

HEATHERS

An Original Screenplay

by

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

Registered WGAW

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NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS AND SOME "OMITTED" SLUGS. THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR THIS SOFT COPY.

FADE IN:

EXT. SAWYER'S BACKYARD--DAWN

Elegiac music murmurs as three female and barefoot PAIRS OF LEGS in skirts break from tableau to gently engage in Croquet. A blue mallet hits a blue ball through a wicket, a green

mallet knocks a green ball, and a yellow mallet pushes forward a yellow ball, all in enticing syncopation.

Suddenly a red ball rockets through the dew covered grass and hits the green ball. The LEGS all stop moving as a FOURTH PAIR OF LEGS, this one in stylish shoes and stockings, marches to the red ball and steps on it. A red mallet is brought down hard on the red ball causing the adjacent green ball to thunder out of view. The Pair of Legs maneuvering the green ball departs. This process of elimination is grimly repeated with the yellow ball and yet again with the blue ball.

However, when the BLUE MALLETED PLAYER makes her sad exit, the viewer's viewpoint glides along with this particular Pair of Legs. A red ball whizzes by. The Legs stop. Another red ball malevolently sails past the Legs. Then yet another red ball. A fourth red ball makes brutal contact with the Legs causing the Player to fall to her knees and into the frame. The Player is VERONICA SAWYER.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--DAY

VERONICA SAWYER, a sullen seventeen year old beauty, lies atop her bed dressed in a chic but understated ensemble, her eyes glazed open in a morning reverie. She blows up at her bangs then slides off her bed, launching into voice-over narration over the empty bed.

VERONICA (V.O.)

Heather told me she teaches people  
Real Life.

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.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CAFETERIA--DAY

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...

INT. INSIDE THE CAFETERIA--DAY

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 and the massive RAM sit with other typical 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.

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 hands, 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 wields 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 FOODLESS 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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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.

KEITH

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 expresses elation in spite of herself 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 Sweepstakes, but on the same day what's-



his-face 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 Homeless. Every cent.

VERONICA

You're beautiful.

THE FOODLESS FUND STAND

PETER reaches into the Foodless 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 Foodless 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 piranha?

HEATHER CHANDLER

Like I give a shit. They all want me, as a friend or a fuck. I'm worshipped at Westenburg 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 Egypt. With a girl.

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

VERONICA tugs HEATHER CHANDLER away from the table.

VERONICA

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

As HEATHER CHANDLER continues to guffaw, 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--DAY

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?

INT. CAFETERIA--BETTY FINN'S TABLE--DAY

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. STONERS' HALLWAY--DAY

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 FOODLESS FUND STAND--DAY

VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER accost PETER DAWSON at the Foodless Fund stand.

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.

EXT. PARKING LOT--DAY

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.

INT. CAFETERIA--BETTY FINN'S TABLE--DAY

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.

INT. STONERS' HALLWAY--DAY

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

FEMALE STONER IN ARMY JACKET

What?

INT. CAFETERIA--THE FOODLESS FUND STAND--DAY

PETER DAWSON lashes out.

PETER DAWSON

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

EXT. PARKING LOT--DAY

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.

INT. CAFETERIA THOROUGHFARE--DAY

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 loserness.

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  
seem 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--DAY

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  
.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 Westerborg 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--NIGHT

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.

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT--NIGHT

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 commerial? "Bringing every State to a Higher State."

VERONICA

Time out....Jason Dean. Your Pop's Big Bud 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 chats atop a desk with BRAD'S FRIEND.

DAVID

Throw your coats on the bed, girls.

BRAD

That exam was so bogus.

BRAD'S FRIEND

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 monocolored 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.

INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY--NIGHT

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 PC 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.

INT. DORM HALLWAY--NIGHT

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.

BRAD'S FRIEND approaches before VERONICA can show disgust.

BRAD'S FRIEND

Brad-ley, Hennesey'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?

BRAD'S FRIEND

(ambling off)

He's in Sheila's room, big guy. Party up.

BRAD

Excellent. Veronica, ever do cocaine?

VERONICA

Ever since Phil Collins did that anti-drug thing on MTV 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

Right. Hey, don't run away now.

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

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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.

INT. DORM "COAT" ROOM--NIGHT

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.

INT. THE DORM "COAT" ROOM--NIGHT

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.

INT. DORM HALLWAY--NIGHT

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.

EXT. DORMITORY ALLEY--NIGHT

The fire in the trashcan is raging.

INT. DORM HALLWAY--NIGHT

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 wretching sounds.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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.

INT. DORM HALLWAY--NIGHT

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.

EXT. DORMITORY ALLEY--NIGHT

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.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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 keggars  
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'S VOICE attacks through the door.

MRS. CHANDLER (O.S.)

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

HEATHER CHANDLER

Bag that.

MRS. CHANDLER (O.S.)

Is that a "No" in your lingo?

HEATHER CHANDLER gives the voice behind the door "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 cleaning fluid.

J.D.

I'm a No Rust Build-up 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. Hmmmm. 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.

INT. HEATHER CHANDLER'S BEDROOM--DAY

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. The police....oh  
no, oh God....I can't believe this is  
my life..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

Don't say that! It's one thing to  
want somebody out of your life. It's  
another thing to serve them a wake-up  
cup of Liquid Drainer....Don't say....

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" under 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 yuppie black counselor PAUL HYDE, TWO large DISCIPLINARIAN-TYPES, 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

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

COUNSELOR HYDE

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.

MRS. POPE

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 AAHS.

MALE STUDENT

Awright!

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 STONER IN ARMY JACKET

I heard it was really gnarly. She sucked down a bowl of multi-purpose deodorizing disinfectant then she smashed....

PAULINE

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

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.

INT. THE SHOWER--DAY

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

INT. THE LOCKER ROOM--DAY

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Veronica, what are you doing?

SQUEALING GIRL (O.S.)

Everyone in the shower!

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

INT. THE GIRLS' COACH'S LOCKER ROOM OFFICE--DAY

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.

INT. THE SHOWER--DAY

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

INT. THE GIRLS' COACH'S LOCKER ROOM OFFICE--DAY

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?

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 BIG BUD DEAN, stands before them, handsome and threatening in a shirt and tie. He is rather malevolently holding a rowing machine.

BIG BUD DEAN

Hey Dad, how was work today?

BIG BUD 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.

BIG BUD 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 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.

BIG BUD 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 BUD's hand. He 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 DEAD

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.

INT. HEATHER MCNAMARA'S BEDROOM--DAY

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

INT. HEATHER DUKE'S BEDROOM--DAY

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 RIPPER 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 RIPPER 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 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 YEARBOOK GIRL ALISON confer over a layout sheet. Alison wears a walkman and BIG FUN T-shirt. PETER DAWSON pouts behind them.

DENNIS

I'm not belittling the Foodless Fund, Peter, but we're talking teen suicide! Ask Alison here, the number one song right now is "Teenage Suicide (Don't Do It)" by BigFun. Jesus man, Westerburg finally got one of these things 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.

DENNIS

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?

DENNIS

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

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WORKSHOP--DAY

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 Foodless Fund.

PETER cheerfully pockets the cash as VERONICA drifts off.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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. In the woods behind the  
school. At Dawn. And don't forget Ram.

INT. THE KELLY KITCHEN--NIGHT

KURT hangs up with an amazed expression on his face.

KURT

Women.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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 to plant at the scene. 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 an issue of Stud Puppy, a

candy dish, a Joan Crawford post card,  
and some mascara.

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 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--DAWN

A tense KURT and an excited RAM, playing air guitar, walk  
through the misty 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. What a way  
to start the day! Punch it in!

KURT feebly slams knuckles with RAM.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS--DAWN

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

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 and fog.

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 opening and raises his gun. KURT runs back...

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.

INT. SQUAD CAR IN SCHOOL PARKING LOT--DAWN

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.

EXT. THE CLEARING--DAWN

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.

EXT. IN THE WOODS--DAWN

Veronica and J.D. flow through thick trees. An Owl hoos.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS--DAWN

Milner blindly barrels through the dense, foggy woods.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE WOODS--DAWN

Veronica and J.D. come out of the woods and race up a dew  
drenched hill toward Veronica's car which is parked on top.

J.D.  
Faster!

EXT. IN THE WOODS--DAWN

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

EXT. THE HILL--DAWN

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.

INT. THE SAWYER CAR--DAWN

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

EXT. THE HILL--DAWN

MILNER continues to move up the hill.

INT. THE SAWYER CAR--DAWN

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

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAR--DAWN

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. Boy, kids today sure start in early. Hey, are they naked?

MILNER sighs, and clicks off his walkie-talkie.

INT. THE SAWYER CAR--DAWN

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

EXT. THE CLEARING--DAWN

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 Sherwood Sunday Insert 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

I always hear gunshots when I'm high before noon. Life's a crazy bitch. Don't try to analyze it. The quarterback bugging 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.

COUNSELOR HYDE

(sotto voce to Mrs. Pope)

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. Slowly other cars begin to filter in, including a rumbling heapful of Heavy Metalers.

INT. THE SAWYER CAR--MORNING

The Heavy Metaler Heap's obnoxious muffler causes a sleeping VERONICA's eyes to snap open in bug-eyed sweat. Mentally wounded, she climbs into the front seat, pulling on her blazer. She presses in the car cigarette lighter. J.D. rumbles from the back as more 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 too.

VERONICA

Did not.

J.D.

Did too.

VERONICA

Did not.

J.D. launches into a rapid-fire rendition of "did-too's". VERONICA responds by holding her hands over her ears and singing "Mary had a Little Lamb." J.D.'s "Did-too's" get louder causing VERONICA to bang on the horn.

EXT. PARKING LOT--DAY

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.

COURTNEY bounds up to the Heathers.

SQUEELING GIRL #1

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!

INT. THE SAWYER CAR--DAY

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.

INT. CHURCH--DAY

A typically John Waynesque Jock's Father-type, MR. KELLY, stands over his son's open coffin. KURT wears a black football helmet. FATHER RIPPER watches on with various ADULTS, STUDENTS.

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. VERONICA'S BEDROOM FLOOR--NIGHT

VERONICA lies next to a Vodka bottle, drinking out of a Dixie cup. She turns off her blaring radio to speak on the phone.

D.J. (radio)

As you know, the Sherwood Teen Suicide tote is up to three. Here's one for Kurt and Ram, BigFun with Teenage Suicide, Don't Do It....

VERONICA

Hello J.D.? No, it's okay, 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 now 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.

INT. THE CAFETERIA--DAY

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 music 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 Togetherness.  
I want everyone to clasp hands.  
We need to connect this cafeteria  
into one mighty circuit.

A tableau of dumbfounded STUDENTS stare at the Bullhorn Woman.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF CAFETERIA--SAME TIME--DAY

Hungover in dark sunglasses, VERONICA bustles toward the  
cafeteria entrance clinging to an armful of books while trying  
to tie a black armband onto herself.

INT. THE CAFETERIA--DAY

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!  
(looking to her watch then Peter)  
Where are they?

Her back to the viewer, VERONICA enters the cafeteria. HEATHER  
DUKE floats into view and tightly knots VERONICA's armband.

VERONICA

I see Ms. Phlegm's on another crusade.  
With usual success.

HEATHER DUKE

(looking to the viewer)  
I have a feeling this one'll work.

VERONICA turns to the viewer and half-gasps.

TWO 2-person video CAMERA CREWS and a STILL PHOTOGRAPHER burst  
into the cafeteria slightly battering the in-the-way VERONICA.

PAULINE smiles in relief. She wields around, lifting the horn.

PAULINE

The cameras are here! Lock your paws!

Slightly confused but Awesomed, a table of Country Club Kids including COURTNEY stand and latch out to each other. A nearby table with BETTY FINN and friends follow suit.

VERONICA looks on with a growing sense of queasiness.

The Cafeteria swirls into a frenzy with members of more excitable cliques like the Jocks and the Heavy Metalers jumping over and onto tables anxiously bumbling into hand-holding constellations. CAMERA CREWS weave beside them. In a corner, the PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a shot of a thumbs-up PETER DAWSON with his arms around FEMALE STONER IN ARMY JACKET.

PAULINE runs ahead of a hustling CAMERA CREW and grabs hold of a chain of hand-holding Jocks. She pulls the chain until it connects up with a grateful chain of BETTY FINNS.

A sleeping HEATHER MCNAMARA drearily awakens to the havoc around her. She takes off her black armband, ties it around her eyes, and droops her head back down on a table.

VERONICA lets her books slide from her hands, shaking her head.

MARTHA DUNNSTOCK nervously looks to her out-of-control peers.

HEATHER DUKE slyly looks to VERONICA with an "If you can't beat em..." smile then saunters into the fray. She slides onto the lap of Heavy Metaler Matt. The PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a shot.

PAULINE forces apart the handholding Heavy Metal lovers JACKIE and STEVE, sandwiches DENNIS in between them, and madly departs.

The PHOTOGRAPHER now shoots a pic of a thumbs-up PETER DAWSON with his arms around an ALL OUT NERD.

VERONICA stands before the chaos, back to the viewer, in much the same way Heather Chandler did in the opening scene.

PAULINE and the Geek Squad look to MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK.

RODNEY

I may be a geek, but I have my pride.

PAULINE

Gotcha...Could I get some Stoners over here please!

Frightened and flustered, MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK quakes for a moment then crawls underneath her table.

A last panoramic view of the hustling CAMERA CREWS amid the panderingly anarchic STUDENTS unfolds.

VERONICA suddenly finds herself flanked by J.D. The exiting CAMERA CREWS flow past them.

J.D.

Was it as good for you as it was for me?

A dumbfounded VERONICA watches PAULINE and PETER approach.

PETER

I'm gonna need a VHS copy of all this by Monday for my Princeton application.

PAULINE

(looking to Veronica)

Veronica, there you are! Wasn't it Fab? I've put peer pressure out to pasture!

VERONICA

Oh come on, Pauline. What happens tomorrow, when the cameras aren't here?

As they argue, J.D. looks out and sees MARTHA bob up from beneath her table then dart back under. He ambles away....

PAULINE

Why are you dissing me, Veronica? I'm trying to redefine the high school experience.....

VERONICA

You're ignoring the high school experience. People are dead and all you can think to do is whip up some warped Pity Party. If we're going to ever build respect for each other, it's gotta be something...something real. We can't be tricked into it. Back me up J.D...J.D.?

PAULINE

(moving off)

Let's go Peter, some people are just unwilling to share the pain....

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 restlessly rocks on a couch with increasingly unguarded annoyance. Excitedly insensitive to her words, J.D. spins the tuner of his radio, headphones pressed to one ear.

VERONICA

That thing this afternoon...I'm so angry! It was like "Boy, isn't death fun!" "Gee, I wonder who'll die next!" "I'll bet we get four camera crews next time." It was chaos. Fucking chaos.

J.D. giddily pivots around, tearing the headphones from the radio and causing a blast of static to accompany his words.

J.D.

What are you talking about? Today was great. Chaos is great. Chaos is what killed the dinosaurs, darling, and it's what's going to make Westerburg a purified place to get an education. Face it, our way is the way. We scare people into not being assholes.

VERONICA

(a ticking time bomb)

Our way is not our way.

J.D.

Tell that to the judge; "Your honor, I was led to believe there were Ich Luge bullets in the gun." Tell it to Kurt Kelly! "Don't shoot, Veronica, I'm the quarterback."

J.D. goes into a Sonny-Corleone-at-the-Turnpike imitation. VERONICA throws the first thing she can get her hands on, a framed picture of a woman, at the vibrating J.D.

VERONICA

I'm telling it to you! You! Nothing good can come from suicide, from murder, from death. Nothing! Nothing except more death and shit like that feeding frenzy

this afternoon....Geez, what am I..who...  
Unnaah! You can be so immature!

J.D.

(looking off)

You kids are making too much damn noise.

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

BIG BUD DEAN

We beat the bitches.

VERONICA

(mumbling)

Oh beautiful. The Beaver's home.

BIG BUD DEAN

Judge told em to slurp shit and die.

BIG BUD moves to the Entertainment console, turns off the  
radio and turns on the V.C.R. He crams the cassette in and  
hefts up his chest exerciser. He begins pumping away as the  
image of a shabby building appears on the massive T.V.

BIG BUD 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. BIG BUD cackles. J.D. politely  
applauds. BUD pops out the videocassette and bounces away.

BIG BUD 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

In some sick way, we unclogged the sinuses of the school. But if we're going to keep the school healthy, it's gotta be through something having to do with life, not death.

J.D.

Whoa, Metaphor Tennis anyone? Tell me, if you put a Nazi in a concentration camp, does that make you a Nazi?

VERONICA

Maybe.

J.D. exhales in frustration before bounding up from the couch to turn back on the radio.

D.J. (Radio)

Dudes, if I get one more request for that BigFun song I'm going to committ suicide. Here it is.....

J.D.

(malevolently)

They're playing our song....

As the "song" kicks in (a bunch of guys shouting over a drum machine), J.D. seductively moves toward VERONICA, semi-lip-syncing it. As a seethingly angry but not unaroused VERONICA watches, J.D. slithers onto the couch.

BIGFUN (Radio)

TIMES ARE MEAN FOR A TEEN--WE KNOW!  
PARENTS IGNORE, TEACHERS BORE--WE KNOW!  
BUT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO GO!  
TEENAGE SUICIDE; DON'T DO IT!  
TEENAGE SUICIDE; DON'T DO IT!

J.D. stops his seduction and rips out a gun. He giddily fires into the radio, destroying it.

VERONICA

That's it, we're breaking up.

J.D.

Wha-a-at?

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

J.D.

You can't bring them back. You must know that.

VERONICA

I'm not trying to "bring back"  
anybody...except maybe myself.

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

VERONICA

To think there was a time when I  
thought you were cool. If you can't  
deal with me now, just stay home and  
shoot your T.V., blow away a couple  
toasters or something. Just don't come  
to school and don't mess with me.

J.D.

You'll be back!

J.D. slowly sits up and with both hands, puts his gun in his mouth. He pauses, lets go of the gun, and then biting down on the barrel of the gun, J.D. proceeds to broodingly tie his shoes.

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 8x10's.

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

(queasily intrigued)

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 is this? Blackmail? So what. I once shared a bunk with the biggest loser in the state. I'm not running for president....

(narrowing her eyes at the photos)

I'll give you a week's lunch money.

J.D.

I don't want your money, I want your 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 a favour, one you'll enjoy. 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--DAY

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.

INT. HALLWAY--DAY

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.

ANOTHER HALLWAY--DAY

Disoriented, VERONICA somnambulates down the hall. She suddenly brakes amid the flow of Student traffic to stare at a locker. The locker wears a POLICE LINE--DO NOT CROSS sticker. VERONICA pulls out a School Spirit Club I.D. Card and moves to the locker.

With the card, she wrangles the locker open. It contains a coat, recognizably Heather Chandler's. On the inside door is a sizable mirror, a cute little "HEATHER" license plate, an Alexander Haig For President sticker, and a picture of VERONICA and the HEATHERS all wearing sunglasses and acting tough.

VERONICA zeroes in on a three frame Photo Booth picture. In the first frame, VERONICA and HEATHER CHANDLER stare stonefaced. In the second frame, the two girls are screaming at the top of their lungs. In the third frame, they have returned to a stonefaced state. VERONICA touches the picture with a quivering smile as two hands flap around her eyes.

HEATHER DUKE

Guess who?

VERONICA

Heather.

VERONICA turns around, stunned. The Heather Chandleresque HEATHER DUKE can be seen in the locker mirror. VERONICA violently pushes HEATHER DUKE away and storms off.

HEATHER DUKE peers in the open locker. A pair of red earrings flash out at her. Biting her lip, she reaches for them.

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--NIGHT

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?

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

VERONICA cringes.

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

INT. HEATHER DUKE'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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

INT. HEATHER DUKE'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

DAVID proudly looks down off-screen to his lap.

DAVID  
She can't really talk right now.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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--LATE AFTERNOON

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. I french-kissed Al Springer once but he...

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 die.

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 Earring-wearing 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.

VERONICA

Sure.

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

(condescendingly to the passing Betty)

Oh Betty, leaving so soon...HEY, I'M RED!

LATER IN THE GAME

Red ball underfoot, HEATHER DUKE savagely "sends" HEATHER MCNAMARA's green ball into the flower bed.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Shit.

HEATHER DUKE

You know what really bites; when people watch that cafeteria stuff on TV and see all those Geeks and Metalheads jumping around, they're going to think Uncool is the Rule at Westerburg.....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.

HEATHER DUKE

(shaking out her wrist)

I don't know what your damage is  
Veronica, but me and Heather are  
going to walk over to the Mall.  
Maybe by the time we head back,  
your tampon'll be flushed.

As HEATHER DUKE and HEATHER MCNAMARA meander out the back of  
the yard, an annoyed VERONICA revolves back toward the house  
to see J.D. sitting comfortably at the patio table with a  
drink.

VERONICA

Christ, doesn't anybody knock?

J.D.

Mummy and Daddy let me in. So I'm a  
dark horse, huh? You make me blush...

VERONICA reaches the patio, gently swinging her croquet mallet,  
excited with the thought that J.D. has come to change his ways.

VERONICA

Did you come to tell me something?  
Something nice. Remotely apologetic.

J.D.

(oblivious)

How about that Heather Duke, huh? I say it's about time we got down to doing what we do best.

VERONICA

(angrily blowing up at her bangs)

Just finish your drink and get out.

VERONICA storms to the patio door.

INT. GYM--DUSK

Wearing a BigFun T-shirt, MARTHA DUNNSTOCK/DUMPTRUCK sits in the bleachers glumly sipping out of a cup of Coke. Cheers and shouts can be heard booming around her.

As she places the cup down beside her, it is revealed MARTHA is completely alone in the gym; the others being sad workings of her embattled imagination.

She lifts the cup back up to her mouth but the plastic lid pops off and a gush of Coke splashes onto her BigFun T-shirt.

INT. THE SAWYER LIVING ROOM--DUSK

With her croquet mallet, VERONICA comes into her house, sliding the patio door closed. MOM and DAD are watching a video image of PAULINE FLEMING at a cafeteria table.

MOM

Jason's kinda cute for a dark horse.

PAULINE (T.V.)

The Westerburg Suicides were tough on all of us, but we shared the pain of losing three very popular souls.

DAD

I don't know about that coat he was wearing though. Hey, isn't that the flake we met at Open House.

A zombie VERONICA floats past her parents to stare at the T.V.

PAULINE (T.V.)

I came into the cafeteria and asked them to hold hands. The response was immediate.

Footage of the frenzied handholding Students unfolds upon the screen with no evidence of the calculation behind it.

PAULINE's sanctimoniously dulcet tones go over the image.

PAULINE (V.O./T.V.)

My mere words liberated the students,  
causing them to open their petals and  
reveal their hopes and fears. By a  
stroke of luck, T.V. cameras were  
fortunate enough to happen to be on  
hand to capture this spontaneous,  
natural emotional outpouring of emotion.

VERONICA

Happened to be on hand....spontaneous  
natural emotional outpouring!

VERONICA clams up in anger as her parents babble.

DAD

Look there's Heather.

MOM

And there's Heather. Where are  
you, Veronica?

The video image of PAULINE at a cafeteria table returns.

PAULINE (T.V.)

Whether to commit suicide is the most  
important decision a teenager has to  
make. With supervision from people like  
myself, we can help young people make  
the right decision.

With her croquet, VERONICA slams the on/off Button and  
turns to her parents.

VERONICA

I'm right here.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE SCHOOL--DUSK

MARTHA trudges outside of the school, the coke stain still  
grotesquely encrusted to her BigFun T-shirt. She pins an  
illegible-except-for-the-words-DEAR-WESTERBURG note onto her  
shirt, over the stain. She continues moving toward a street  
of passing cars.

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

The Sawyer family is on fire. VERONICA yanks the television  
cord from its socket.

MOM

Turn that back on!

VERONICA

Can't you see, these little programs eat up suicide with a spoon. They make it seem like a cool thing to do.

DAD

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

VERONICA

Hey kids, make your parents and teachers feel like shit! Get the respect in death you'll never get in life!

MOM

Are you trying to tell me it is not a troubled time for the nation's youth? Get up off the floor, your dress is getting filthy.

VERONICA

Everybody cares about youth, not the individual. 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 do not 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, out of breath, holding various shopping bags.

HEATHER DUKE

Hi everyone, door was open. Have you heard, Veronica? We were doing Chinese at the Food Fair, right, when they come over the radio and say Martha Dumptruck tried to buy the farm. She bellyflopped in front of a car, wearing a suicide note.

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 glumly sprawled on the ground.

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. Turn on the radio.

HEATHER DUKE

(Heather Chandleresque)

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--NIGHT

A slob D.J. cackles into a 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 abortions and acne?  
You've got the Dogcatcher and you're  
listening to Hot Probs.

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 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 a knick-knack of little gold bird.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

VERONICA and HEATHER DUKE simultaneously move into stunned silence.

D.J. (radio)

Hey babe, I need a name?

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH--NIGHT

HEATHER MCNAMARA (box)

My name is Tweety.

D.J.

Yo, Tweet, if you're going to tell me you just saw a puttycat....

INT. HEATHER MCNAMARA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

HEATHER DUKE excitedlly 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've seen J.D.'s way. I've seen 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.

INT. THE GRUFF TEACHER'S CLASSROOM--DAY

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?

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM--DAY

INT. HALLWAY--DAY

VERONICA races down the hall.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM--DAY

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. Buy some shoes.  
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. You've heard the group Big Fun, right?

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 said that Big Fun wants  
to play a Prom. It could be Westerborg'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.

KEITH

Shit.

INT. SCHOOL BUS--DAY

HEATHER DUKE chirps to a schoolbusful of various STUDENTS.

EXT. SCHOOL LAWN--DAY

The provocatively dressed Petitioner charms a patch of Jocks.

INT. STAIRCASE WINDOW--DAY

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

EXT. PARKING LOT--DAY

Strategically wearing Heavy Metal accessories, HEATHER DUKE slams down the petition atop a car-hoodful of Metalheads.

INT. STONERS' HALLWAY--DAY

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

INT. THE STAIRCASE WINDOW--DAY

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 hot tub 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

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.

HEATHER DUKE  
Fuck me gently with a chainsaw...

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? Some 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. seductively slides behind VERONICA and envelops her.

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. This is great,  
Veronica. I knew you'd come back.

As in the Chandler kitchen scene, J.D. kisses the back of  
VERONICA's neck and she closes her eyes. Suddenly she rifles  
her elbow into his stomach, doubling him over. She screams in  
his ear then bolts down the stairs as he gasps after her.

VERONICA

It's over, J.D. Over! Grow up!

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...

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--DUSK

VERONICA vaults through her bedroom door. A Barbieish doll wearing a BigFun T-shirt hangs from a noose. With a whimper, she swerves away from it, looks to her open window, and then 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.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

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.

(increasing rage)

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....

INT. THE DUKE KITCHEN--NIGHT

The sound of a lock being jimmed 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. hos 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 ANOYNYMOUS T.V./HEATHER DUKE'S ROOM--NIGHT

The sound of the rattling doorknob subtly turns into wild  
African music thundering on the soundtrack as PAULINE FLEMING  
ethereally moves to a blackboard with three chalk strokes on  
it and makes a fourth chalk stroke.

INT. NEWSPAPER/YEARBOOK WORKSHOP--DAY

In speeded-up imagery, DENNIS, PETER, and the YEARBOOK GIRL  
maneuver 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. CHURCH--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 RIPPER 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 RIPPER dramatically looks over the crowd before finally speaking.

FATHER RIPPER

Eskimo.

FATHER RIPPER lets the word hang in the air, then holds up the book.

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 eariler 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.

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

VERONICA hugs J.F.K. the cat then rips down the hanging doll.

EXT. THE SAWYER FRONT YARD--NIGHT

J.D. leans a ladder against the Sawyer house.

INT. THE SAWYER DINNER TABLE--NIGHT

MOM sets down three plates of spaghetti. DAD watches on.

MOM

Does she want a written invitation?

(yelling upward)

Veronica! Dinner!

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

J.D. crawls through VERONICA's window. Hanging from the rafter, neck in a noose of bedshoots, is VERONICA.

INT. THE SAWYER DINNER TABLE--NIGHT

MOM sets a glass of milk at VERONICA's place, distressed.

MOM

Honey?

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

J.D. paces the room, sweating and ranting, waving a gun in one hand, the Barbieish 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?

INT. THE SAWYER DINNER TABLE AREA--NIGHT

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).

BIG BUD 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 WESTERBURG 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. I've got some pamphlets in my office that will help you decide if suicide is really for you. Come on, let's go take a look.

VERONICA

Get a job.

VERONICA storms 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.

INT. BOYS BATHROOM--DAY

J.D smoothly moves into a stall and closes the door. He turns off his Walkman and ends the Montage music.

INT. THE HALLWAY--DAY

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.

INT. THE GYM--DAY

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, slips through the gym door. He moves unnoticed to a position underneath the bleachers.

INT. THE HALLWAY--DAY

VERONICA peers around a corner to see an empty hallway.

INT. GYM--UNDER THE BLEACHERS--DAY

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.

INT. THE EMPTY HALLWAY--DAY

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, another 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.

INT. THE GYM--DAY

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.

INT. THE HALLWAY LEADING TO THE GYM--DAY

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.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BOILER ROOM--DAY

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.

INT. THE GYM--DAY

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, stand on the stage with PRINCIPAL GOWAN as a YEARBOOK PHOTOGRAPHER flashes away.

INT. THE HALLWAY BEFORE THE BOILER ROOM--DAY

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.

INT. GYM--THE PREP ASSEMBLY--DAY

The assembly mindlessly blares on. Cheerleader HEATHER MCNAMARA rah-rah-rah. 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.

INT. THE BOILER ROOM HALLWAY--DAY

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...

INT. GYM--THE PEP ASSEMBLY--DAY

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. Jocks stand on the stage grinning and preening before the crowd.

INT. THE BOILER ROOM--DAY

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 3:04. 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. She focuses her eyes on three red buttons on the bomb.

VERONICA

Which button do I press to turn it off? Tell me!

J.D.

Try the red one, but seriously, 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

Which red button, asshole?

J.D.

Press the middle one to turn it off. If that's what you want babe.....

VERONICA picks up the bomb and puts it on a steel drum,

speaking with her back turned.

VERONICA

You know what I want, babe?

J.D.

(crouching)

What?

J.D. snatches up his switchblade and lunges toward VERONICA. She springs away, causing him to bring the knife down past her and onto the middle red button, stopping the clock on the bomb at 00:17.

VERONICA

Cool guys like you out of my life.

VERONICA fires the gun twice into J.D.'s stomach. Coughing and moaning, he splatters against a generator.

VERONICA

But don't worry, these here  
were Ich Luge bullets.

J.D. closes his eyes and slumps to the ground. VERONICA wearily regards the image of the knife stuck in the stopped bomb.

INT. GYM--THE PEP ASSEMBLY--DAY

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, a smiling 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.....

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 mouth onto his gunslinger coat.

J.D.

You really fucked me up, Veronica.

VERONICA

I thought I...you..I...

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.

INT. GYM--THE PEP ASSEMBLY--DAY

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.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE SCHOOL--DAY

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--DAY

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 a 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 Bogart/Rains style.