



Heathers

"PILOT"

Written by
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5.26.16

Based on the film
Written by Daniel Waters and
Directed by Michael Lehmann

OVER BLACK...

"Que Sera, Sera" by Doris Day plays...

8 YEARS AGO

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A dreamy home. Perfect in every way.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Five minutes?... Okay, sweetie...

We move in on a RED CHRISTMAS BOW on the front door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME

A perfectly set DINNER TABLE.

WOMAN (V.O.)
... Already on the table... Roast
chicken. And guess what else?... My
world famous pâté.

We move in on a perfect slice of pâté.

CHILD'S BEDROOM - SAME

We move in on an UNMADE BED.

WOMAN (V.O.)
...And you tell my little one Mommy
knows that bed is *still* unmade.

An ORANGE LIGHT flickers.

MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

A bedroom in REDS and WHITES.

The **WOMAN** (Winona Ryder), perfect and well-dressed, walks past on the phone as she adjusts a RED RIBBON in her hair.

Instead of following her, we stay on a CAN OF GASOLINE that sits on a GLASS COFFEE TABLE.

WOMAN
(on phone)
Ok. See you in a bit.
(hangs up, to herself)
I love you.

She then picks up a pack of MATCHES. Lights one.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A CAR pulls up. Her HUSBAND, peers through the windshield, confused: *is my house on fire?*

He turns to a **LITTLE BOY** in the passenger seat.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

The ORANGE LIGHT grows more intense around her. The Woman reaches into a drawer and pulls out a HANDGUN.

She moves toward the window. Opens the drapes... WAVES.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME

The reflection of FLAMES lights up the Little Boy's face. The Husband races past us into the house in the distance.

The Little Boy stares at the window and... WAVES BACK.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

The woman then slowly raises the HANDGUN to her head.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME

BANG! The Little Boy, emotionless, jolts a bit.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

From above, the woman's body falls backwards, SHATTERING THE GLASS COFFEE TABLE as 'Que Sera, Sera' grows louder and louder...

Heathers

VERONICA (V.O.)
Dear Diary...

EXT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Same high school.

PRESENT DAY

A girl approaches. This is **VERONICA SAWYER** (17, if you need an introduction, you have no business reading this script).

VERONICA (V.O.)
 Heather C. says that 'in order to be irreplaceable, you must always be different.' I told her that was a Coco Chanel quote and then she told me to stop being such a basic-cable bitch.

Veronica stops at the Westerborg High School SIGN. The daily quote reads:

**'Just be yourself.
 Be who you want to be.'**

-Khloe Kardashian

She rolls her eyes and then joins a swarm of students as they head inside through 4 METAL DETECTORS (Blue, Red, Green and Yellow.)

VERONICA (V.O.)
 Ugh. I hate this place and can't wait til some google-glasser looses at 'Call of War' or whatever and takes everyone out.
 (BEAT)
 Jk, obvi... Veronica.

MS. FLEMING (V.O.)
 Who *is* Veronica Sawyer?

Veronica chooses the BLUE metal detector.

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Veronica sits across from the Guidance Counsellor **MS. FLEMING** (30-40, part yoga mom, part self-help guru).

VERONICA
 Who am I? I don't know... I mean, I guess I'm a *good person*?

MS. FLEMING
 A 'good person,' Veronica? 'Good person' is not going to cut it. We're trying for Ivy Leagues here. They need to know your identity? Your *brand*. What makes Veronica, Veronica?

VERONICA
 I'm loyal? I think I'm a good friend.

Ms. Fleming is unimpressed.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I'm half-Jewish?

MS. FLEMING
(sighs)
It's not the '80s, Veronica. I suppose we can try for Remington.

VERONICA
Remington? I have a 4.2 and got a 1510 on my SAT's!

MS. FLEMING
By any chance are you a hermaphrodite?

VERONICA
No.

MS. FLEMING
Damn. I could work with a 4.2 and a hermaphrodite.
(BEAT)
I'm sorry, Veronica, but it's all about the personal essay now. And it's called 'personal' because they need to know *who you are*.

VERONICA
I'm 17. Isn't it kinda' the point that I *don't* know who I am yet?

MS. FLEMING
No, Veronica. That's not the point. Not in today's market.
(stands up; opens door)
Look. I don't have time for your oppression right now. Just give me something so I can help you.

VERONICA
Fine. What about this? 'Veronica Sawyer is *literally nothing*.'

Ms. Fleming purses her lips.

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - SAME

Veronica shuts her locker. A guy eyes her. This is **JD** (18, as darkly hot and dangerous as a high school kid can be).

Veronica smiles and is about to walk over to him when she runs into a nerdy girl, **BETTY FINN** (17, Asian).

VERONICA
Betty.

BETTY FINN
Hi, Veronica.

VERONICA
Sorry I couldn't make your recital.

BETTY FINN
(so sweet)
You didn't miss anything. I was awful.

VERONICA
Don't say that.
(noticing a pic in locker)
Oh my god, is that us from third grade?

A pic of two cute girls playing CROQUET.

BETTY FINN
You always had to be blue.

A stressed STUDENT races up to Veronica.

STUDENT
Veronica. Heather Chandler is looking for you.

VERONICA
(shrugs)
Duty calls.

Veronica heads into the cafeteria.

BETTY FINN
(suddenly not so sweet)
Even when I wanted to be blue.

CAFETERIA - SAME

Cliques at various tables. But we're not concerned with them... All eyes are on

THE HEATHERS

As they stride in formation. Dreamy. Gauzy. Vicious. They run this shit and they know it...

But they're not the blonde, rich bitches you expect...

HEATHER MCNAMARA (17, black, shaved head, lesbian. Not quite as confident as her fellow soldiers).

HEATHER DUKE (17, given name 'Heath.' Pale, male and identifies as gender-queer, good-looking in a high-fashion way. Westenburg's very own Oscar Wilde).

And of course, the Queen Bey herself...

HEATHER CHANDLER (17, imagine Martha Dumptruck but instead of pathetic she's fucking fabulous. Tattoos, RED anime-hair and 245K Instagram followers).

HEATHER CHANDLER
Well suck my third nipple. If it isn't
Veronica Sawyer, 4 minutes late.

VERONICA
Sorry. I got cornered by Fleming.

HEATHER CHANDLER
(re: her outfit)
How Banana Republic.

VERONICA
It's ironic, Heather.

HEATHER CHANDLER
We're not doing irony anymore. Keep
up.
(BEAT, walking)
Now. You won't *believe* what Heather
spotted. It's so gorgeous tragic,
you'll die.

Heather McNamara basks in the acknowledgement.

HEATHER MCNAMARA
So I was walking through B-Hall and-

HEATHER CHANDLER
God, Heather, are we *already* making
this about you?

Heather McNamara lowers her head. As they walk, they pass...

THE CHEERLEADER TABLE - a CHEERLEADER stands up and tries to
catch Heather Chandler's attention.

CHEERLEADER
Hey Heather, so my parents are away
and I'm having-

HEATHER CHANDLER
(cutting her off)
Don't.

The Heathers then stride by...

THE GAY NERD TABLE - PETER DAWSON (17) whispers to his
friends, **SETH** and **KYLE**.

PETER DAWSON
Everyone's saying Heather Chandler is
going to confront Ram.

KYLE
I love her.

SETH
She was *amazing* in 'Our Town.'

Heather Duke glances over at Kyle. He spits out his milk.

KYLE
Heather Duke just looked at me.

SETH
He was *amazing* in 'The Crucible.'

THE JOCK TABLE - A table of jocks. Specifically **RAM** and **KURT KELLY**. The Heathers approach.

KURT
(optimistic)
Uh... Hey Heather...

HEATHER CHANDLER
Ram. Kurt.
(BEAT)
Ram. What does your shirt say?

Ram looks down at his shirt, a REMINGTON SQUAWS jersey. The MASCOT is a cartoon of a Native American.

RAM
Uh... 'Remington Squaws?'

HEATHER CHANDLER
Stand up.

Ram stands up. Heather SNAPS A PIC of Ram in the jersey.

HEATHER CHANDLER (CONT'D)
"Squaws?" Don't you think that's a bit offensive? Dylan Lutz is 1/16th First Nations Peoples.

Heather points to a random guy DYLAN LUTZ, who looks terrified to be dragged into this.

DYLAN LUTZ
Uh, it's cool? I honestly didn't even notice?

HEATHER CHANDLER
(like a velociraptor)
This isn't about you, qwat.

She returns to Ram.

HEATHER CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Just take off the jersey, jock.

RAM
Right now?

HEATHER DUKE
Yes, now. Take. Off. Your. Shirt.

VERONICA
Heather. Just leave them alone.

HEATHER CHANDLER
 (snapping to Veronica)
 Veronica. Why are you being such hose-
 trash right now? If we don't call out
 the literal Auschwitz of hate that
 goes on at Westerburg on a daily
 basis, then who will?
 (to Ram)
 Take it off.

The cafeteria is silent. Ram removes the jersey.

HEATHER CHANDLER (CONT'D)
 Now. How does it feel to be a part of
 the 21st Century?

RAM
 Cold?

HEATHER CHANDLER
 Good. Now for your penance, I need you
 to go ask Jesus Julie if she'll do
 anal with you.

JESUS JULIE (17) sits off to one side of THE ASIAN GIRL TABLE
 (even though she's white) with Betty Finn. She's actually
 cute but looks like she was styled by a Real Housewife.

RAM
Jesus Julie? No way.

HEATHER CHANDLER
 (showing him the pic)
 Do it or I post this to my 245
thousand followers. Several of whom
literally write for blogs in New York
 AND LA.

HEATHER DUKE
 Which means your racist ass will be a
 viral casualty by 5th period.

HEATHER CHANDLER
 And then say goodbye to whatever date-
 rapey scholarship you're getting from
 Remington, *Ram*.

HEATHER MCNAMARA
Yeah, Ram.

HEATHER CHANDLER
 Shut up, Heather.

HEATHER DUKE
 Yeah, shut up Heather.

HEATHER CHANDLER
 Heather. Only *I* tell Heather to shut
 up.

Ram has no choice. He gets up. Walks over to Jesus Julie.

ON JESUS JULIE: From afar, we watch as she SLAPS a shirtless Ram in the face. Everyone in the cafeteria laughs. It's all-around sad.

VERONICA
(over it)
I'm gonna' get a LaCroix.

Veronica heads out. Heather Chandler looks at her, pissed.

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Veronica is at the VENDING MACHINE buying a LaCroix and some CORN NUTS. JD approaches.

JD
Meet the new boss, same as the old boss.
(BEAT)
Your friends are-

VERONICA
(in 'TV Commercial' voice)
That same great high-school bitch taste you've come to hate but now in a new, environmentally-friendly packaging!

JD
So why do you hang out with them?

VERONICA
It's high school... why do we do anything we do?

JD
Fair point.
(bowing)
JD.

VERONICA
I know who you are. Transferred from Washington. After you got kicked out of Jefferson.

JD
And now I'm here at Westerburg where the only thing that's changed is the number of metal detectors.

Veronica leans against the vending machine seductively.

VERONICA
I like your whole 'rebel' thing. Very James Franco.

JD
I'm not a rebel, Veronica.

VERONICA
Then what are you? **Everybody's gotta' be something.**

JD
Do they?... 'I'm white.' 'I'm black.'
'I'm a pro-gun. 'I'm queer.' 'I'm post-
queer.' 'I'm a post-queer pro-gun
Latino...' blah, blah, blah, blah...

(BEAT)
Despite which box we check on our
college applications, my dear, we
still all end up worm-food in that
great Corn Nut landfill in the sky.

JD takes a Corn Nut from Veronica. Eats it.

VERONICA
So you checked off 'over-dramatic
loser?'

JD puts his arm around Veronica and points the cafeteria.

JD
Take a look around, Miss Sawyer. What
do you see? An entire generation
raised to love and accept ourselves *no
matter what*, without realizing that
sometimes a little self-hatred is good
for the soul!

The BELL rings.

VERONICA
How *just*.

Veronica heads down the hall. Looks back. JD smiles.

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - GIRL'S RESTROOM - LATER

Veronica and Heather Duke apply make up in the mirror.

HEATHER DUKE
JD?

VERONICA
He's new.

HEATHER DUKE
... I'm sure I'd let him suck me off
but, Veronica... he's in *high school*.

A RANDO GIRL enters the bathroom.

HEATHER DUKE (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 NO WOMEN IN THE WOMEN'S RESTROOM! *GOD!*

Scared, she turns around and races out.

HEATHER DUKE (CONT'D)
 (turns, re: make up)
 What do you think?

VERONICA
 What if the next truly revolutionary
 thing was to just be totally normal?

HEATHER DUKE
 God, Veronica. Why are you always
 Snape-ing everyone's jizz?
 (smiles)
 C'mon. I'll buy you a Slurpee.

Veronica shrugs.

EXT. SNAPPY SNACK SHACK - LATER

A bright blue neon sign at the convenience store. Heather Duke and Veronica exit holding Slurpees.

HEATHER DUKE
 (taking a sip, spits out)
 Ew. The mix is off.

VERONICA
 I told you to get blue flavor.

Heather Duke walks around the side of the store to toss his Slurpee when she stops cold.

HEATHER DUKE
 (loud whisper)
 Oh. My. Clit.

Veronica walks up behind him and sees...

BEHIND THE BUILDING: Heather McNamara MAKES OUT with a teacher, **MR. WATERS**, in the back of a Civic.

VERONICA
 Is that Heather McNamara? With... *Mr. Waters?*

Heather Duke holds up his phone. Takes a pic.

HEATHER DUKE
 (joyous)
 Heather Chandler is going to shit herself skinny when she finds out our black lesbian friend is actually only black.

Veronica looks at Heather Duke with disgust.

VERONICA
Heather, don't send that to Heather.

HEATHER DUKE
I'm not a monster, Veronica. *God.*

Heather Duke and Veronica head back to their car.

EXT. VERONICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A picture-perfect house. Almost unreal.

INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MR. SAWYER and **MRS. SAWYER** (50's, Veronica's well-dressed, dead-eyed parents) sit on opposite ends of the sofa reading identical iPADS.

Veronica sits in between them, staring at her iPhone.

MR. SAWYER
(reading)
8 million refugees. What a shame.

He holds out his iPad to his wife...

INSERT NEWS ARTICLE: a war photograph of young CHILDREN, bloody and limbless. A STRAY DOG is front and center.

MRS. SAWYER
Oh, that poor, poor dog.

Veronica looks at her mother. Rolls her eyes.

Veronica gets a text. Hops up. Takes a celery stick and digs in a bowl of HUMMUS.

VERONICA
Great hummus, Dad but I gotta' tesla.

MR. SAWYER
(re: iPad)
Now how come I can never figure out how to get these little boxes to go away?

VERONICA
(leaving)
Because you're an idiot, Dad.

MR. SAWYER
Oh. That's it.

MRS. SAWYER
You two.

Veronica exits.

EXT. KOENIG COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN - NIGHT

Heather Chandler and Veronica get out of Heather's RED PRIUS. Two HUGE SCULPTURES flank the entrance to the art building.

HEATHER CHANDLER
Your first Koenig party. Seriously, Veronica, half the guys here have already been profiled in Kinfock so, please, don't embarrass me.

VERONICA
I promise not to act impressed by anything or anyone.

HEATHER CHANDLER
(hands Veronica her phone)
I need a hot pic in front of the sculpture.

Veronica types in the code on Heather's phone.

VERONICA
(re: the sculptures)
Koons or Oldenburg?

HEATHER CHANDLER
(horrified)
Koons? Jesus Veronica, I'm not a freshman.

Heather walks under Claus Oldenburg's famous sculpture of a giant RED SHOVEL.

VERONICA
Smile.

Veronica takes the pic. Heather looks at it.

HEATHER CHANDLER
Centered? You can be such an Ugg boot-latte sometimes.

Heather strides inside. As Veronica watches, we move to...

DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT

The QUAD in front of the building, Veronica is now GIANT and holds the GIANT RED SHOVEL.

Heather Chandler is normal-sized and in a shallow GRAVE, half covered in dirt.

Veronica furiously shovels more dirt on her.

HEATHER CHANDLER (CONT'D)
 I made you, Veronica. You were *nothing*
 before you met me. You were a
 cheerleader. You were a rich girl. You
 were playing croquet with Betty Finn
 and this is how you repay me?

Veronica shovels dirt onto Heather until she shuts up.

INT. KOENIG COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN - GALLERY - LATER

A gallery space. Party. All kinds of shitty art on the wall.
 Loud band. Lots of red neon sculptures.

Veronica stares at a pile of DIRT (art) on the floor.

HEATHER CHANDLER
 (angry whisper)
 Veronica. *Wake up*. Jacob just asked
 you what you thought of this piece.

JACOB
 (derisive)
 I find it to be very 'art student.'

Heather turns to see **JACOB**, (20's, good-looking, art dude).

VERONICA
 Well, you guys are all art students,
 right?

HEATHER CHANDLER
 (whispering)
 If you're going to openly be a
 flooze...

Heather Chandler walks away. Veronica eyes her.

VERONICA
 Hey. Do you have a car?

JACOB
 Yeah, why?

EXT. KOENIG COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jacob is eating Veronica out in the backseat of his car while
 she scrolls through her phone.

JACOB
 (heavy breathing)
 You like that?

VERONICA
 (re: her phone)
 No. *Effing*. Way.

Jacob pops his head up and holds up his hands.

JACOB
Making it very clear I stopped as soon
as I heard the word 'no.'

Veronica rolls her eyes. Gets out of the car. Slams the door.

VERONICA
Great tongue but I gotta tesla.

Jacob is very confused.

INT. KOENIG COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN - MOMENTS LATER

Heather Chandler is chatting with a few COLLEGE STUDENTS about a small sculpture on a pedestal: a BOTTLE OF INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH HULL CLEANER.

Veronica STORMS up.

HEATHER CHANDLER
(re: the sculpture)
It's so sculptural.

VERONICA
(holding up her phone)
What's your father-wound, Heather?

Heather breathes in. Pulls Veronica aside.

HEATHER CHANDLER
Veronica. Can't you see I was talking
about art?

VERONICA
You posted the pic of Ram wearing the
jersey.

HEATHER CHANDLER
Isn't it *just*?

VERONICA
No. His life is gonna' be ruined?

HEATHER CHANDLER
Why are you being so toasty?
(BEAT)
I'm *helping* him, Veronica. Sure his
life will suck for a few weeks and
maybe he'll lose his scholarship and
won't be able to go to college but in
the end he'll realize that
disrespecting disadvantaged people by
wearing that shirt is wrong.

VERONICA

I think he got that when you embarrassed him in the cafeteria, Heather.

HEATHER CHANDLER

(going in for the kill)

I let you slide because you're half-jewish and this is Ohio but, news flash, no one cares anymore. You know what you are, Veronica? *You're nothing.*

Heather moves in. Veronica backs up. Sculpture is behind her.

VERONICA

At least I'm a good person.

HEATHER CHANDLER

(laughs)

Good person?

(pure evil)

Grow up, Veronica. You're Coke. You're Pepsi. You're Starbucks.

Veronica backs up into the pedestal.

SLOW MOTION: the HULL CLEANER SCULPTURE tumbles. Breaks open. BLUE LIQUID SPLASHES ALL OVER Heather Chandler.

HEATHER CHANDLER (CONT'D)

You back-bench skange!

VERONICA

It was an accident!

HEATHER CHANDLER

You just spilled *art* all over my new A.P.C.!

VERONICA

Lick it up, *fatty*. Lick. It. Up.

Heather moves in closer. She stops next to VIDEO ART PIECE of FLAMES... They light up Heather's face.

HEATHER CHANDLER

Did you just fat-shame me, Veronica? *In public?*

Everyone stares at Veronica. She's actually nervous now.

HEATHER CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Once everyone hears about this, you're history. Delete your Snapchat. Delete your Instagram. Download a fire extinguishing app because Veronica Sawyer is about to get flamed.

Veronica stares at Heather, her face shrouded in flames.

EXT. VERONICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Same house. A bit darker somehow.

VERONICA (V.O.)
Dear Diary. I know what you're thinking. Calm down, Veronica, it's only high school. It doesn't mean anything.

INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE - VERONICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Veronica scribbles in her diary.

VERONICA (V.O.)
But you don't know what it's like nowadays. Anything she posts about me will be cement. Every school, every job I apply to, every guy I meet for the next 10,000 years will know me as the girl who spilled art all over Heather Effing Chandler. Congrats Society 2.0... we've given a random high school junior in Sherwood, Ohio more power than William Randolph Hearst.

(BEAT)
God, why did I call her a fatty? *Ugh*. I wish Heather Chandler would just die so I can finally be free?

JD startles Veronica by climbing through her window.

JD
Saludos y Saludos, my dear.

JD grabs her diary.

VERONICA
Give it back.

JD
(reading)
William Randolph Hearst? Someone's been paying attention in history.

VERONICA
What do you want, J.D?

JD
We're young. We're free. Let's go snort some Adderall, make out and get slurpees.

Off Veronica...

EXT. HEATHER CHANDLER'S HOUSE - DAWN

Another beautiful mansion. Ultra-Modern with a RED DOOR.

Veronica and JD sit in the backseat of her car, clearly post-coitus, drinking Slurpees and smoking.

JD

I got all the props we need.

JD holds up a vintage NAZI SOLDIER HAT with a prominent SWASTIKA and an old package of PILLS with German writing.

JD (CONT'D)

We sneak in. Put the hat on her head. Snap a quick pic with her phone and upload it with a simple 'LOL.'

(BEAT)

And Viola. Heather Chandler learns a valuable after-school lesson.

VERONICA

Where did you get all this crap?

JD

Dad collects it. Says it reminds him of a 'simpler time.'

VERONICA

Gross. What are the pills for?

JD

Schatten-selbst pills. Induce vomiting. Hitler carried them around in case he was poisoned.

(grinning)

In the event we want to make things a little messier.

VERONICA

Heather's not going to swallow a pill because you ask nicely.

JD thinks. Picks up a bag of CORN NUTS. Drops the pill in.

JD

If there's one thing the girl can't resist...

VERONICA

I don't know about this, JD. Let's just get out of here.

JD

C'mon, Veronica... Don't think of it like you're hurting Heather Chandler. Think if it like you're helping everyone else.

Veronica shrugs.

INT. HEATHER CHANDLER'S HOUSE - SAME

Veronica and JD tip-toe down the hallway.

VERONICA
(whispering)
It's cool. Her parents are in Tulum.

HEATHER CHANDLER'S BEDROOM - SAME

All white. A RED NEON SIGN over her bed reads "FLAWLESS."
Heather is asleep. JD gingerly puts the Nazi hat on her head.
JD spots Heather's phone. Picks it up.

JD
Shit. The code.

VERONICA
(smiling)
8637.

JD hands Veronica the phone. She takes a pic.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Okay I'm done. Let's just post it and
get out of here.

J.D
Not so fast. We gotta take it from an
angle so it looks like a selfie.
You're the worst 2nd-gen Millennial
I've ever met.

JD grabs the phone and takes a series of pics.

J.D (CONT'D)
And a video for good measure.

Heather wakes up.

HEATHER CHANDLER
What the queef is this?

JD starts recording. Through the VIDEO, it looks from this
angle that Heather could actually be shooting the video of
herself.

She looks at the hat. Puts it back on.

HEATHER CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Oh. Wow. I get it. Prince Harry-me as
revenge. Grow up, Veronica?
(to JD)
She told you about her little mishap,
right? Spilled art over everything and
fat-shamed me.
(MORE)

HEATHER CHANDLER (CONT'D)

I'm sure she's been scribbling in her little diary all night.

(mimicking Veronica)

Dear Cruel world. Everyone thinks I have it so great but the truth is I'm worthless because I'm nothing.

(to JD)

Give me my phone.

JD pulls out the bag of Corn Nuts.

JD

First, a little dare... down this whole bag of Corn Nuts in 5 seconds and you get your phone.

HEATHER CHANDLER

I'm not going to do something just because you dare me to, Snowden.

JD

Is the great Heather Chandler trying to lose weight?

HEATHER CHANDLER

How *dare* you.

(BEAT)

Just give me the Corn Nuts.

CLOSE ON HEATHER: as she pours the whole bag into her mouth.

BEAT

Heather begins to CHOKE. TURNS BLUE. GRASPS HER NECK and SLAMS down ONTO THE ALL GLASS COFFEE TABLE.

VERONICA

Holy shit! When is she supposed to throw up?!

JD pulls out the package of pills.

JD

Shit.

VERONICA

What do you mean?

JD

I gave her the wrong pills! These are German suicide pills. I must've grabbed the wrong ones!

VERONICA

WHAT?! You just killed my best friend!

JD

You said you wanted her dead!

VERONICA
Metaphorically!

Veronica sits down to catch her breath.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Oh, God. I'm going to be experimenting
with lesbianism at San Quentin instead
of Sarah Lawrence.

JD paces.

JD
(thinks)
I got it.

He picks up her phone.

JD (CONT'D)
We post a suicide vid! How could
anything be more 'now?!'

VERONICA
JD. We have to call the police.

JD
Do you want to spend the rest of your
life in jail? Look, sad as it is,
Heather Chandler is already gone.
What's the point of ruining two more
lives?
(BEAT)
Think of it as a statement!

JD begins editing as he talks.

JD (CONT'D)
A little creative editing and we have
ourselves the perfect example of
teenage angst for our sad, lonely
'connected' generation...

INSERT: the edited video. It truly looks like Heather took it
herself.

HEATHER CHANDLER
(on video)
Dear Cruel world. Everyone thinks I
have it so great but the truth is I'm
worthless because I'm *nothing*.

The phone drops. All we see are the folds of the sheets. A
few seconds and we hear CHOKING and then a CRASH. BACK TO...

VERONICA
Oh, God, why are we doing this?
(BEAT)
Okay. But trim a few seconds. We'll
get more hits if we keep it under 10.

JD
That's my girl.

JD takes the phone.

JD (CONT'D)
(typing, manic)
Sad face emoji. Pill emoji. And post.
(BEAT, holding pills)
Now we just stash these under her bed,
sit back and watch as the world
consumes the tragedy of Heather
Chandler.

VERONICA
JD, what we just did was *WRONG*. Don't
you get that?

He puts his arm around her.

JD
Semantics, my dear. 'We're not
avoiding taxes, we're 'the sharing
economy.' 'We're not destroying jobs,
we're 'disrupting' industries.' And we
didn't kill Heather Chandler, we just
offered her a new and exciting post-
life experience. Babe... young minds
like ourselves can't be expected to
know right from wrong when the people
society tells us to admire most are
the very people who've made billions
by finding new and innovative ways to
rename criminal behavior.

VERONICA
You're so full of shit.

JD
Tomato, Tomahto.

VERONICA
C'mon. We're gonna' be late for
school...

They exit.

Heather Chandler lies dead in a pile of shattered glass. We
track up above to the red neon sign: "FLAWLESS."

EXT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Veronica approaches the school. Peter Dawson finishes adding
the new Daily Quote. The sign now reads:

**"Sad Face Emoji. Pill Emoji"
-Heather Chandler
RIP**

PETER DAWSON

Did you hear? Heather Chandler committed suicide this morning and her video *already* made the CNN.com homepage.

Veronica puts on SUNGLASSES.

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

A sparse TEACHER'S LOUNGE. Along with several other **TEACHERS**, Ms. Fleming joins **PRINCIPAL GOWAN** (70's), history teacher **MR. WATERS** and drama teacher **MR. DENNIS**.

All smoke e-cigarettes. A LAPTOP faces Principal Gowan.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

And *this* girl was popular, you say?

MR. WATERS

Very. Her suicide video has 27 million likes and she's only been dead for a few hours.

Several teachers are impressed.

TEACHER

And I found the Nazi imagery to be a powerful statement on teenage oppression.

MR. DENNIS

Not to mention her performance was flawless. Of course I directed her in 'Our Town.'

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Was she really that fat?

MS. FLEMING

We say body-positive now.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Oh shut up, Pauline.

MR. WATERS

Principal Gowan. I suggest we close school for a week. Let the media frenzy die down.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

(not listening)

So fat kids can be popular now?

MR. WATERS

Use the time to be with any students who might need extra comfort.

MS. FLEMING
Like Heather McNamara?

PRINCIPAL GOWAN
(just can't get over it...)
I mean this Heather Chandler girl was
pushing a good 250.

MR. WATERS
Pauline I resent the insinuation. You
know, a teacher should be allowed to
spend time with his students.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN
And the damn nerds? Don't tell me
they're popular now too?

MR. WATERS
And the trans kid. The blacks had a
good run. The gays and the jews are
over but there's a kid who's what they
call gender-queer who we find to be
very well-liked.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN
Is he-slash-she fat?

MR. WATERS
Rail thin.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN
Well, at least that's comforting.

Ms. Fleming stands up.

MS. FLEMING
You know, I've experienced a sickening
amount of intolerance in my life-

MR. DENNIS
Gluten doesn't count, Pauline.

MS. FLEMING
But what I'm hearing in this room
really takes the cake.
(BEAT, intense...)
A popular girl is dead. And Westerburg
is under the spotlight.

Ms. Fleming picks up a stack of articles.

MS. FLEMING (CONT'D)
(reading)
*The New York Times: 'Shocking Online
Death Sparks Discussion.' Jezebel:
'How The Patriarchy Killed Heather
Chandler.'*
(BEAT, To Mr. Waters)
I suggest you read that one, Daniel.
(continuing)
(MORE)

MS. FLEMING (CONT'D)

The Drudge Report: 'Deceased Obese: Is Hillary to Blame?' And *The NY Post*: 'IT'S SS-SUICIDE FOR NAZI FATTY'

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

See. *They* can say 'fat,' Pauline.

MS. FLEMING

My point is we have an opportunity here to send a message that can reverberate around the entire planet! I say we hold a 'celebration of life' rally after school in the gym!

MR. WATERS

Will we be getting overtime?

The BELL rings.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

Fine. Pauline, you can organize your little woman-of-the-woods coven but only during lunch because I'm not approving overtime.

Everyone gets up, pissed at Pauline.

PRINCIPAL GOWAN (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

I mean *goddamn* she was fat.

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Veronica wears a monocle and scribbles in her diary.

Behind her STUDENTS are already putting up POSTERS that read:

"Explore Life!

Happy face emoji... Painted nails emoji."

VERONICA (V.O.)

Dear Diary, I know murdering someone is totally rude but then again, isn't *hating on* someone for being a murderer equally as rude?-

(scribbles it out)

No, that's reads as if I'm stupid.

(then...)

Dear Diary, JD is right. I can't be held responsible. I'm just a poor, love struck girl who's been manipulated by a guy into-

(scribbles it out)

No, that makes me sound like I'm reinforcing gender stereotypes...

(then, frustrated)

Dear Diary... I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID WHAT I DID BECAUSE I'M EFFING 17.

(MORE)

VERONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 There. Is that what you want? *I don't know.* Done.

(BEAT)

P.S. If someone finds this, all I ask is they use a cute pic of me for Nancy Grace.

Betty Finn approaches, startles her.

BETTY FINN

I'm really sorry about Heather, Veronica. I always liked her. I know she thought I was a total multi-cam but I admired her anyway.

VERONICA

Thank you, Betty.

(thinks)

You know, maybe you could come over later for a game of croquet. Like old times? I'll let you be blue.

Betty Finn smiles. Then sours instantly.

BETTY FINN

I'm busy.

She exits. Veronica seems confused.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

A BLOWN-UP PHOTO of Heather Chandler wearing a sweatshirt that reads: "FLAWLESS" hangs over a podium. Heather's red GYM SHORTS are laying at the base amidst red roses.

Heathers Mcnamara and Heather Duke kneel in front of the photo and make the sign of the cross.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

This is so sad.

HEATHER DUKE

I know. They didn't even use a filter.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

No one tells you how to prepare for something like this. Like, are we supposed to unfollow her now?

Heather Duke stares at Heather McNamara.

HEATHER DUKE

(pulling out some paper)

I gotta practice my eulogy.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

(pulling out some paper)

I was gonna give her eulogy.

HEATHER DUKE
Heather. You can barely read.

HEATHER MCNAMARA
Heather was my best friend, Heather.

HEATHER DUKE
Heather was *my* best friend, Heather.

HEATHER MCNAMARA
I'm giving the eulogy.

HEATHER DUKE
Whoever gives this eulogy has the opportunity to take the reigns from Heather, Heather. And that should be me. I mean, Vice Magazine *Online* is here.

HEATHER MCNAMARA
I think Heather would want to be euthanized by an actual female.

HEATHER DUKE
(cold...)
Eulogized, you idiot, and I think she'd prefer it from someone who's *actually* a member of the LGBTQQIAAP community.

Heather McNamara slaps Heather Duke.

Heather Duke pulls out his phone: the pic of Heather McNamara making out with Mr. Waters.

HEATHER MCNAMARA
Where did you get that?!

HEATHER DUKE
(posting it)
And... *post*. Oops. Sorry Heather. Now everyone knows your dirty little secret.

Heather Duke grabs Heather Chandler's red gym shorts, rips them and wraps the fabric around his neck like a scarf.

HEATHER DUKE (CONT'D)
(re: the scarf)
Isn't it *just*?

He exits.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

Now it's packed with students and PRESS. Mr. Dennis speaks, flanked by Ms. Fleming and Mr. Waters. The photo of Heather in the 'Flawless' sweatshirt looms above him.

Veronica and JD are in the bleachers, wearing sunglasses.

MR. DENNIS

(dramatic)

Sad face emoji. Pill emoji... The powerful last words of Heather Chandler. Many of you may be asking: How can any of us go on when even a popular girl can be sad? The answer: we must find someone to blame. But blame not Heather Chandler! For she is but a victim of a society that asked too much of her. Instead, we should turn our gaze to...

ON VERONICA as she glances at the student body...

INSERT QUICK DREAM SEQUENCE:

The entire student body now wears RED '80s STYLE SUNGLASSES and are engrossed in OVERSIZED RED iPADS.

MR. DENNIS (CONT'D)

(directly to Veronica)

...The murderess herself... VERONICA.

BACK TO REALITY...

MR. DENNIS (CONT'D)

... to *the drugs*. The very drugs that many of you young people are mollied-up on at this very moment. And while we may not have proof...

(looks to heaven)

He does.

Mr. Dennis slams his fist on the podium.

MR. DENNIS (CONT'D)

Now. A eulogy...

Heather Duke stares at Heather McNamara who lowers her head. Heather Duke gets up but...

... So does Betty Finn. She strides to the podium, beating Heather Duke. Heather Duke, confused, sits down.

BETTY FINN

(so likable)

My name is Betty Finn and Heather Chandler hated me.

People are shocked.

BETTY FINN (CONT'D)

It didn't always start out that way. She was my next door neighbor. We grew up together. We played hide and seek and braided each other's hair.

(MORE)

BETTY FINN (CONT'D)

But as happens so often, high school came and we grew apart. She was the fabulous alternative girl that everyone wanted to be and I was just, well... a *nobody*.

Heather Duke is furious. Everyone else is loving it.

BETTY FINN (CONT'D)

But I don't blame Heather for hating me. Our society set the rules, not her. But maybe we can use this moment to chip away at some of those rules. To create a Westerburg where Heathers and Rams and Bettys and everyone in between can all be friends.

Everyone is crying.

BETTY FINN (CONT'D)

So let's take a stand right here and right now to recognize that we are all one. Go ahead. Stand up!

Everyone stands.

BETTY FINN (CONT'D)

Because as Martin Luther King, Jr. said describing a dream he had... 'I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the *content of their character.*'

The students CHEER.

EXT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

STUDENTS mingle outside. Peter, Seth and Kyle talk.

PETER DAWSON

Everyone is talking about Betty Finn.

KYLE

I love her.

SETH

Her eulogy was *amazing*.

ON BETTY FINN, all gauzy and dreamy, as she struts out of the school flanked by two other ASIAN NERDS and Jesus Julie, who struggle to keep up.

BETTY FINN

(through gritted teeth to
Jesus Julie)

Jesus, Julie. Stop being such a whorn-out human bounce-house and smile!

Heather McNamara stands next to Heather Duke who watches in fury as Betty passes the fawning Gay Nerds.

HEATHER DUKE
That basic-cable skange!

HEATHER MCNAMARA
Stop using Heather's lines, Heather.

We move in on Veronica and JD, sitting on his motorcycle, as they take it all in...

VERONICA
(can't believe it)
Well fuck me gently with a chainsaw.

JD
New boss... meet newer boss.

JD and Veronica peel out.

INT. JD'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

An awesome John Lautner-style house. JD and Veronica snuggle watching TV. Heather McNamara is on the news.

HEATHER MCNAMARA
(on TV)
I guess what I'll remember most about Heather is her kindness.
(BEAT)
She had 245 thousand Instagram followers, you know.

Veronica clicks off the TV.

Just then, JD's dad, **BIG BUD DEAN** (40's, looks familiar) enters, holing a plate of pâté. He sits down directly across from Veronica and stares at her.

VERONICA
(getting up)
I'm Veronica.

JD
My girlfriend.

VERONICA
We're just friends.

Big Bud Dean says NOTHING. Stares at Veronica. Waits a beat.

BIG BUD DEAN
Pâté?

VERONICA
Vegetarian.

BIG BUD DEAN
Suit yourself.

Big Bud Dean picks up a SHAKE WEIGHT. Begins working out.

BIG BUD DEAN (CONT'D)
How was work today, kids? Oh great, pop. Some little pansy journo who's never had a real job in his life writes an op-ed that 'fracking is bad for Ohio' and now we gotta haul ass before the goddamn legislature. The same assholes that we paid off in the first place.

JD
Tough times to be a rich white dude, son.

Big Bud Dean glares at JD.

BIG BUD DEAN
We'll be fine, pop. A few campaign contributions. A couple well-timed TV spots. A nighttime visit to his editor's house. These things have a way of working themselves out.

JD
Well, son your presence here as been lovely as usual but if you'll excuse us, my girlfriend and I would like to begin having sexual intercourse.

Big Bud Dean shoots another evil eye at JD; heads out.

BIG BUD DEAN
Sure you don't want any pâté?

Veronica shrugs.

BIG BUD DEAN (CONT'D)
Suit yourself...
(BEAT)
Veronica.

He gets up, exits... never taking his eye off her.

JD
(calling after him)
Don't forget to use a condom, son.

No response.

VERONICA
Well, he hates me.

JD
He's an acquired taste. Used to be pretty normal actually...
(MORE)

JD (CONT'D)
 until we had what we call 'the incident.' Regular night. Mom vacuumed. Cooked dinner. Set the table. Then just in time for me and pops to pull up, she doused the place in gasoline and put a bullet in her head.

VERONICA
 Oh, God. I'm sorry.

JD
 Last thing I saw was her waving at me from the upstairs window. And, even at that age, I remember knowing that she felt nothing. And neither did I.

Veronica looks at JD, uneasy.

FADE OUT:

EARLIER THAT DAY

EXT. HEATHER CHANDLER'S HOUSE - DAY

A Mercedes in the driveway.

MR. CHANDLER (O.S.)
 Heather! We're home!

INT. HEATHER CHANDLER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Heather lies on the floor in a pile of shattered glass, wide-eyed and dead.

MR. CHANDLER and **MRS. CHANDLER** enter.

MRS. CHANDLER
 (gasping)
 Oh my God, what happened?

They kneel down. Mr. Chandler slams his fist on her back.

HEATHER BOLTS UP.

MR. CHANDLER
 Thank God.

HEATHER VOMITS.

MRS. CHANDLER
 Oh, Heather. I just had the carpets steamed.

Mr. Chandler holds up the Corn Nuts wrapper.

MR. CHANDLER

She must've gotten a Corn Nut stuck in her throat.

(BEAT)

Heather you know we don't allow corn syrup in this household.

MRS. CHANDLER

Honey, don't trigger Heather during her recovery.

Heather staggers up.

HEATHER CHANDLER

I'm fine. Get the hell out of my room.

(BEAT)

Go!

MRS. CHANDLER

Okay, sweetie.

(whispering to Mr.

Chandler)

See. You upset her.

The Chandlers exit, bickering. Heather slams the door.

Heather bends down, picks up the **UNBROKEN KILL PILL** from the pile of vomit. Sours. Spots the package that JD stashed under her bed. Sours again.

Her PHONE buzzes. Heather picks it up. 147 messages. She clicks on a few. Watches her own 'suicide vid.'

HEATHER CHANDLER (V.O.)

(on suicide video)

Dear Cruel world. Everyone thinks I have it so great but the truth is I'm worthless because I'm *nothing*.

(THEN)

That little bitch. I'm going to rip her-

(THEN)

27 million likes...?

Heather wipes the vomit from her mouth and tosses her RED SCARF around her neck.

HEATHER CHANDLER

(REALIZING; THRILLED)

I'm fucking famous.

ON HEATHER FROM BEHIND: as she vamps for a selfie. We slowly pull back and land on the 'Flawless' sign as *The Go-Go's* 'Our Lips Are Sealed' takes us out...

The End