRACES and a JOCK chant together, standing on chairs. HEATHER MCNAMARA and HEAVY METALER MATT look to each other dubiously then mindlessly shout out. A MORRISONESQUE STONER dances on a table of cheering BETTY-FINN-A-LIKES.

J.D. slides his hand through the opening in Veronica's dress. The female voices cut off as the spell over VERONICA breaks. She swings her elbow into J.D.'s stomach.

VERONICA

Can't you see this is a special moment?

J.D.

I was just making it more special.

PAULINE (O.S.)

Veronica, there you are!

VERONICA spins to an electric PAULINE FLEMING glistening in the mouth of the cafeteria, flanked by HEATHER DUKE and PETER DAWSON.

PAULINE

You people are in charge of getting delegates from every clique in the school to be on the Whitney James Teenage Suicide Prevention T.V. Special. Let's be able to say we were the ones who put peer pressure out to pasture.

J.D. looks out through the cafeteria. He sees Martha poke her head out from beneath her lunch table then dart back under. J.D. moves away from the chattering group.

PETER

Westerburg? A happy family?

PAULINE

I'm sure you'll work something out.

HEATHER DUKE

(wickedly)

Don't worry. We'll work something out.

VERONICA

Yes. Yes. We'll work something out.

I swear to God. Won't we J.D.?...J.D.?

MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK'S TABLE

MARTHA slithers from under the table up into her seat, and head

down, tries to finish off a bowl of soup. She slowly looks up and freezes. J.D. is revealed to be seated across from her, behind his Rebel Without a Cause lunch box. He smiles warmly.

J.D.

Greetings and salutations.

INT. J.D.'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

VERONICA beams and babbles over the room while on the couch, J.D. restlessly works his channel changer.

VERONICA

You shoulda stuck around, jerk. Ms. Fleming wants to redefine the high school experience.

J.D.

She wants to ignore the high school experience. Our way's better. We scare people into not being assholes.

VERONICA

Don't even talk about that stuff!

J.D. comically cups his hands together to holler.

J.D.

You mean the time you blew Kurt Kelly's ass away!

VERONICA throws the first thing she can get her hands on, a framed picture of a woman, at the roaring J.D.

VERONICA

You can be so immature!

J.D.

(looking off)

You kids are making too much damn noise.

FRED DEAN is revealed to be standing in the front doorway, holding a chest exerciser and waving a videocassette.

FRED DEAN

We beat the bitches.

VERONICA

(mumbling)

Oh beautiful. The Beaver's home.

FRED DEAN

Judge told em to slurp shit and die.

FRED DEAN crams the cassette in his V.C.R. and hefts up a chest exerciser. He begins pumping away as the image of a shabby building appears on the massive T.V.

FRED DEAN

I put a Norwegian in the boiler room.
Masterful. When that blew, it set off
a pack of thermals I'd stuck upstairs.

The building blows up. FRED DEAN cackles. J.D. politely applauds. FRED pops out the videocassette and bounces away.

FRED DEAN

It's great to be alive!

VERONICA

Do you like your father?

J.D.

Never given the matter much thought.
Liked my mother.

J.D. picks up the framed picture that Veronica threw.

J.D.

They said her death was an accident.
But she knew when the explosives were
set to go off. She knew...

VERONICA slowly sits down next to J.D. with dazed concern.

VERONICA

Let's just...settle down. Ms. Fleming
has given us a chance to atone for...

J.D.

Our sins? What sins? If you put a
Nazi in a concentration camp, does
that make you a Nazi?

VERONICA

Maybe.

J.D. exhales in frustration and changes some more channels.

J.D.

Whoa! Amazing!

THE T.V. SCREEN

A music video flashes on the Dead T.V. screen. THREE GORGEOUS WOMEN, stylishly furnished, evocatively wail the female moans heard throughout the film. The video viewpoint then pans to two overly gorgeous young men wearing trendy hair and trendy clothes. They sing/shout before an all-white background. A SUPER in the corner reads BIGFUN/TEENAGE SUICIDE (DON'T DO IT).

BIGFUN (T.V.)
TIMES ARE MEAN FOR A TEEN--WE KNOW!
PARENTS IGNORE, TEACHERS BORE--WE KNOW!

J.D.
It's the new BigFun video!

VIDEO: INT. A GIRL'S BEDROOM--DAY

Now in full screen, the video viewpoint cuts to a very depressed and very cute, white, female VID VICTIM ONE sitting at her dressing table. She pours a bottle of pills into her hand.

BIGFUN (V.O.)
BUT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO GO!

BIGFUN magically materialize next to VID VICTIM ONE. The pills in her hand have turned into jellybeans. She is ridiculously happy.

BIGFUN
TEENAGE SUICIDE; DON'T DO IT!
TEENAGE SUICIDE; DON'T DO IT!

J.D. pulls out a gun with an ethereal expression on his face.

J.D.
We've made MTV.

J.D. fires into the radiant image of BIGFUN, destroying the T.V. and disgusting VERONICA, who bolts off the couch. He raucously crawls after her.

VERONICA
We're breaking up. I am out!

J.D.
Wha-at? Come on, there's another T.V. in the kitchen. You know you used to have a sense of humor.

J.D. playfully tackles VERONICA. This calms rather than angers. She turns on her back. J.D. follows suit.

VERONICA

You're getting too cool for me, J.D.
I don't know how to talk to you.

J.D.

Our relationship's moving fast, I know,
but I have real, real respect for you.

VERONICA sighs, then rolls over into a crawling position and eventually into a walking-out-the-door position.

VERONICA

I'm going to make this Ms. Pauline
thing work. Lines of communication
between the cliques. You were a phase....

J.D.

Phase my ass! You'll be back! I'm
storming Normandy beaches and you're
running in place with Pauline Fonda's
airhead peacenik exercise program.
Have to stay tough! You'll be back.

J.D. bounds up to a kitchen counter and flicks on a small T.V.
BIGFUN can be heard booming their song. J.D. broods.

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM--DAY

J.D. moves to an empty row of desks. He turns the first desk as
to face the second. HEATHER DUKE warily lowers herself into the
second desk as J.D. flops a manilla envelope onto it. HEATHER
DUKE opens the envelope and pulls out a stack of 8 by 10's.
She gasps.

The first shot shows a YOUNG HEATHER DUKE in a summer camp
uniform that vibrantly reads HEATHER, She is holding one end
of a large poster board drawing of two Eskimos rubbing noses.
Holding the other end, in a summer camp uniform vibrantly
reading MARTHA, is a YOUNG MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK.

HEATHER DUKE

What the.....

With a harsh laugh, she takes in the next photograph. It has
YOUNG HEATHER DUKE and YOUNG MARTHA eating toasted
marshmallows off each other's sticks.

HEATHER DUKE

(trying to stay clam)
Where did you get these?

J.D.

Oh, I just had the nicest chat with Ms. Dumptruck. Got along famously! It's scary how everyone's got a story to tell....Would you care to see the canoeing shots?

HEATHER DUKE

What do you want from me?

J.D.

Strength. Westerburg doesn't need mushy togetherness, it needs a leader. Heather Chandler was that leader but...

HEATHER DUKE

But she couldn't handle it.

J.D. laughs. She's on the ball.

J.D.

I think you can. In Catcher in the Rye Holden says his ideal job'd be making sure some kids don't fall off a cliff. He doesn't realize if you pay too much attention to the kids, you'll back off the cliff yourself.

HEATHER DUKE

Very very. The photographs?

J.D.

Don't worry. I'll ask you to do me a favor. You'll get the negatives and everything back then.

J.D. launches away from his desk with a grin. He places a red ribbon on HEATHER DUKE's desk.

J.D.

In the meantime, strength, And hey, there's a little gift.

INT. THE GIRLS BATHROOM

A spooked HEATHER DUKE splashes water on her face and looks up into the mirror. In a trance, she pulls her hair back Heather Chandler fashion and ties it with the ribbon J.D. gave her.

A BETTY FINN-A-LIKE moves up to the sink beside her. Two CHIC BABES enter the bathroom with pouting expressions. Seemingly in a trance, HEATHER DUKE bends over and wipes off her wet hands using the oblivious BETTY FINN-A-LIKE's dress. HEATHER

DUKE winks to the now-giggling CHIC BABES and saunters off.

HALLWAY

HEATHER DUKE bursts through the bathroom door to wickedly strut down the hall. She scowls/smiles in perfect Heather Chandler fashion to various passers-by.

EARL FRAZIER'S LOCKER

VERONICA genially lobbys the big black EARL FRAZIER.

EARL

Let me get it clear, Veronica. You want yourself a sweet homeboy for this T.V. show so you can show everybody what a loose, Martin Luther Cosby-lovng place Westeburg is.

VERONICA

(chuckling)
Something like that. Will you do it?

EARL

Damn, you're a shrewd one. Shrewd.

VERONICA

I just want to show different kinds of people can get together and it doesn't have to be Vietnam. You don't get treated badly here do you?

EARL

I don't get treated at all, but hey, don't worry about it. I'll do your thing. It'll give my Mom a smile.

VERONICA hands him a Guest Pass tag.

VERONICA

Things are going to change, Earl.

EARL

Uh-huh.

HEATHER DUKE impishly blinds VERONICA with her hands.

HEATHER DUKE

Guess who?

VERONICA

Heather.

HEATHER DUKE lets go with a small giggle. VERONICA turns to face her Heather Chandler-looking friend and her smile dies. VERONICA violently pushes HEATHER DUKE away and storms off.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Lying on the floor, VERONICA concentrates on her phone. With a deep sigh, she pushbuttons out a number. She pauses, then...

VERONICA

Ouch. Your machine's got the most obnoxious beep. Heather, I'm sorry.

INT. HEATHER DUKE'S BEDROOM

VERONICA's voice drones through HEATHER DUKE's answering machine.

VERONICA (O.S./machine)

I'm just calling to say you can wear your hair any way you want to.

A Male hand picks up the phone. It's College boy DAVID.

DAVID

Hey Veronica Sawyer, barf on anybody's carpet lately?

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA cringes.

VERONICA

Is this David? Heather's David? What are you doing....

HEATHER DUKE'S BEDROOM

DAVID

What can I say? I was pretty broken up by Heather C.'s suicide. I needed somebody super-sensitive like Heather D.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA

I'm delirious for the both of you. Can you put Heather on?

HEATHER DUKE'S BEDROOM

DAVID proudly looks down off-screen to his lap.

DAVID

She can't really talk right now.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA slams down the receiver and pulls up a sleek leather address book. She severely scans through it. Tossing it away, VERONICA then descends into the sundry junk of her night table drawer and draws up another address book; this one is frayed and pink polka-dotted. She peruses it and dials.....

VERONICA

Hello, Betty.....

EXT. SAWYER BACKYARD--DAY

BETTY FINN hits her ball through a wicket and squeals in delight. VERONICA has a motherly smile on her face.

BETTY

I don't believe it. I'm winning.

VERONICA

Don't get cocky, girl.

BETTY bends down to shoot then raises her body back up.

BETTY

I missed you. I know I'm not as, as exciting as your other friends.

VERONICA

That's bullshit. Just shoot.

BETTY once again bends and raises.

BETTY

Ronnie, I'm still a virgin.

VERONICA

(warmly)

Shoot.

BETTY finally shoots. Feebly.

VERONICA

Betty, your daydreams are a lot better than my realities, believe me. I'm afraid though it's time to get your butt kicked.

BETTY

Ronnie!

VEONCIA gigglingly shoots, but misses the wicket. And instead hits BETTY's ball. Disturbed by the sudden dilemma, she determinedly walks to her ball and moves it away from BETTY's.

BETTY

Hey, you're not settling for the two shots are you? Knock me out girl. It's the only way.

VERONICA

It's not my style, okay?

BETTY

Nice guys finish last. I should know.

VERONICA sighs then knocks BETTY's adjacent ball sailing toward the porch and a statuesque HEATHER DUKE who does not budge as the ball whizzes past her.

HEATHER DUKE

Brav-o!

BETTY FINN

(nervously)

I've got to get going, Veronica. See you at the studio.

VERONICA

Sure. See ya.

HEATHER DUKE walks toward the girls followed by a meandering desultory HEATHER MCNAMARA, who picks up a green mallet and fragilely swings it; her early robustness a forgotten memory.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Croquet won't be the same without Heather.

HEATHER DUKE hustles back toward a passing BETTY FINN.

HEATHER DUKE

Oh Betty, wait. I almost forgot...The Whitney James Teenage Suicide Prevention T.V. Special isn't going to be taped at the studios. It's going to be done in the Park.

BETTY

But I thought...

HEATHER DUKE

(heading back)

It's going to be like a big picnic.
Bring some potato salad...HEY, I'M RED!

LATER IN THE GAME

HEATHER DUKE's red ball slams into HEATHER MCNAMARA's green one.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Shit.

VERONICA

So did you call people to tell them
how to get to the studio tonight?

HEATHER DUKE savagely "sends" HEATHER MACNAMARA's ball into
the flower bed.

HEATHER DUKE

Back off. I called everyone, even that
Stoner slut. Felt like giving my phone
a bath. I told Betty just now...Damn!

HEATHER DUKE's shot swerves wide of the wicket.

VERONICA

You're so polluted. Talking down to
people, making fake notes....

VERONICA blows her shot.

HEATHER DUKE

I don't see what gives you the right
to lecture, Ronnie. You were
soulmates with Betty Finn until you
realized you're the cover of
Seventeen magazine and she's the
before half of a Scarsdale Diet ad.

HEATHER DUKE bashes her ball into VERONICA's and prepares
to send it.

HEATHER DUKE

Some people just don't matter. Why
should those who do carry their
weight? Am I right?

As HEATHER DUKE swings down her mallet, VERONICA steps on her
own ball. When HEATHER DUKE's mallet makes contact, the two
balls slam against each other, unmoving, with a loud smack.

VERONICA

No, you're wrong. It's not even your turn.

The depressed and disoriented HEATHER MCNAMARA, laying against a tree, pipes in.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

She's right.....Boy, croquet's not the same without Heather.

INT. WETC T.V. STATION--DUSK

In a sleek WETC station hallway, VERONICA SAWYER, a Guest Pass affixed to her heart, holds her hand in a spurting drinking fountain. She watches the water splash her car lighter burn-mark.

VERONICA

Ich Luge bullets. I'm such a jerk.

PETER DAWSON beams toward her, wearing a Guest Pass.

PETER DAWSON

Veronica, I thought we lost you.

VERONICA

I was waiting for my friend Betty.

VERONICA looks at her watch then joins PETER's march down the hall.

PETER DAWSON

Teens talking it out on T.V.! Would it be pretentious of me to attach a videocassette of the show on my Princeton application?

VERONICA

Shucks, that's a great idea, Pete.

They burst through the studio double doors.

STUDIO

VERONICA and PETER take in a panorama of attractive, clean-cut STUDENTS from various schools chatting near Wine and Cheese tables set up to the side of an impressive, elevated, circular stage. All STUDENTS are wearing pink armbands.

PETER DAWSON

This is excellent, but I thought we were going to get equal representation on this thind: Geeks, Gearheads...

Out of nowhere, a bubbling HEATHER DUKE knots a pink armband around PETER's arm with a giggle.

HEATHER DUKE

They're probably just being fashionably late.

PETER DAWSON prances off with a raucous laugh. VERONICA stares dumbfounded at the wicked homogeneity of the STUDENTS as HEATHER DUKE ties a pink armband on her.

HEATHER DUKE

Is this very or what? Oh, you've gotta meet Whitney James! Come on!

HEATHER DUKE tugs VERONICA across the crowded studio floor to where the WETC news set is situated. Smoking casually in her anchor's chair is the beautiful WHITNEY JAMES.

HEATHER DUKE

Whitney, here's my friend.....

WHITNEY JAMES

Ah please sit down.

HEATHER DUKE glides away. VERONICA uncomfortably steps onto the news set and moves down next to WHITNEY JAMES.

WHITNEY JAMES

I got a confession to make. My name used to be Heather, too.

VERONICA

But my name's not...

WHITNEY JAMES

People just don't take the name Heather seriously. They should, shouldn't they?

WINE AND CHEESE TABLE

HEATHER MCNAMARA surreptitiously picks up a bottle of wine and with a sad expression, proceeds to down it.

THE NEWS SET

VERONICA apologizes to a blissfully oblivious WHITNEY JAMES.

VERONICA

I'm so sorry. I was led to believe there were going to be different kinds of social

and psychological types at this gathering.

WHITNEY JAMES

Oh, I was scared of the same thing, Heather. The minute you try to deal with the actual teenagers who have contemplated suicide you're stepping into quicksand. Quicksand filled with bad complexions, bad grades, bad parents, bad drugs, and all sorts of doody nobody wants to hear let alone bend down to clean up.

WHITNEY JAMES tears open a bag of Corn Nuts and showers some into her mouth. She speaks as she sucks and chews.

WHITNEY JAMES

I'm not knocking teen suicide. It's exciting stuff. My personal faves are those kids from loaded families grabbing the mike to whine how even though they bagged a B.M.W. on their birthday, they're still quote-unquote depressed. It's ridiculous. People who say money can't buy happiness don't know where to shop.

WHITNEY JAMES titters. VERONICA is a statue of mortification.

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD PARK--TWILIGHT

In the neighborhood park, gloomy members of various cliques sit in silence at picnic tables. All are ludicrously wearing Guest Passes. BETTY FINN mumbles down to her potato salad. EARL FRAZIER stoically stares off into space. Heavy Metaler CLYDE holds an absurdly large picnic basket.

CLYDE

What the fuck?

NEWS SET

Completely flabbergasted, VERONICA manages a light tone.

VERONICA

The world wants winners, I guess. Not people stained with loserness.

WHITNEY JAMES

Stained with loserness. Oh, I like it. Can I use that. It'd be dynamite on interoffice memoranda.

VERONICA

It's all yours, Heather. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go throw up.

WHITNEY JAMES

Sure. Ciao.

STUDIO FLOOR

Sickened, VERONICA stumbles onto the studio floor. Studio lights suddenly pop on, momentarily blinding her. PAULINE grabs VERONICA by the arm and shouts into the air.

PAULINE

Everyone take their places on the stage!
(to Veronica)
Isn't this thrilling?!

VERONICA

But Ms. Fleming, it's just not right.

PAULINE

What, the wine? I realize you're all under 21, but it seemed like such a perfect touch.
(shouting upward)
Could we get some more light up here?

THE STAGE

The pink armbanded Aryan youths form a circle on the circular stage.

Pauline moves to a microphone at the center stage beside a seated WHITNEY JAMES who's tuning her electric guitar.

VERONICA helplessly stands between the circle of STUDENTS and the two female hosts as the cameras go on. PAULINE sings/speaks into the microphone while WHITNEY JAMES strums her guitar.

PAULINE

Our schools have been torn apart by tragedy. Let's fuse them back together through love. Let's clasp hands and connect ourselves in one mighty circuit like a dove.

The students sthereally reach out to each other and clasp hands. VERONICA quivers for a moment then bursts through a handholding HEATHER DUKE and HEATHER MCNAMARA and off the stage.

PAULINE (O.S.)

Let's begin a new happiness...

VERONICA swaggers past a seated TECHNICIAN. He pushes up a console lever causing the outer edge of the stage, where the circle of hand-holding students is, to slowly spin around the singing PAULINE and the strumming WHITNEY JAMES.

PAULINE

...with no more suicide...

STUDENTS

(eeriely)

Oh yeah...

Ripping off her pink armband, VERONICA freezes. Standing at the wine and cheese table, gunslinger coat and all, is J.D. He turns around and raises his wine glass for a gleeful toast.

J.D.

Holy traumatic experiences, Batman. I'm sorry you felt you had to put yourself through all that shit. I told you it wouldn't...Hey, it's in the past already, right?

PAULINE

No more problems....

Devastated, VERONICA sways back toward the TECHNICIAN's console.

VERONICA

Oh yeah.

VERONICA slams the lever back down forcing the spinning circle of handholding, pink-armed STUDENTS to crash to the ground around a taken-aback PAULINE and WHITNEY JAMES.

J.D.

Cute.

WHITNEY JAMES playfully lets off a Hendrixian riff before coolly leaning over to her microphone.

WHITNEY JAMES

Let's go for another take.

OUTSIDE STUDIO DOORS

VERONICA bursts through the studio doors, panting rapidly. She kicks off her shoes and begins to jog barefoot through the station hallway, weaving through various REPORTER-types.

EXT. OUTSIDE T.V. STATION--TWILIGHT

VERONICA pops out the studio door, running faster.

GRAVELLY ROAD

She sprints down the side of a road. Her bare feet pound against sharp pebbles.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PARK

VERONICA now barrels through the neighborhood park. She looks to her outcast classmates. In tableau, they stare back. BETTY FINN on a park carousel spins in and out of view.

PROMENADE

VERONICA speeds past the shops and the movie theatre. The viewer remains at the theatre ticket booth as MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK wearing a BIGFUN T-shirt, pushes three dollars through the ticket window to a bored female cashier.

CASHIER

Bargain matinees are for the first show only.

MARTHA

Oh, I forgot.

MARTHA puts two crumpled bucks through the window. The CASHIER shines a cruelly patronizing smile.

INT. SAWYER FAMILY/T.V. ROOM--NIGHT

VERONICA huffs and puffs into her family room where her MOM and DAD are watching T.V.

DAD

Hey Veronica, how'd that Teenage Prevention T.V. Suicide thing go?

VERONICA

Color me educated. I learned high school happiness is for members only, Pauline Fleming wouldn't know reality if it lived in her uterus, and reality's name's Heather James. Also, J.D.'s a major creep.

MOM

I don't know what you're talking about, honey, but can it wait a bit.

We're watching this special program
on Teen Problems.

VERONICA half-bitterly laughs at the irony.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE

The light of the screen flickers on an overwhelmingly sullen MARTHA. She moves her leg and knocks a large Coke across the floor. She tragically stares at the Cola pool.

SAWYER FAMILY/T.V. ROOM

A DAN RATHER VOICE booms from the T.V. The SAWYERS stare.

DAN RATHER VOICE (O.S.)

Oh sure, I'll bet even back when I
went to school there were drugs, even
sex, but they were simpler times. The
Sherwood suicides tell the bitter
truth of today's young. What a waste...Oh

VERONICA snaps off the T.V.

MOM

Turn that back on!

VERONICA

This condescending junk makes suicide
seem like a cool thing to do. Hey
kids, make your parents and teachers
feel like shit! Get the respect in
death you'll never get in life.

DAD

If we're not going to watch that
program, can I put on the game?

MOM

Are you trying to tell me it is not
a troubled time for the nation's youth?

VERONICA

Everybody cares for youth but nobody
cares about Joey Blow. When that news
reporter gets home he'll scream at his
son for not mowing the lawn in the
right pattern.

MOM

I'm lost. You don't get enough
attention, you get too much attention.

Which is it? Where are your shoes?

VERONICA

All we want is to be treated like human beings, not like guinea pigs to be experimented on and not like bunny rabbits to be patronized.

DAD

I don't patronize bunny rabbits.

MOM

Treated like human beings? Is that what you said little Miss Voice of a Generation? Just how do you think adults act with other adults? You think it's all just Doubles Tennis. Adults can be horrible to other adults. When teenagers complain that they want to be treated like human beings, it's usually because they are being treated like human beings.

VERONICA leans against the wall with a melancholy smile.

VERONICA

I guess I picked the wrong time to be a human being.

MOM is embarrassed for getting so involved. She meekly gestures to a tray of pate with a compassionate smile.

MOM

You'll live. Want some pate?

HEATHER DUKE suddenly breezes in the room.

HEATHER DUKE

Hi everyone, door was open. Veronica, you missed it! Pauline and Whitney James were up there doing there suicide rap when the cops come in and announce that Martha Dumptruck tried to buy the farm. She gave the ticket girl at the Colfax theatre a suicide note then bellyflopped in front of a car.

VERONICA

(repulsed)

Is she dead?

HEATHER DUKE

That's the punchline. She's still alive, in stable condition. Another case of a geek trying to imitate the popular people of the school and failing miserably. Is that pate?

VERONICA slaps HEATHER DUKE in the face.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

HEATHER DUKE paces the room holding an icepack to her jaw. VERONICA is on the ground wiping off her bloodied feet.

VERONICA

I said I was sorry.

HEATHER DUKE

You are out of control. Heather and Kurt were a shock, but Martha Dumptruck, get crucial! She dialed suicide hotlines in her diapers.

VERONICA

You're not funny. Ouch!

VERONICA rubs her feet. HEATHER DUKE shakes her head.

HEATHER DUKE

(Heather Chandleresque)

What. A. Martyr. Understand; Martha couldn't take the heat so she got out of the kitchen. Just think what a better place the world would be if every nimrod followed her cue.

VERONICA

Just shut up and turn on the radio. Hot Probs is on.

HEATHER DUKE

Oh shit, yeah.

HEATHER DUKE hastens to the radio and flicks it on. Ripping open a bag of corn nuts, she sets herself down next to VERONICA as a TROUBLED MALE VOICE cuts the air.

TROUBLED MALE VOICE (Radio)

I know it's supposed to be funny that they never get off the island, but still, sometimes I feel like I'm on that island and Gilligan can be just

so stupid sometimes.

HEATHER DUKE

This sounds like a good one.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH

A slob D.J. cackles into a W.E.T.C. conference call-type box.

D.J.

Dude, you've got to remember if it wasn't for the courage of the fearless crew, the Minnow would be lost. The Minnow would be lost! Next call!

TROUBLED MALE VOICE

But Skipper hates me....

The D.J. rudely clicks off the TROUBLED MALE VOICE.

D.J.

Whoa, they're coming out early tonight. What ever happened to teen pregnancy and acne? You've got the Dogcatcher on W etcetera and you're listening to Hot Probs. Who am I talking to?

INT. HEATHER MCNAMARA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

HEATHER MCNAMARA is sitting clandestinely on her bedroom floor talking on the phone and through her radio. A dim Minnie Mouse lamp provides the room's only light.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

My name is Heather, I mean, not Heather.

HEATHER MCNAMARA looks up at a Madonna poster on the wall.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

It's Madonna. Geez, no, not that.

HEATHER MCNAMARA looks up to her Minnie Mouse lamp.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA and HEATHER DUKE simultaneously move into stunned kneeling positions, half-realizing who the caller is...

D.J. (radio)

Hey babe, I need a name?

RADIO STATION BOOTH

The D.J. looks to the conference call box with exasperation.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (box)
My name is Minnie.

D.J.

Ah, Minnie. Don't tell me, Mickey
just confessed he got A.I.D.S. from
Goofy at a New Year's Eve Party.

HEATHER MCNAMARA'S BEDROOM

A broken-down HEATHER MCNAMARA sobs.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

God has cursed me, I think. The
last time I had sex, the guy killed
himself the next day. I'm failing Math.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

HEATHER DUKE excitedly jumps up as HEATHER MCNAMARA drones on.

HEATHER DUKE
Holy shit, that's
Heather! We'll
crucify her!

VERONICA
Oh man, she knows we
listen to this show!

HEATHER MCNAMARA (radio)
My whole life is a mess.
I was supposed to be
captain of the cheerleading
team, but I probably won't
because I miss practice when
my Dad visits. My parents
are divorced and stuff and....

INT. CLASSROOM--DAY

A blackboard reads POOR LITTLE HEATHER.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Heather told everyone about Heather.

HEATHER MCNAMARA is revealed in the front row wearing her cheerleader uniform. To the left, HEATHER DUKE dishes with some dreamy GUYS. At the back of the classroom, VERONICA, monocle in eye, writes in her diary.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Yes, Dear Diary, I've cut off Heather
Chandler's head and Heather Duke's head
has sprouted in its place like some
mythological thing my eighth grade
boyfriend would know about. Heather's
even doing the old note trick.

A HOMELY GIRL is seen reading a note, glancing to a TYPICAL JOCK.
VERONICA takes in the wicked panorama of the classroom.

VERONICA (V.O.)

I did it J.D.'s way. I did it
Pauline's way. Nothing's changed.
I guess that's Heather's way. And
jesus, what about J.D.? I can't get
him out of my head. Are we going
to the Prom? Or to Hell? And
where's Heather going?

HEATHER MCNAMARA suddenly rises and walks out of the classroom,
passing a GRUFF TEACHER in a trenchcoat, carrying a briefcase.

GRUFF TEACHER

Where's Heather going?

HEATHER DUKE

She's going to cry-y-y.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM--DAY

HEATHER MCNAMARA struggles to open a bottle of sleeping pills.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Fucking child protector caps.

THE GRUFF TEACHER'S CLASSROOM

GRUFF TEACHER writes a math problem on the board. A flustered
VERONICA squirms in her seat then leaps up and runs to the door.

GRUFF TEACHER

Now where's she going? Is somebody getting
raped today on All My Children or what?

GIRLS BATHROOM

The bottle is smashed open. A palmful of pills is poured out.

HALLWAY

VERONICA races down the hall.

GIRLS BATHROOM

HEATHER MCNAMARA is a chipmunk with a mouthful of pills.
She pulls a glass from her purse and turns on a faucet, but
no water comes out. She manages to mumble.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Give me a break.

HEATHER MCNAMARA gets running water from another sink as VERONICA rushes in. VERONICA punches HEATHER MCNAMARA's face causing the pills to explode out of her mouth. HEATHER MCNAMARA slumps against a stall, onto the floor.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

What are you trying to do? Kill me?

VERONICA jumps up and down on the pills on the floor.

VERONICA

What were you trying to do? Sleep?

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Suicide is a private thing.

VERONICA lunges forward to strike her. HEATHER MCNAMARA recoils with a wail. Half-regaining her composure, VERONICA slides down next to HEATHER MCNAMARA.

VERONICA

You're giving your life away to become a goddamn statistic in U.S. Fucking A Today. That's got to be the least private thing I can think of.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

But what about Heather and Ram and Kurt?

VERONICA

If everyone jumped off a bridge, young lady, would you?

HEATHER MCNAMARA wipes tears from her eyes and smiles weakly.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Probably....

VERONICA

Hey now, if you were happy every day of your life, you wouldn't be a human being, you'd be a game show host.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Let's knock off early. Go to the mall. Something lame like that.

VERONICA

Sure.

INT. THE EMPTY CLASSROOM--DAY

Comfortably slouched at a desk, J.D. laconically rumbles.

J.D.

So it's come to this.

(turning to the viewer)

Heather Chandler did polls. I want you to do a Petition, as a favor, as the favor. Do you know the group Big Fun?

HEATHER DUKE sits at the desk opposite him torching the manilla envelopes (photographs) with a butane lighter.

HEATHER DUKE

TEENAGE SUICIDE; DON'T DO IT!

J.D.

(post-chortle)

Some teenybopper rag says Big Fun wants to play a Prom. It could be Westerburg's if we can get everyone's John Hancock.

J.D. flips across a stack of blank, connected computer printout sheets. At the top is a small paragraph and the word PETITION. HEATHER DUKE blows ashes off her desk and grabs it, giggling.

HEATHER DUKE

I'll get right on it coach. And hey, a little gift. I won't be needing it.

HEATHER DUKE twirls her copy of Catcher in the Rye to a pleased J.D.

INT. STAIRCASE WINDOW--DAY

HEATHER DUKE gothically ascends a staircase, holding the petition. She stops, arms raised high, to bathe in the sunlight blasting through the staircase window.

INT. CAFETERIA--DAY

HEATHER DUKE, petition in hand, sashays toward the Country Club Kids table.

COURTNEY

Oh great. Here comes Heather.

COURTNEY'S FRIEND

Shit.

INT. SCHOOL BUS--DAY

HEATHER DUKE chirps to a schoolbusful of various STUDENTS.

EXT. BLEACHERS--DAY

The provocatively dressed Petitioner charms a bleacher of Jocks.

STAIRCASE WINDOW

HEATHER DUKE continues to bizarrely bathe in the sunlight of the staircase window.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT--NIGHT

Now in Heavy Metal gear, HEATHER DUKE slams down the petition atop a booth of Metalheads.

INT. THE SMOKE-FILLED HALLWAY--DAY

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Decked out in denim, HEATHER DUKE vanishes into the Stoner Hallway smoke, with the petition.

THE STAIRCASE WINDOW

HEATHER DUKE further writhes in the sunlight until VERONICA's perplexed voice cuts into her bliss.

VERONICA (O.S.)

Heather?

HEATHER DUKE brings down her arms and the petition and turns to VERONICA, revealed to be descending down the steps.

HEATHER DUKE

Veronica! Color me stoked, girl. I've gotten everyone to sign this petition even the one who think BigFun are tuneless Eurofags. People love me!
(giggling)
My God, you haven't signed!

VERONICA

People love you but I know you. Jennifer Forbes told me the petition she signed was to put a jacuzzi in the cafeteria. And Doug Hylton...

HEATHER DUKE

(verbally winking)
So some people need different kinds

of "convincing" than others....
(happiness evaporating)
Hey, just sign the petition!

VERONICA

Don't talk to me like that.

HEATHER DUKE

It was J.D.'s idea! He made
out the signature sheet and
everything. Now will you sign it?

VERONICA

(queasy)

No.

HEATHER DUKE

Jealous much?

VERONICA slaps HEATHER DUKE with all her might.

VERONICA

Heather, why can't you just be a
friend? Why are you such a MegaBitch?

HEATHER DUKE

Because I can be! The same fucking cheek,
goddamnit! Why are you pulling my dick?
Do you think, do you really think, if
Betty Finn's fairy godmother made her
Cool, she'd still act nice and hang with
her dweebette friends? No way! Uh-Uh!

HEATHER DUKE stumbles down the stairs. J.D.'s voice cuts
into VERONICA's concentration.

J.D. (O.S.)

Wanna go out tonight?

VERONICA grimly turns to see a smirking, descending J.D.

J.D.

Catch a movie? Miniature Golf?

VERONICA

(jokingly but caustically)
I was thinking more along the lines
of slitting Heather Duke's wrists
open and making it look like a suicide.

J.D.

I could be up for that. I've already

started underlining meaningful passages
in Heather's copy of Catcher in the Rye,
if you know what I mean. So are we on?

VERONICA somberly steps forward to J.D., grabs his elbows, then
pulls him gently, seemingly for a kiss. She spits in his face
and bolts down the stairs, calling up to him.

VERONICA

It's over, J.D. Over!

J.D.

I don't get it! You were wrong! I was
right! Strength, damnit! Come back!

INT. SAWYER LIVING ROOM--DUSK

Intensely clutching her schoolbooks, VERONICA walks through the
front door into the living room where MOM and DAD sit with
aggressively compassionate faces. VERONICA is a bit confused.

VERONICA

Yes?

MOM and DAD glance at each other before MOM speaks.

MOM

Your friend Jason Dean just stopped
by. He seemed very concerned about
you. He said he thinks you might
try to kill yourself.

DAD

You have been depressed lately. Oh,
he said this is for you.

DAD holds out an envelope. VERONICA nabs it and rips it open.
The note reads, in feminine manuscript: RECOGNIZE THE
HANDWRITING?

VERONICA

Oh my God....

VERONICA runs off, her mother's voice trailing behind her.

MOM (O.S.)

He says we should keep you away from
sharp objects, closed garages, toxic...

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA vaults through her bedroom door. A Barbie doll wearing a BigFun T-shirt hangs from a noose. With a whimper, she swerves away from it and dives onto her bed.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SAWYER HOUSE--NIGHT

J.D. laconically leans against his motorcycle with his legs suavely crossed. He looks up to Veronica's bedroom window and hears another whimper emerge. He puts a cigarette in his mouth and lights it with a smile.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA curls into a fetal position on her bed and closes her eyes.....tighter and tighter as J.D.'s voice.

J.D. (O.S.)

"You can't ever find a place nice
and peaceful because there isn't any."

VERONICA flops around to see J.D. kneeling over her on her bed reading Heather Duke's copy of The Catcher in the Rye.

J.D.

Nice. It's got that Catcher-in-the-Ryey-
I-hate-the-world-and-the-world-hates-me-
so-let's-commit-suicide ambience. Give
it a try, underline something.

J.D. giddily underlines words then slides into a prone position, tossing the book to an enraged VERONICA.

VERONICA

Get off my bed, you sick psycho!
You think you're a rebel! You're
not a rebel! You're a sick psycho!
Do you think you're a rebel? Do you
think you're a rebel? I wanna know!

J.D.

"You say tomayto, I say tomahto. Let's
call the whole thing off...Hold it!

VERONICA freezes and J.D. reaches up to her hand where she holds the Catcher in the Rye. Her index finger is curled into the book. Sitting up, J.D. carefully opens the book at that place and peers in.

J.D.

Look at that. Eskimo. One word. I
love it. I usually go for whole
sentences myself, but hey this is

perfecto. Eskimo. So mysterious...

VERONICA

Wait a....You're not listening! I'm
not on your side....

J.D. obliviously underlines the word then pulls the flailing
VERONICA up like an enthusiastic camp counselor.

INT. THE DUKE KITCHEN--NIGHT

The sound of a lock being jimmied is heard moments before
VERONICA and J.D. burst through the door. J.D. moves to the
dishwasher and opens it like a burglar opening a safe.

VERONICA

You're still not listening! I'm not..

J.D.

(pulling out the knife)
Nag, nag, nag, nag. nag.

VERONICA

(taking the knife from him)
This knife is filthy.

J.D.

What in the hell do you think I'm
doing? Taking out her tonsils?

VERONICA

I think I know Heather a bit better
than you, okay? If she was going to
slash her wrists, the knife would
be absolutely spotless.

J.D. grabs a dishtowel and vigorously wipes off the knife.

J.D.

How's this? Can you see your
fucking reflection?

She can and so can the viewer. Tears well in VERONICA's eyes.
She begins to shudder, a shattered smile quaking on her face.

VERONICA

Tomorrow someone else will move
into her place. That person
could be me.
(suddenly deliriously defiant)
Ha, there's only one of us who knows
Heather's handwriting and if you think

I'm doing another suicide note.

J.D.

(laughing)

You don't get it, do you? Society
nods its head at any horror the
American teenager can think to
bring upon itself. We don't need
gloves and does anyone really
care about exact handwriting?

J.D. tears his gloves off with a giggle. He takes a pen from
the kitchen counter and paper from a cutesy memo pad. He
shoves the pen in VERONICA's hand and grabbing her hand,
forces her to scribble LIFE SUCKS on the paper.

J.D.

Perfecto. Man, I've even got a
marked-up Catcher in the Rye.
What else does a suicide need?

J.D. pulls out the copy of the Catcher in the Rye and opens a
door revealing HEATHER DUKE, asleep in an artful pose on a
couch, MTV images from the T.V. flashing against her.

J.D.

(raising the knife)

If you'll excuse me.....

VERONICA

No-o!

J.D. hops in the adjoining room and slams the door. VERONICA
races to the door wailing. She maniacally rattles the doorknob
trying to open the locked door.

INT. AN ANONYMOUS T.V.

The sound of the rattling doorknob subtly turns into wild
African music thundering on the soundtrack as WHITNEY JAMES,
in a T.V. screen, maniacally addresses the viewer. A shiny
number 4 flashes on and off in the corner.

INT. NEWSPAPER/YEARBOOK WORKSHOP--DAY

In speeded-up imagery, DENNIS, PETER, and the YEARBOOK GIRL
manuever pictures of HEATHER CHANDLER, KURT, RAM, and HEATHER
DUKE in mind-bogglingly countless ways in order to accomodate
them all on the same two page layout.

INT. FRONT OF THE CAFETERIA--DAY

With even more speeded-up imagery, four STUDENTS wearing "What a Waste, Oh the Humanity" T-shirts toss out tons of black armbands into a hungry crowd.

INT. FUNERAL HOME--DAY

The wild African music and the speeded up imagery slams to a halt at the sigh of HEATHER DUKE lying serenely in a coffin. FATHER FAUST wearing dark sunglasses and a terrifying toupee, walks in front of her to address a sizable group of ADULTS and STUDENTS sitting in foldout chairs before him. FATHER FAUST dramatically looks over the crowd before finally speaking.

FATHER RIPPER

Eskimo.

FATHER RIPPER lets the word hang in the air, then holds up the copy of The Catcher in the Rye.

FATHER RIPPER

Heather Duke underlined a lot of things in this copy of The Catcher in the Rye, but I believe the word Eskimo, underlined all by itself is the key to understanding Heather's pain.

VERONICA stands in a corner with an "Oh brother" look on her face.

FATHER RIPPER

On the surface, Heather Duke was the vivacious young lady we all knew her to be. But her soul was in Antartica, freezing with the knowledge of the way fellow teenagers can be cruel, the way parents can be unresponsive, and as she writes so eloquently in her suicide note, the way life can suck. We'll all miss Sherwood's little Eskimo. Let's hope she's rubbing noses with Jesus.

HEATHER CHANDLER moves next to VERONICA holding a plate of steaming spaghetti. She is wearing nerdy glasses and something that looks like an intergalactic prison unifrom.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Is this turnout weak or what? I had at least seventy more people at my funeral.

VERONICA

Heather? Wha...

HEATHER CHANDLER

Oh God Veronica, my afterlife is
s-o-o boring. If I have to sing
"Kumbaya" one more time...

VERONICA

What are you doing here?!

HEATHER CHANDLER

I made your favorite. Spaghetti.
Lots of oregano.

With a squeal, HEATHER CHANDLER plunges VERONICA's face into
the plate of spaghetti.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Dinner!

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Uncurling from the fetal position that she had fallen asleep
in, VERONICA's tightly closed eyes snap open in a sweat as her
mother's voice continues to filter through the door. It's all
been a dream.....

MOM (O.S.)

Dinner! Veronica! Dinner!

VERONICA closes her eyes and holds her heart. She suddenly
launches to her desk, opens her diary, shoves on her
monocle, catches her breath, and begins writing.

VERONICA (O.S.)

Dear Diary, no one can stop J.D. Not
the F.B.I., the C.I.A., or the P.T.A.
That is to say, no one but me. I know
where J.D. is coming from and where
he is heading. He's wrong, but I'm going
to teach him what's right. I'm going
to stop J.D....If it's the last thing
I do.

VERONICA leans back in her chair, sweating. She reaches in the
pocket of a blazer draped over the back of the chair and pulls
out the cigarette J.D. had given her earlier in the film. She
puts it in her mouth unlit then takes it out and puts it back
in the blazer.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SAWYER HOME--NIGHT

J.D. remains laconically leaning against his motorcycle with

his legs suavely crossed as he was before Veronica began dreaming. J.D. finishes his cigarette and pulls out a gun. He checks the bullets, puts the gun back in his coat, and heads toward the house.

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

VERONICA hugs J.F.K. the cat then rips down the hanging Barbie.

EXT. THE SAWYER FRONT YARD

J.D. leans a ladder against the Sawyer house.

INT. THE SAWYER DINNER TABLE

MOM sets down three plates of spaghetti. DAD watches on.

MOM

Does she want a written invitation?
(yelling upward)
Veronica! Dinner!

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

J.D. crawls through VERONICA's window. Hanging from the rafter, neck in a noose of bedshoots, is VERONICA.

INT. THE SAWYER DINNER TABLE

MOM sets a glass of milk at VERONICA's place, distressed.

MOM

Honey?

VERONICA'S BEDROOM

J.D. paces the room, sweating and ranting, waving a gun in one hand, the Barbie doll in the other.

J.D.

I can't believe you did it. I was teasing. I loved you. Sure, I climbed up here to kill you, but first I was going to try and get you back. With amazing petition.

J.D. throws the gun on the bed and pulls from his coat the computer printout sheet petition, then savagely rolls it out on the floor. It is filled with signatures of different sizes, styles, and colors. J.F.K. blinks.

J.D.

It's a shame you can't see what our
fellow students really signed.

J.D. flicks open a switchblade. He runs the blade beneath
the typed paragraph at the top causing it to peel off,
revealing another typed paragraph.

J.D.

Listen. "We students of Westerburg
High will die. Today. Our burning
bodies will be the ultimate protest
to a society that degrades is. Fuck
you all." Not that subtle but neither's
blowing up the school. Talk about your
suicide pacts. When our school explodes
tomorrow, it's going to be the kind of
thing that infects a generation. A
Woodstock for the 80's. Damn, we
coulda toasted marshmallows together.

MOM (O.S.)

Honey, are you all right in there?

J.D. swiftly picks up the petition and heads out the window.
MOM enters the room and, seeing her hanging daughter,
launches into frantic screams.

MOM

Oh God, I knew it! No, no! I want my
baby back! I should have let you keep
that job at the mall. I was just afraid
of you coming home alone at night!

VERONICA opens her eyes.

MOM

I made your favorite! Spaghetti!
Lots of oregano!

VERONICA undoes the noose around her neck but still remains
hanging for the rope runs all the way down her back beneath
her blazer and is tied around her waist. She undoes the waist-
knot and lands on her bed. She quickly puts a small pillow
over the left-behind gun, unnoticed by her dazed MOM.

VERONICA

Hey Mom, why so tense?

THE SAWYER DINNER TABLE

Montage music plays as VERONICA rears up from her dinner
plate to see her stonefaced PARENTS and her CAT staring at her.

INT. J.D.'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

J.D. tools with a bomb at his desk. A KNOCK on the door. J.D. turns down his stereo (and the Montage music).

FRED DEAN (O.S.)

I need some help with my homework...

J.D.

Sorry tiger, I'm a little busy....

J.D. turns back up his stereo (and the Montage music).

EXT. FRONT OF WESTERBERG HIGH--MORNING

The Montage music continues as school buses arrive in front of the school. STUDENTS pour out.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT--MORNING

STUDENTS come out of their cars.

INT. HALLWAY--MORNING

Typically hectic start-of-another-day-opening-and-slamming-of-locker-action. VERONICA darts through the thoroughfare to her locker.

A passing PAULINE FLEMING screeches to a halt, grabbing VERONICA as she chokes on some styrofoam cup coffee.

PAULINE

Veronica! J.D. told me you committed suicide last night!

VERONICA

Where is he? Where's J.D.?

PAULINE

We have to talk. Whether to kill yourself is one of the most important decisions a teenager has to make.

VERONICA

Get a job.

VERONICA storms away to her nearby locker. She swirls her locker combination and opens it. She glances down the hall and freezes.

In the distance, J.D. moves mechanically down the hallway carrying a large gym bag, wearing a Walkman.

VERONICA climbs into her locker. She closes it until it is barely perceptibly ajar. J.D. strides past the locker and into the Boys bathroom.

BOYS BATHROOM

J.D smoothly moves into a stall and closes the door. He turns off his Walkman and ends the Montage music.

THE HALLWAY

The hallway slowly clears as STUDENTS go to class. The bell rings. A LATE STUDENT races through the empty hallway.

VERONICA carefully hatches out of her locker. She treads down the hallway as if something were about to jump out at her.

THE GYM

A group of cheerleaders including HEATHER MCNAMARA are lazily doing cartwheels on the gym floor. On a small stage set up beside them, other STUDENTS are putting up folding chairs. PRINCIPAL GOWAN says "Testing" into a microphone.

J.D., toting the gym bag, quietly opens the gym door and slips inside. He swiftly moves unnoticed to a position underneath the bleachers.

THE HALLWAY

VERONICA peers around a corner to see an empty hallway.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS

Using heavy black masking tape, J.D. tapes a thermal bomb to a steel support beneath the bleachers. Other thermal bombs can be discerned taped to other supports.

THE EMPTY HALLWAY

VERONICA cautiously treads down the empty hallway, trying to keep in control. Suddenly, packs of STUDENTS burst from classroom doors behind VERONICA. The excited swarms of STUDENTS move toward and past VERONICA, who has braked her troubled treading to stiffly contemplate her passing peers. She latches onto Geek RODNEY in a panic. RODNEY looks down at his clutched arm with a nervous smile.

VERONICA

Rodney, where's everybody going?

RODNEY

It's Friday.....

VERONICA

Oh my God, the damn pep assembly....

RODNEY

Yeah, these things are pretty artificial,
but at least we all get out of class...

VERONICA ignores RODNEY's amiable attempts at conversation to inquisitively move forward through the crowd.

THE GYM

J.D. darts from out underneath the bleachers to the gym doors. He pops the doors open and sees the crowd of STUDENTS move toward the gym. He suavely pauses then dashes down a nearby set of stairs.

THE HALLWAY LEADING TO THE GYM

VERONICA continues to tensely surf the tidal wave of STUDENTS heading for the gymnasium. She stops to watch her classmates file into the gym like lemmings with increasing sense of dread. She again latches onto a passing RODNEY.

VERONICA

Rodney, what's underneath the gym?

RODNEY (unconsciously) dramatically stops, turns to VERONICA. and says.....

RODNEY

The boiler room.

VERONICA blanches then lunges through the crowd. She topples a couple disgruntled STUDENTS before careening down the staircase beside the gym.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BOILER ROOM

J.D. walks by the firm glass windows of the boiler room, eyeing the pounding generators inside. He stops at a heavy steel door. Placing down his gym bag, J.D. proceeds to swiftly pick the lock. He swings open the steel door.

VERONICA (O.S.)

May I see your hall pass?

J.D. weilds around. A sweating VERONICA moves toward him, pointing the bedroom gun at him.

J.D.

I knew that loose was too noose! I mean, noose too loose! Goddamn you!

VERONICA

Like father, like son. A serious-as-fuck bomb in the boiler room that'll set off a pack of thermals upstairs. Okay, so let's start by slowly putting the bomb down on the ground.

J.D. looks down at the gym bag already on the ground. He folds his arms and smiles. VERONICA forcefully moves closer.

VERONICA

Okay, okay. I knew that. I knew that. Put your hands on your head.

J.D.

You didn't say Simon Says.

J.D. suddenly kicks out into VERONICA's stomach, doubling her over and causing her to drop the gun. J.D. gracefully retrieves it.

THE GYM

The pep assembly is in full swing with rowdy STUDENTS in the bleachers earthily shouting, giggling cheerleaders making swaying pyramids, valiant band members struggling to be heard. Various Jocks, including EARL, stand on the stage with PRINCIPAL GOWAN as a YEARBOOK PHOTOGRAPHER flashes away.

THE HALLWAY BEFORE THE BOILER ROOM

VERONICA bends over quivering and clutching her bruised ribs. J.D. raises the gun to her head.

J.D.

Live by the sword...

VERONICA swings her left arm up knocking J.D.'s gun hand upward. She then sails her right fist into his face. The blow annoys him more than it hurts him but J.D.'s momentary loss of composure allows VERONICA to come in with another much harder right hook. The blow sends J.D. stumbling back against the boiler room, jarring the gun loose.

They simultaneously lunge for the gun. VERONICA, having the better grip, pulls so forcefully that after wrenching the gun from J.D., she loses control of it, flinging it down the hall. VERONICA pops up to retrieve it but J.D. moves his legs

scissors-style around her and trips her.

THE PREP ASSEMBLY

The assembly mindlessly blares on. Cheerleader HEATHER MCNAMARA rah-rah-rahs. RODNEY and the other Geeks pass around a pair of opera glasses, all intensely scoping out the cheerleaders. A group of STONERS toke away beneath the bleachers, one of them lackadaisically leaning against a thermal bomb.

THE BOILER ROOM HALLWAY

A snarling J.D. stands up, pulling VERONICA with him.

J.D.

You think just because you started
this thing, you can end it?

J.D. violently kisses/bites VERONICA. While kissing, VERONICA sees a fire alarm on a nearby wall. She closes her eyes then savagely knees J.D. in the groin. VERONICA bolts to the alarm and pulls it down. Nothing happens. J.D. gasps.

J.D.

You, really didn't think I'd, forget,
forget, to disconnect the....

VERONICA rockets her body down and picks up the gun. J.D. grabs her and throws her against the steel boiler room door.

A jostled VERONICA raises the gun. J.D. howls then bounds toward VERONICA, causing them both to careen down the steel steps of the boiler room. At the same time, he inadvertently kicks the gym bag/bomb down along with them. The gun spins from VERONICA's hand and slides away. The bomb flies out of the bag onto the boiler room floor. A digital clock on the bomb clicks on at 5:00....4:59....4:58...

THE PEP ASSEMBLY

The frenzied pep assembly crowd is now doing "The Wave". BETTY FINN and her similar co-horts deliriously get into the act, all sit in a circle at the bottom rows of the bleachers, pouting as STUDENTS bounce up and down around them. EARL and the other Jocks stand on the stage grinning and preening before the crowd.

THE BOILER ROOM

VERONICA and J.D. are in a heap at the bottom of the boiler room steps. VERONICA faintly works into a semi-sitting

position and gives an astonished glance to the bomb, its digital clock clicking to 3:00. VERONICA crawls to the gun and levels it at a rousing-up J.D.

VERONICA

The bomb's gone on, J.D.! How do you turn it off? Tell me!

Fully standing, J.D. flicks open his switchblade. He gives VERONICA "the finger," screaming in exploded saliva...

J.D.

Fuck you!

Seething, VERONICA shoots up at J.D. blowing off "the finger." Shrieking in pain, J.D. drops the knife to hold this sudden geyser of blood. VERONICA achingly stands, pointing the gun. The bomb clicks down to 2:25.

VERONICA

It's all over, J.D. Help me to stop it.

J.D.

You want to wipe the slate clean as much as I do. Okay, so maybe I am killing everyone in the school because nobody loves me. You have a purpose though! Remember? Let's face it, the only place different social types can genuinely get along with each other is in heaven.

VERONICA fires the gun at J.D.'s feet. The bomb clicks to 1:49.

VERONICA

How do you turn the fucker off?

J.D.

You're not listening. People are going to look at the ashes of Westerburg and say there's a school that self-destructed not because society didn't care, but because that school was society. Is that deep or what? I'll let you put it in your diary, babe. Free of charge.

VERONICA

The bomb, asshole!

J.D.

Just push the red button twice.

That's what stops it. If that's what you want, babe?

VERONICA

You know what I want, babe?

J.D.

What?

VERONICA fires the gun twice into J.D.'s throat. Coughing and moaning, he splatters against a generator.

VERONICA

Cool guys like you out of my life.

VERONICA saunters to J.D.'s writhing body.

VERONICA

But babe, don't worry, these here were Ich Luge bullets.

J.D. closes his eyes and slumps to the ground. VERONICA turns to the bomb and crouches over it. A lit green light is next to a green button. Above it, an unlit red light is next to a red button. The bomb's digital clock clicks to 00:17. VERONICA presses the red button twice, turning on the red light and stopping the clock. VERONICA falls back into a sitting position and sorely exhales, tears streaming down her face.

THE PEP ASSEMBLY

A cheerleader does a cartwheel in slow motion as eerie music plays. The manic crowd in the bleachers vibrates in slow motion as well.

At normal speed, VERONICA walks to the doors of the Gym and peers in. The panorama of roaring students, posing jocks, and prancing cheerleaders continues to unfold in slow motion. VERONICA walks away from the gym.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE SCHOOL DAY

VERONICA wearily pushes open the front door and emerges outside of the school. She closes her eyes to therapeutically bask in the sun's rays. A slight smile trembles onto her face. A strange voice kills it.

J.D. (O.S.)

Color me impressed.

J.D. stands starkly in the distance before her, blood spurting from his throat onto his gunslinger coat. He painfully speaks

through his assassinated vocal cords.

J.D.

You really fucked me up, Veronica.

VERONICA

(vertigo city)

I thought I...you..

J.D.

You've got power, Veronica. Power I didn't think you had. The slate is clean.

J.D. pulls open his coat revealing that the bomb is attached to his torso. The green light is on and the clock says 00:10..00:09.

J.D.

Pretend I did blow up the school. All the schools. Now that you're dead, what are you gonna do with your life?

VERONICA takes the unlit cigarette from her blazer pocket and puts it in her mouth. She then folds her arms.

VERONICA

Perfecto.

J.D. raises his arms in a crucifixion pose as the bomb clicks to 0:00. Nothing happens. An annoyed J.D. breaks out of his crucifixion stance and raps the bomb with his palm.

THE PEP ASSEMBLY

The sound of the bomb explosion plunges the cheering up-and-down pep assembly into chaos. Wailing students pour out of the bleachers screaming less out of fear than a "Whoa Dude" sense of excitement.

THE FRONT OF THE SCHOOL

VERONICA stands in the same position in front of the school with her arms still folded. Only now her cigarette is lit and her face and clothes are blackened in ash. Flames flicker in bushes behind her. VERONICA drags on the cigarette and turns to go inside.

INT. THE FRONT HALLWAY

VERONICA strolls into the school and into a hallway of howling students, some of whom are tearing down Prom banners for the thrill of it. HEATHER DUKE rushes up to VERONICA and grimaces.

HEATHER DUKE

Veronica, you look like hell.

VERONICA

Yeah, I just got back.

VERONICA tosses away the cigarette. She then grabs HEATHER DUKE by the shoulders and forcibly turns her around.

HEATHER DUKE

What are you doing?

VERONICA

Heather, my love, there's a new sheriff in town.

VERONICA takes off HEATHER DUKE's red ribbon and ties it around the hair of her own head. She kisses HEATHER DUKE on the cheek, leaving a black stain. VERONICA calls off.

VERONICA

Hey, Martha, wait up.

MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK revealed to be in an electric wheelchair, brakes to a stop and looks to Veronica, confused. VERONICA walks up beside her. MARTHA starts up her wheelchair and accompanies VERONICA away into a deserted hallway.

VERONICA

My date for the prom kind of flaked out on me, so I thought if you weren't doing anything that night we could go to the video store and rent some new releases or something. Maybe pop some popcorn.

MARTHA

I'd like that.

VERONICA

So would I.

VERONICA and MARTHA continue gliding down the hall Bogart/Rains style.