

# Chill Girls

By

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Image

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S HOUSE

A pool of blood on the floor. Red-stained keds walk through. Barely discernible, a ruined copy of *The Great Gatsby* and a backpack on the floor. 6 hands race to open a jumbo box of o.b Brand tampons, some fall to the ground and start to soak up the blood. Sirens blare in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL - DAY

Two months earlier.

Shots of The Girls School - an early 19th century portrait of the school's four founding women.

GIRLS HEADMASTER (O.S.)  
We are dedicated to the education  
of bright young women...

Shots of the mosaic leading up to the school's entrance with the motto "Shout and Be Heard, Fight and Make Change."

GIRLS HEADMASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...who with our help, will be  
molded into...

Shots of etchings on a bathroom stall. Everything is yellow and green.

GIRLS HEADMASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
responsible participants in the  
world...

INT. BOYS SCHOOL - DAY

Shots of sports trophies, the football field.

BOYS HEADMASTER (O.S.)  
It is our duty, and our  
commitment...

Shots of framed photos of past headmasters under the school's Latin motto "Lux et Veritas Floreant" (Let Light and Truth Flourish).

BOYS HEADMASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...to shape you young boys of  
promise...

Shots of the senior room, with a blow up sex doll resting in the corner as well as extensive charts ranking girls by hotness. Everything is navy and silver.

BOYS HEADMASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
into men of character, into real gentlemen..

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

ROSIE, 16, looks 14 but thinks she acts like she's 19, sits on the sink. She draws stripes on the soles of her worn-out Keds, though her uniform polo has clearly been ironed and pressed.

MARY, 16, a little chubby, often described as "a cute girl," applies chapstick in the mirror. She's well-manicured, thanks to her Bikram-yoga loving mom.

ANNIE (O.S.)  
Fuck, can I borrow a tampon?

ANNIE, 16, developed boobs in 7th grade, and has been getting a lot of attention ever since, sits in one of the stalls.

Mary and Rosie look at each other, as if to deliberate whose backpack is closer. Rosie's is.

Rosie takes a tampon out of a small pocket, and slides it under the stall for Annie.

ROSIE  
You can keep it.

ANNIE  
I'm sitting in a pool of blood. I hate lady times.

MARY  
Fingers crossed it ends before Saturday.

ROSIE  
Bleeding on a guy is my literal nightmare.

Annie flushes the toilet and comes out of the stall.

ANNIE  
Same. Fuck. What if Paul is repulsed by me?

Annie walks over to the sink, starts to turn the faucet.

ROSIE  
You don't need to impress us.

Annie gives up the charade of washing her hands.

ANNIE  
Thank god. I don't know what I was  
thinking.

INT. BOYS SCHOOL - DAY

The Headmaster drones on.

MICHAEL, 17, the star defensive back, wearing Sperry's, passes a piece of paper to PAUL, 17, also on the football team, handsome like a boy. The paper has been making the rounds amongst the students - a poll between Annie and LEAH for who has the best tits. Annie is winning by a few.

Paul confidently draws a tally under Annie's name and smirks. He whispers to Michael.

PAUL  
Dude, I saw 'em this summer.

MICHAEL  
And?

PAUL  
A+.

The boys fist bump.

The Assembly continues in the background.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL GYM

Girls of all ages fill the gym, wearing white polos and green skirts.

The head of the Honor Council, ALINA, 18, a long braid down her back, is at the podium.

ALINA

Speaking as the head of the student judiciary board, I'd just like to say, the beginning of the year is the perfect time to preempt and correct long-term issues, so The Honor Council will be especially vigilant for any violations against the Honor Code. We can, and we will, enforce punishments.

Annie, Rosie, and Mary scooch in to the back of the assembly, as they pass multiple uniformed girls in the aisle.

ANNIE, MARY, ROSIE

Sorry, sorry, sorry.

The girls sit down. They whisper to each other, they've heard The First Day of School spiel a million times.

ANNIE

What if he doesn't like me anymore?

ROSIE

No way, he was obsessed with you.

MARY

Who are we talking about? Paul? He was like, clinically obsessed.

ANNIE

I wish. He hasn't texted me in 9 days. That's more than a week. Did I get fat all of a sudden?

ROSIE AND MARY

No, oh my god. No.

Someone in front turns around and shushes them. The girls roll their eyes.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL HALLWAY

Uniformed girls get stuck in a bottleneck trying to exit the gym. The GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, a portly man in his 40s with a friendly face and a suit one size too small, stands in the doorway, handing out pamphlets. Titles ranging from YOUR EATING DISORDER AND YOU and SYPHILIS GIRL: DANGERS OF BEING PROMISCUOUS.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

My doors are open every day,  
ladies, don't forget me as a  
resource! Leah, looks like you got  
some color this summer!

He hands her a pamphlet. SKIN CANCER: IF ONLY SHE HAD  
REAPPLIED.

Annie, Rosie, and Mary wait patiently for their turn to leave  
the gym.

MARY

What was the last thing he said?

Annie doesn't need to consult her phone. She deepens her  
voice, her "boy imitation."

ANNIE

"Haha, yeah. *The Office* is my  
shit."

MARY

Context?

ANNIE

I sent him something about *The  
Office*.

ROSIE

And nothing since?

ANNIE

Nope.

The girls get moshed into BECCA, their Junior Honor Council  
rep, and overall bitch, and JULIE, who was once popular in  
middle school but is now irrelevant. The two groups pretend  
to be excited to see each other, and give each other shallow  
hugs.

BECCA

Hi guys! How was your summer?

ROSIE

It was good, yours?

BECCA

Oh my god it was so good, but it's  
crazy to be back! It's so good to  
see you guys!

ANNIE

Totally!

The girls are starting to make progress out the door.

JULIE

Did you hear? The Big Party's at Henry's house this year. He has a pool, it's gonna be massive.

MARY

Shit, are you guys going? I thought juniors weren't allowed.

The girls are starting to get separated, more uniformed girls are getting in the way. From afar.

JULIE

See you later!

ANNIE

Bye!

The girls pass the Guidance Counselor. He gives them a pamphlet about the dangers of bullying.

ROSIE

Thanks, Guidance Counselor.

The girls keep walking.

ANNIE

We gotta get into that Party. If I can just see Paul in person, I know I can make him like me again.

MARY

Okay, but how?

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Annie, Rosie, and Mary sit around a large circular table with the rest of their English class. The free wall space is covered with "Famous Shakespeare Quotations" and "The Importance of Grammar."

MR. ANDERSON, early 30s, stands at the white board. He wears straight legged corduroys (though it is early September) and a blue button down shirt with the sleeves rolled up - he's going for the young handsome college professor look and pulling it off pretty well. He resembles a slightly older version of a student from the Boys School.

MR. ANDERSON

What a rousing assembly! I want to remember that every day this year.

(MORE)

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

In fact, I'm going to write the motto on the board so you ladies never forget it.

He writes in bold capital letters "SHOUT AND BE HEARD, FIGHT AND MAKE CHANGE." He stands back and smiles at his work as if it were his own words.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Inspirational. Now, let's talk about our syllabus. We've got some heavy hitters this year - Fitzgerald, Dickens, Shakespeare, Salinger, Twain..

Mr. Anderson continues to ramble in a sing-songy cadence.

Annie whispers to Mary.

ANNIE

Can Teddy get us vodka?

MARY

Probably, why?

Mr. Anderson is an animated lecturer. He's pacing all around the classroom.

ANNIE

I have an idea.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Girls in white polos and green skirts roam around the cafeteria, which hasn't been remodeled since the 70s. The lighting is unflattering for everyone.

Rosie, Annie, and Mary sit at a table in the middle of the room. Mary is eating an unappetizing tuna sandwich, Annie an unappetizing salad, Rosie chicken parm.

ANNIE

Kate likes Smirnoff Passionfruit. I'll double check at practice, but if Teddy can get that, we should be in.

MARY

Done.

ROSIE

Guys, what can I do?



ANNIE

Just make sure your mom let's you  
sleep out on Saturday.

MARY

You better ask today. Can I have a  
bite?

She reaches across the table and grabs a forkful of chicken.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACK STREET - AFTERNOON

Mary's car, a Honda Minivan, parked in a secluded area of a  
suburban neighborhood.

INT. MARY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Mary and TEDDY, her sort-of boyfriend, a junior on the  
basketball team, are having sex in the backseat with the  
radio on. Teddy is on top, working hard. It can't be that fun  
for Mary.

MARY

Why are you making a big deal out  
of it?

Teddy is kind of distracted.

TEDDY

I don't like feeling like you're  
using me for my fake.

MARY

Please? You'll be able to come too.

TEDDY

Fine, just, don't get too drunk.

Teddy pounds away. Mary looks at a tear in the upholstery on  
the ceiling.

EXT. SOCCER HOCKEY FIELD - AFTERNOON

A group of girls kick to each other, mindlessly practicing.  
Annie and KATE, a blonde senior on the team, are passing. A  
girl gets nailed in the face in the background.

KATE

Look, just because I can get you  
into the Party doesn't mean you'll  
be more popular.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

That's not how this works. And the vodka better be a guarantee.

ANNIE

It is. And I don't care about that.

KATE

So what do you care about?

Annie smiles longingly in the distance.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

Paul and the boys are in the middle of football practice, lead by COACH DAVE, an aging frat star, while teachers and students run around the track on the outside of the field.

COACH DAVE

These passes are looking sloppy, boys! If we want to beat The Rival School, we're gonna need to pick up the pace around here!

Mr. Anderson jogs by.

COACH DAVE (CONT'D)

Looking good, Mr. A!

Mr. Anderson waves.

MR. ANDERSON

Hey, thanks Coach Dave!

Coach Dave directs his attention back to the hordes of boys who have fallen into mindless chatter rather than focused practice.

COACH DAVE

I hope you all look to Mr. Anderson, see how he never quits? An energizer bunny, that man! Now let's go!

The boys are pumped up from this speech, and go back to throwing the football around with a new vigor.

Mr. Anderson jogs by a girl, also running on the track, staring straight ahead, sweating.

MR. ANDERSON

Smile! There's no need to be serious, running is fun!

The girl stops and takes out her ear buds, looking confused.

JOGGING GIRL

What?

In the brief moment the jogging girl has stopped, another running man bumps into her.

OTHER MAN

Hey lady, don't block the track!

Mr. Anderson has continued to jog, completely oblivious to this interaction.

The boys are throwing the pigskin.

MICHAEL

Yo, I bet Mr. A gets so much action. I bet he pulls way hotter girls than Annie or Rachel.

PAUL

Do you think he's ever boned a student? Or better, a hot mom?

Michael gazes off into the distance.

MICHAEL

Maybe.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Annie, Rosie, and Mary climb out of Mary's mom's SUV, each holding their own fifths of tequila, half empty.

ANNIE AND ROSIE

Thanks Mrs. Brinkley!

MARY

Thanks, Mom!

MARY'S MOM (O.S.)

You girls have fun, now! Remember to drink water!

The girls slam the car doors behind them, and Mrs. Brinkley speeds away. The girls stumble their way into the backyard, near the lighted pool, surrounded by teens.

Annie is wearing a body-con dress.

ANNIE

Are we positive you can't see my belly?

ROSIE

Yes, that's what the Spanx are for. You look great. But is my lipstick too much?

MARY

You can barely see it. If anything, I bet you'd look hot with darker lipstick.

ROSIE

No, too scary.

ANNIE

Oh my god I could never pull off dark lipstick.

EXT. HENRY'S PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

LAUREN, senior and resident feminazi, drunkenly approaches LEAH, the girl who lost to Annie in the Tit Poll, also drunk, wearing a low-cut shirt.

LAUREN

You know, you don't have to wear shirts like that. Loving yourself is better than anything

She pauses for dramatic effect. Leah looks confused. Lauren points to boobs.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Could provide.

A boy across the pool shouts to Leah.

BOY

Nice tits!

Leah beams and starts to stumble in his direction.

Lauren shouts in her direction.

LAUREN

Respect yourself!

INT. PARTY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Drunk teens fill the half-furnished basement, mostly concrete floors and half-finished woodworking projects. There are also axes, rusty saws, and other sharp objects.

Michael, Paul, and some other boys play beer pong, surrounded by girls in short skirts, spectating.

From across the room, Annie is stumbling. Michael sees, and nudges Paul. He points in her direction - easy prey.

PAUL

A+.

Annie stumbles into Rosie. They shriek and hug.

ANNIE

Have you see Paul anywhere?

Rosie burps.

ROSIE

No, not yet. Annie, you are prettier than he is.

ANNIE

Oh my god, stop.

ROSIE

I'm not even kidding.

ANNIE

I love you!

ROSIE

Love you!

The two part ways.

RACHEL, a pretty senior, gives Michael a kiss on the cheek, right as he's about to make his cup in the game. He misses the shot.

MICHAEL

Goddamn't Rachel, this requires concentration! Can't you go somewhere else?

RACHEL

Sorry, Mikey.

MICHAEL

Don't call me Mikey, you know I prefer Michael!

Teddy and Mary fight in the corner.

MARY

I don't wanna talk about it anymore!

TEDDY

You brought it up in the first place! That's so unfair, you can't just shut down the conversation!

She hiccups and stumbles a little.

MARY

You know I'm afraid of squirrels! Whatever, I'm gonna go find my friends.

She stumbles off into the party.

TEDDY

This is bullshit, Mary, don't walk away from me, I'm talking to you!

He throws up a little in the corner.

EXT. PARTY - NIGHT

Rosie is alone in a sea of seniors. She stands in a huddle, passing around a bong. When it gets to her, she looks around, not sure what to do.

WEED BOY

I'll do it for you. Put your mouth on this.

She does, he lights it for her, but gives her way too big of a hit. She coughs for about a minute. The huddle laughs.

ROSIE

Woah.

WEED BOY

Feeling good?

ROSIE

The sky is pulsating.

WEED BOY

You know what might make you feel better? Kissing Grace.

He points to one of the other girls in the huddle.

ROSIE

Okay.

Rosie and Grace make out for a second, much to the enjoyment of the rest of the boys in the huddle.

WEED BOY

Awesome!

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Annie stumbles over to where Paul is standing. She almost trips on Henry's dog, a stout yellow lab that's been wandering around the party, but crisis averted. Annie is drunker than she thinks she is. She balances herself on Paul's arm, and inadvertently elbows one of the other girls in the face.

PAUL

Hey...

Annie wraps her other arm around Paul's waist.

ANNIE

Hey man, I've been looking for you.

Annie is trying to pull off a mixture of chill and romantic.

Paul is less drunk, but still appreciates the attention.

PAUL

Oh yeah?

He smirks because he thinks it makes him look handsome.

ANNIE

I don't know, maybe, I guess. I haven't heard from you in awhile.

Annie hasn't stopped moving.

PAUL

You know, it's kind of loud in here. Let me just finish this game, then we can go outside. I think I saw a gazebo.

Annie is visibly elated, but tries to play it cool.

ANNIE

Yeah yeah sounds good, I'm just gonna grab a beer or something. Come find me when you're good.

Annie giggles, then stumbles away. She runs into Mary, who is also stumbling around on her own. When they see each other, they shriek and hug.

Michael and Paul resume the game.

MICHAEL

The gazebo?

Paul nods, and the boys smile at each other, then do a bro-y handshake.

PAUL

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

MICHAEL

I could say the same for you, bro.

They laugh together.

EXT. PARTY BACKYARD - NIGHT

Paul and Annie have found a spot in the gazebo to "chat." There are some other people hanging around outside, but it's dark enough so it feels like they have privacy.

Annie walks in a circle around herself, then sits down - not unlike a dog. Paul sits down after her, and immediately goes in for the make-out. Annie is game, but it's sloppy.

ANNIE

(in-between breaths for air)

Did you win?

PAUL

Huh?

ANNIE

Did you guys win beer pong?

PAUL

Oh, yeah, we totally crushed 'em.

ANNIE

Awesome.



They go back to making out. Every once in awhile Paul smashes his hand against Annie's boobs just because he can. Annie drunkenly licks Paul's neck in an effort to be sexy.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Michael walks outside.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Michael walks in the direction of the gazebo. A group of boys push a girl into the pool and she shrieks, they laugh.

Paul shifts Annie so they are lying down in the gazebo, he is on top. He slides (or jams, depending on who you ask) his hand up Annie's dress. She sits up.

ANNIE

Fuck.

Paul's head fell on Annie's boobs when she sat up.

PAUL

What?

ANNIE

Um, fuck, I'm wearing weird tight Spandex, I forgot.

Paul tries to lift up Annie's dress to see.

PAUL

I mean, can't you just take them off? Let me try.

He fingers around for the top of the Spanx.

ANNIE

Ughh, it's gonna be too hard. Here, I have an idea.

Annie gropes around for Paul's fly with some difficulty. It takes Paul a second to figure out what she's trying to do, but once it registers, he quickly undoes his belt.

Annie proceeds to give Paul head, using the patented Seventeen Magazine technique of pretending the penis is a lollipop, which is made sloppier by Annie's intoxication, but it gets the job done. The whole thing lasts maybe two minutes.

Annie stands up and bumps her head on one of the poles in the gazebo. There is a cum stain on her dress. Paul stands up.

PAUL

Wait a second, I don't want it to be obvious to everyone.

Annie nods.

ANNIE

Yeah, of course. I'll see you later?

He gives her a kiss on the cheek. Like many high school boys, he doesn't wanna get too close to his own cum.

Annie stands alone in the gazebo. After a few seconds, she rejoins the party.

INT. PARTY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rosie and Mary are sitting cross-legged across from each other on a couch in the basement. Mayhem surrounds them, but the girls are partly giggling (Rosie), partly crying (Mary), and generally having an okay time.

Annie sees them and starts to head in their direction. Rosie and Mary spot her, and they both throw their arms in the air, as if to say "our friend! Here you are!"

ROSIE

We lost you!

ANNIE

I'm here now! How are you guys doing?

Annie is moving around a lot.

MARY

Mmm, doesn't matter. Where've you been?

Annie smiles sheepishly.

ROSIE

Oh my god look at her face. Look at you!

All the girls are smiling now.

ANNIE

I may have been with Paul.

She winks. Rosie and Mary bounce with excitement.

MARY

And??

ANNIE

It went so well, it was just like the summer. I think we're like, together now, he seemed really into it. Should I text him?

Annie has been slurring her words, but the emotion is genuine.

ROSIE

Why not, right?

The girls are beaming at each other.

LAUREN (O.S.)

Leah! Get off that table!

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Annie, Mary, and Rosie are squeezed on one seat of a school bus. The ancient history class is taking a field trip to the Walters Art Museum, but the girls are more concerned with catching up about the weekend. As with many groups of close friends, the girls don't realize just how loudly they are talking.

ANNIE

We texted for hours after the Party. I kind of think he's gonna ask me to the Homecoming Dance. We have a date to hang out later.

ROSIE

What's your favorite thing about him?

Annie thinks for a moment, there are just so many great qualities, you know?

ANNIE

His smile. No, his laugh.

She imitates the laugh, and the girls laugh at the laugh.

MARY

He does have a great laugh.

Girls sitting near them are smirking at this conversation.

INT. WALTERS ART MUSEUM - DAY

A flock of girls in uniform are being ushered through the space, huge paintings of nude women on the walls, statues of nude women as obstacles for the girls to move around.

The change in location hasn't stopped Annie's musings, though the girls are whispering now so as not to disturb their guide.

ANNIE

If he gets that big scholarship to State, we could probably stay together long distance. It wouldn't be that hard.

MARY

Not hard at all.

ANNIE

I just really like him.

Becca spins around.

BECCA

Oh, Annie, I'm so sorry.

Julie joins in.

JULIE

Yeah, this must be so hard for you.

The guide shushes the girls.

ROSIE

Becca, what are you talking about?

BECCA

You don't know?

MARY

Know what?

Julie and Becca look at each other, partly in pity, partly in disbelief.

JULIE

Yikes.

The other students in class are all either pretending not to be paying attention, or are actively gawking.

Becca takes out her phone, the video is already on the screen, and shoves it in Annie's face. The sound reverberates in the massive space of the museum.

BECCA

No wonder you're trying to overcompensate. If someone did this to me I would just die. I can't believe Michael's been sending it around.

The guide is getting pissed.

GUIDE

Ladies, please keep your voices down, we are coming up on The Venus, we should be giving it the respect it deserves!

Some of the other girls in the class fall in line.

GIRLS IN THE CLASS

Sorry, Guide.

Julie smirks.

BECCA

Still hoping to marry Penis McGhee?

ROSIE

His name is Paul.

JULIE

Whatever.

ANNIE

This is so funny!

BECCA

What?

ANNIE

I mean, classic me, right? Always getting up to crazy antics.

JULIE

If by crazy antics you mean oral sex, I guess.

The girls keep walking. Annie, Mary, and Rosie fall behind. Annie's face is hard to read.

ROSIE

You okay? That was kind of brutal.

ANNIE

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. It's not like I'm pregnant or anything. Michael pulls this shit all the time, right?

ROSIE

Does he?

ANNIE

Yeah, I think. Remember when Rachel gave him a handjob during *Zootopia* and he told everyone? It's just like that, no big deal.

ROSIE

Okay.

Mary tries to come up with something to say that will match Annie's supposed fine-ness.

MARY

Your nipples looked really small.

ANNIE

Oh my god thank you so much.

INT. BOYS SCHOOL SENIOR ROOM - DAY

Paul walks into the Senior Room and is greeted with applause.

MICHAEL

That's our boy!

Paul blushes.

PAUL

Shut up, guys.

He's loving the attention.

INT. PANERA BREAD - AFTERNOON

Annie sits in a booth at the local Panera Bread, a popular destination for after school meetings (tutoring sessions, unhappy middle-aged couples, etc), identical to every other location. Annie drinks a Berry Smoothie, and looks around, waiting for Paul to arrive.

At a nearby table, two soccer moms are discussing ethics.

SOCCKER MOM #1

If he's allowed to flirt with his  
yoga instructor, I'm allowed to  
flirt with Bobby's swim coach.

SOCCKER MOM #2

Honey, do you want more of my  
Xanax?

Paul walks in, still sweaty from football practice. Annie's face lights up, as she watches through booth openings as he orders a macaroni and cheese bread bowl - gotta carb load.

Soccer Mom #1 bursts into tears.

SOCCKER MOM #1

What has my life become? I was  
Homecoming Queen!

Paul sets his tray down across from Annie, all of the food is yellow. He moves brusquely.

Annie stands up to kiss him, but as she goes in for it, he gives her a weird side hug. The two don't have the best chemistry. They sit down.

ANNIE

Hey, you.

Paul takes a giant bite of cheese.

PAUL

Sup.

Annie takes a gulp of her smoothie, then scrunches up her face.

ANNIE

Brain freeze!

Paul is more focused on his mac and cheese.

PAUL

What?

Annie grabs onto Paul's hands across the table.

ANNIE

It's okay, I feel better now.

Paul pulls his hand away.

PAUL

I need these babies to eat.

He rips off a hunk from the bread bowl and stuffs it in his mouth.

Annie stares at him longingly.

Paul has cheese on his face.

ANNIE

What are you thinking about, right this second?

PAUL

Um, I don't know. Coach had us passing that ball for hours, I can't think of anything else.

Paul continues to eat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Why'd you ask me here?

ANNIE

I don't know, I thought this could be our spot.

PAUL

Huh?

ANNIE

Like, if anyone is ever like 'hey, where's Annie and Paul?' someone else could say 'oh, probably Panera, they love it there! That's their spot.'

PAUL

Who would be asking where we were?

ANNIE

I don't know, people.

Paul finishes the last of the bread bowl.

PAUL

I don't like Panera that much.

ANNIE

What? Everyone loves Panera.

PAUL

Look, Annie, I've got a lot on my plate right now.

(MORE)



PAUL (CONT'D)

The Big Game, the Homecoming Dance,  
I don't think I'm gonna have that  
much time to hang out at Panera.

ANNIE

It doesn't have to be Panera.

PAUL

I'm not gonna have time to hang  
out, period. Football's my  
priority. It's my life. I mean,  
you're a cool girl and all..

ANNIE

I'm sorry, I know how much stress  
you're under. And with the video  
and everything...

PAUL

What? Oh, that stupid thing. That's  
not even on my radar.

ANNIE

Do you think Michael could stop  
sending it around? It's no big  
deal, I just don't want my parents  
seeing it.

PAUL

Forget about the video, it'll be  
old news by tomorrow. But look  
Annie, I need to go home in a  
minute, do you wanna go in my car?

He stands up.

ANNIE

I'd love to.

Even though Panera asks the customers to bus their trays,  
Paul leaves his on the table, a complete mess.

EXT. PANERA PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Annie and Paul hook up in the car.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel is trying to take a sexy picture in the mirror. She  
hears the door open and tries to make it look like she's  
washing her hands. Some of the stall doors are closed, so she  
probably wasn't alone in the bathroom to begin with.

Rosie, Annie, and Mary walk into the bathroom.

ANNIE

Am I being dramatic? I just don't want Michael sending the video around anymore, I didn't offer my hand in marriage or something crazy.

MARY

That's not dramatic. What if your mom sees it or something?

ANNIE

That's what I said!

Kate, walks out of the stall.

KATE

Sorry to eavesdrop, but honestly, it's kind of a hard move to confront Michael. Like, what's done is done, get over it, you know?

ROSIE

You wouldn't be pissed if someone took a video of you blowing someone?

Kate fake washes her hands.

KATE

I wouldn't be in that situation to begin with.

She dries her hands.

KATE (CONT'D)

Besides, drawing attention to it is only gonna make things worse. You should drop it. See you in assembly!

She leaves.

MARY

You guys should go, I'm gonna poop.

Annie and Rosie leave the bathroom.

ANNIE

Whatever, I'll try to forget about it I guess.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Rosie and Annie sneak into the back, they are a little late for the weekly assembly. They find open seats in the sea of uniformed girls.

Alina stands at the podium, wearing a very tight ponytail.

ALINA

I will now read the most recent Honor Council sentences. 1. A member of The Boys School caught plagiarizing has been given detention. 2. A member of The Girls School caught with marijuana has been institutionalized. We are currently investigating the rise of dead squirrels around both campuses to see if foul play was involved. If anyone knows anything about this, please contact me, or any other Honor Council representative. Thank you.

She leaves the podium. The Headmaster takes her place.

HEADMASTER

Thank you Alina, let's give her a round of applause. And now for today's assembly, we'll be hearing from our Guidance Counselor, with help from Mr. Anderson and the Awareness Club, about the dangers of Eating Disorders.

The Guidance Counselor, Mr. Anderson, and a few very thin girls come to the front of the podium.

None of the girls are really paying attention. Annie, Rosie, and Mary look around, and can see that many of the girls in the audience around them are watching the video.

Rosie taps the shoulder of a girl sitting in front of them, who has the video up on her phone.

ROSIE

Can you not watch that?

Girl turns around, it's Grace from the Big Party.

GRACE

What?

ROSIE

Will you delete that video please?

Grace looks at Rosie, then at Annie and Mary.

GRACE

Sorry.

She turns back around, then whispers to the girl sitting next to her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The two girls laugh together, then the girl turns around again.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Chill out.

She turns back around and pantomimes a blowjob to her friend.

Girls all around them snicker.

Rosie, Annie, and Mary blush but still try to play it as cool as possible.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The first big Saturday football game of the year - a pivotal game for determining whether or not the boys will make it to The Big Game. In typical fashion, the entire community - Boys School, Girls School, parents, teachers, random members of society - is in the stands and hanging out around the campus, wearing the school's Navy and Silver.

Rosie, Annie, and Mary roam around the hordes of people, sharing a vodka filled water bottle, and chasing it with red Gatorade. Their lips are stained.

Among the spectators watching what appears to be the very homoerotic football game are Mr. Anderson and AMANDA, his pretty lady friend.

AMANDA

Did something exciting just happen?

MR. ANDERSON

Honey, don't worry about the football if you don't understand it. I'll explain it to you later, just try to enjoy yourself.

Rachel walks through the crowd alone, drunk, and emotional. She'll rant to anyone she comes across, doesn't matter if they're interested. She sees Lauren, tipsy, and approaches. Annie, Mary, and Rosie are in earshot.

RACHEL  
Lauren! You hate boys, right?

LAUREN  
That's a little reductive, but

Rachel cuts her off.

RACHEL  
I HATE boys! Boys, boys, boys. Just a bunch of jerks, every one.

LAUREN  
You seem sad.

RACHEL  
Where does he get off, huh?

LAUREN  
Who, Michael?

RACHEL  
Duh, Lauren, who else? Star quarterback, numero uno.

LAUREN  
I thought he was a defensive back.

RACHEL  
Lauren, does it matter? Get my back, Lauren. Don't you wanna burn his house down and our bras with it?

Lauren tries to lead Rachel in a direction away from the crowds.

LAUREN  
Let's get you some water.

Rachel shoves off Lauren's hand.

RACHEL  
Ugh, you don't get it!

Rachel runs away.

LAUREN

Why does everyone run away from me?  
I'm so nice.

A good play is made, and the crowd around the girls erupts.

CROWD

Ra ra Boys School!

A random boy, ADAM, no shirt, but his whole body painted blue, runs past and stops near the girls in a fighting stance and screams to no one.

ADAM

I'm gonna rape and pillage all your  
moms, Rival School!

He lets out a blood-curdling scream and keeps running.

Mary, Annie, and Rosie make "yikes" faces at each other, even more dramatic because the sides of their lips are so stained.

ROSIE

Glad I'm not a mom.

Another boy, CHRIS, overhears, feels entitled to respond.

CHRIS

I'll make you a mom.

MARY

Gross, do you want to be a dad?

CHRIS

You're a dad!

Annie takes a swig from the bottle and throws it on the ground.

ANNIE

You're stupid!

Chris makes a really unattractive face, could be described as a smirk.

CHRIS

You're a slut! Suck my dick, Annie.

ROSIE

Suck it yourself!

Chris hobbles weirdly away.

Another round of cheering from the crowds, The Boys School is doing well.

MR. ANDERSON

Way to fight boys! Show em whose boss!

He takes his energy from the excitement of the game and squeezes Amanda's butt. She is caught off guard, but she goes with it.

Another boy approaches, JOEY, he's gross and holding a solo cup of beer.

JOEY

Hello ladies.

MARY

Who are you?

JOEY

Hey, woah now, let's put those claws away, I'm a pal!

ROSIE

We don't know you.

JOEY

But I know you. I know your work. I'm a big fan.

Cheers from the crowd. Joey winks at Annie.

ANNIE

I'm not in the mood.

JOEY

Perhaps I can put you in the mood. I know a prime spot behind the jungle gym, let's all go.

MARY

Did you not hear us the first time? Please go away.

Joey addresses Rosie and Annie.

JOEY

Your friend is a buzzkill.

ANNIE

She's not a buzzkill, you're gross. Leave us alone.

Joey is drunk and angry. He throws his beer at Annie, and her shirt is soaked through.

JOEY

You're a whore, you know that?

He looks at Annie's boobs.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I can't believe I voted for you.  
Leah has better tits, at least hers  
are the same size.

He walks away, feeling confident.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Who's got a beer for ol' Joey?

Annie stands in disbelief, cheap beer dripping from her shirt.

ANNIE

They're not that uneven.

ROSIE

There was a poll?

Another big round of cheers, lots of happy painted faces in the crowd, they love the boys!

The boys have won the game. The team hoists Paul and Michael on their shoulders, and march through the adoring crowds.

The girls sit behind a tree, dejected.

The boys high five their parents and teachers, they are heroes.

A boy pees next to the tree.

INT. PANERA BREAD

Annie, Rosie, and Mary wait in line for smoothies at Panera. They are all wearing yoga pants and sweatshirts, and are clearly hungover from the day before. Annie looks up and sees Paul holding hands with Leah, walking in the door. She is upset, and a little on edge, so she figures the best thing to do is to confront them. Rosie and Mary hang back.

ANNIE

What is happening?



PAUL

Oh, Annie, we weren't expecting to see you.

ANNIE

Panera was our place. Is our place! You're not allowed to do this.

The girl chimes in, thinking it might help.

LEAH

This isn't something we planned, it has nothing to do with you. You can't help who you fall in love with, you know?

ANNIE

You can't be in love, you met like a day ago. That's not how this works. Paul, we kissed yesterday!

PAULL

Annie, that was a week ago. And you've been acting really weird, and Leah and I have Chem together, and it's not like we were dating.

ANNIE

Yes we were! You can't do this to me.

Paul grabs Leah by the waist.

PAULL

Let's go to Chipotle instead.

Leah nods and smiles.

LEAH

It was nice to see you!

ANNIE

It was really not nice to see you! I hope you choke on a bean.

Annie walks back to where Rosie and Mary are standing.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S CLASSROOM

Mr. Anderson is lecturing about *The Great Gatsby*. He is in full *Dead Poet Society* mode.

MR. ANDERSON

Let's talk about that green light.  
Raise your hand, do you think it's  
romantic? Is Gatsby a romantic  
hero?

Rosie and Mary are doodling in the margins of their books. Annie checks her phone under the table. She scrolls through Instagram and sees a picture of Paul and Leah canoodling, while a barrage of texts come through requesting blow jobs or calling her a whore.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Annie, what do you think?

Annie bursts into tears and leaves the classroom.

Mr. Anderson stops lecturing for a moment, looks at Mary and Rosie, and nods, giving them permission to go console Annie. Rosie and Mary leave the classroom too. In their absence, the rest of the class bursts into nervous/awkward giggles.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I take it they like Tom more.

The class laughs.

The bell rings, and the class files out. Mr. Anderson stays behind and collects his papers.

Annie, Rosie, and Mary return to the classroom. Annie's eyes are puffy.

ANNIE

Sorry, Mr. Anderson, that was  
embarrassing.

MR. ANDERSON

There is no need to apologize. Why  
don't the four of us come to my  
office, we'll talk it out.

The girls follow him.

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mr. Anderson's office is small and cramped, but cozy, mostly because of all the books.

He sits at his desk, drinking coffee, a stack of ungraded papers in front of him next to a framed portrait of Kurt Vonnegut.

MR. ANDERSON  
So tell me, what is going on in  
Annie's world?

Annie starts to open her mouth, but the phone rings.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

He picks up the phone.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Dave, let me call you back.

He chuckles.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Okay Dave.

He hangs up the phone. His face resumes what he clearly thinks is a "concerned mentor" expression.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Continue.

ANNIE  
I don't know, I don't know what's  
going on with me.

She starts to tear up again.

Mr. Anderson places a hand on her arm.

MR. ANDERSON  
Hey, just breath. Can you do that  
for me?

He places his coffee on the desk and leans forward.

ANNIE  
This is stupid, I'm usually so  
chill. I'm not even sad. I mean, I  
am,

She points to her tear streaked face.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
I'm just overwhelmed.

Mr. Anderson nods.

ROSIE

Same. Annie, maybe we should go to the Boys Headmaster.

MR. ANDERSON

Girls, let's take this one step at a time. You haven't told me why you're so upset.

MARY

It's a long story.

MR. ANDERSON

I've got time.

ANNIE

Okay, promise not to judge?

Mr. Anderson crosses his heart.

MR. ANDERSON

Scouts honor.

Annie takes a deep breath.

ANNIE

This kid at The Boys School took a video of me blowing his friend, and he's been sending it around to like, everyone.

Mr. Anderson sits back in his chair and places his hand under his chin.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

At first I didn't think it was a big deal, but the more I think about it, the more I think, it's actually a really big deal. Like, it's embarrassing, I don't want everyone seeing that, and now the boy is dating some other girl and it's just, GOD I know I'm not supposed to care but I think I do. I really fucking care. Sorry about the language.

MR. ANDERSON

That's all right.

MARY

It's totally fucked. The whole situation.

ROSIE

You were super drunk, and you never told him he could take a video. He didn't even ask. You have every right to be upset.

The girls are starting to get fired up.

ANNIE

Yeah, right? I'm not being dramatic, that's like, indisputably a fucked up thing to do.

Mr. Anderson intervenes.

MR. ANDERSON

Let's cool it with the f-bombs while we're at school. Annie, I am so sorry to hear this, that kind of behavior is exactly what The Boys School stands against.

ROSIE

Exactly, so if we went to the Boys Headmaster, he would have to punish them.

MR. ANDERSON

Well, let's really think this through. As a third party observer, I might be able to think more rationally about the best course of action here.

MARY

What do you think we should do?

Mary turns to Rosie and Annie.

MR. ANDERSON

I know right now this feels like the end of the world, but this kind of incident is why we have the Honor Council. Going to the Headmaster should be saved, essentially, for criminal offenses.

ANNIE

I guess that's true.

MR. ANDERSON

Plus, I think you'll have an easier time explaining the situation to your peers.

(MORE)

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I'm friendly with the Boys Headmaster, he's a great guy, but he doesn't really understand the way that technology works with your generation.

ROSIE

People have been kind of weird to us though, it almost feels like an adult would be less judge-y.

MARY

No, I think Mr. Anderson is right, Alina and them will get it. They have to deal with kids doing stupid shit all the time, and they do punish most of them.

Mr. Anderson is nodding in encouragement.

MR. ANDERSON

Yes, you see, Mary understands. The whole process should be smoother with the Honor Council. Their organization is designed for this.

ANNIE

I would feel like less of a tattletale going to the Honor Council. Talking to the Boys Headmaster would be like talking to my dad.

MARY

Ew.

MR. ANDERSON

This is going to be an emotionally draining process no matter what direction you take, so if there is one path that feels more comfortable, that's what you should do.

ANNIE

I agree.

MR. ANDERSON

And you know, the Guidance Counselor can also be a good resource when times get tough like this. I've seen him help a lot of my students.

ANNIE

If it's okay, I'd rather talk to you Mr. Anderson. Seeing the Guidance Counselor is what the crybabies in our class do, I don't wanna be associated with them.

Mr. Anderson chuckles.

MR. ANDERSON

Whatever you say.

Rosie checks her phone. She sees about a million missed texts and calls from her mom.

ROSIE

Shit, I gotta run, my mom's been here for like 15 minutes. Thanks so much, Mr. A, it feels good to talk to an adult about all this.

MARY

Yeah, totally. I should go too, Teddy's waiting for me.

Mary and Rosie start to pack up their backpacks and head out.

ROSIE

See you in class!

The two girls leave. Annie stays behind.

MR. ANDERSON

Bye bye, girls.

Mr. Anderson looks at Annie.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You doing okay?

ANNIE

Yeah, I just wish I could forget about all this. I hate girls that make such a big deal out of everything.

MR. ANDERSON

Hey, hey, you're a 16 year old girl, you're going to be feeling things pretty strongly, it comes with the territory.

Annie and Mr. Anderson laugh together.

ANNIE

I guess I should be going too.  
Coach is gonna be pissed.

MR. ANDERSON

She'll understand, she was once  
your age.

Annie gets up and grabs her things.

ANNIE

Bye, Mr. Anderson.

She leaves.

Mr. Anderson smiles to himself, and starts to grade the  
papers on his desk.

INT. MARY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Mary and Teddy sit in the backseat of Mary's Mini-van, mid-  
conversation.

MARY

So we're gonna talk to the Honor  
Council, and hopefully they'll  
punish Michael and Paul.

TEDDY

Woah, Mary, that's kind of a crazy  
thing to do.

MARY

What? I'm not asking for your  
permission.

TEDDY

I didn't think you were the kind of  
girl who tried to ruin people's  
lives, that's all.

MARY

Do you not think it's weird that  
Michael basically filmed a sex  
tape, and then sent it to everyone  
he's ever met? You can see Paul's  
dick in it, that's his friend.

TEDDY

Jesus, Mary, you've never done  
something like that? I find that  
hard to believe.



MARY

No, I haven't.

TEDDY

What about that picture you sent me? The one up your skirt? How is that any different?

MARY

It seems very different.

TEDDY

If you think I'm an asshole, you might as well just say it.

MARY

Woah, what?

TEDDY

I'm not a bad guy, you know that? This video has brought out a really nasty side of you, and I don't like it.

MARY

What are you talking about?

TEDDY

I don't want to have to defend myself to you, but I feel like I have to. If you hate Michael and Paul so much, you clearly must hate me too.

MARY

I wasn't talking about you.

TEDDY

You were, Mary, I'm not an idiot. I'm not gonna sit in this car, and be made to feel like a pervert. I have never done anything bad to you, you know that? You're no angel, Mary.

MARY

I don't understand what's happening.

Teddy starts to get up.

TEDDY

Goodbye.

Teddy leaves and tries to slam the door, but it's a mini-van, so the door closes really slowly.

MARY  
What the fuck?

EXT. GIRLS SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Alina, Becca, and MILES, a senior Boys School Honor Council Rep who acts like a bro but has a secret poetry journal, are kneeling on the ground, examining a dead squirrel.

MILES  
Is there a plague?

Annie, Rosie, and Mary approach hesitantly.

ROSIE  
Hey, are you guys busy?

BECCA  
No, Rosie, we're doing this for fun.

Rosie looks to Annie and Mary for guidance.

ANNIE  
We need to talk to you, it's about Honor Council stuff.

ALINA  
Do you know who did this?

She points to the squirrel.

MARY  
Please, it'll only take a second.

Miles looks up.

MILES  
Oh shit, you're Annie Azar.

Annie sighs.

ANNIE  
Yeah.

ROSIE  
Forget the squirrel for a second.

The three Honor Council members look up.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

So we know you guys have all seen the video, obviously.

She points to Miles.

MARY

We think it's really fucked up that Michael took the video, and that he's been sending it around without Annie's permission.

ROSIE

We don't know how much Paul was involved, but we think he should be at least considered an accomplice. They took advantage of Annie.

MILES

Yo, not to be a dick, but that is not the story I heard.

ANNIE

Why would we lie about this, we're telling you what happened.

MILES

I don't know, maybe you're pissed Paul's dating Leah now or something and you want to get him in trouble for like, revenge. All I'm saying is, I heard you were mad drunk that night.

ALINA

Underage drinking is like the number one violation of the Non-Academic Code of Conduct.

ANNIE

Yeah, but everyone drinks, Becca, I've seen you blackout.

BECCA

Are we talking about me right now?

ALINA

I'm sorry guys, this is complicated. And this really isn't the right time to bring this all up.

MILES

Besides, Michael's a good dude, we went to pre-school together. I wouldn't feel comfortable fucking with him, especially during football season.

ROSIE

Isn't that unethical, or something?

ALINA

Nothing is ever black or white. Annie if you hadn't been drinking it would be one thing, or if it was like gang rape, obviously we would do something, but our hands are kind of tied, I'm sorry.

MARY

So you're saying there's nothing we can do? You know Michael's done gross stuff before.

ALINA

Look, if you can show us proof about Michael, we can talk. Until then, we gotta find this squirrel killer.

The members of the Honor Council resume their squirrel examination.

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S CLASSROOM

Mr. Anderson paces at the front of the room.

MR. ANDERSON

But what affect does the past really have? Can anyone really reinvent themselves?

The girls whisper amongst themselves.

MARY

We have to steal Michael's phone, it's the only solution.

ROSIE

Are we positive it's not shady?

ANNIE

It might be, but what else can we do?

ROSIE

I just don't know how we're gonna do it.

Mr. Anderson looks at the girls, who are clearly whispering while another student is speaking.

GIRL IN THE CLASS

Self-reinvention is like, the American Dream.

The three girls smile at Mr. Anderson, and pretend to go back to being studious.

The bell rings, the girls start to pack up their stuff to leave.

MR. ANDERSON

Doing okay?

ANNIE

Yup, great lecture today, Mr. Anderson!

MR. ANDERSON

You girls seem like you're up to something, I hope I have no reason to be worried.

ROSIE

Nope, just taking your advice! Bye, Mr. A!

The girls leave. Mr. Anderson stands for a minute before erasing the white board, which reads "DECAYING MORALS."

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL HALLWAY

MARY

Hold on, I need to pee.

The girls walk into the bathroom.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

The sounds of crying. The girls find Rachel, sitting on the ground, sobbing.

The girls are surprised to see her.

MARY

Holy shit, Rachel!

ROSIE  
That's so crazy.

Between sniffles.

RACHEL  
What are you talking about? Can't  
you see I'm crying?

ANNIE  
Oh my god, Rachel, don't be  
embarrassed. Michael's a huge jerk,  
trust me, I get it.

RACHEL  
No you don't. Can you guys leave me  
alone please?

Rosie and Mary look like they might listen, but Annie goes  
and sits down next to Rachel.

ANNIE  
No, I like really get it. I burst  
into tears in class the other day.

RACHEL  
I heard about that. It's different  
though, Michael's not who you think  
he is, I'm just being a baby.

ANNIE  
You're not though! Rachel, you know  
as well as I do that Michael is a  
creep.

RACHEL  
Well...

ANNIE  
No, like, he always has been and  
always will be. Remember *Zootopia*?

RACHEL  
Fair.

ANNIE  
We're going to convince the Honor  
Council that he's a creep so he'll  
finally have to pay for all his  
shitty behavior.

ROSIE  
Paul too.

ANNIE

But we need Michael's phone to do that. Do you know how we could get our hands on it?

RACHEL

No, I don't know, maybe. Why are you going to the Honor Council at all? That's so dramatic.

ROSIE

It's like the school motto, "shout and be heard, fight and make change."

RACHEL

That doesn't mean anything.

ANNIE

No, but like, it literally does. Look, I get it. If Michael hadn't sent the video of me to everyone, maybe I wouldn't care so much. I don't want all of the Honor Council to see my boobs, even if the shadows make my nipples look small. But this is a big deal.

MARY

We really need the phone to prove it though. Please, Rachel, you gotta know where it is. Please help us.

ROSIE

The Girls School has to stick together, you know?

MARY

You're not even hooking up with Michael anymore, right? You don't owe him anything.

Rachel sighs.

RACHEL

He keeps his phone in his locker during football practice. That's probably the only time you could snag it without him noticing.

ANNIE

Oh my god, duh. We should go get it this afternoon.

RACHEL

It's not that easy. There's a code to get in the athletic building, a code for the locker room, and then obviously his locker combination. His dad donated like a million dollars for that building, it's protected like the White House, you can't just break in.

MARY

Do you know all the codes?

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

We used to hook up there sometimes.

ANNIE

Please Rachel, please help us get in. It'll be an adventure.

ROSIE

Michael's parents will just buy him a new phone anyway, he won't even notice it's gone.

RACHEL

I don't know, I'm not James Bond.

ANNIE

Neither are we! We'll be in and out in no time, I promise.

Rachel picks at her fingernails and avoids eye contact with the girls.

ROSIE

You know what, you don't have to decide right now. Take the rest of the day to think it over. If you decide to help, meet us at the bridge at 3:45 sharp and we'll go over together.

MARY

We'll be your best friends if you do.

RACHEL

No offense, but that's not that tempting.



ANNIE  
Whatever. Hopefully we'll see you  
later!

The girls leave the bathroom.

Rachel stays on the floor, picking at her nails.

EXT. GIRLS SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Annie, Rosie, and Mary wait at the foot of the bridge that connects the two schools. Rosie checks her watch, it's 3:44.

ROSIE  
We should've had a plan B.

They hear footsteps running towards them, and relief washes over their faces as Rachel approaches.

RACHEL  
Let's get this over with.

Annie gives Rachel a spontaneous hug.

ANNIE  
Thank you!

The girls start walking over the bridge.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Boys are hard at work at practice.

EXT. BOYS SCHOOL ATHLETIC BUILDING

Annie, Mary, Rosie and Rachel approach the door. The girls look to Rachel as she punches in the 10 digit code to enter the building. They hear a satisfying beep, and open the door.

INT. BOYS SCHOOL HALLWAY

The girls tiptoe through the hallway. Rows and rows of trophies and plaques line the walls, as well as framed pictures of prominent, beefy men. Despite the fact that it's an athletic building, the floors are shining.

Rosie whispers.

ROSIE  
Do you think he has pictures?

RACHEL  
Maybe, shh.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Coach Dave walks around the field, spouting inspiration.

COACH DAVE  
You have to learn to take what you  
want boys! The Rival School isn't  
just going to give it to you. Now  
let's see some hustle!

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM

The girls find the door to the Football Locker Room, which looks not unlike a shrine. As Rachel predicted, there is a massive lock.

RACHEL  
Fuck, I'm blanking.

They hear footsteps in the distance.

MARY  
Use your feminine intuition and  
guess!

Rachel frantically types in numbers. It doesn't work the first time and makes a loud blaring sound. The girls jump back in surprise.

RACHEL  
Sorry, sorry, I told you I wasn't  
good at this.

ROSIE  
It's so okay, no one is putting  
pressure on you. Just think for a  
second, and it'll come to you.

Annie and Mary look at Rosie as if to say "what the fuck are you saying, we need to put a lot of pressure on her," but Rosie gives them a "don't worry, I've got this" look back.

Rachel takes a deep breath and tries the code again, this time it works, and they get the satisfying beep again as the door opens.

## INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM

The locker room is huge and beautiful, only the best for the star student athletes. It is newer and looks more expensive than any of the classrooms we've seen at the Girls School.

MARY

It smells like death. Does your locker room smell this bad?

ANNIE

No, boys are stinkier. Rachel, do you know which one is his?

## EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

The boys tackle each other. Coach Dave blows his whistle.

COACH DAVE

That's all for today boys, go hit the showers.

Michael, Paul, and the rest of the boys on the team take off their helmets and start walking in the direction of the lockers. They pass Mr. Anderson, who is jogging around the track as per usual. He waves at the boys, and the boys wave back.

PAUL

Sup, Mr. A!

## INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM

RACHEL

Number 5.

Rosie goes to the locker, conveniently left open, digs in Michael's backpack, and finds the phone. The screen is shattered.

ROSIE

I think I got it. Sweet, no pass-code.

Annie and Mary run to where Rosie is, and look over her shoulder at the evidence. Rachel stays where she is.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Good lord, that's a lot of boobs.

MARY

Rachel, are these all yours?

RACHEL  
He told me he would delete them.

Mary tries to be helpful.

MARY  
They could be someone else's.

RACHEL  
That would also suck.

They hear footsteps that sound like they're approaching the locker room.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
I'd bet you 50 bucks Mr. A has sex every day. That's what men do.

The girls scramble and whisper to each other.

ROSIE  
What are we gonna do?

They run around and try to find a hiding spot.

INT. BOYS SCHOOL HALLWAY

PAUL  
No way dude, he's gotta save some of that energy for teaching. It's probably more like, every other day.

He punches in the code, a beep, and opens the door.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM

All the boys file in. The girls are hidden underneath the lockers, behind some shoes. It definitely smells gross where they are.

MICHAEL  
How often are you boning Leah?

Annie blushes. Mary rolls her eyes.

The boys start to take off their clothes.

PAUL  
Every other day! Like I said, I gotta save some energy for practice.

## A FOOTBALL BOY

It doesn't show dude, you might as well give it to her daily!

The two boys punch each other playfully in the arms.

## PAUL

Shut up, bro. It's not like you're getting any action, but you can't catch a football to save your life.

All the boys laugh. The girls' faces underneath are blank.

Michael stands on top of one of the benches.

## MICHAEL

All I know is, I'm nailing a different girl every day, and I'm better than every one of you combined, on and off the field.

The boys collectively go "ayyy" and "ohhhh." Michael hops down and smells his armpit. Rachel looks displeased.

## MICAHEL

Now enough of this locker room talk, I reek. The ladies don't exactly love B.O if you know what I'm saying.

He goes in the showers, and the other boys follow him.

Once they have all cleared out, the girls try to, as quietly as possible, sneak out from underneath the lockers.

For a moment it sounds as if one of the boys is going to come back to the changing area and they freeze, but he turns back around, and the girls are able to tiptoe out of the room while the boys break into an acapella rendition of "All the Small Things" by Blink-182.

## INT. BOYS SCHOOL HALLWAY

## ROSIE

I think I need to take a bath.

## ANNIE

You always feel that way. Did you get the phone?

## ROSIE

Yup, right here.

She pats her skirt pocket.

RACHEL  
Let's get out of here.

MARY  
Good thinking.

The girls scramble down the hallway.

INT. ROSIE'S FAMILY ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rosie, Mary, Annie, and Rachel are squeezed on Rosie's faded, tan couch, watching an episode of *Law and Order: SVU*. There are framed pictures of Rosie at different ages all over the room.

Mary and Rosie are engrossed in the episode, but Annie is still staring at Michael's phone, watching the video of herself. Rachel sits with her hands in her lap.

MARY  
I know this isn't how the Honor  
Council actually works, but how  
cool would it be if it did?

Rosie sees Annie watching the video, and takes the phone from her.

ROSIE  
Hey, stop that.

ANNIE  
I know, I know. It's just, it looks  
like Paul was into me. What's so  
great about Leah?

MARY  
Absolutely nothing. You are way  
prettier, and way smarter than her.

ROSIE  
Paul's a fucking asshole who's not  
even worthy of this conversation.  
Annie, he could've told Michael to  
delete the video. Fuck, for all we  
know, he could've planned the whole  
thing.

ANNIE  
You're right. You're so right.

MARY

We should all wear ponytails for the Honor Council hearing. It'll look more professional.

ROSIE

Good thinking.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The girls walk down the hallway. Their uniforms are pristine, their hair perfectly styled. They are on the way to the Honor Council.

They pass Mr. Anderson, who pretends to tip an imaginary hat towards them. The girls laugh, it feels like a moment of friendship. They also pass Lauren, reading a copy of "Lean In."

The walls showcase student artwork, and for some reason, a lot of the paintings and collages depict violent scenes. The girls are now alone in the hallway, it is after school after all, and there's something a little eerie about the setting, all footsteps and shadows. The girls don't seem to notice.

ANNIE

Is Rachel gonna meet us here?

MARY

Yeah, where is she?

ROSIE

Maybe she had a class off campus. She promised she'd be here.

ANNIE

Our meeting's in one minute.

ROSIE

Shit.

Some commotion in the distance. The girls look up to find Rachel awkwardly jogging towards them with her backpack.

ANNIE

There she is.

Rachel reaches them, looks distant. She is wearing a scarf.

ROSIE

Just in the nick of time!

MARY  
Cool scarf.

RACHEL  
Thanks.

ROSIE  
Let's go in.

The girls walk in a single file line into the room.

INT. HONOR COUNCIL ROOM

The members of the Honor Council are seated in a line at the front of the room. In addition to Alina, in the center, Becca, and Miles, there's DREW, and Chris, last seen drunk at the football game, the Boys School reps, as well as MIMI and FRAN, the other Girls School reps. It looks like they are on a very intimidating panel. There is no set up for a visual presentation.

The girls stand awkwardly in a huddle, not sure how to actually begin.

MARY  
Hello. Thank you for your time.

ALINA  
We don't have that much time, one of your classmates decided to spray paint CUNT on the admissions building, so this needs to be quick. Can you just tell us why you're here?

MARY  
We would like to prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt

BECCA  
Spit it out, please.

Mary turns back to the girls and shrugs. Annie steps forward.

ANNIE  
Michael McCarthy has broken the Honor Council's Non-Academic code of conduct. He takes naked pictures of girls and then sends them around, and we can prove it.

Miles and Drew whisper to each other.



DREW

Did you see that video of her?

CHRIS

Duh dude, I watched it like 10 times.

MILES

What do you mean, you have proof?

Annie turns to Rosie, who gives her the phone. Annie passes the phone to Miles, who passes it along the panel.

ANNIE

As you can see, there is a lot of explicit content on there.

CHRIS

How did you get his phone? Did Michael give this to you?

ROSIE

Is that important?

ALINA

We can't look through someone's personal belongings without their permission, that goes against everything we stand for.

ANNIE

Okay, but whatever, you have it now, you can see what we're talking about. All those boobs you're looking at belong to Rachel, and she told him to delete those pictures and he didn't listen! This is what he did to me!

ALINA

Rachel, can you confirm this? Are these your breasts?

Rachel steps forward and looks at the phone.

RACHEL

No, I don't know whose those belong to. I've never sent nudes before.

Chris and Drew roll their eyes.

ANNIE

Rachel, what are you talking about, yes you have! We all have!

BECCA

Don't bring us into this, just because you have loose morals doesn't mean we all do.

ANNIE

Becca, this is not the time!

BECCA

It is the time! Annie, you're lucky we're not punishing you right now.

ANNIE

What?

BECCA

From where I'm standing, the only things we know for sure are that you drink excessively, you engage in promiscuous behavior, you steal, and now apparently you slander other people's reputations for your own sick revenge.

MARY

Why are you being such a cunt, Becca?

ALINA

Hey, there is no need for that type of language in here.

MARY

I think there is! This is bullshit and you know it.

MILES

Becca has a point. That's a long ass list of offenses.

Alina hands Annie the phone.

ALINA

I'm sorry, I don't know what to tell you.

MARY

Rachel, cut the crap, tell them what a creep Michael is!

RACHEL

I don't know what to say.

ALINA

You don't have to say anything.

ANNIE

I know you guys know he does this.  
I might look bad right now, but you  
have to believe us.

CHRIS

It sounds like you have a grudge  
against Michael, and it is not our  
job to punish people just because  
someone tells us to. If there's  
nothing else, it'll be better for  
your egos if you leave now. You've  
already dug a pretty big whole for  
yourself.

ROSIE

This is so unfair.

RACHEL

We should go.

ANNIE

Alina, why are you doing this? You  
have all the evidence you need.

ALINA

We can't trust you Annie, I'm  
sorry. Maybe you should talk to the  
Guidance Counselor or something.  
You seem a little off the rails.

ROSIE

What does that mean?

ALINA

Never mind. Look, we really have a  
lot of other problems to deal with,  
you should go.

The girls storm out, and slam the door behind them.

INT. HALLWAY

The girls pass through in a huff and storm into the nearest  
bathroom.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM

Annie sinks to the floor and bursts into tears, Mary paces around, Rosie climbs onto the sink to sit. Rachel stands nervously near the door.

Between sobs,

ANNIE

What the fuck just happened?

MARY

Rachel, you abandoned the plan. This is why we had a plan to begin with, so this bullshit wouldn't happen.

ROSIE

We looked like idiots in there.

RACHEL

It wasn't so bad.

Annie looks up from her tear-stained face.

ANNIE

Are you kidding?

ROSIE

You owe us an explanation.

Rachel tucks her hair behind her ears.

RACHEL

Michael's not a bad guy, okay? I didn't feel comfortable destroying his reputation, or like, his life.

Mary stops pacing.

MARY

What are you talking about.

RACHEL

I mean, I was talking to him the other day...

ROSIE

Oh my god.

ANNIE

Rachel, you were talking to him? Why would you ever do that.

RACHEL

Michael is more complicated than you guys give him credit for. He's been under a lot of pressure recently.

Mary rips off Rachel's scarf, and reveals a huge hickey.

MARY

Did he give you that hickey?

Rachel blushes.

RACHEL

He asked me to the Big Dance, I was overwhelmed. He's different now, and I bet he feels really sorry about the video.

ANNIE

Did he tell you that?

RACHEL

Well, no, but I could tell.

ROSIE

Rachel, you should leave.

RACHEL

Okay, I'm sorry guys. But the past is the past. You should try to forget about this. That's what I'm going to do.

Mary screams at Rachel on her way out the door.

MARY

Not all of us have that luxury!  
What about the boobs!?

Annie blows her nose.

ANNIE

Fuck me, that was our only hope.

EXT. SOCCER HOCKEY FIELD

The team stands in a clump, not really doing anything. COACH, a middle-aged, portly woman, walks over to put the girls to work.

## SOCCER COACH

Stop dilly-dallying. You girls know the drill, break off into pairs and pass.

The girls split off into groups of two, but Annie is left without a partner. Normally, she and Kate automatically pair up, but today, no one seems to want to make eye contact with Annie. Her eyes are still puffy.

## SOCCER COACH (CONT'D)

Annie, make a group of three. This isn't rocket science.

Annie awkwardly inserts herself into Kate's pair.

## KATE

Jesus Annie, don't cry.

All the girls around laugh.

## INT. GIRLS SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Annie, Rosie, and Mary walk through the hallway on the way to Mr. Anderson's class, minding their own business. They pass a large clump of girls walking in the opposite direction. Julie, in the clump, purposefully bumps her shoulder into Annie's, and they all whisper, almost like an incantation.

## GIRLS IN UNISON

Slut.

## ANNIE

What did you say?

## JULIE

Why don't you go cry to the Honor Council about it, drama queen?

## INT. MR. ANDERSON'S CLASSROOM

The three girls walk into the classroom. They catch the tail end of a conversation between some of the other girls in class.

## ENGLISH CLASS GIRL

I heard they stole his phone while he was asleep.

## FRIEND OF ENGLISH CLASS GIRL

Are they actually crazy? If I were Michael, I would press charges.

The girls look up and see that Annie, Mary, and Rosie have come into the room. Their conversation halts in its tracks. Everyone in class looks away as Mary, Annie, and Rosie take their seats around the table. The girls sit with their arms crossed.

Mr. Anderson scurries in as the bell rings.

MR. ANDERSON  
Hello hello hello! Who's ready for  
a pop quiz?

The class groans. Mary, Annie, and Rosie remain motionless with their arms crossed. Mr. Anderson looks in their direction, then continues to pass out the papers.

The bell rings, signalling the end of class. Girls pack up their things, but Annie, Rosie, and Mary stay behind.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
You girls aren't your usual chipper  
selves. Is everything okay?

ANNIE  
Can we talk to you in your office?

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The girls sit in a line in front of Mr. Anderson with their arms crossed. His phone rings. He picks it up.

MR. ANDERSON  
Dave, Dave, seriously, this is a  
bad time.

Mr. Anderson hangs up the phone.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Sorry about that, again.

He takes a big sip of coffee.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Can you fill me in on what's going  
on?

ROSIE  
The Honor Council was a shit-show.

MR. ANDERSON  
Oh, girls, I'm sorry to hear that.

ANNIE

We have to go to The Boys School administration. We can't let Michael and Paul get away with this.

MR. ANDERSON

Michael McCarthy and Paul Whitney?

MARY

Yeah, do you know them?

MR. ANDERSON

Not any more than any other football fan.

ROSIE

Oh right, you're friends with their coach.

MR. ANDERSON

That's not what we're here to talk about though. You girls are clearly very upset.

ANNIE

Mr. Anderson, it was horrible.

ROSIE

I've never felt so powerless in my life.

ANNIE

Everyone on the stupid Council knew what we were talking about, and they knew we were right, but because Rachel started fucking Michael again we couldn't "prove" it.

Mr. Anderson makes a face when she says "fuck."

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Sorry about the f-bomb.

MR. ANDERSON

That's all right. I can only imagine how frustrating it must be to feel so out of control, especially among your peers.



MARY

And now everyone is acting like we called the FBI or something, but nothing even happened. We talked to the Council for maybe two minutes and left, that's literally all that happened.

Mr. Anderson nods his head in sympathy.

MR. ANDERSON

Would it be worth trying to talk to them again, maybe with a better plan of attack?

ROSIE

No way, I'm so sick of this shit. I think we should just go straight to the source and talk to the Boys Headmaster, I don't care if he doesn't know what texting is.

MR. ANDERSON

Do you all feel this way?

ANNIE

Definitely. Anything else feels like a waste of time at this point.

MR. ANDERSON

I don't want to sound overly protective, but I hesitate to encourage any kind of behavior that is going to get in the way of your schoolwork. You've barely paid attention in class since this whole ordeal started, Mary, you didn't even answer the questions on the pop quiz today. I'm your friend, but I'm also your teacher. I'd hate to see you girls go through more emotional turmoil, especially if it's at the expense of your education.

ROSIE

We really appreciate that. And guys,

She turns to Annie and Mary.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Correct me if I'm wrong, but it's a little late for that.

(MORE)

ROSIE (CONT'D)

If we talk to the Headmaster, at least we have a chance of getting what we want. Fuck it, I'd blackmail him if that's what it takes. I'm not

Mr. Anderson is making a face again.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

giving up.

MARY

Ditto.

ANNIE

We can't give up, we've come too far to stop now. Paul and Michael need to pay for what they did.

Mr. Anderson leans back in his chair and crosses his arms.

MR. ANDERSON

It sounds like you girls have made up your minds about this.

MARY

I guess we have.

MR. ANDERSON

Why don't you get yourselves some ice cream or something, relax a little. This is a big decision, and you girls have had a hard day.

ANNIE

Thanks for listening to us, Mr. A.

The girls leave. Mr. Anderson picks up his phone and dials it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The girls are walking up to Annie's car, seen in the distance. They pass a dead squirrel on the ground.

As they get closer, they notice papers flying off the car.

On further examination, they see the car is plastered with print-out stills from the video, papers flying wildly in the wind of Annie in compromising positions.

ROSIE

This just seems like a waste of paper.

Annie gets in the car and slams the door behind her.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE

The three girls walk in the doorway, holding their ice cream cones, oblivious, to find Mr. Anderson and all of their parents sitting in the living room. It's an intervention.

All the rooms in Mary's house have the tasteful, but impersonal touch of a Pottery Barn catalogue. The kitchen, with its high ceilings, granite counter tops and maple furnishings, is no exception. From the kitchen, you can see the painted family portrait above the fireplace, made when Mary was 12.

Annie's ice cream falls off the cone.

MR. ANDERSON

Girls, please, come have a seat.

The girls stay where they are.

MARY

What's going on? How do you know where I live?

MR. ANDERSON

I'll be honest, I was concerned after our meeting today. I care about you girls a lot, but it would be irresponsible of me not to inform your parents at this stage.

Mr. Anderson is using his stern, concerned speaking voice.

ROSIE'S MOM

We are so grateful to Mr. Anderson for bringing this to our attention.

MR. ANDERSON

Please, call me Joshua.

ROSIE'S MOM

Josh?

MR. ANDERSON

I really would prefer Joshua.

MARY'S DAD

I don't know what we would have done if Josh hadn't called us.

MR. ANDERSON

Joshua.

MARY'S DAD

He's a god-send.

Mr. Anderson pats Mary's Dad on the back, in a brotherly way.

MR. ANDERSON

Annie, Mary, Rosie, we're all here because we're worried about you, and we want to look out for your best interests. Your parents have taken the time to write down some of their feelings, and I'd like for them to read those feelings to you.

ROSIE

We were gone for like a minute.

Rosie's parents go first. Their tone oscillates between scolding and deep concern.

ROSIE'S MOM

Honey, you know we love you so much. You're our sweetie pie. I always thought you would talk to us about everything, but this is so out of the blue.

ROSIE'S DAD

This is just so unlike you. Since when have you become such a radical? You've always been such a nice girl.

ROSIE'S MOM

Haven't we always stressed how important education is? We just want the best for you honey, and I don't think Barnard is going to want a trouble maker. If you don't go to a good college, you won't have a good future, and I couldn't live with myself if I let you do anything to jeopardize your chances of a happy, fulfilling life.

ROSIE'S DAD

You're our little angel.

Rosie's Mom wipes a tear from the corner of her eye. Mr. Anderson takes her hand and squeezes it, a true mensch.

MR. ANDERSON

Thank you, Goldmans, that was so brave. Who would like to speak next?

Annie's parents are next. Annie's mother, a Lebanese tiger mom, clearly once very beautiful, shakes her head. Annie's father once had a lustrous mustache, but now has no facial hair and is balding a little, crosses his legs.

ANNIE'S MOM

You have done a shameful thing. Why would you choose to draw attention to yourself, you should be embarrassed.

ANNIE'S DAD

Your reputation is something you can never get back. Once it's gone, it's gone forever. And your reputation affects us as much as it affects you, maybe more.

ANNIE'S MOM

If you love us at all, which you clearly don't, you would drop this immediately.

ANNIE'S DAD

We never want to speak of this again.

ANNIE'S MOM

How could I have raised such a daughter? A disappointment is what you are.

Mr. Anderson rubs her back.

MR. ANDERSON

Hey, hey, it's going to be okay.

It's maybe weird that Mr. Anderson is comforting all the moms.

Mary's mom, slender like she does Bikram yoga every day (which she does), lets out a sob.

MARY'S MOM

What happened to our cheerful,  
happy girl? When did she become so  
angry?

MARY'S DAD

Be honest with us, cupcake, are you  
doing this to spite us? Have we  
done something to upset you? I  
can't understand why else you would  
do something like this.

MARY'S MOM

Are we bad parents? We've given you  
everything in the world! Why are  
you being so cruel? Can't you see  
how much this is hurting us?

MARY

Jesus Mom, calm down. You're being  
redundant.

MARY'S MOM

You'll see, you'll see what it's  
like when you have children.

Mary's Mom turns and blows her nose into her husbands  
sweater.

MR. ANDERSON

This is clearly very personal, for  
all of you. I don't want to  
overstay my welcome, but I'm glad  
this conversation has been started.  
This is productive for all of us.

He takes a minute to hug all of the Moms, and give firm  
handshakes to the Dads before scooting past the girls by the  
door and leaving.

MARY

We're gonna go downstairs.

The parents are too busy, holding each other in their grief,  
to pay attention to what the girls are doing.

The girls take their ice cream cones and go down to the  
basement.

ANNIE

We're still gonna talk to the Boys  
Headmaster, right?

MARY  
Definitely.

ROSIE  
I did not like that.

ANNIE  
Nope.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

Coach Dave and Mr. Anderson throw around a football, just two guys having fun.

MR. ANDERSON  
It makes me sad. These girls are so sweet, but they're blowing this thing out of proportion.

COACH DAVE  
What do you expect, they're teenage girls.

MR. ANDERSON  
Yeah, that's true. I'm trying to help them, but they won't listen to reason.

COACH DAVE  
They're not thinking with their heads.

MR. ANDERSON  
You should've seen how upset their parents were. It almost broke my heart.

COACH DAVE  
It sounds like these girls have no respect for authority.

MR. ANDERSON  
They just don't realize how their actions affect other people. They're so clouded by their emotions.

COACH DAVE  
Do they even know what they want?

The two men continue to pass the football.

## INT. BOYS HEADMASTERS OFFICE

The Boys Headmaster sits at his desk, working on a crossword puzzle. The only personal touches in the office are a Dartmouth flag on the wall, a framed picture of his wife and dog, and a Boys School coffee mug. There is a dying plant in the corner. Rosie, Annie, and Mary stand in a line in front of his desk.

BOYS HEADMASTER

Girls, this is not the best time.

ROSIE

It's important.

The Headmaster calls out to his secretary.

BOYS HEADMASTER

Susan, hold my calls please, I've happened upon an impromptu meeting with some young ladies.

He thinks this is charming.

BOYS HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

May I ask why you are here?

He's still filling out letters in the crossword puzzle.

ANNIE

Stop doing the stupid crossword puzzle, this is serious.

The Headmaster looks alarmed at Annie's tone.

MARY

Michael McCarthy, your student, takes sexually explicit pictures of girls without their permission. He sends them around to all his buddies, who send them to all their buddies, and it has to stop. He needs to learn there are consequences to his actions.

ANNIE

He took a video of me with another student, Paul Whitney. Michael and Paul do not treat me with respect, and I've gotten harassed by other students at the Boys School because of it.



BOYS HEADMASTER

This is a very serious accusation.  
You're positive about this?

ROSIE

Yes we're positive. And you're  
right, this is a serious  
accusation, that warrants serious  
consequences.

BOYS HEADMASTER

I see.

ANNIE

You don't seem to understand the  
gravity of this situation.

BOYS HEADMASTER

This is a lot of information to  
take in, Michael and Paul are two  
of our star students. It's hard for  
me to imagine them doing something  
of this nature.

MARY

We're telling you this happened,  
and it continues to happen, why  
would we lie about that?

BOYS HEADMASTER

I'm not suggesting that you ladies  
are lying.

ROSIE

We're not lying.

BOYS HEADMASTER

I'm not sure what you want me to do  
here. You're obviously very upset,  
and you've mentioned consequences.  
Have you thought what that might  
mean?

ROSIE

Yes, why else would we be here?

ANNIE

We think Michael and Paul should be  
suspended for at least three days.

MARY

We also think they should be  
prohibited from playing in the Big  
Game, and from going to Homecoming.

BOYS HEADMASTER

That's quite a long list. You girls know The Boys School seldom inflicts suspension based punishments, right? If I'm not mistaken, the last young man to be suspended threatened to stab Madame Coupeau with a pencil, and that was at least four years ago.

ANNIE

Mr. Headmaster, no disrespect, but we're not going to take no for an answer.

ROSIE

If we make it clear that this kind of behavior won't be tolerated, other students won't do it.

MARY

Michael and Paul are basically gods at The Boys School; if they don't get in trouble, there's nothing to stop other guys from following in their footsteps and pulling the same shit.

BOYS HEADMASTER

Well, I don't know if it's fair to assume that. It sounds like Michael and Paul strayed from the Boys School code of ethics, but I have no reason to believe other students would behave similarly.

ANNIE

But you agree that Michael and Paul have committed an offense worthy of strong punishment.

BOYS HEADMASTER

I wouldn't put it like that, but let's say yes.

MARY

Look, Mr. Headmaster, we all know that if one of the local news channels caught wind of this, you and the entire community would look real bad. This could be the kind of story that gets national media attention, people love scandals at prep schools.

BOYS HEADMASTER

What are you suggesting?

ANNIE

If I were you, I'd take us seriously. I'd suspend Michael and Paul within the week.

The Headmaster shuffles around some of the papers on his desk.

BOYS HEADMASTER

This is such an unpleasant part of this job. No one goes into education to be a disciplinarian.

MARY

I'm not sure if that's true.

BOYS HEADMASTER

You know, I really don't appreciate you girls coming in here this way. In the future, when speaking with an authority figure, it's more polite to request, not to demand. Does that make sense?

ROSIE

Would you have agreed to listen to us if we had said "pretty please"?

BOYS HEADMASTER

I'm just saying, I know this isn't the kind of manners they teach at The Girls School.

ANNIE

Well, you haven't exactly been teaching manners at The Boys School either.

BOYS HEADMASTER

I will not be attacked in my own office. I've let you girls speak, and I've listened, but it's completely inappropriate to question my morals or my manners.

MARY

So sorry, Mr. Headmaster.

BOYS HEADMASTER

You've made it clear that I have no choice but to suspend these boys, who I might add, will be sorely missed from The Big Game. If that's all you came to see me for, I'd kindly ask that you leave my office. Now.

ROSIE

We look forward to seeing your response.

ANNIE

Bye, Mr. Headmaster, it's been a pleasure.

The girls leave the office and subtly low-five each other.

BOYS HEADMASTER

Are you calling me, Susan?

She's not.

EXT. BOYS SCHOOL - DAY

The girls walk over the bridge that connects the schools.

MARY

And now we wait.

INT. BOYS SCHOOL CLASSROOM

An elderly woman teacher stands at the front of the classroom, boys are horsing around, not paying attention. She is writing on the board "What We Already Know About The Civil War," with bullet points under it including "Slavery is Bad" and "Wasn't it About State Rights".

Michael is doodling boobs.

Over the intercom:

BOYS HEADMASTER (O.S.)

Will Michael McCarthy and Paul Whitney please come to my office.

Students look around at each other and mock freak out.

Michael puts his hand over his mouth coyly, as if to say "who me? Whatever could I have done?"

INT. HEADMASTERS OFFICE

BOYS HEADMASTER  
Boys, have a seat.

They sit down.

MICHAEL  
What's up, Mr. Headmaster?

BOYS HEADMASTER  
Michael, Paul, it's come to my attention that you haven't behaved very gentlemanly to a miss Annie, over at The Girls School?

The boys look at each other and groan.

BOYS HEADMASTER (CONT'D)  
I know, I know. But she and her friends came to visit me, and they were very upset. I'd like to avoid a PR problem if I can help it.

PAUL  
What're you gonna do to us, sir?

BOYS HEADMASTER  
Well, I hate to do this, but I'm suspending both of you for one full day of class.

MICHAEL  
I can live with that.

BOYS HEADMASTER  
I have high hopes for you boys, and college is right around the corner, so I didn't want you to miss more than one day of class. Instead, I'm suspending you boys from the Big Game this Saturday.

PAUL  
What?

They are outraged.

MICHAEL  
You can't do that, sir!

PAUL  
I've gotta play in that game!

BOYS HEADMASTER

I know you boys must be upset, but there will be other games! I think you'll find I'm being very fair. You can still go to the Big Dance! And this way your grades won't suffer.

PAUL

This is the most unfair thing to happen in my entire life.

MICHAEL

Thanks a lot, Mr. Headmaster.

The boys stand up in unison, and storm out of the office.

The Headmaster shakes his head.

BOYS HEADMASTER

I can't win.

INT. BOYS SCHOOL HALLWAY

Michael and Paul march with purpose and anger down the hallway. Ominous music. A 4th grade class exits a classroom in a single file line as the boys walk past. Michael yells at the small children.

MICHAEL

Girls will ruin your life!

The children look scared.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL HALLWAY

Rosie, Mary, and Annie sit cross-legged on a bench in the hallway at The Girls School. Some students walk by, but either ignore the girls completely or give them the stink eye without saying anything.

MARY

If people didn't hate us before, they definitely will now.

ROSIE

Whatever, let's not think about it. It's baked potato day.

Annie smiles.

ANNIE

Let's go, we'll beat the line. I  
want to eat my weight in potatoes.

The girls stand up and start walking in the direction of the cafeteria.

INT. BOYS SCHOOL HALLWAY

Michael and Paul are walking with a mission. They barge into a classroom full of boys and interrupt the lesson plan.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM

There's a large projection of the female anatomy on the board.

PAUL

Blow-job-Annie and her friends  
tattled, so now we can't play in  
the Big Game!

Shock and despair among the students.

JOEY

What the fuck, bro?

INT. HALLWAY

Michael, Paul, and now this classroom of boys walk with purpose down the hallway.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL CAFETERIA

The cafeteria is bustling with students of all ages.

Mary, Annie, and Rosie wait in line. Mary starts to sing "baked potato" to the tune of "Hot Potato."

MARY

Baked potato, baked potato baked  
potato.

Annie and Rosie chime in.

ANNIE, MARY, ROSIE

Baked potato, baked potato, baked  
potato.

The girls are sort of dancing.

A girl in front of them in line turns around.

GIRL IN LINE

Shut up.

EXT. BOYS SCHOOL - DAY

A mob of boys bursts out the front entrance to the Boys School, exuding anger and masculinity. Michael and Paul lead the pack. They make their way to the bridge that connects the Boys School and the Girls School.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL CAFETERIA

It's Rosie's turn in line.

ROSIE

Hi yes can I please have a baked potato with cheese and bacon and a side of broccoli?

EXT. GIRLS SCHOOL

The mob of boys have crossed over onto The Girls School campus. They pass a group of girls sitting on the grass, including Grace and her friend from the assembly.

GRACE

What's going on?

MICHAEL

We can't play in the Big Game because Annie and her cronies tattled.

GRACE'S FRIEND

They're in the cafeteria, let's go!

The girls are outraged. The mob is now co-ed.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Mary, Rosie, and Annie exit the line, holding their trays of baked potatoes. They look up as the mob infiltrates the cafeteria, heading straight in their direction. The girls drop their trays, baked potatoes flying everywhere.

The cafeteria goes quiet, like if someone held up a "quiet coyote" hand signal.



The mob stands at the door. Paul speaks first.

PAUL  
You jealous bitch! You've ruined  
everything!

Rosie whispers to Annie and Mary.

MARY  
Can we dip out?

She starts to motion towards a door closer to them.

The mob starts to move closer in.

MICHAEL  
Just so everyone knows what we're  
talking about, these raging sluts  
got their periods, and told our  
Headmaster to suspend us from The  
Big Game.

Everyone in the cafeteria turns and glares at the girls.

A girl in the crowd.

GIRL IN THE CROWD  
Why do you have to destroy these  
innocent boys' lives?

ANOTHER GIRL  
Drama queens!

ROSIE  
It's really more nuanced than that.

ADAM  
Literally everyone hates you!

ANNIE  
Well we don't like you either.  
Let's go.

The girls start to walk out.

PAUL  
No one will ever love you, and  
you're going to hell!

Annie speaks just to Rosie and Mary.

ANNIE  
What does that have to do with  
anything?

ROSIE  
You are lovable.

ANNIE  
Thanks Ros, so are you. We all are.

The girls hold hands on the way out.

The mob doesn't really know what to do now that the girls are gone.

Mr. Anderson steps in.

MR. ANDERSON  
There's more testosterone in here than normal. What's going on?

MICHAEL  
Sorry Mr. A, we were just leaving.

The mob grumbles and leaves the cafeteria. The rest of the student body goes back to eating their baked potatoes.

INT. HEADMASTERS OFFICE

The Boys Headmaster sits at his desk, playing a word jumble. He looks up and finds Mr. Anderson in his doorway.

BOYS HEADMASTER  
Ah, Joshua, what brings you in here today?

MR. ANDERSON  
This is rather sensitive, but I'd like to talk to you about Michael and Paul.

BOYS HEADMASTER  
And here I was, hoping this was a social visit.

MR. ANDERSON  
It's a beautiful day, let's talk outside.

BOYS HEADMASTER  
Good thinking.

EXT. BOYS SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

The two men walk together around the track. The light is idyllic.

MR. ANDERSON

Look, Mr. Headmaster, I've gotten to know these girls over the past couple of weeks...

BOYS HEADMASTER

These girls, meaning Annie, Rosie, and Mary?

MR. ANDERSON

The very same. I've tried to be a mentor to them, help them through this difficult time.

BOYS HEADMASTER

That's very kind of you.

MR. ANDERSON

Thank you.

BOYS HEADMASTER

Continue.

MR. ANDERSON

Well, I don't know the best way to say this.

BOYS HEADMASTER

Joshua, how long have we known each other? Please, speak your mind.

They smile warmly at each other, then Mr. Anderson's face resumes his "concerned adult" expression.

MR. ANDERSON

These girls are very upset, very emotional. They've become quite unpopular recently, and I'm not sure they know left from right. I've spent some time with them, I've even met their parents.

He makes a face as if to suggest "oh boy! What a handful."

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

To tell you the truth, I don't think they're even upset with Michael and Paul anymore. It was so generous of you to meet with them, and to hear what they have to say, but I truly think it would be in everyone's best interest if Michael and Paul played in the Big Game this Saturday.

(MORE)

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

The girls may not think so yet, but they'll understand.

BOYS HEADMASTER

Trust me, it would make my life easier if they played in that game. Did you know Michael's father is the CEO of Under Armour? We only have that practice field because of his donations. But my hands are tied.

MR. ANDERSON

What do you mean?

BOYS HEADMASTER

Your students threatened to go to the local news if I didn't suspend them. We can't afford a scandal right now.

MR. ANDERSON

Did they specify exactly when and why they would go to the media?

BOYS HEADMASTER

Well, no, I think they only said if I didn't inflict a suspension, they would create a big PR problem.

MR. ANDERSON

So if the boys had to miss a day of school, they could still play in the Game, and it wouldn't violate the agreement?

BOYS HEADMASTER

I suppose so. But Joshua, I don't want to take any chances with this, these girls were unhinged. They have no respect for authority, who knows what they'll do.

MR. ANDERSON

If you ask me, they're just crying wolf. Do you know what would happen if they took the video to the local news? The community would crucify them. No one wants to see a young girl taken advantage of, but from what I've heard, Paul didn't force her to do anything.

(MORE)

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Trust me, if the girls have any sense left, which I hope to God they do, they'll realize that video won't portray them as the victims they think they are.

BOYS HEADMASTER

I completely agree. That video won't only tarnish their names, it'll drag The Girls School through the mud along with them. But the way they were talking, Joshua I don't think they understand.

MR. ANDERSON

You leave that up to me. Have the boys play in the Game - the rest of the community shouldn't have to suffer - and I'll talk some sense into the girls. I'm kind of a mentor to them, they'll listen to me.

BOYS HEADMASTER

I hope you're right.

MR. ANDERSON

You have no reason to worry.

The Boys Headmaster chuckles.

BOYS HEADMASTER

Boy, thank god we didn't grow up with this kind of technology. Believe you me, I would've gotten myself into all kinds of trouble if I had had a cell phone when I was 17.

MR. ANDERSON

It's a different time.

The two men give each other a hearty handshake.

BOYS HEADMASTER

I can't thank you enough, Joshua, really.

MR. ANDERSON

It's the least I can do. I gotta run, but let's grab a beer sometime. We can talk about more pleasant things.

He smiles.

BOYS HEADMASTER  
Sounds great!

Mr. Anderson jogs off the track. The Headmaster smiles and shakes his head.

BOYS HEADMASTER (CONT'D)  
What a guy.

EXT. BOYS SCHOOL - DAY

It's the day of the Big Game. Everywhere is decorated with navy and silver balloons, huge banners, etc. Lots of tailgating tents and drunk dads.

Annie, Rosie, and Mary walk through, purposefully wearing pink, the opposite of navy. Everyone around them is drunk, but they are sober this time.

ANNIE  
I can't wait to see Paul's stupid face. He's never been benched in his life, not even in youth soccer. He told me that once.

ROSIE  
I'm more excited to see if Michael's parents show up. Do they give a shit about him if he's not holding a football?

MARY  
Probably not.

Rosie wiggles her arms in excitement.

ROSIE  
Ahh, I'm so full of adrenaline.

ANNIE  
This is gonna make everything worth it.

The girls make their way into the stadium area, surrounded by hordes of the drunk community, all in their best navy face-paint and attire. Someone is playing music somewhere, it's an overwhelming occasion.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Mr. Anderson is in the crowd, decked out in Boys School apparel, holding up a hand-made poster that reads "KILL EM BOYS." Amanda is next to him.

MR. ANDERSON  
Kill! Fight! Win!

He is caught up in the spirit.

The game is in full swing. Boys are tackling each other, butts are getting touched, it's a homoerotic mess. The scoreboard shows that it's neck and neck.

Leah, wearing a low-cut top, definitely drunk, gets hoisted over Teddy's shoulder, sort of against her will. She shrieks but it's unclear if it's because she's excited or because she really doesn't want it to be happening. Teddy runs through the crowd, pretending to be running a touchdown.

Teddy almost accidentally tackles Mary, looks up at her, then keeps running.

MARY  
I can't believe we used to think  
this was fun. These people are  
idiots.

ROSIE  
These people hate us.

ANNIE  
Let's try to get close to the front  
so Michael and Paul can see us.

MARY  
Good idea.

The girls keep walking through. They get slowed down when the crowd decides to do The Wave.

CROWD  
Ra Ra Boys School!

COACH DAVE  
Demolish these pussies! Let's go  
boys!

The girls keep walking. Some people boo them.

MARY  
Boo yourself.

Something exciting happens in the game. The crowd erupts. Mr. Anderson grabs his lady friend and gives her a big smooch - being amped up from the game is translating into sexual drive yet again.

The girls are getting close to the front now. They spot Rachel, cheering, wearing all Navy with cute bows in her hair, holding up a giant picture of Michael's face.

ANNIE

What're you doing here, Rachel?

RACHEL

What are you guys doing here?

ANNIE

I asked first.

The crowd erupts in cheers again, Rachel is distracted and cheers along with them.

The three girls look to the field to see Michael and Paul, having taken off their helmets in the heat of celebration, chest bumping each other. They put their helmets back on and set up for the next play. They are integral to this game.

Rosie

Wait a second.

MARY

Was that Michael and Paul?

Paul sees Annie in the stands, and mouths "this one's for you," then gives her the finger, before the next play starts.

ANNIE

I don't understand.

Someone in the crowd sees the girls, they're pretty easy to spot because of the pink.

JOEY

Go home, dykes!

Someone else pours beer on their heads.

ADAM

Go choke on a dildo!

ROSIE

Let's get out of here.

Something exciting happens in the game again. The crowd cheers loudly and scarily.



ANNIE

No, I don't want to let them tell us what to do.

MARY

I mean, we're not gonna leave to choke on a dildo.

ANNIE

I want to leave on my own terms. Let's just stay another minute.

ROSIE

If that's what you want.

COACH DAVE

Show em who's boss!

Before the next play, Michael takes off his helmet and hoists the ball in the air.

MICHAEL

This one's for Mr. A! You're the man!

He puts his helmet back on and the play continues.

MR. ANDERSON

ATTACK THEM BOYS!

The boys have won the game.

The girls spot Mr. Anderson leaving the stadium, surrounded by fans. They start to walk in his direction, only to see Michael run up behind him and jump on his back, with Paul running closely behind him. The girls are in ear shot.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Boys, boys! Congrats on that Big Win!

PAUL

We couldn't have done it without you Mr. A!

MICHAEL

Seriously, Mr. A, you rock.

Michael and Paul's parents join the celebration.

Michael's Dad, early 50s, big business man, gives Mr. Anderson a big pat on the back and a handshake.

MICHAEL'S DAD

We can't thank you enough for speaking up on the boys' behalf. You're a stand-up guy.

PAUL'S MOM chimes in.

PAUL'S MOM

And a handsome one, too!

MR. ANDERSON

Hey, I just did what was right. I hope that one day when I have my own son, someone will do the same for him.

MICHAEL'S MOM starts to bunch everyone together.

MICHAEL'S MOM

Let's take a picture!

Mr. Anderson chuckles, then tries to look sheepish.

MR. ANDERSON

Okay, okay, just don't get my bad side!

They all laugh.

Mr. Anderson, Paul, and Michael, hold each other tight around the shoulders, and smile for an adorable picture. The girls are horrified.

MICHAEL

Hey, let's go find Coach! He should be getting a Gatorade shower right about now.

PAUL

Good idea!

The boys scamper off.

Mr. Anderson gets another handshake from both Dads, and hugs from both Moms, before they go on their way too.

Random passersby give Mr. Anderson friendly nods, waves, etc.

DREW

You're the man, Mr. A!

The girls approach Mr. Anderson. He seems genuinely surprised to see them.

MR. ANDERSON  
My goodness, girls! Look at you!

Is he referring to their pink attire?

ANNIE  
What the fuck, Mr. Anderson?

MR. ANDERSON  
Annie, what have I always said  
about bad language.

ROSIE  
Why were Michael and Paul hugging  
and thanking you?

MARY  
And why did Michael dedicate that  
play to you?

ANNIE  
I thought you were on our team.

MR. ANDERSON  
Girls, there are no teams here.

A lot of football players walk by, as a team.

ANNIE  
What did you do?

Mr. Anderson sighs dramatically.

MR. ANDERSON  
Girls, I'm sorry, I know you must  
be upset.

MARY  
Don't tell us how we're feeling.  
What did you do? Tell us.

MR. ANDERSON  
I spoke with the Boys Headmaster,  
and we decided it would be best for  
the boys to play in the game today.

ROSIE  
Why?

MR. ANDERSON  
Look, girls, Michael and Paul  
didn't do anything malicious. I  
know you've been upset, but it's  
not okay to ruin their lives.

(MORE)

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

They're good kids who got into a bit of mischief, they didn't kill anyone.

ANNIE

Mr. Anderson, Michael took a video of me, blackout drunk with a penis in my mouth, and sent it to the entire school.

MR. ANDERSON

Annie, please, let's keep this appropriate.

ROSIE

What do you mean, appropriate? That's what happened. She's stating facts.

MR. ANDERSON

I don't want to get into semantics, right now. This issue is complicated, maybe more so than you know.

MARY

Don't treat us like we're children. What is so complicated about this? Michael took a sex tape of Annie without her permission, and showed it to everyone, and Paul did nothing to stop it. Ask anyone, that's a fucked up thing to do.

MR. ANDERSON

Jesus Christ girls how many times do I have to ask you to watch your language? I did what I thought was fair, what is fair. The boys are still going to miss a day of school, you won, they got punished. You didn't need to punish the entire community too. We couldn't have won today without them in that Game.

ANNIE

Mr. A, we did not win today. This was a major fucking loss for us.

Mr. Anderson rolls his eyes and throws his hands in the air.

ROSIE

The whole point of them not playing in the game was to make the community understand that what they did is a punishable crime. We're not like, vindictive tweens, this is really serious. I googled some stuff about rape laws, this is not far off from that.

MR. ANDERSON

Woah woah woah. I know you're upset, but you can't blow things out of proportion like that, you have to be careful with your language, that kind of moniker sticks you know.

ROSIE

I'm calling it like I see it Mr. Anderson.

Annie starts to tear up.

ANNIE

I can't believe this.

MR. ANDERSON

You're going to need thicker skin to survive in this world. I'm sorry, but it's true. You also need to learn to take some responsibility for your actions.

ROSIE

I'm sorry?

Amanda comes up to Mr. Anderson, he puts his arm around her waist. She looks at the girls.

AMANDA

Joshy, should I be jealous?

MR. ANDERSON

Don't be silly. These are the girls I was telling you about.

AMANDA

Ohhhh.

She tries to look sympathetic to the girls, but it comes off more as patronizing.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I was an emotional wreck in high school too. Things will get easier, I promise.

MR. ANDERSON

Ladies, we should be going. I'll see you in class on Monday.

Amanda and Mr. Anderson leave.

MARY

That fucking asshole.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Rosie, Annie, and Mary walk past Mr. Anderson, talking to a group of teachers.

MR. ANDERSON

I'm just playing devil's advocate here, but in this

He air-quotes

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

"PC" world, men won't have a voice! What if Hemingway lived today? Or Kerouac? I'm just saying, it's a scary thought. Men are allowed to have opinions too, you know.

The girls roll their eyes, and walk to a table, isolated from the rest of the cafeteria.

Some girls walk past the girls' table and snicker in their direction. Annie, Rosie, and Mary give the girls the finger.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL HALLWAY

MARY

My mom keeps talking about taking me on some meditation retreat. She thinks I need to manage my stress better.

The girls walk past Mr. Anderson in a faculty meeting. They can hear through the doorway.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Faculty meeting. One of the female teachers is speaking.

FEMALE TEACHER

I think it's important that the tampon dispensers are free in all the bathrooms on campus. It's unfair, especially for our lower-income students, to pay every month. We're an all-girls school -

Mr. Anderson interrupts

MR. ANDERSON

Hey, hey, hey. Do you know how much waste a single tampon produces? We're trying to be a paper free school, if we give tampons away for free we'll be single-handedly contributing to global warming. Furthermore, our students' menstrual needs are not our responsibility, it is financially irresponsible to provide sanitary products for free...

This rant does not stop.

INT. HALLWAY

The girls look at each other, has Mr. Anderson always been this horrible?

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Mr. Anderson jogs around the track. He is listening to "Skinny Love" by Bon Iver. Mr. Anderson sings quietly along to himself in falsetto.

MR. ANDERSON

I told you to be patient, I told you to be fine, I told you to be balanced...

He runs past a little girl climbing into a white van after being offered a lollipop. He does not see that this is happening. He keeps singing to himself.

INT. MARY'S CAR

The girls stare in disbelief at this interaction. They just happened to be driving by, but good god Mr. Anderson is comfortable turning a blind eye to bad things.

INT. MARY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Annie paces in front of the couch. She takes a swig from a water bottle filled with gin, vodka, and whiskey.

ANNIE

I hate him. I hate him in my bones.

Annie takes another swig, makes a face, and hands the bottle to Mary, fully lying down on one leg of the couch.

MARY

Why is he like this?

Rosie, cross-legged on the other side of the couch.

ROSIE

What do you mean?

MARY

Why is he allowed to belittle us,  
and make us seem crazy and stupid,  
and still convince himself that  
he's helping us?

Annie's pacing stops for a moment.

ANNIE

He's a man. And we're silly teenage  
girls.

Rosie leans over to grab the bottle from Mary's limp hand. She takes a swig.

ROSIE

It's so frustrating.

Rosie gags.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Jesus this is strong.

MARY

Sorry.



ROSIE

He's always telling us, "shout and be heard, fight and make change" like some cheerleader, but when we actually do it, he stomps all over us. He's such a little liar.

Rosie takes another sip from the bottle, then passes it to Annie.

MARY

He's a hypocrite.

Annie drinks, then puts the cap back on the bottle and places it on top of the TV.

ANNIE

I don't think he realizes he's evil, which makes him so much worse.

Mary sits up.

MARY

We can't even call him out without being accused of being "emotional wrecks."

ROSIE

Yeah, that was charming.

Mary signals to Annie to throw her the bottle. She takes a gulp, and stands on the seat of the couch.

MARY

How sensitive Mr. Anderson is. What an authority figure on our "true feelings." How perceptive and kind of him to suggest we talk to the Guidance Counselor instead of directing our misplaced PMS at him, so we can calm down and go back to reading *The Great Gatsby* instead of calling him a fucking misogynist!

Mary sits back on the couch.

ROSIE

He's a secret sexist asshole.

ANNIE

I have so much hate inside me. If I do nothing I might implode.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Or is it explode. It doesn't matter. I will die a violent death.

Annie stops pacing and sinks down to the floor.

MARY

Fuck Mr. Anderson. This is all his fault. I was happy before this stupid year.

ANNIE

Were you?

MARY

I mean, probably not. But I could pretend I was.

ROSIE

What if we just killed him?

MARY

It would feel so good. He'd never see it coming.

ANNIE

No one would, cause no one ever let's us do anything. Least of all murder. No one ever let's us kill people.

MARY

He needs to know that he didn't win this time.

ANNIE

I like, really want to kill him.

ROSIE

We have to. We can't just keep living our lives like everything's cool. Everything is not cool. He's gotta die, there's no other option.

Annie is pretty drunk. She hiccups.

ANNIE

What if we went to jail?

MARY

Your mom would be pissed.

ROSIE

Same.

Mary finishes off the bottle.

ANNIE

Worst case scenario, our lives will be ruined.

ROSIE

Our lives will be ruined either way. At least if we murder him we'll have actually done something. And he'll be gone.

ANNIE

Can I interrupt real quick? I'm starving.

ROSIE

Me too. Mary will you run upstairs and grab some Chex Mix?

MARY

Yeah, gimme one sec.

Mary goes upstairs. Rosie makes a silly face to make Annie laugh. Mary returns with Chex Mix and a tub of Raspberry sorbet.

MARY (CONT'D)

Sweet and salty.

Rosie grabs a handful of Mix.

ANNIE

We gotta do it. What hope is there otherwise?

Annie takes a big spoonful of sorbet.

ROSIE

Exactly. Nothing will ever change if we don't kill him.

MARY

The world will be such a better place without guys like him in it. Witout him in it.

ROSIE

I love it.

ANNIE

Mr. Anderson's going down.

The girls beam at each other.

## INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM

The girls are playing around, seeing what it would look like to put on really dark make up. It doesn't look great, but they do look intense.

Rosie's Dad walks by the room and sees what they are doing.

## ROSIE'S DAD

Honey, what are you doing? Trust me, boys don't like girls who wear that much make-up, it's not ladylike, or becoming. That's why I tell your Mom she's not allowed to wear make-up. She looks much better that way.

The girls look at each other.

## ROSIE

Dad, will you close the door?

## ROSIE'S DAD

I'm just saying, I know what I'm talking about. You need at most a nude lip color.

He closes the door.

## ROSIE

Will you pass me the lipstick?

Annie hands her a color. Rosie applies a super dark lipstick in the mirror, and smiles at herself.

## INT. MR. ANDERSON'S CLASSROOM

Mr. Anderson is standing at the front of the room, still talking about *Gatsby*. Annie, Rosie, and Mary stand out from the other students, wearing dark clothes on top of their uniforms, and generally not giving a shit.

## MR. ANDERSON

You see, Fitzgerald is a genius.  
"So we beat on, boats against the current..."

Rosie interrupts before he can continue with the quotation.

## ROSIE

Yo, Mr. A, how come we're only reading books written by men?

ANNIE

Yeah, what's the deal? That's pretty fucked up.

Mr. Anderson is taken aback.

MR. ANDERSON

Rosie, Annie, that was completely inappropriate. Please do not use language like that in my classroom.

MARY

Literally our entire syllabus is made up of white dudes. We can't even read Jane Austen?

MR. ANDERSON

This is not the time, nor the place for this discussion. We are reading the classics, I don't need to explain myself further. Now if you'll excuse me, where was I. "...boats against the current, borne ceaselessly into the past."

INT. MARY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Mary and Teddy are hooking up in the backseat of Mary's car. This time though, Mary guides Teddy's head in between her legs, and keeps it there.

MARY

Good boy.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The girls stand in front of their lockers and close them in succession. Before the locker door is closed, there's a glimpse that each locker contains the same framed picture of Judith Butler. Once all the lockers are closed, the girls smile at each other.

INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rosie masturbates to *Jessica Jones*.

EXT. BOYS SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Annie, Rosie, and Mary stretch all of their pairs of Spanx over flagpoles and doorknobs. The Boys Headmaster comes outside and sees this.

BOYS HEADMASTER

What in the world do you think you girls are doing? Take those off of there.

Mary takes the pair of Spanx she was about to stretch around a bench and flings it at the Boys Headmaster.

INT. SEX STORE - DAY

Annie, Rosie, and Mary stand in front of a wall of vibrators. They are wearing flannel.

ANNIE

I don't understand the differences between any of these.

ROSIE

You should get that one that looks like lipstick. It's cheap, but look how cute.

She takes one of the hot pink lipstick mini-vibrators off the shelf and examines it.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

You could just always have it on you. You could leave class and go to the bathroom with it in your pocket. Shit, I wanna get one.

MARY

We all should! This seems better than Teddy.

The girls laugh and each pick a lipstick, in red, pink, and purple.

ANNIE

100% better than Paul.

ROSIE

Let's go to the music store next.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Annie, Rosie, and Mary have set up an impromptu stage next to the field. While the boys are practicing, the girls are loudly playing Liz Phair songs. They aren't great, but who cares.

Mr. Anderson jogs by. He yells over the music.

MR. ANDERSON

Could you girls take this somewhere else please?

The girls play louder and give him the finger with their free hand.

INT. ROSIE'S FAMILY ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mary stuffs boxes worth of o.b. brand tampons into her backpack, already pretty full because of the giant rope. Annie puts her hair into a ponytail in the reflection of the TV. Rosie paces around the room.

ROSIE

I'll be right back.

ANNIE

K.

Rosie runs upstairs.

INT. ROSIE'S HALLWAY

Rosie's Mom is folding laundry on the ground.

ROSIE

I just wanted to let you know we're going out for a little while.

ROSIE'S MOM

Okay sweetie, where are you going? Don't you have homework you need to be doing?

She keeps folding as they talk.

ROSIE

Not right now. Hey mom, are you happy?

She puts down the boxers she was folding.

ROSIE'S MOM

Honey, what an odd question, why do you ask?

ROSIE

I just, I'd like to know.

She goes back to folding.

ROSIE'S MOM

Well, I'm happy taking care of you and Dad, I have a beautiful home, I really can't complain. Does that answer your question?

ROSIE

Are you actually happy though? Do you ever get angry?

ROSIE'S MOM

I'm not sure I understand what you're asking.

She looks Rosie up and down.

ROSIE'S MOM (CONT'D)

Do we need to be getting you new polos? That one's looking a little tight, maybe you need to get a medium instead of a small.

ROSIE

Bye Mom.

ROSIE'S MOM

Love you, baby!

INT. ROSIE'S FAMILY ROOM

Rosie runs back in. Mary and Annie are ready to go, perfectly uniformed, pony-tailed, and lipsticked.

ANNIE

You good?

ROSIE

Yeah. If we go to prison, remind me to request a medium jumpsuit, apparently it'll be more becoming.

Annie hands her the lipstick. Rosie takes it and puts it on without looking.



ROSIE (CONT'D)  
Let's do this.

EXT. MR. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Anderson lives in a townhouse, next to seven other identical houses. It's a suburban neighborhood, not beautiful but certainly not bad looking.

The girls, backpacked and uniformed, attempt to climb into Mr. Anderson's back window. Rosie and Mary are holding up Annie's feet as she pushes against the pane.

ANNIE  
You're sure I'm not too heavy?

ROSIE  
You weigh nothing.

Mr. Anderson opens comes to the window. He is wearing a faded Georgetown t-shirt. He opens up the window.

MR. ANDERSON  
Girls, what are you doing? Come to the front door.

The girls let Annie down. They look to each other, then figure yeah the front door also works.

They walk around to the front where Mr. Anderson is standing with the door open.

ANNIE  
Mary, go!

MR. ANDERSON  
What?

Mary shoves Mr. Anderson into his front hallway, the girls step inside and Rosie closes the door behind them.

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The front hall is cluttered with piles of books, a dying houseplant, and framed Tarantino movie posters that he's been meaning to hang up.

MR. ANDERSON  
Ladies, what do you think you're doing?

MARY

We're teaching the lesson today,  
Mr. Anderson.

Annie tries to force Mr. Anderson's hands behind his back, but he keeps squirming loose. Meanwhile, Mary is attempting to run in circles around him with the rope, but it keeps falling loose around his ankles. Rosie dashes to the kitchen.

MR. ANDERSON

Stop, what is going on.

ANNIE

Would you stop moving for one  
second, Jesus.

MR. ANDERSON

Is this some sort of a prank? This  
is really an invasion of privacy.

MARY

Oh my god you fucking idiot you  
don't get it, now please stop  
fidgeting.

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Rosie is frantically turning the kitchen upside down. The decoration is sparse but homey, with lots of coffee mugs strewn about the small counter space, as well as a few wine bottles.

ROSIE

How's it going in there?

ANNIE (O.S.)

Ugh, not great.

MARY (O.S.)

He doesn't even get that we're  
literally about to murder him. He  
keeps breaking loose.

MR. ANDERSON (O.S.)

What??

MARY (O.S.)

Is it that much of a surprise? We  
fucking hate you.

ROSIE

Don't start without me!

Rosie is in a full panic now. She starts opening and closing drawers.

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mr. Anderson has successfully backed himself up into his living room to get away from these clearly crazy girls. What could have gotten into them?? The room is cramped, and has the same artificial hominess as the other rooms.

MR. ANDERSON

Girls, now I insist that you explain to me what exactly it is you think you are doing. This has gotten way out of hand.

ANNIE

We think the world will be a better place without you in it. Men like you ruin the lives of girls like us.

MR. ANDERSON

Annie, I'm your friend. I've only been trying to help you. To help all of you girls.

MARY

Bullshit.

ANNIE

You are a bad person.

Suddenly, Rosie runs into the room, brandishing a knife that she must have found in the kitchen. She grabs a first edition copy of *The Great Gatsby* from a bookshelf and slaps Mr. Anderson across the face with it.

MR. ANDERSON

You girls are acting like real cunts right now, you know that? I stood by you this whole time, I helped you! I could've had you expelled for underage drinking, I could've taken advantage of you, and this is how you repay me? Fucking typical, what else should I expect from a bunch of whiny, stupid high school girls.

Annie grabs the knife from Rosie and stabs Mr. Anderson in his stomach. He starts bleeding everywhere.

MARY

Jesus, Annie, what the hell!

ROSIE

Oh my god!

ANNIE

Fuck, I'm sorry, I didn't know what to do!

MR. ANDERSON

You bitches!

Annie realizes she's still holding the knife, and quickly drops it, then hops to the side so it doesn't fall on her foot.

ROSIE

What about the plan? We were gonna stuff his mouth with tampons, remember? The symbolism!

ANNIE

It seemed like it wasn't working, I don't know! At least he'll definitely die now, right?

Mr. Anderson has fallen to the floor.

MARY

You thought stabbing him was the thing to do? How are we supposed to clean this up now?

ANNIE

I don't know! It just happened!

ROSIE

He did deserve it.

Meanwhile, the puddle around Mr. Anderson is growing larger and larger. He takes out his phone and dials 911, but the girls are too distracted to notice.

ANNIE

Okay, I can't just unstab him now. We're gonna have to work with this.

MARY

I mean, should we just leave?

ANNIE

I can't believe I just stabbed a person.

ROSIE  
Mary's right, I think we gotta get  
out of here. Like now.

Sirens sound in the distance, but clearly heading in their  
direction.

MARY  
Fuuuuuuuck.

MR. ANDERSON  
Girls...

Rosie grabs the knife and stabs Mr. Anderson once more, to  
really make sure he's dead. He is definitely dead now.

Annie laughs.

ANNIE  
Sick. We did it.

ROSIE  
We can't have him talking to the  
cops, right?

MARY  
Incredible.

EXT. MR. ANDERSON'S HOUSE

OFFICER TRUNDELL, a middle-aged cop who probably played  
football in high school, knocks loudly on the door, escorted  
by a few paramedics and backup cops.

OFFICER TRUNDELL  
Baltimore County Police, we  
received a distress signal from  
this residence, you need to open  
the door, or we will be forced to  
take drastic measures.

They don't hear a peep from the girls, so they've gotta break  
down the door.

INT. MR. ANDERSON'S HOUSE

The team of first responders move hesitantly into the living  
room to find Mary, Rosie, and Annie, uniformed and  
lipsticked, kneeling in a pool of blood with tampons all  
around, a rapidly paling Mr. Anderson between them on the  
ground. The girls are all sobbing.

OFFICER TRUNDELL

Good lord.

Mary tries to be polite, and her voice rises three octaves.

MARY

Hello Officer, can you help us?

Annie lets out a wail.

ANNIE

Officer, we can explain.

Officer Trundell speaks into his walky-talky device.

OFFICER TRUNDELL

Hey Chief, it's Trundell. We're gonna need backup, we've got three teenage girls to take care of.

Some sound from the other end of the line.

OFFICER TRUNDELL (CONT'D)

No no, not take care of like arresting them, we need to make sure they're okay.

He speaks to the girls.

OFFICER TRUNDELL (CONT'D)

Girls, please stop touching the tampons.

He talks back into the walky-talky.

OFFICER TRUNDELL (CONT'D)

From the looks of it, I'd say self-defense. Probably a sex thing. Yeah, they're wearing uniforms.

Annie chimes in.

ANNIE

We didn't know what to do, he invited us over after school to study, but then he brought out this rope.

She sobs.

OFFICER TRUNDELL

Girls, girls, everything's going to be all right now, you don't have to explain a thing.

(MORE)

OFFICER TRUNDELL (CONT'D)

Why don't you get in the car, I'll take you home and you can get cleaned up. I've got everything under control. We all know sweet girls like you would never hurt a fly.

The girls look up and smile at the officer in unison.

ROSIE

Thanks, Officer.

EXT. MR. ANDERSON'S HOUSE

The three girls leave the house with blankets around their shoulders, as more cop cars pull up around the house.

INT. GIRLS SCHOOL - DAY

A few months later. It's the girls first day back at school since the unfortunate incident, and the Headmaster has decided to give the girls a Welcome Back assembly. The girls are wearing practically no make up, if anything, they blend in more than we've ever seen to the sea of uniformed girls.

There is a large banner behind the Headmaster which reads "WELCOME BACK."

HEADMASTER

We are delighted to welcome Rosie Goldman, Annie Azar, and Mary Brinkley back to their home at The Girls School. These three exceptional young women have faced unimaginable trauma, but have been resilient in the face of adversity. Who could have guessed that Joshua Anderson, our very own, could have turned out to be a sexual deviant.

It looks like he might tear up.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

I'd like to speak from my heart for a moment. I had the opportunity to visit Annie, Rosie, and Mary while they took the time to recover, and I was overwhelmed by their bravery and poise. They have been made victims in the most gruesome of ways, but they have survived.

(MORE)

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

I'd like us all to take a moment of silence, where we can reflect on what we've all learned through this process, and the sacrifices these three girls have been forced to make on our behalf. Let us bow our heads.

A minute of silence. Girls sitting around Annie, Rosie, and Mary give them consoling looks, Lauren, sitting nearby, grabs Annie's hands and squeezes them. Annie, Rosie, and Mary give all the girls small, tortured smiles.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

Now, let's all quickly and quietly, go to the courtyard for a welcome back reception. We have survivor cupcakes, and refreshments. Thank you.

Uniformed girls make their way out of the gym. Annie, Rosie, and Mary stay behind, squeeze each others' hands, then make their way out to the courtyard.

EXT. GIRLS SCHOOL - DAY

Everyone in the community, both Boys School and Girls School, gather in the courtyard, eating cupcakes and drinking lemonade.

JOEY

Dude, I can't believe Mr. A was such a perv. I mean, Annie's really hot, but damn.

MILES

I bet he was the one killing all those squirrels. You know, that's the sign of a psychopath.

BECCA

No wonder they were acting out.

JULIE

It makes so much sense now.

KATE

If it had been me, I would've kicked him in the balls until he died. I guess he didn't like blondes though, I had him last year and he never invited me to his house.



The girls enter the courtyard. Lauren runs toward them.

LAUREN

Hi guys! So good to see you back at school. I was thinking, would you ever consider telling your story to Teen Vogue?

ROSIE

I think we'd rather lie low, and try to forget about the whole thing for awhile.

LAUREN

Are you sure? It could be really powerful.

ANNIE

Yeah, we don't want to draw attention to ourselves, the whole thing is so upsetting.

LAUREN

Oh my god I completely understand. You guys are so brave.

The girls give Lauren a condescending smile.

The Headmaster comes over, holding cupcakes for each of the girls. Lauren goes to get more lemonade.

MARY

No thanks Mr. Headmaster, we're not very hungry.

HEADMASTER

You can't forget to take care of yourselves, girls.

Paul approaches Annie. The Headmaster leaves to give them their space.

PAUL

Hey Annie, uh, how are you doing?

ANNIE

I'm okay.

She fakes a smile.

PAUL

It's me, Paul, you don't have to pretend.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

We should go to Panera soon and  
catch up, it's been awhile.

ANNIE

That could be nice.

PAUL

Cool, yeah, I'll text you later.  
You look great.

He walks off. Annie rolls her eyes at Mary and Rosie. The girls smile, then go back to looking somber when one of their teachers walks by.

ANNIE

Let's ditch.

They apply dark lipstick, wink at each other, and walk away from the courtyard, holding hands. They have won.

FADE OUT.

THE END