

# **EASY A**

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's an average sized high school in an average sized town with average sized cars in the parking lot. Yet there's something special about it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

It's empty.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
The rumors of my promiscuity have been greatly exaggerated.

The bell rings and students pour out of the classrooms.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
I used to be anonymous. A nothing. A nonentity. Google Earth couldn't find me if I was dressed up as a ten story building. I know, pretty cutting edge stuff, huh? A high school girl feeling anonymous. Who am I? Why am I here? Do I matter? Blah blah snore. Don't worry, this isn't one of those tales. But it sure started off that way.

The camera starts to track a group among the masses. Olive could be any one of a number of girls.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
Let the record show that I, Olive Penderghast, being of sound mind, ample breast size and the occasional corny knock knock joke, do enter this into evidence in the case against me. Because I'm being judged by a jury of my peers, I will attempt to insert 'like' and 'totally' into my confession as much as possible. I will also end statements with a question mark?

The masses turn a corner. Still crowded. Olive still unidentified, but we're narrowing it down.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
So here it goes... I confess I'm, in no small part, to blame for all the gossip that has turned my varsity letter scarlet.  
(MORE)

OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But -- for any guy hoping that the sizzling details of my sordid past will inspire you to lock the bathroom door and 'do it to it' with your sister's moisturizing lotion - you'll be gravely disappointed. Not to mention unsatisfied. And smelling like hibiscus.

The group walks out the doors of the school.

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Still in a group, now narrowed down to two girls.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
I just need to set the record straight and what better way to share my private thoughts than to broadcast it on the Internet.

One girl is now clearly the camera's muse. She's pretty, fashionable, and carefree. As she walks off across the median without a care in the world she bumps into... **Olive** (18) our hero. She's pretty yet still blossoming. Books and papers go flying. She gives chase.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive speaks directly into a webcam atop her computer.

OLIVE  
So, here it is: Part One.

She holds up pieces of paper on which she has written:

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
The Shudder-Inducing-and-Clichéd, However-Totally-False Account Of How I Lost My Virginity To A Guy At A Community College. And Lost my Anonymity Along The Way. Let me just begin by saying that there are two sides to every story. This is my side, the right one.  
(beat)  
Like, totally?

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Olive continues to wrangle up her books and papers as her best friend, **Rhiannon** (18) brash and usually angry, watches her offering no help. A paper flies away and Olive crawls on all fours after it.

RHIANNON

Fuck off! George is not a 'sexy' name. George is like what you name your teddy bear, not the name you wanna scream out during climax.

The paper is stopped in flight by a large sneaker. Olive looks up and sees it belongs to **Mr. Griffin** (early 30s) a handsome but hopelessly goofy English teacher.

MR. GRIFFIN

I hope by climax, you weren't talking about--

OLIVE

(covering)

The stable and self-perpetuating endstage in the evolution of a plant community. Like "by George, that tree has reached the final stage of ecological succession!"

RHIANNON

And it only took twenty seconds.

Mr. Griffin doesn't buy it, but is charmed by Olive's attempt.

MR. GRIFFIN

Hit the books. They don't hit back.

He heads back toward the school's entrance. He sees some STONER SKATEBOARDERS, leaning on the front steps. They stare at him with the same indifference all the students do.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Mr. Griffin is one of those sweetly intense guys who could've had any job in the world after college but instead became a teacher 'cause he thinks "youth is our most precious resource." Which is weird, 'cause if you think about it, oil is our most precious resource. Followed closely by potable water and then Jake and Maggie Gyllenhaal.

Mr. Griffin takes a cigarette out of one of the kids' hands, inhales it, then blows it out on a napkin. He shows the resulting brown tar mark on the napkin a la "this is what you're doing to your lungs."

OLIVE

There are lots of sexy Georges.

RHIANNON

Name three.

(cutting her off)

Besides Clooney. Too easy.

OLIVE

Shouldn't he alone be enough?

RHIANNON

Fine. That's one. Number two?

OLIVE

Okay. George... um... Reeves!

RHIANNON

Who's that?

OLIVE

Superman. From way back. He was hot.

RHIANNON

No fucking way. Teddy bear.

OLIVE

Fine. George Stephanopoulos. Bam.

RHIANNON

Ew. How does having beaver fever for Hillary Clinton make you sexy?

OLIVE

They never had sex. He was her adviser.

RHIANNON

Really? I thought they knocked mops.

OLIVE

No, but that's kind of a hot couple. I wonder who'd wear the pantsuit in that relationship.

RHIANNON

Just face it. There's no such thing as a sexy George.

OLIVE

Well, mine is. So, I think we should just put this conversation to bed.

RHIANNON

Fine. Don't come camping with us. Just know that I fucking hate you.

Rhiannon folds her arms and pouts.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive speaks into her webcam.

OLIVE

Okay. Here's the thing. Rhi's parents are a little... peculiar.

INT. ABERNATHY KITCHEN - DAY

Olive and Rhiannon eat at the dining room table with **Rhi's parents** in a long uncomfortable silence. A lot of liquor has been drunk.

OLIVE

This is delicious, Mrs. Abernathy.

MRS. ABERNATHY

Thank you, sweetheart. That means the world to me.

Mrs. Abernathy smiles and reaches for the bottle. She drunkenly knocks over Olive's glass. Mr. Abernathy drunkenly goes to help her and knocks over his glass. He starts laughing hysterically as Mrs. Abernathy throws down her napkin and stalks into the kitchen.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Who am I kidding? Rhi's parents are straight up alkies. I feel bad for her but if she was a true friend, she'd understand why I refused to take part in another one of their Virginia Woolf psychodramas.

EXT. MAIN STREET PARK - DAY

Olive and Rhiannon sit with their feet in a fountain sucking down sodas.

RHIANNON

Please. Please. I'm begging you.  
I'll pay you.

OLIVE

Rhi, I can't go camping with your family. I told you, I have a date.

RHIANNON

With who?

OLIVE

You don't know him.

RHIANNON

And neither do you, you selfish bitch.

OLIVE

I'm serious. He goes to college with my brother.

RHIANNON

What's his name then?

OLIVE

You know my brother's name.

RHIANNON

Stop stalling. You're totally trying to come up with a name. Admit it.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

I'm not proud of this. Less about the lie and more about the unoriginality of it. Have you ever watched "The Brady Bunch?" Of course you have-- if you're watching this you're clearly a sophisticate. But Rhi hasn't. She's too busy watching fake people pretend to be real people on MTV. That's why I knew I could get away with it. See, there was this episode where Jan, the awkward middle child, made up a boyfriend to avoid the ridicule of her snatty sister who'd just stolen the heart of the boy who Jan loved. The name of her imaginary boyfriend was--

EXT. MAIN STREET PARK - CONTINUOUS

OLIVE

George Glass.

RHIANNON

George? What kind of name is George?

OLIVE

He's pretty hot and he asked me out this weekend, so I said yes.

RHIANNON

If you're choosing him over helping me cope for two days in the wilderness with Ma and Pa Kettle One he had better be the shit.

(MORE)

RHIANNON (CONT'D)  
 You'd better fucking marry him, have  
 fucking babies with him and then  
 fucking take him for everything he's  
 worth.

OLIVE  
 You make it sound so romantic.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE  
 (into webcam)  
 Even though we now hate each other,  
 Rhi, I really hope you're watching  
 this. Because this part's for you.  
 The lurid details of my weekend *en*  
*flagrante delicto* with the all-too-  
 imaginary, yet surprisingly satisfying  
 George Glass.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olive watches "The Brady Bunch" on MUTE. The song on the radio turns to "Pocketful of Sunshine" by Natasha Bedingfield. Olive winces at the song.

NATASHA BEDINGFIELD  
*I got a pocket, got a pocket full of  
 sunshine. I got a love and I know  
 that it's all mine. Oh, oh, oh.*

OLIVE  
 (to herself)  
 Ugh. Worst song ever.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Olive paints her toenails Jungle Red. She's quietly humming, unaware that she's doing it.

NATASHA BEDINGFIELD  
*Do what you want, but you never gonna  
 break me. Sticks and stones are never  
 gonna shake me. Oh, oh, oh.*

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

She picks up a magazine with Ryan Gosling on the cover. She's doodled a picture of herself hand-in-hand with him. She starts to paint the stick figure's toes red. She's now singing along--

OLIVE/NATASHA BEDINGFIELD  
*Take me away. A secret place. A  
 sweet escape. Take me away to better  
 days. Take me away. A hiding place.*

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Olive stands on her chair, dusting the top corners of her rooms as she sings--

OLIVE/NATALSHA BEDINGFIELD

*I got a pocket, got a pocketful of sunshine. I got a love and I know that it's all mine. Oh, oh, oh. Do what you want, but you never gonna break me...*

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

She's eating a bowl of cereal in her underwear, reading the newspaper online. She drinks out of an orange juice carton.

OLIVE

*Wish that you could, but you ain't gonna own me. Do anything you can to control me. Oh, oh, oh.*

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - THAT EVENING

Olive dances around and sings like crazy--

OLIVE

*Take me away. Take me away. Take me away to better days. Take me away. A hiding place!*

She trips over her chair and crashes into the floor.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

But on Monday, when Rhi asked me how my weekend was...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Olive and Rhi walk to class, weaving in and out of people.

OLIVE

It was nothing short of perfection.

RHIANNON

Are you limping? Sweet.

OLIVE

Get your head out of the gutter. I strained my *vastus intermedius* doing yoga with him. Did I mention he does yoga?

RHIANNON

You didn't mention anything. I want details, bitch. Wait, first I need a scope of reference. Who would play him in the movie of your life?

OLIVE

Ryan Gosling, definitely.

RHIANNON

That works. Continue.

OLIVE

He was charming. A real gentleman.

RHIANNON

Are you going to see him again?

OLIVE

Probably not. It was just one of those weekends.

RHIANNON

The whole weekend?

OLIVE

Yeah.

Rhiannon suddenly stops and twirls Olive to face her.

RHIANNON

Wait a minute. You didn't...

OLIVE

No, of course not.

RHIANNON

You fucking liar! You totally lost your V-card to him!

Students stop in their tracks and stare.

OLIVE

I did not.

RHIANNON

Yes you did! You lying fucking whore!

Olive grabs her and drags her forward, interrupting the show.

RHIANNON

Tell me everything and spare me the coquettish "just-the-tip" bullshit. I know you did it! I know you let him put it inside you, so just tell me!

OLIVE

I'm not that kind of girl.

RHIANNON

The kind that does it or the kind that does it like a fucking porn star and then doesn't have the lady balls to tell her best friend.

Rhi drags her into the bathroom.

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She aggressively gets up in Olive's face.

RHIANNON

I want every perverted detail. Now, bitch.

OLIVE

You know, you call me "bitch" a lot. It's not technically a term of endearment.

RHIANNON

I want every detail. Now, mother fucker.

OLIVE

Not heading in the right direction.

Rhiannon tightens her grip. Pressured, Olive lies.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Okay. Fine. We did it.

RHIANNON

You lost your virginity! Fucking finally! Now, you're a super-slut like me!

OLIVE

Blowing Peter Tolliver once behind a Bed Bath & Beyond doesn't make you a super-slut.

RHIANNON

There were people walking past. Someone could've easily seen. Whatever, this isn't about me. It's about you. What did you let him do?

OLIVE (V.O.)

I started piling on lie after lie. It was like setting up Jenga.

OLIVE

It was... normal. Nothing freaky. It was sweet. He was sweet. Okay, that's enough.

The toilet flushes and **Marianne Bryant** (18) an Aryanesque, cardigan-wearing Christian-girl exits from a stall and walks to the sink, where she vigorously washes her hands. All the while staring at Rhi and Olive with disgust.

RHIANNON

What the fuck are you looking at,  
Sister Christian?

MARIANNE

Just a couple of admitted whores.

Marianne wipes her hands and exits. Olive's stomach revolves at her now-turned-public admission.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

Marianne Bryant, as we all know, is the President of the Christian Student Coalition and is that rare breed of human being born with a real live stick up her ass. God's honest. I'm pretty sure it's in some medical dictionary somewhere.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LAST YEAR - DAY

Marianne and her lackey, **Nina** (18) who's just as awful as she is, pass out flyers to students. They've set up a tent like all religious groups do.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Last year's cause célèbre was the changing of the school mascot, which she spearheaded.

Marianne aggressively shoves her literature into passing students faces.

INT. GYM - LAST YEAR - DAY

The school's **mascot** (17) a shirtless muscular kid painted blue and costumed as a devil, bursts into the auditorium and begins to rile up students by thrusting his pitchfork in the air.

MASCOT

Blue Devils! Blue Devils! Blue Devils!

The crowd goes wild.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY LAST YEAR - DAY

Marianne, standing in front of another religious tent, melodramatically grabs a passing student by the arm as she passes out flyers.

MARIANNE

How can we exhibit school pride when we're conveyed to others as Satan worshippers?

The scared student takes her pamphlet and runs away.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Now, thankfully, we're the much less intimidating--

INT. GYM - LAST YEAR - MONTHS LATER - DAY

The mascot, unenthusiastic and feeling ridiculous, walks into the gym dressed as a--

MASCOT

Woodchucks! Go Woodchucks!

The school band starts playing "Knock on Wood" by Wilson Pickett. He picks up a foam piece of wood and pantomimes gnawing it a la a woodchuck. Then he blows "sawdust" out of his hand and confetti goes flying. He can't seem to get himself or the student body as excited - with the exception of Marianne and Nina, in the stands applauding proudly. Across the gym, Olive sits with Rhiannon.

RHIANNON

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

OLIVE

Beats the hell out of me. But can we just take a moment to applaud the Marching Band for their very ambitious effort to learn every song with the word "wood" in it? Kudos!

RHIANNON

I think I speak for all of the female students and faculty, and maybe a couple of males, when I say that I liked Todd much better when he was shirtless. I actually looked forward to these disturbing displays of-- what do they call it?

OLIVE  
School spirit.

RHIANNON  
Yeah. That's it. The decline of 21st century adolescence can be defined in those two simple, oxymoronic words.

OLIVE  
Even dressed as a woodchuck, I still fantasize about him.

RHIANNON  
Ha! What are those people called again? The ones that dress up like stuffed animals when they do it?

OLIVE  
Republicans.

RHIANNON  
(laughs)  
Shhh. They'll hear you. They're all around us.

The band segues into "If I Ever Had to Knock on Wood" by the Mighty Bosstones.

RHIANNON (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I'd totally fuck Woodchuck Todd.

OLIVE  
God, I want a boyfriend.

They both get lost in thought. Olive pops out of her trance and shakes herself off. She jumps up and yells in an ironically huge sign of school spirit--

OLIVE  
Yay, our school! Go our school!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Olive loads books into her locker.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
So, of course, immediately I knew that the little white lie I told to my then-best-friend in the ladies room would come back to bite me on the ass. However, even I, who my fourth grade teacher stated on my report card "has an imagination that should be quickly expunged," had no idea how quickly this article of fiction would spread.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE  
(into webcam)  
So, now we move on to Part Two:

She holds up a paper with the title written on--

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
The Accelerated Velocity of  
Terminological Inexactitude.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Olive looks up and sees a few kids whispering and looking at her. Then one of them peels off and tells another group something as one girl in the first group gets out her cellphone and starts texting away. The CAMERA goes into HYPERDRIVE and zooms around the hallway at the speed of rumor. Every one stays in real time as the camera goes in FAST MOTION and delivers the gossip, darting down the hallway, up the stairs, down another hallway, out a window, down to the parking lot, across to the football field, through the locker rooms, out another door, around the back of the school, through the cafeteria, into a few classrooms, down the stairs, and back through the hallway. It lands back on a perfectly still Olive. We RESUME real motion. Marianne and Nina walk over to Olive.

MARIANNE  
Maybe next time a certain someone will  
be a little more careful what she says  
in the water closet.

OLIVE  
Listen, about that. It's not what you  
think. Can I speak to you alone?

Nina gives Marianne an "is it okay?" Look. Marianne responds with "it's fine." Then Nina pats her heart and kisses her hand. Marianne returns the super queer gesture. She turns back to Olive who looks confused by this display of queerness.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
What you heard in the bathroom, that  
wasn't true. It's actually a funny  
story. Have you ever watched "The  
"Brady Bunch?"

MARIANNE  
Olive. That's your name, right?

OLIVE  
Yeah, and you're Marianne. We've been  
in nine classes together since  
kindergarten.  
(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Ten if you count Religion of Other Cultures. Which you didn't because you called it "Science Fiction" and refused to go.

MARIANNE

I'm not the one you have to answer to for your depraved behavior. There is a higher power who will judge you for your indecency.

OLIVE

Tom Cruise?

MARIANNE

I hope for your sake, God has a sense of humor.

OLIVE

Oh, I have seventeen years worth of anecdotal proof that He does.

Olive looks over and sees that Nina is talking to a group of guys, who are looking at Olive, intrigued. Olive is not happy about this.

MARIANNE

You've made your bed. I just hope for your sake, you cleaned the sheets.

She turns on her heels and leaves Olive behind.

OLIVE

Did I just get saved?

She shakes off her attempt and continues on her way, walking past the guys who smile at her. This alarms her.

GUY IN HALL

Hey, Olive. How's it going?

OLIVE

I'm swell, guy-I've-never-talked-to-before. Thanks for asking.

OLIVE (V.O.)

All I could think to myself was, great now I'm a slut. I'm going to have to get a lower back tattoo and pierce something not on my face.

Battling her frustration, she shoves the doors open and heads outside.

INT. OLIVE'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Olive eats dinner with her family. Father **Dill**, mother **Rosemary**, and Olive's African-American sister, **Ginger** (10).

OLIVE

Hey, you guys know that I was here all weekend, right?

They all ad-lib yes.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

And you would testify to that?

DILL

Hell, yeah. We'd take a bullet for you, honey. Right between the eyes.

OLIVE

That's not necessary. But it is comforting.

GINGER

(to Olive)  
I like your top.

OLIVE

It's Costco. You can have it when you fill out.

GINGER

I'm never gonna fill out.

ROSEMARY

Of course you will, baby. I didn't until I was fourteen. Nor did Olive.

GINGER

But I'm adopted.

DILL

(slams his hand down in mock shock)

Huh! Who told you?! We were waiting for the right time!

(to Rosemary)

Did you tell her? We discussed this. We had a timetable! We read all the books, we were gonna do it right, lessen the shock!

Ginger rolls her eyes.

ROSEMARY

The timing of pubescence is nurture  
not nature, sweetie. They've done  
studies.

GINGER

Who would study that?

DILL

Every nerd scientist in the world.

ROSEMARY

(to Olive)

What's going on, honey? Why do you  
need us to take a bullet if anyone  
asks if you were here all weekend?

OLIVE

It's nothing. Just the rumor mill.

ROSEMARY

What's the rumor mill churning out  
these days.

OLIVE

It's nothing.

DILL

Don't forget your brother's staying  
here next weekend.

OLIVE

Why? He never comes home.

ROSEMARY

They're fumigating the dorms. And  
thank god for that. Last time I was  
there I saw three cockroaches.

GINGER

Mom, don't say that word while I'm  
eating!

ROSEMARY

Sorry. Roaches.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Like most families, mine has a deep  
dark secret. And since I'm spilling  
all this dirt, I might as well go  
ahead and confess it. Okay, here  
goes: My dad's name is Dill and my  
mother's name is Rosemary. They were  
so amused by this they decided to name  
all their children after edible items.  
(MORE)

OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 My brother's name is Kale and my  
 sister's name is Ginger. The  
 Penderghasts are a veritable pantry.

Rosemary serves more food to everyone and they continue eating and laughing. It's clear they really enjoy each other.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
 I know it's weird, but at least they  
 didn't give us douchy hipster names  
 like Bronx or Jezebel or Roman. I  
 swear, you yell "Roman" in a  
 playground these days, ten little  
 rugrats look up at their unimaginative  
 parents reading *Us Weekly*.

They all burst out laughing at something. Rosemary leans over and kisses Dill. Olive and Ginger get up from the table and start clearing the dishes.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
 Anyway, back to the story.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

As Olive walks through school, she is met with a totally different energy. She no longer blends in. Guys are checking her out. Girls are glaring at her, scornfully. She's kind of digging it.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
 Remember how I told you Google Earth  
 couldn't find me if I was a ten story  
 building? Well, the next day it  
 could've found me if I was dressed as  
 a needle at a haystack convention.

More guys come up to her and give the "you're hot" nod.

OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I was now the center of attention and  
 it felt pretty damn good. If I'd  
 known losing my virginity would've  
 created such a new awesome persona for  
 myself, I'd have lied about it back in  
 eighth grade. Eighth grade sucked.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SEVERAL YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Music: "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" Green Day.

A preteen party in full force is visible through the windows.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

12-14 year-old kids are lounging around everywhere. One group plays pass-the-orange-under-your-neck. Another plays spin-the-bottle.

OLIVE (V.O.)

I did get my first kiss back then, however. It was gross and kind of turned me off to the whole my-tongue-in-other-people's-mouths thing. Not to mention the even-worse other-people's-tongues-in-my-mouth thing. Seriously, who invented kissing and why do people want to do it so much? It's not like that's how we procreate. Back then I didn't know that of course.

WE PUSH through some kids assembled outside a closet, giggling. We push past them and through the keyhole to--

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

In almost complete darkness, a very nervous **eighth grade Olive** sits with a scared shitless **eighth grade kid**. You can hear other kids snickering and whispering outside the door.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE

I think this is the part where you're supposed to stick your tongue in my mouth. It's just what I've heard.

EIGHTH GRADE KID

Just give me a second, okay?

Olive presses a button and her watch illuminates.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE

According to my watch, you have 382 of them.

EIGHTH GRADE KID

How do you do that?

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE

What?

EIGHTH GRADE KID

Add so fast. And you also talk like a grown up.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE

Don't worry. I'm not nearly as smart as I think I am.

The kid giggles. He feels a little more at ease.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
I think it's just practice. For when  
I do grow up. Plus, don't sweat it.  
Girls mature faster than boys.

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
That's what they say.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
And it's probably the reason I'm ready  
to do this and you're not.

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
Is it that obvious?

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
Painfully so.

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
So, if we didn't do anything, would  
you tell everybody?

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
Absolutely. I will tell everyone you  
pussed out and the whole school will  
make fun of you and you'll most likely  
spend the rest of your teen years as a  
joke. No, even worse: a cautionary  
tale.

They both laugh.

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
The Kid Who Opted Not To Kiss The  
Girl.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
They'll tell it for years. It'll be a  
suburban legend.

The kid smiles warmly and gratefully at her.

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
Thanks, Olive.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
Don't mention it.

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
No. You don't mention it.

She extends her pinky to him. They link pinkies and they swear  
on it.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
We still have five minutes and thirty  
six seconds.

There's a long silence.

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
I'm really interested in politics.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
Oh yeah?

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
Totally.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
What do you think about Alberto  
Gonzales as the new Attorney General?  
I have my doubts, but anything's  
better than that bible-banger  
Ashcroft, right?

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
(thrown)  
I'm more into, uh, school politics.  
Like, uh, trying to get the cafeteria  
to bring back Klondike Bar-Fridays.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
Oh. Cool. That's also important.

There's another long silence. Then--

PRETEEN KID (O.S.)  
Ew! Hunter Nesbitt just puked on the  
piano!

The kid looks through the keyhole and sees everyone scurry away.

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
Thank God.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
Hey, we're in junior high. Vomit-  
viewing always trumps spit-swapping.

The kid opens the door but Olive stops him.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
Real fast, and you can tell me the  
truth, It's not because I'm--

EIGHTH GRADE KID  
(smiles)  
No. You're very pretty.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE  
 I was going to say "eccentric," but  
 I'll take it.

He kisses her on the cheek and darts from the closet. Olive sits there for a moment, contemplating what just happened, wondering if he was telling the truth. Then she opens the door. Just then a boy runs past holding out a cell phone--

BOY  
 Hunter Nesbitt booted on the piano!  
 I'm gonna get it up on YouTube!

Olive aggressively grabs him and pulls him into the closet. She thrusts her tongue into his mouth and they make out.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY - DAY

Olive seems lost in thought. She snaps back to reality and the task at hand.

OLIVE  
 (into webcam)  
 If I'd known Woodchuck Todd was going to turn out so hot, I probably would have cherished the moment more. I suppose the fact that I'm sitting here reminiscing about it means that it must have meant something.

(beat)  
 So anyway: kissing's not really my thing. That's what I learned in the closet at the forever to be called Hunter-Nesbitt-Puked-on-the-Piano Party. It's up on YouTube if you have any interest. I digress...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Olive half-listens in class, while her English teacher Mr. Griffin lectures on Nathaniel Hawthorne. The blackboard is filled with everything "The Scarlet Letter." The other kids are more interested in staring at Olive. Some even pass her notes. Which she demurely accepts.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
 So, I'm feeling like the cat's ass  
 'cause everyone thinks I've been  
 deflowered. I was surprised at how  
 empowered I felt by this lie. I  
 wondered if I would feel this  
 invigorated if I'd actually let some  
 college kid defile me in his cockroach-  
 infested dorm room? Probably not.

MR. GRIFFIN

If Nathaniel Hawthorne were alive today I bet he'd be a white rapper: Stealing trends and ideas from other more talented but less legitimate people, then putting it forth in a non-threatening more established package--

(raps)

*Adultery, vengeance, forbidden actions of passion. Society judging don't never go out of fashion. Put an 'A' on your sweater 'cause you're a married-man go-getter!*

(beat boxes)

OLIVE (V.O.)

Ironically, as you can see by Mr. Griffin's misguided attempt to "relate," we were studying "The Scarlet Letter." Isn't that always the way with these teenage tales? The books you read in class always seems to have a strong connection with whatever angsty adolescent drama is going on. I consider this. Then I think: Except for "Huckleberry Finn." I don't know any teenage boys who've ever run away with a big, hulking black guy.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY - DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

Maybe it's because we were reading this book that I did what I did. Thank God we weren't reading "The Crucible." I might've gotten involved in witchcraft and been stoned by my classmates. Anyway, for those of you who haven't read "The Scarlet Letter" and those of you who said you have but really didn't, here's all you need to know. Footage courtesy of Demi Moore and Buena Vista Pictures Distribution.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE CHURCH - DAY

Scene of 1995 version of "The Scarlet Letter." Demi Moore as Hester Prynne stands in the stocks as the townsfolk jeer. She has a red "A" stitched to her coat.

OLIVE (V.O.)

This girl named Hester Prynne has an affair with a minister, is besmirched and made to wear a red 'A' for adulterer. But then the town realizes she was too harshly judged, that she's a really good person, and she dies a saint.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

A whole bunch of other stuff happens, too. If you have a test on it don't rent the movie, it's "freely adapted" which means it's got nothing to do with the book. Just do the right thing and Wikipedia it.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back in the classroom, Mr. Griffin ends his rap.

MR. GRIFFIN

*P to the E to the N to the I to the Tence. Penitence! No wonder Hester Prynne rhymes with sin. Holler!*

Looks around the room.

MR. GRIFFIN

Alright, so thoughts on the chapter you read last night?

Nothing. Mr. Griffin notices someone texting in class. He takes the cell phone and turns it off.

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Do you know what George Bernard Shaw said about learning?

TEXTING STUDENT

Uh... No.

MR. GRIFFIN

If you have an apple and I have an apple and we exchange these apples then you and I will still each have one apple. But if you have an idea and I have an idea and we exchange these ideas, then each of us will have two ideas.

TEXTING STUDENT  
Uh... Okay?

He turns the phone off and hands it back to the student.

MR. GRIFFIN  
Keep your apples, man. Let's exchange ideas. Semi colon closed parenthesis.

Nina raises her hand. Mr. Griffin points to her.

NINA  
I think Hester Prynne was, excuse my language, a whore.

MR. GRIFFIN  
You don't see her as a victim?

NINA  
Why should I? She brought it on herself.

Nina whips around and gives Olive a look, surprising her.

OLIVE  
Excuse me?

NINA  
Perhaps you should embroider a red A on your wardrobe?

OLIVE  
Perhaps you should get a wardrobe, you twat!

The class bursts into laughter. Even Mr. Griffin tries hard to suppress a congratulatory glance in her direction.

OLIVE  
Admittedly, not my best line. But it was provocative enough to land me in the principal's office.

Mr. Griffin, begrudgingly, calls her to his desk. He starts writing something on a piece of paper.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Olive sits with her arms crossed outside of the principal's office. She clenches a note in her fist. Marianne, who's an office aid, has a smirk on her face as she watches Olive squirm. She slams her fist down on the stapler, repetitively.

MARIANNE  
Seems as if someone's on a downward spiral.

OLIVE  
Seems as if someone's practicing the mundane activities she'll be saddled with the rest of her pathetic life.

MARIANNE  
You have a chip on your shoulder the size of Canaan.

OLIVE  
Is that big...or small? I'm sorry, I don't watch cartoons.

MARIANNE  
You're going to hell.

OLIVE  
As long as you won't be there...

MARIANNE  
Oh, I can assure you I won't.

Neither says anything for a few moments.

MARIANNE  
I hope you at least had the good sense to use protection.

OLIVE  
Why? Your parents didn't.

MARIANNE  
You know, you're just like--

The principal's door opens and Marianne quickly shuts up and continues her work. Two kids emerge. One, obviously, a bully; the other, obviously, the bullied. The bullied kid is holding a bloody tissue up to his nose. He and Olive exchange meaningful glances. **Principal Gibbons**, a colossal prick disguised as a man, gestures for her to come in. Olive gets up and throws one of Marianne and Nina's queer touching-your-heart gestures at Marianne. Marianne scowls.

INT. PRINCIPAL GIBBONS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Olive is seated across from Principal Gibbons. He holds his hand out and she gives him the note Mr. Griffin's note. Gibbons studies it.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
I don't know you.

She thrusts her hand out.

OLIVE  
Olive Penderghast. Twelfth grade.  
Cholesterol 185. But most of it's the  
good kind.

He eyes her hand, not amused. She withdraws it in a hip-hop  
snake move segueing into a robot.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
Why are we just now meeting? Using  
language like this should have  
warranted a visit to me years ago.

OLIVE  
Well, to be perfectly honest, I've  
never used an epithet like this in an  
educational arena before. Sir.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
This is foul.

OLIVE  
In my defense, I think I meant to say  
'twit.' It just came out more -  
what's the word I'm looking for?  
Veracious.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
Someone with such an extensive  
vocabulary shouldn't be stooping to  
such vituperations.

OLIVE  
(smiling)  
Touché.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
Wipe that smile off your face. I  
don't tolerate this kind of language.  
If I find out you've used a word like  
this in my school again, it will be  
your last. This isn't one of those  
creative-hippy schools where teachers  
are called by their first names and  
parents "help out in the classroom"  
and students are "partners in  
learning." You get sent here once  
more and you're out on your ass. Get  
me?

She starts to say something--

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS (CONT'D)  
Think very carefully before you speak.

She relents, but stares him squarely in the eyes.

OLIVE  
I always do. Can I go?

He gestures to the door.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
Detention tomorrow after school. I  
don't want to see you again.

OLIVE  
Not even in a more positive capacity?  
Maybe I'll win a ribbon or a medal or  
a Presidential Physical Fitness Award.  
Do they still give those? Judging  
from the deal you made with Jack in  
the Box to pay for the new scoreboard  
in the football stadium, I'm guessing  
not. So what if kids get imprinted  
and start eating a high-fat diet at a  
young age, the important thing is we  
all know how much time is left in the  
fourth quarter and what yard line the  
ball is on. Can I get a what-what?

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
Get out of my office.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Olive sulks down the hall. She turns the corner and finds herself stride for stride with Woodchuck Todd. He's wearing his woodchuck suit, but without the head.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Hey, Olive.

OLIVE  
(re: his costume)  
The illusion is shattered. This is  
exactly why they put you in the gas  
chamber if you take your head off at  
Disneyworld.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Actually I think they just fire you.  
You're thinking of Disneyland.  
Disneyworld is much more liberal.

OLIVE

Oh, yeah. That's right. Disneyworld  
went blue in the last election.

WOODCHUCK TODD

Are you going to Melanie Bostic's  
party?

OLIVE

I hadn't planned on it.

WOODCHUCK TODD

Me neither. My cousin's getting  
married. Rehearsal dinner.

They've reached the end of the hall. Todd peels off.

WOODCHUCK TODD

See ya. Stay excellent.

OLIVE

(a bit thrown)  
You, too.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Olive opens the doors to find Rhiannon waiting for her. Rhi runs up the stairs to her.

RHIANNON

Please tell me the rumors are true.

OLIVE

Yes, I'm a big fat whore.

RHIANNON

Not that one. The one where you got suspended for calling Nina Howell a cunt and then punching her in the left tit.

OLIVE

I worry about the way information circulates at this school.

(then)

There's something I need to tell you.

RHIANNON

Yeah. Like the exact moment you turned into such a bad ass? I think I'm in love with you. Please tell me you at least left a mark on that scrunched-up face of hers. Pow!

OLIVE

Would you listen to me? It's not true.

RHIANNON

It wasn't the left tit? Was it the right one? I always pegged you for a southpaw.

(shadow boxes)

Pow pow pow!

OLIVE

Rhi!

RHIANNON

"In this corner, the world featherweight champion best friend of the world... Olive Penderghast!"

(makes crowd noise)

OLIVE

(frustrated)

Never mind.

Rhiannon pulls out her car keys as they walk to her car.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I want a car.

RHIANNON

It's my only perk. Trust me.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The scene looks the same. Olive sits with her family, having family dinner.

OLIVE

I got sent to the principal today.

ROSEMARY

Did you win a medal or something?

OLIVE

Not exactly.

DILL

What happened?

OLIVE

I used inappropriate language in English class.

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
But we're reading a book that I,  
personally, deem wildly inappropriate  
for my age group, so I felt that it  
was actually quite apropos.

ROSEMARY  
What did you say?

Olive looks to her little sister and thinks better of saying the word out loud.

OLIVE  
Let's just say it was an inappropriate word.

DILL  
What did it start with?

OLIVE  
A snide comment from a snotty girl in my class.

DILL  
I meant what letter did it start with.

OLIVE  
Oh. T.

ROSEMARY  
T? T. Let me think.

ROSEMARY/DILL  
(trying to figure it out)  
T. T. T? T. T. T. T. T? T. T.

DILL  
Oh! No, that's a D.

ROSEMARY  
Is this one of those new curse words?

DILL  
Ooh! Was it--?

He leans over and whispers something in Olive's ear.

OLIVE  
I don't even know what that means.

ROSEMARY  
Okay. Noun, adjective or verb?

OLIVE

Noun. Definitely slang. Think British, although they pronounce it differently.

DILL

British. Is it shag? Bugger?

ROSEMARY

Yob? Frast? Nunt?

OLIVE

Now you're just saying sounds.

DILL

I'm stumped. Whisper it in my ear.

OLIVE

I can't. Too weird.

ROSEMARY

Ooh! Spell it with your peas!

DILL

Yeah, yeah! With your peas, your peas!

OLIVE

I'll take that challenge.

She begins maneuvering her peas around the plate.

DILL

Does this have anything to do with this rumor you were talking about the other night?

Olive touches her index finger to her nose, as she continues to manipulate her food.

DILL (CONT'D)

Is there something you want to tell us, kiddo?

OLIVE

I'm spelling it out for you as quickly as I can.

GINGER

(desperate for attention)  
I got a B plus on my spelling test today!

ROSEMARY  
Good, sweetheart. But everything has  
spellcheck these days anyway.

DILL  
Writing's a dying art. And you know  
what I say to that? Die, art, die.  
You've overstayed your welcome. Don't  
let the door hit ya where the good  
Lord split ya.

ROSEMARY  
(re: peas)  
I got it!

She leans over and whispers it in Dill's ear. He nods in  
understanding.

GINGER  
(off Olive's plate)  
What's a twat?

Olive quickly scrapes the peas into a pile.

DILL  
It's a word that will get you sent to  
the principal's office.

ROSEMARY  
It's not a good word, honey.  
(to Olive)  
So, what was the principal like?

OLIVE  
The male equivalent.

ROSEMARY  
Of what?

Now, it's Dill's turn to whisper in Rosemary's ear. She nods in  
understanding.

DILL  
Well, it's the first time since second  
grade, so I guess we can't be too hard  
on you.

OLIVE  
(genuinely curious)  
What would my punishment have been  
otherwise?

DILL  
I don't know. To bed without supper?

OLIVE

I'm already finished. Except for my helpful and profane peas.

ROSEMARY

(thinking)

Uhh... No makeup? No cell phone? No dating?

OLIVE

I only wear chapstick, I already used up all my anytime minutes, and as for dating-- my complete lack of allure already shot that horse in the face.

DILL

Fine. I'd take away your...

OLIVE

Magazines? Books? Computer?

ROSEMARY

Yes! Your computer! Nice!

OLIVE

All my homework's on there. Sorry, you lose. But thanks for playing.

DILL

See? We're lucky this isn't a common occurrence.

Olive gets up from the table and kisses her dad on the cheek.

OLIVE

I think we all are. I wouldn't know how to be grounded any more than you know how to ground.

DILL

I love you.

(whispers)

And I'm sure that girl was acting like exactly what you called her.

OLIVE

(whispers back)

You have no idea.

She kisses her mom on the cheek and retreats upstairs.

GINGER

How come you guys never get mad at her?

ROSEMARY  
Because, pumpkin, of our three darling  
children, we love her best.

She and Dill erupt in laughter.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Just kidding! Now eat your dinner.

Ginger is not amused.

DILL  
We keep it fun around here don't we?

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE  
(into webcam)  
The next day things took a turn for  
the scandalous.  
(holds up papers)  
Which brings us to Part Three: A  
Lady's Choice and a Gentleman's  
Agreement.

She smiles slyly into her camera.

EXT. SIDE OF THE GYM - DAY

Olive paints over graffiti on the side of the gym. She's dressed a little racier and is starting to look pretty hot. The bullied kid, seen by Olive leaving Gibbons's office the day before, is painting alongside her. Both are bored to tears.

BULLIED KID  
This isn't detention. It's community  
service.

OLIVE  
Principal Pap Smear thinks the  
punishment should fit the crime.

BULLIED KID  
Aren't there child labor laws about  
this?

OLIVE  
Not in high school. The principal is  
like the captain of a ship in  
international waters. He reigns  
supreme. He can even marry people.

They continue to paint. Olive laughs to herself.

BULLIED KID

What?

OLIVE

I was just thinking it's kind of funny. We haven't really talked since the great closet incident of eighth grade.

BULLIED KID

I was afraid you were going to bring that up.

OLIVE

So how have you been, Brandon?

BRANDON

Fabulous. I'm crushing it. Everything according to plan. I want to be in detention.

OLIVE

Yeah, why are you here? From the amount of blood I saw gushing out your nose I thought you were the bullied.

BRANDON

You'd think. But Gibbons is a homophobe. Which is why I called him a fascist.

OLIVE

So the rumors are true, huh?

BRANDON

Uh, have you ever met me?

OLIVE

I kind of guessed it that night in the closet. I remember thinking to myself, "this isn't the first time this kid's going to go bursting out of the closet."

BRANDON

Gold star for you, Nancy Drew.

EXT. UNDER THE BLEACHERS - A LITTLE LATER

They continue to paint over graffiti.

BRANDON

So, what's with your new look? It's very whore couture.

OLIVE  
(proudly)  
Haven't you heard? I'm the new school  
slut!

BRANDON  
You know I did hear something. I also  
heard he was twice your age.

OLIVE  
No way. He's a freshman in college.

BRANDON  
Also heard he gave you crabs.

OLIVE  
Ewwww. People suck.

BRANDON  
Tell me about it.  
(then)  
I didn't even think crabs existed any  
more. I thought it was like rickets  
or scurvy.

OLIVE  
Oh, it still exists. Nothing can wipe  
out crabs. It's like the Cadillac of  
sexually transmitted diseases. You  
know, before the American automobile  
industry went bust.

BRANDON  
(laughs)  
You speak in tongues, you know that?

OLIVE  
I'm just trying to make it through the  
day.

INT. BOYS BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Olive and Brandon are in adjoining stalls sitting on the  
toilets, scrubbing away graffiti.

OLIVE  
He's not real. The guy I slept with.  
I made him up.

BRANDON  
Wait. You started the rumor?

OLIVE  
Indirectly. Sort of. Well, not  
really. No. No, I didn't.

BRANDON

But you're perpetuating it. That's so fucked up.

OLIVE

Excuse me?

BRANDON

You're not even a real slut, you just want people to think you are. Pathetic.

OLIVE

No offense, Brando, but maybe you could learn something from me.

BRANDON

You're saying I should act straight, so people will like me? You mean in high school people pretend to be something they're not so they can fit in? Ground breaking! You should teach a course at the Learning Annex. "The Painfully Obvious with Olive Penderghast, the fake school slut."

Olive emerges from the stall with a bucket of paint and a brush. She goes to the sink and dumps it, checking herself out in the mirror as she does.

OLIVE

I'm just suggesting that maybe these kids we call peers have got the right idea. Maybe Bridget Schumacher isn't as hippy-dippy as she pretends to be. Maybe that's just the label she's put on herself to avoid having to shave everywhere society deems normal. Or take Marianne Bryant. Maybe the whole stuck-up Jesus-freak thing is an act. Maybe she was sick of being just another faceless entity in a place and a time that reveres people for extremity?

Brandon emerges from his stall.

BRANDON

Nah, I think she's just a stuck-up Jesus-freak.

OLIVE

Yeah, me too. But do you think she cares that that's the way she's perceived? No.

BRANDON

There are some of us who just want to  
blend in to the crowd.

OLIVE

Then you either gotta go to that  
extreme or make the steadfast decision  
not to care. Even better, do both.

BRANDON

I can't decide if you're a genius or a  
lunatic.

OLIVE

Don't they sort of go hand-in-hand?

They both look at themselves and each other in the mirror.  
Brandon picks a piece of lint off Olive's lowcut top.

OLIVE

How am I doing? Do I look like a  
whore?

BRANDON

For a virgin, pretty damn good.

He pulls down her t-shirt, exposing more cleavage.

BRANDON

How about me? Could I pass as  
straight?

OLIVE

Not bad. For a fag.

She untucks his shirt and musses up his hair.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You know, if we really wanted to shock  
the world, we'd blow off detention.  
Just leave now.

BRANDON

But you know we would never do that.

OLIVE

Isn't going to stop me from telling  
everybody we did.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - THAT AFTERNOON

They're taking in the view of the valley.

RHIANNON

Brandy Carter was telling Vanessa Hodges that you lost your virginity to three guys in a jacuzzi.

OLIVE

That sounds like a lot of work.

RHIANNON

Yeah, and there'd always be that question as to which guy you actually lost it to first. It'd be like a he-said-he-said-he-said-she said.

OLIVE

I guess that's still better than me getting crabs from some old dude.

RHIANNON

Ewww. Who said that?

OLIVE

You know that Brandon kid?

RHIANNON

From the closet at the Hunter-Nesbitt-Puked-on-the-Piano Party?

OLIVE

The one and lonely. It's what somebody told him.

RHIANNON

Nobody talks to him.

OLIVE

Isn't that sad? He's actually quite the conversationalist.

RHIANNON

Isn't he a Homo?

OLIVE

Duh. What straight guy under the age of eighteen is able to have a real conversation without trying to jam his hand up your business?

Olive's cell phone rings.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

(into cell)

Hello? Speak of the devil. I was just talking about you with my friend Rhiannon...

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
You know Rhiannon-- Perpetually  
angry? Holier than thou? Bi-- Yeah,  
exactly. That's her.

RHIANNON  
Bi-? What's bi-?

Olive shushes her. Into cell--

OLIVE  
Okay. Yeah. Sure. Alright, see you  
soon.

She hangs up.

RHIANNON  
What's bi-? Beautiful soul?  
Bedazzling personality?

OLIVE  
Big tits.

RHIANNON  
(gasps)  
That's my identifier? Fucking sweet!

OLIVE  
That was Brandon. He wants to talk to  
me about something.

RHIANNON  
Probably wants to borrow an outfit.

OLIVE  
So mean. Why do you gotta lash out?

RHIANNON  
Any word from George?

OLIVE  
I told you. It was a one night stand.  
Which is now a done night stand.

RHIANNON  
You're being pretty cavalier about  
this. I mean, he popped your cherry.  
Aren't you supposed to be eternally in  
love with him and shit?

OLIVE  
Yeah, if I was a character in a  
ghostwritten teen novel developed  
solely to cultivate a following in  
order to sell the film rights.  
(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
But alas, I'm not a gossip girl with  
traveling pants who goes to high  
school in a sweet valley, so, no, I  
really couldn't care less.

RHIANNON  
Methinks you doth protest too much.

OLIVE  
Whatever, big tits.

EXT. PENDERGHAST HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Brandon walks up to the front door and rings the bell.

INT. PENDERGHAST'S HOUSE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Rosemary opens the door to find Brandon.

BRANDON  
Hi. Is there an Olive here?

ROSEMARY  
There's a whole jar of them in the  
fridge.

BRANDON  
Sorry, I must have gotten the address  
wrong.

ROSEMARY  
Just kidding! Come on in. Any friend  
of Olive's is a friend of our  
daughter's.

Brandon walks in thoroughly confused. Rosemary yells up--

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Olive, sweetie! There's a young man  
here to see you. He said something  
about asking for your hand in  
marriage.

Brandon's eyes bulge as Olive descends the staircase.

OLIVE  
Oh happy day, Mama! I thought I was  
going to have to spend my dowry on  
booze and pills to numb the  
loneliness.

Olive grabs Brandon by the hand and leads him upstairs.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She closes the door behind them and gestures for him to sit down on the bed.

OLIVE

This is where the magic happens. And as you well know, by "magic" I mean "nothing."

BRANDON

(blurting out)

Do you wanna go out with me?

OLIVE

Say again now?

BRANDON

I mean, like, do you want to be my girlfriend?

OLIVE

Brandon, just a few hours ago you told me you were Kinsey Six gay.

BRANDON

True. But you said I should pretend to be straight.

OLIVE

I didn't mean with me. You're a sweet guy and all, but you're not really my type.

BRANDON

You're not really my type either.

OLIVE

I know. I have that V where you'd rather see a P.

BRANDON

Do you wanna have sex with me or not?

OLIVE

Oh my God. You totally missed my point. All I was saying was that--

BRANDON

I know what you were saying. I should play it straight until I get out of this hellhole and then I can be whoever I want to be. No, I got that.

OLIVE

Brandon, I told you, I didn't really have sex with a college guy. I just told people I did.

(then)

Well, actually, I just told one person and, well, you know how these things work. Wildfire.

BRANDON

So, you're saying I shouldn't really have sex? I should just say I had sex with someone? A girl?

OLIVE

Now, you're cooking with gas.

It's his turn to smile slyly at her. She sees where he's going with this and instantly gets defensive.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh no. Oh no no no no no no no. No. Really. No. No way. No. No.

BRANDON

Think about it. We can help each other out. You want to maintain this floozy facade, I don't want to get my face pummeled in every day. It's win-win-win-win.

OLIVE

You're on crack. And not the good kind.

BRANDON

All it would take is one good imaginary bonk and you'd be saving the bone structure of my face. Think of how happy my parents would be.

OLIVE

No. Absolutely not. And how do you know I really like being thought of as a floozy?

BRANDON

Because at least you're being thought of.

(then)

Come on, it wouldn't have to be a bonk. It could be an imaginary nutter or a lemon squeeze or a cowbell... Dealer's choice.

OLIVE

I don't know what any of that means.

BRANDON

That's because you're a virgin.

OLIVE

No! No. This is not the answer. Why don't you just do what I did and make someone up?

BRANDON

Who would believe me?

(then)

I'll pay you. I can pay you whatever you want.

OLIVE

I just don't think it would work.

BRANDON

Whores aren't discerning, Olive. And just think: you'll officially be a hooker with a heart of gold!

OLIVE

I don't want your money.

BRANDON

I insist.

OLIVE

So, if I say yes, you're going to tell a couple of people at school and I just have to go with it? I don't think that's gonna work.

BRANDON

(voice cracking with emotion)

I can make it work. I promise. Olive, you don't understand how hard it is. I'm tormented. Every day at that high school is like I'm being suffocated. And we can fantasize all we want about how things are going to be different one day, but this is today. And it sucks. And there's only one way out and you were smart enough to think of it. Please. Help me. I can't take another day of this. I don't know what the fuck I'll do.

She sees tears forming in his eyes. She turns away and is silent for a long beat.

OLIVE  
 I don't do anything half-assed.  
 (spins to face him)  
 It'll have to be a public event.  
 Melanie Bostic is having a party  
 tomorrow night. All of your  
 tormentors will be there. You and I  
 are going together. You have to do  
 everything I say and you have to tell  
 people that I was sensational.

Brandon wipes his tears away and is the happiest gay you've ever seen. He throws his arms around her and won't let go.

BRANDON  
 Thank you so much for doing this.

OLIVE  
 Just make sure you're ready to live  
 with the consequences.  
 (then)  
 What the hell's a lemon squeeze?

BRANDON  
 It's like a backwards melon bag.

OLIVE  
 Why don't I know any of this?

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE  
 (into webcam)  
 I'm sure you all remember the party...

EXT. BACK OF A MELANIE BOSTIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kids are partying everywhere. On the grass, by the pool, some are even in the pool. We TRACK through the partiers and go inside the open back doors--

INT. MELANIE BOSTIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

More kids, more debauchery. Then Olive parts the sea like Moses, looking like a million bucks. Brandon is on her arm, looking pretty snazzy himself. They appear drunk and are falling all over each other. People stare in complete amazement at a) their appearance and b) that they're even together in the first place. You'd never guess that this was anything less than an A-list teen couple. Olive falls against Brandon laughing. He hoists her up as their host, **Melanie Bostic (18)** approaches.

MELANIE

Hey, Olive.  
 (weirded out)  
 And Brandon.

OLIVE

OhmyGod, Melly. I hope you don't mind, but we had a few pre-cocktail party cocktails before the cocktail party with cocktails started to party...with cocktails.

(laughs)

MELANIE

Well, glad you could make it.

OLIVE

(slurring in her ear)  
 Soooo, here's the sitch: Brandon here was in the middle of telling me this funny thing. Is there a quiet room we can go to where he can finish telling me about his thing... that's funny...

She stares glassy-eyed at Melanie. Brandon just smiles.

BRANDON

(not good at this)  
 I'm drunk! With alcohol! What's up!

MELANIE

Sure. You can use the guest room.  
 Down the hall.

OLIVE

I love you. I love you so much. You mean the world to me.

She gives her a drunken punch on the shoulder. Then lifts up her shirt and kisses her stomach. Then she spins around to the entire party--

OLIVE

(shouts)  
 Hey, everybody! What's good in the 'hood?  
 (laughs)

BRANDON

I'm drunk! Fuck all y'all!

She grabs Brandon and they stumble down the hallway. The bully who emerged from Gibbons's office with Brandon goes up to Melanie.

BULLY  
Was that Olive with... Brandon?

MELANIE  
I know, what the hell, right?

They, with a big group, race down the hall where Brandon and Olive have just retreated to.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Olive locks the door and drops the drunk act. She's completely sober and so is Brandon.

OLIVE  
(whispering)  
Close the shades.

Brandon runs over and pulls the blinds down. Olive takes her panties under her skirt.

BRANDON  
Whoa! What are you doing?!

OLIVE  
Relax. Jesus, what's with you gays?  
Are you really that repulsed by lady  
parts? What do you think, I have down  
there, a gnome?

She drapes the panties over the doorknob, just so anyone looking through the keyhole will see nothing but panties. Then she plops down on the bed and stretches out.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
(pats the bed)  
Chop chop.

Brandon lays beside her. She lets out an incredible moan. It's very convincing. Then she whispers in his ear--

OLIVE  
Now grunt. And make it convincing.

He does.

OLIVE  
I said grunt, not whine.

He tries again.

OLIVE  
Now make it manly.

He tries. It's anything but manly.

OLIVE  
You're pathetic.

She moans an extremely convincing moan.

OLIVE  
I'm gonna have to do all the work  
myself. Hey, this is like real sex.

BRANDON  
How would you know?

She slaps him across the face. He lets out a yelp and she quickly covers his mouth, turning it into a perfect grunt. She gives him a thumbs-up. Then she moans.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sure enough, it seems as if most of the party is listening at the door, falling all over each other to hear. Nearest to the door is the bully, who is pleasantly surprised by the noise inside. He tries to look through the keyhole. All he can see are panties.

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olive continues to make sex noises. Brandon throws some grunts in here and there. She gives him direction with her hands a la a conductor as she continues moaning. They're actually having a bit of fun. Then she reaches into her bag and pulls out her copy of "The Scarlet Letter." Brandon looks perplexed. Then Olive smacks his butt with it. He lets out another real yelp.

OLIVE  
There we go. Now you're getting it.

BRANDON  
You don't have to be so aggressive  
about it.

OLIVE  
(yells)  
Oh, you don't like that?

BRANDON  
(loud whisper)  
No!

OLIVE  
(smacks him on the butt)  
How about that? You like that?

BRANDON  
A little better.

OLIVE

yeah, you like that! Yeah you like that!

BRANDON

(clicking in)

Oh! I get it. Nice.

Then she jumps up on the bed and does jumping jacks. She motions for him to join her. They moan and grunt together as they jump up and down. Olive starts aerobicizing and Brandon follows. This is actually really fun.

BRANDON

How long do we have to do this?

OLIVE

Do you wanna be a normal adolescent or do you wanna be a stud?

He moans in his deepest voice. She follows. Then she bangs her hand against the wall over and over.

OLIVE

(loudly)

Don't stop fucking me, you scrawny but well-endowed man-stallion! Yes!

That's it!

(whispering)

Now you try.

BRANDON

(loudly and nervously)

I'm gonna turn you over and take you from behind!

OLIVE

(whispering)

Yeah, that's not gonna make people think you're straight.

BRANDON

(loudly)

Never mind that gayness! I'm just going to have sex with you from the front!

Olive rolls her eyes.

OLIVE

C'mon. Make it nasty. Follow my lead.

(loudly)

You're so big! I didn't even know they came so big!

BRANDON

(loudly)

Well they do! And I do! Oh yeah,  
Olive. That's fuckin' awesome. Oh  
yeah. Do you smell that? Do you  
smell us?

She hits him hard on the arm.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

With their ears pressed against the door--

BULLY

Did he just say it smelled?

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

OLIVE

Ewwww!

BRANDON

Isn't it supposed to smell?

OLIVE

I don't know! But if it does, you're  
not supposed to comment on it!

BRANDON

Sorry. I didn't know.

They continue to make moaning noises.

OLIVE

We probably don't want to do this for  
too long. It'll give the impression  
you're having difficulty finishing.  
Not the desired effect.

BRANDON

Are you sure you're a virgin?

OLIVE

(whispering sternly)

Of course I am!

(loudly)

Oh, fuck me! Fuck me! Don't stop  
fucking me!

(whispering)

You ready for the grand finale?

He gives her a quizzical look. But before he knows what's about to happen, she punches him hard in the stomach and he lets out a really loud and painful moan.

OLIVE

Fuck yeah!

Olive dishevels herself and musses up his hair.

OLIVE

Go forth, my son. You're a man now.

BRANDON

(still in pain)

Thanks, Olive.

He kisses her on the cheek and she smiles. He gingerly removes her panties from the doorknob and tosses them to her. Then he exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The crowd scurries like cockroaches when the door opens. The bully hands Brandon a beer and throws his arm around him.

BULLY

My man! How was she?

BRANDON

(not good at this)

Oh, she tore me up, dude.

BULLY

Huh?

BRANDON

(default)

I'm drunk! Fuck all y'all!

He leads him drunkenly down the hallway, with a crew of guys after the dirty details. Olive looks at this and smiles, satisfied. Then she looks up and sees a whole slew of girls looking at her completely differently. They avoid her eye contact, as one would ward off Medusa. She walks out to find Melanie pretending not to be interested in her.

OLIVE

Is there a--?

MELANIE

Back entrance is through the kitchen.

OLIVE

Thanks.

She begins her walk of shame down the corridor. Guys look at her like she's a god, girls like she's a whore. She turns a corner into the--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She runs smack-dab into the well-developed chest of Woodchuck Todd.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Sorry.

Olive is a sick shade of regret.

WOODCHUCK TODD (CONT'D)  
Oh, hey Olive.

OLIVE  
I thought you were going to your  
cousin's rehearsal dinner.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
I did. It was a quick rehearsal. I  
only had one line.  
(then)  
That was a joke.

OLIVE  
I know.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
How's it going?

OLIVE  
I'm-- I'm here.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Can I get you a beer?

OLIVE  
That rhymed.

Olive catches the reflection behind her of a group of guys throwing sex gestures to Todd re: Olive. She spins around and they instantly pretend to not be paying attention. She glares at them.

OLIVE  
I should probably go.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
You sure? They also have wine if  
you're that kinda girl.

OLIVE  
Maybe later. Thanks.

She rushes off.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

It was truly my "Can't Buy Me Love"  
Cindy Mancini moment.

(melodramatically  
reenacts)

"All of you thought we were a couple. What a joke!... Ronald Miller paid me a thousand bucks to pretend I liked him. What a deal, huh? A thousand bucks to go out with him for a month. This guy. Oh, God. He bought me. And he bought all of you. He was sick and tired of being a nobody. Yeah, and he said that all of you guys would worship him if we went out. And I didn't believe that. I was, like, no way! And he was right! Our little plan worked, didn't it, Ronald? What a bunch of followers you guys are. I mean, at least I got... At least I got paid."

(then)

"Can't Buy Me Love" is one of the best movies ever made. Hands down. You guys should totally watch it if you haven't already. Or even if you have. Seriously fine filmmaking. Available on Netflix or from street pirates if you don't believe in intellectual property rights.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Olive lays on her bed watching a movie on her laptop. It's the scene from "Can't Buy Me Love" she just performed. She eats a candy bar and wallows in her self-pity.

OLIVE

Oh, Cindy Mancini. It could have been a lot worse. Trust me.

Her mom comes in with a nicely-wrapped gift.

ROSEMARY

That boy from the other night just dropped this off for you.

She points to an empty space on the floor.

OLIVE

Put it on the pile of gifts from my other suitors.

ROSEMARY  
He seems like a nice kid. He seemed a little... incredibly gay.

OLIVE  
A dyed-in-the-wool homosexual that boy is.

Rosemary puts the gift on the floor.

ROSEMARY  
I dated a homosexual in high school.

OLIVE  
We're not dating, Mom.

ROSEMARY  
I just wanted to tell you that if you want to date a gay boy, your father and I are totally supportive. We love you no matter what the sexual orientation of your opposite-sex sex partner.

She kisses Olive on the cheek.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
And don't feel bad that you won't make us grandparents. We still have Ginger, and from the signs I'm picking up, she'll be preggo before the PSATs. Which is actually great 'cause then we can get another shot at raising kids. Really do it right this time.

OLIVE  
Bye now.

ROSEMARY  
I dated a homosexual once. For a long time actually. A long time.

OLIVE  
Please, dear God dear lord, tell me you didn't marry him.

ROSEMARY  
(laughs hysterically)  
No! No. Your father is as straight as they come. A little too straight if you know what I mean.

OLIVE  
I don't. Close the door, thanks?

Rosemary laughs again and exits. Olive looks at the gift on the floor and then opens it. It's a photo of the bully holding Brandon's legs as he does a keg stand. Olive smiles. Then she looks into the box and sees something that makes her gasp. It's an envelope with a \$200 Target Gift Card.

OLIVE

Cindy Mancini gets a thousand bucks.  
I get a \$200 Gift Card to Target and  
a--

Confused, she pulls out a massive pink dildo.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

"Dear Olive, just in case you don't  
shop at Target. Then you can go fuck  
yourself."

Olive breaks out into riotous laughter. She's genuinely touched by this gift. The phone rings with the theme from the "Brady Bunch" ringtone. Thinking it's Brandon, Olive snatches it up.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Brandon, your package was perfection!

RHIANNON (O.S.)

So, it's true!

OLIVE

Rhi?

RHIANNON (O.S.)

Well, it's not last night's conquest!

INTERCUT:

EXT. MAIN STREET SHOPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Rhiannon, clutching an enormous Tab, walks with an intensity reserved for girls who just found out their best friend had her sophomore sexual exploit and didn't bother to tell them.

RHIANNON

I have many questions, obviously.

OLIVE

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.  
No, I do not know the way to San Jose.  
And contrary to popular belief, Panama  
hats are not from Panama at all.  
They're from Ecuador.

RHIANNON

Now is not the time to be cute.

OLIVE

You're putting me in a precarious position, because according to last month's *Cosmo*, we should always look cute. Even when we're doing mundane activities like choosing vegetables from the produce section or going to the DMV.

RHIANNON

Olive, stop it. This is serious. Did you really bang Brandon last night at Melanie Dipshit's party? A party that you told me you weren't going to go to, so I didn't go and instead stayed home with Mr. and Mrs. Kahlua and Cream?

Olive sighs as she slumps into her pillows.

OLIVE

Is that what someone said happened?

RHIANNON

That's what everyone said happened.

OLIVE

Then I guess it's true.

RHIANNON

Does this mean you guys are dating?

OLIVE

God no.

Rhiannon screams in frustration, attracting the attention of passing shoppers.

RHIANNON

Just because you lost your virginity doesn't mean you can go around throwing your cat at everybody!

OLIVE

Thanks, Mom. Good talk.

RHIANNON

You're getting a reputation.

OLIVE

You know, you're really coming off a little pious right now and you're kind of pissing me off.

RHIANNON

I'm sorry if I think a best friend's duty is to let her know that everyone, and I do mean everyone, is calling her a cum dumpster.

OLIVE

Do you think I'm a cum dumpster?

RHIANNON

Look, baby, I call a spade a spade.

Olive jumps off her bed.

OLIVE

First off, that's racist or at the very least not clever. Second, how dare you? I was Laura Ingalls to your Lady Chatterly and, now all of a sudden, you feel the need to warn me that I'm making a fool of myself? Need I remind you that the "Beyond" in Bed Bath & Beyond does not stand for "sucking a guy off in front of every single person on their way to buy linens?" So, why don't you jump off your high horse and splash around in the gutter where you belong.

RHIANNON

I didn't want to believe it, but I guess it's true. You're a fucktart.

OLIVE

And you're a jealous virgin.

RHIANNON

Oh yeah. I totally want to lose my virginity to one of your dumb brother's dumb friends and then be the first for a fairy, while everyone listens outside! What is wrong with you? Does sex mean anything to you?

OLIVE

Yes! It's a period of time, however short, that I don't have to talk to you!

She slams the phone shut and seethes.

Music: Modern cover of "Boys Wanna Be Her" by Peaches.

She goes into her closet and starts wildly pulling down clothes. She throws them into a big pile in the middle of her floor.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE  
(into webcam)  
Rhiannon Abernathy only wishes that  
somebody wanted to pretend to sleep  
with her! Only wishes!

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olive, visibly upset, is cutting something, meticulously, out of red fabric. In fact, she has yards of red fabric draped across her lap. When she finishes the shape, she tosses it behind her and begins another one.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Quick cuts as Olive sews these red scraps to her clothes. When she finishes one piece, as before, she tosses it behind her and grabs another item from the crumpled wardrobe on her floor. In the middle of this the door opens. It's Dill.

DILL  
Is everything okay up here? It sounds  
like you're having sex. Which I know  
can't be true due to you having a  
homosexual boyfriend.

OLIVE  
He's not my boyfriend!

DILL  
Hey. God's children. No judgment.

OLIVE  
Can you leave please?

Dill looks at his daughter.

DILL  
You alright, buddy?

Olive looks up at her dad. It's a real moment. He really cares. And she knows it. She takes a beat then nods.

OLIVE  
Yeah.

DILL  
Give 'em hell.

She smiles and he exits. Then she immediately goes back to cutting and sewing.

Music: "Crimson & Clover" by Tommy James and the Shondells More quick cuts as time flies and we see the clothing pile rapidly decreasing, until there are none left.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

Clad in sunglasses, do-me-boots and looking like a bona fide porn star, Olive struts down the halls of her school. Sewn across her larger and pushed up breasts is a fiery red "A." Erections are popping up all along the halls, as well as looks of total disbelief from the girls. She stops at one average-looking kid who stares into her eyes. She points to her chest--

OLIVE

Hey, pal. My boobs are down here.

She moves the stunned kid. Up ahead, Rhiannon is yakking with a semi-attractive guy named **Anson** (17). She catches sight of Olive and her jaw drops. Olive sidles up to Anson, much to Rhiannon's chagrin.

OLIVE

Hey, Anson.

ANSON

Uh, hi.

OLIVE

(a la Marilyn Monroe)  
I just realized the funniest thing.  
My name is an anagram for "I love."

ANSON

Uh, what's an anagram?

OLIVE

Look it up, big boy.

She turns and licks her lips at Rhiannon. Rhiannon gives her the dirtiest of looks.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

What's your problem?

RHIANNON

You want to know what my problem is?

OLIVE

No, it was a rhetorical question. I don't want to know anything from you.

She turns on her heels and stomps off.

RHIANNON  
We are so not friends anymore! We are  
officially over.

As she walks away--

OLIVE  
I'll go put it on Twitter!

RHIANNON  
I want my Juicy sweatshirt back! It  
was too loose around your chest  
anyway!

OLIVE  
Ooh! Burn!

INT. CAFETERIA LUNCH LINE - LATER

Olive makes her way through the lunch line, as guys ogle her. Marianne, who's also there, watches her in repugnance. Olive eats some mashed potatoes off her tray super sexily.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Olive emerges from the girl's locker room building, dressed for gym. She's sexed up her outfit by rolling up her sleeves and shorts. Woodchuck Todd jogs over and runs in place.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Olive! You left your glass slipper at  
the party the other night.

OLIVE  
Yeah, and I got pumpkin all over my  
dress, too. C'est la vie.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
La vie.

OLIVE  
Nice.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Sucked because we could've revisited  
the closet.

OLIVE  
Oh my God! That was at Melanie  
Bostic's house! She throws a lot of  
parties.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Her parents are of the "we'd rather  
you and your underage friends drink,  
do drugs, and have unprotected sex  
here" opinion.

OLIVE  
How irresponsibly progressive of them.  
(blushes)  
I can't believe you remember that.

Jogging away, with a huge grin on his face--

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Who doesn't remember their first  
almost kiss?

Olive stands there, smitten. Just then a terrified fat kid  
named **Evan** nervously approaches.

EVAN  
Hey, Olive.

OLIVE  
Evan. What's rocking?

EVAN  
Can I talk to you for a second?

He gestures for her to jog up the stairs with him, as the other  
kids are doing. She does so.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Don't get mad, but Brandon told me  
what you did for him.

OLIVE  
Well, rest assured, it was equally as  
thrilling for me.  
(purrs sexily)

EVAN  
No, he told me the truth.

She's pissed. She silently seethes.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
And I was just hoping that maybe you  
could do the same for me?

OLIVE  
Goodbye, Evan.

She runs past him.

EVAN

Wait--

She raises her hand as she runs up the bleacher steps--

OLIVE

Goodbye, Evan.

EVAN

I can pay you, too.

She stops and turns back.

OLIVE

I'm about six seconds away from  
slapping you so hard that your unborn  
grandchildren will feel it.

EVAN

(excited)

Can you do it in front of everyone?

OLIVE

Fuck off.

Olive turns and sprints up the stairs.

EVAN

I don't need your permission, you  
know!

She gives him a death stare. He can't look at her.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I mean at the rate you're going, I'm  
just saying I don't think anyone would  
not believe it.

OLIVE

Are you threatening me?

EVAN

I'll give you three hundred bucks.

OLIVE

You're repugnant.

EVAN

(re: his body)

Uh, duh. That's the problem.

He sits down and wipes his forehead, already sweating from the few steps climbed.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Just forget I asked.

Once again Olive feels too sorry for him to say no.

OLIVE  
I want three hundred dollars in gift card form deposited in my locker before noon tomorrow. Preferably The Gap but I'll also take Amazon.com or OfficeMax. We did not have sex. I was drunk and I let you fondle my chest and it was a glorious moment for you, unmatched by anything you've heretofore experienced, including cake. Got it?

EVAN  
Three hundred bucks for second base?  
Doesn't that seem a little steep? Can you throw in some  
(mispronouncing)  
Frottage?

OLIVE  
It's frottage, dumbass. At least learn how to pronounce your perversion.

EVAN  
Whatever. You in?

OLIVE  
Fine. But I better not hear that little Mr. Happy ever came out of your pants. Get me?

EVAN  
Little? Nuh-uh. For three hundy, it was ungodly huge. You called it the "Dark Knight."

OLIVE  
I was too drunk to remember.

He extends his hand.

EVAN  
Deal.

She, repulsed by it, shakes his hand. Evan's ecstatic.

OLIVE

The sad thing is, Evan, if you had been a gentleman and asked me out on a date, I probably would have said yes.

EVAN

Really? Do you want to go on a date?

OLIVE

Not now I don't, shitdick.

She turns and jogs up the stairs. Evan watches her.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Evan, if you're watching this: shame on you. I hope you never treat another girl the way you treated me or you will die alone, wishing it was because you're fat.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

It should come as no surprise that the fact I was soliciting fake-sex for fake-money spread around the school faster than, well, faster than the first rumor about me spread.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Again, the camera goes into HYPERDRIVE. But even faster than before. As everyone stays in real time the camera zooms past Evan to a group of boys in the middle of the field. One boy gets out his cellphone and starts texting away. The camera drives into the locker room, out the back, across the parking lot, into the school, down the halls, through the library, up onto the roof, down onto the front steps, and back across the football field to Olive who has just reached the top of the steps. She turns for her descent to see everyone looking at her.

OLIVE (V.O.)

So, whether I liked it or not, I was open for business. And I had a lot of customers. None of whom I'd text home about. I know I was a fake prostitute and all, but people suck. Not fake suck. Really suck.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A nerdy kid with socks up to his knees hands Olive an envelope. She walks to the front of the box office line.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
While I appreciate the sentiment,  
Lewis Tricollie, my pretend hand job  
should have warranted a little more  
than a hundred dollars worth of AMC  
Movie Passes.

Over the following Olive orders a ticket to a movie, but the box office attendant points to a sign that says "NO PASSES."

OLIVE (V.O.)  
They had an expiration date and were  
only able to be used for movies that  
had been running for four weeks.

OLIVE  
(annoyed)  
Fine. One for *Tyler Perry's Madea  
Goes Through Menopause*.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
But even that's better than you, Zia  
Chandrasekhar.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Olive gets an envelope from a geeky Indian kid with severe acne. She pulls out the coupon, pissed.

OLIVE  
Seriously? Ten percent off Bath and  
Body Works? A coupon? Is that how  
good our imaginary tryst was to you?  
I fake rocked your world!

ZIA  
It's all I can afford.

OLIVE  
How is that my problemo, amigo?

OLIVE (V.O.)  
I knew he wasn't Latino, but for some  
reason all these shady, backdoor deals  
had me talking like Carlito.

ZIA  
I might be able to offer you the use  
of my father's Volvo.

OLIVE  
Beat it, hessé.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE  
(into webcam)  
Is chivalry dead?

She holds up DVDs of the movies as she speaks--

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
I want John Cusack holding a boombox outside my window. I want to ride off on a lawnmower with Patrick Dempsey. I want Jake from Sixteen Candles waiting outside the church for me. And I want Judd Nelson walking across the school parking lot thrusting his hand into the air 'cause he knows he got me. Just once I want my life to be like a John Hughes movie. Sure everything starts out a mess but it always ends up great and hopeful and awesome with a big scene where the main character puts on a huge display of out-of-character-ness in front of the whole world and wins the day. But no. John Hughes didn't direct my life. So I get to save two fifty on a bottle of Juniper Breeze Antibacteria Gel.

She reaches over and grabs the bottle, squirts some into her hands and massages them together.

OLIVE  
Maybe chivalry isn't dead, but it's in a coma and the prognosis isn't good.  
(then)  
So, if you're still with me, and I'm hoping that most of you are, I now present to you Part Four:  
(holds up papers)  
How I, Olive Penderghast, Went From Assumed Trollop To an Actual Home-Wrecker.

INT. CLASSROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Mr. Griffin is grading papers. Olive pokes her head in.

OLIVE  
You wanted to see me?

MR. GRIFFIN  
Yeah, Olive. Come squat a pop.

She takes a seat opposite his desk. He points to the red "A" on her chest.

MR. GRIFFIN  
What are you doing?

OLIVE  
Accessorizing?

MR. GRIFFIN  
Come on, Olive. Don't you think maybe you're reading a little too much into this assignment?

OLIVE  
Well, I'm really hoping to get an A.  
(re: her chest)  
Get it? Get it?

MR. GRIFFEN  
I got it.  
(then)  
I'm hearing things, Olive.

OLIVE  
(deep breath)  
The rumors are true. I am, in fact, considering becoming an existentialist.

MR. GRIFFIN  
You know what I'm talking about.

OLIVE  
Geez, since when did teachers become privy to idle, adolescent gossip?

MR. GRIFFEN  
Since everyone puts everything up on Facebook for the world to see. What's with this need your generation has to document every single thought that ever enters your head? They're not all gems, you know. "Roman is having an okay day and hopes the ice cream store still has rocky road." Who gives a rat's ass?

OLIVE  
Great social commentary. Really heady stuff. Is that why you called me in? You practicing to go on Carson?

MR. GRIFFIN

I guess it wouldn't matter so much if I didn't like you. You're a great girl and I happen to think that all of... this is just an act. I'm just curious why you're doing it.

Olive drops her defenses and gets real.

OLIVE

Have you ever decided just to play along? Because it's maybe easier than fighting tooth-and-nail to defend it?

MR. GRIFFIN

I just don't want to see this... damage you.

OLIVE

You know, I think you should give me extra credit for going the extra mile. I'm really attempting to understand this puritanical ostracism Hawthorne wrote about.

MR. GRIFFEN

You're one of the few who've actually read the book. If I get one more paper talking about how Hester always took baths and spoke with a terrible British accent...

OLIVE

Why don't people just Wikipedia it like I did?

MR. GRIFFIN

You didn't Wikipedia it. I know you read it.

OLIVE

(caught)

I did.

MR. GRIFFIN

(smiles)

I'm really sorry I had to send you to the principal. If you tell anybody, I'll deny it, but I really wanted to cheer with the rest of the class.

OLIVE

(smiles)

You know I won't tell.

She gets up to leave and passes a beautiful woman in the doorway. This is **Mrs. Griffin** (early 30s).

OLIVE  
Hey, Mrs. Griffin.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
(no idea who she is)  
Hi... you! How are you?

OLIVE  
(re her 'A')  
A is for Awesome.

Olive disappears into the empty halls.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
I've never seen that girl before in my life.

MR. GRIFFIN  
That doesn't surprise me.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
I'm the guidance counselor. I should know all of the students. Especially the ones dressed like whores.

He kisses her. It's a real kiss. He starts to grab her butt. She stops him.

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
Not in school. You know the rule.

MR. GRIFFIN  
She's just going through a phase.  
(then)  
Hey, do you think you could talk to her? Maybe get her to, I don't know--

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Sure. Yeah, whatever. Oh wait, That's not the girl everyone's talking about, is it?

MR. GRIFFIN  
Yeah.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Oh, this'll be good. That snotty Jesus-freak office aid has been bitching about her incessantly.

MR. GRIFFIN  
It's all lies. Talk to her. Maybe  
that's all she needs.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
What are you making for dinner  
tonight?

MR. GRIFFIN  
Is it my turn?

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Sure is. I'm meeting up with the  
girls at happy hour.

MR. GRIFFIN  
Don't have too much fun.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
I never do.

He kisses her and tries to go in for the butt again. No dice.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SCHOOL GYM - THE NEXT MORNING

A piece of paper is taped to the double doors: "RESERVED: CROSS  
YOUR HEART CLUB."

INT. SCHOOL GYM - THE NEXT MORNING

Light streams through the windows. It's very biblical. A group  
of well-dressed Christian kids sit in a semi-circle near the  
light. Marianne is the leader, Nina by her side.

MARIANNE  
Heavenly Father, watch over us with  
Your all-encompassing love. Keep us  
on the path toward Your righteousness  
and eternal salvation.

They all smile, say "Amen," and open their eyes.

MARIANNE  
Guys. We have a problem.

NINA  
Amen to that.

MARIANNE  
Olive Penderghast. We need to pray  
for her, but we also need to get her  
the hell out of here.

Everyone "Amens."

MARIANNE  
I'm sure, by now, you've all heard  
about what happened at Melanie  
Bostic's party.

CHRISTIAN KID #1  
I was there. I heard the whole thing.

MARIANNE  
That's not something you need to  
advertise, Kurt.

KURT  
(sheepishly)  
Sorry.

MARIANNE  
See, herein lies the problem: She's  
doing these tasteless, immoral acts in  
plain view of the entire student body.  
She's in direct opposition to  
everything we're trying to do for this  
school, which is make it a wholesome  
learning environment and a place where  
our children will one day flourish the  
way we are.

Everyone "Amens."

MARIANNE  
She was sent to the principal's office  
last week--

NINA  
(interrupting)  
She called me a really hurtful name.

MARIANNE  
--and I tried to witness to her, but  
she's defiant to any sort of help.  
(tears up)  
I don't know what to do, but something  
has to be done.

Her boyfriend, **Micah** (19) takes her hand and holds it. She  
leans against his shoulder, wiping away tears. Nina begins  
rubbing her shoulder, sympathetically.

MARIANNE  
Does anybody here think they can talk  
to her in a way that might get her to  
see what she's doing is wrong?

She suddenly bursts into sobs. And these aren't crocodile  
tears. She is flooded with emotion.

MARIANNE

I'm sorry. This is so stupid.

MICAH

No, it's not, Marianne. It's real.

MARIANNE

Jesus tells us to love everyone. Even the whores and the homosexuals, but it's so hard.

Everyone "Amens."

MARIANNE

It's so hard, because they just keep doing 'it' over and over again.

She takes Micah and Nina's hands, the rest of the group follows suit.

MARIANNE

Make me a promise. Make God a promise right here and now that we will remain pure and chaste until marriage.

(looking to Micah)

Until our love is proven holy in His eyes.

EVERYONE

We promise.

MARIANNE

Awww, I love you guys. God loves you guys. Now let's change lives today. Micah, hit it.

Micah picks up a guitar and starts playing "Alive" by P.O.D. They break out in song--

EVERYONE

*I feel so alive. For the very first time. I can't deny you I feel so alive. I feel so alive for the very first time. And I think I can fly!*

INT. FRONT OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Olive is sitting in the office, dressed just as slutty as the day before with a red 'A' sewn onto her top. Marianne is behind the desk, sharpening pencils. After each one, she observes the point with a scary satisfaction. They exchange a few hateful glances at each other. Mrs. Griffin pokes her head out of her office.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Hey, Olive. Wanna come in?

Olive, in no mood for this, drags herself up dramatically. She turns back to Marianne and, for her benefit, hikes up her skirt and pulls down her cleavage.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Olive sits across from Mrs. Griffin.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
The reason I called you down here is just so that we could, sort of, you know, chat about what's going on.

OLIVE  
I love me some chatting.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
There's been some concern from faculty members.

OLIVE  
Your husband.

Mrs. Griffin shifts uncomfortably in her chair. There's something a little unnerving about this kid's awareness.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Olive, you're attempting to make a statement. We get that. I'm just confused as to what exactly it is.

OLIVE  
Am I in trouble? Because pursuant to the Student Code of Conduct, the hem of my dress isn't higher than my fingertips.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
You're not in trouble. I just wanted you to know that if there was something you maybe needed to talk about, that you could trust me.

OLIVE  
If I open up to you, do you promise this stays in confidence?

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Yes.

OLIVE  
(confessional)  
I watch "American Idol." And not even  
ironically.

Mrs. Griffin rolls her eyes.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
I have a reputation to uphold.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Don't you, though?

Olive assesses this statement from her.

OLIVE  
We done? If I can think of any angsty  
things to report, you'll be the first  
to know.

(winks)  
This has been so much fun that I'm  
actually, at this very moment,  
considering meth addiction, just so I  
can come back and we can jawbone some  
more.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
(bitingly)  
Or you could always get pregnant.

OLIVE  
No. No Juno for me, thanks.

Mrs. Griffin pulls out a handful of condoms from her purse.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Propho-tastic!

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Please don't tell anyone I gave you  
these. The school board is--

OLIVE  
Puritanical and oppressive?

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Conservative.

Olive sees that Mrs. Griffin is genuinely concerned.

OLIVE  
I really don't need those.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
(sternly)  
You really do. I don't want this  
thing you're going through right now  
to define your life.

She puts them in Olive's hand and clenches it closed. Olive looks at them. Then back at Mrs. Griffin.

OLIVE  
You actually sound like you really  
care.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
I do, Olive. Do what you gotta do,  
let your freak flag fly, find out who  
you are, Godspeed. Just make sure you  
have an exit strategy.

Shit. She really cares. And she's making sense.

OLIVE  
The thing is, Mrs. Griffin, I don't  
really need this because--

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Enough! Just take them!

Olive's confession thwarted yet again, she slowly puts them in her pocket.

OLIVE  
Are these ribbed, for my pleasure?

MRS. GRIFFIN  
(ignores her)  
Remember: our little secret. Would  
you send in the next person please?

INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marianne is talking to Micah, who seems distressed. He rubs his eyes, like he's been crying.

OLIVE  
You're up, hoss.

MARIANNE  
(to Micah, concerned)  
It's going to be okay.

She gives him a reassuring smile and he walks into her office.

OLIVE  
(to Marianne)  
Let me guess: meth.

MARIANNE  
Not now, trollop.

OLIVE  
Don't you think it's kind of strange  
that your boyfriend is almost twenty  
years old and still in high school?

MARIANNE  
Not that it's any of your business,  
but he is here by choice.

OLIVE  
It's his choice that he's a third year  
senior who can't pass any test he  
takes?

MARIANNE  
No. It's His choice. Capital H, His.  
If God wanted him to graduate God  
would've given him the right answers.

OLIVE  
You've gotta be shitting me.

MARIANNE  
God's plan is for Micah to be a youth  
minister. To that end it behooves him  
to observe those who are going to need  
his help when they're finally ready to  
accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and  
personal savior.

OLIVE  
So, why was he blubbering like a baby?  
Ooh! Is he struggling with his  
sexuality?

MARIANNE  
(breaks out in tears)  
No, you insensitive rhymes-with-witch!  
His parents are going through a  
(whispers)  
Divorce!

She begins sobbing uncontrollably. Olive, not sure what to do,  
goes around the counter and hugs her, tentatively. Marianne  
just cries on her shoulder.

OLIVE

There. There. Sometimes our boyfriend's parents get divorced. It's just important to know that it's not your fault.

She looks around as if to say "why the hell am I doing this?"

MARIANNE

They go to our church! Imagine what people will say!

Olive didn't expect this embrace to last this long.

OLIVE

How long do these embraces usually last? I have to go. Are you going to be okay?

MARIANNE

Mrs. Griffin is going to fix everything. She's amazing. I know she's going to help Micah through this time and everything's going to be okay.

OLIVE

That's the spirit. Yay! Everything's going to be okay.

Marianne pulls away and wipes tears from her eyes.

MARIANNE

Why are you being so nice to me?

OLIVE

Isn't that what we're supposed to do? Those are your boss' rules, right?

MARIANNE

I did it! I got through to you!

This triggers even more wails from Marianne, who grabs Olive and squeezes her tightly.

MARIANNE

I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry for everything I said. I want to be friends. Please be my friend.

Olive is really confused by this display. She's about to say something snide, but thinks better of it--

OLIVE

Absolutely.

Marianne pulls away again and manages to smile at her, warmly.

OLIVE (V.O.)

And for a day, we were actually really good friends. But I just went with it. And I was really starting to think things were going to turn around.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLS - DAY

Marianne, angry as hell, stomps through the hall with hatred burning in her eyes and coursing through her veins.

OLIVE (V.O.)

But then I unwittingly gave her boyfriend a venereal disease...

Marianne stops in front of Olive and slaps her so hard that people in the hallways stop, dead in their tracks.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Olive bursts into Mrs. Griffin's office. Tear-streaked, Mrs. Griffin is packing her things into a cardboard box. It's as if her world has just collapsed.

OLIVE (V.O.)

...And caused the break-up of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin...

MRS. GRIFFIN

(snaps)

What?! What do you want?

Olive starts to say something, but Mrs. Griffin can't even look at her.

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Just go!

She throws a photo of her and Mr. Griffin into the box.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The Cross Your Heart Club is assembled outside of the school, waving signs on wooden stakes. "EXPEL OLIVE," "EXODUS 20:14," "SCHOOLS ARE FOR LEARNING, NOT FOR WHORING," "OLIVE PENDERGHAST IS A WHORE." There's also a guy holding a Quiznos sign, spinning it like those guys on the corner. What's most shocking, however, is that Rhi is among the throng, as riled up as any.

OLIVE (V.O.)

So, I guess I shouldn't be too shocked that these people wanted my diseased, home-wrecking ass out of there. The funny thing is the whole time this shit was going down, people calling me something I knew wasn't true, my best friend included, I couldn't help but think how I could have come up with better signs. No one even bothered to use alliteration or, God forbid, irony. Not even a single acronym and that seems a lot more unforgivable than my sins. Although you gotta love the Quiznos guy. That's the one thing that trumps religion: capitalism.

Olive descends into her lion's den and grabs Rhi.

OLIVE

Why are you doing this?

RHIANNON

I'm trying to make this school a better place.

OLIVE

Can't we just start a petition to get the Drama kids to sell Mike&Ikes instead of M&Ms?

RHIANNON

You're going down, Olive Penderghast.

OLIVE

Why are you being so mean to me?  
You're supposed to be my best friend!

RHIANNON

I was. But you dumped me.

OLIVE

Dumped you? We're not dating. And you don't even know what Exodus 20:14 means.

Poking her hard in the chest--

RHIANNON

No. You don't know what Exodus 20:14 means.

THE QUIZNOS GUY

Oooo! Slam-buca, served cold!

OLIVE  
Piss off, Quiznos dude.  
(to Rhiannon)  
If this is because I'm more popular  
than you, then I really think--

RHIANNON  
Let's not mistake popularity for  
infamy.

The protesters begin shouting at Olive. She turns and heads off. And bumps smack-dab into... Woodchuck Todd.

OLIVE  
Sorry.

She puts her head down and starts off but he takes her arm.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
You okay?

OLIVE  
I'm awesome.

He looks deep into her eyes.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Fuck all these people.

OLIVE  
Haven't you heard? I already did.

She hustles off.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Olive finds the Religion section. She scans the shelves until she finds a King James Bible. She thumbs through until she finds Exodus 20:14. "Thou shall not commit adultery." She gasps and slams the book shut.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Olive walks up and opens the big doors.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

It's empty. A few candles are burning. She makes a beeline for the confessional booth, takes a deep breath and enters.

INT. CONFESSİONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

She sits down and begins to talk to the screen.

OLIVE

Forgive me, father, for I have sinned. I think that's how you're supposed to start these things. I'm only going on what I've seen in the movies. Then I think I'm supposed to tell you how long it's been since my last confession. But that's kind of my first confession. I'm not Catholic. I really don't know what I'm supposed to do, except sit here and tell you what I've done wrong. So here goes.

(then)

I've been pretending to be a-- how would one phrase it in Catholic words? A harlot. It's not like I've actually been doing the things that people are saying I'm doing, but then again, I'm not denying them, so I've just been wondering: is that wrong? There's a lot of bad stuff going down at my school which may or may not be indirectly because of this masquerade.

(then)

I'm lying. You caught me. I may have caused the end of a marriage. In my own perverse way, I thought I could help it. In my defense, I might talk like an adult but I am merely an adolescent. I should never have even been propositioned in the way I was propositioned by an adult. But then again, I should never have consented. It was just that a lot of people had been asking me to do things and I thought it was okay, because it wasn't real. It was make-believe and no one was getting hurt. But a lot of people hate me now. I kind of hate me, too.

There's a long silence. Olive tears up and wipes them away.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I could be wrong, but aren't you supposed to say something or ask me questions? Tell me to say ten Hail Marys, pay a fine, advance token to nearest Railroad? Hello?

She peers through the screen. There's no one there.

OLIVE

Oh, fuck me!

She throws the curtain to the booth open and stomps out.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Olive, upset at herself, storms out and starts running down the sidewalk. She's never felt more alone and lost. Olive runs for a little while longer and then turns a corner. Where she comes across a Presbyterian Church.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Olive enters to find a sweet, portly Receptionist, 50s who is searching through religious clip-art on her computer. The lady smiles, acknowledging Olive.

OLIVE

Hi. I was wondering if the minister was around?

RECEPTIONIST

(super enthusiastic)

Pastor McGreevey is on vacation this week. But our associate pastor is in. Would you like to speak to him?

OLIVE

(matches her enthusiasm)

Actually, that would be fantastic!

RECEPTIONIST

Can I tell him what this is regarding?

OLIVE

I'm looking for a church to join and I thought he might be able to sell me on this fine establishment.

The receptionist joyfully snatches up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Donald, there's a young lady here who would like to speak with you about joining. Uh-huh... Okey-dokey.  
(points to an office)  
You can go right in!

OLIVE

If everyone here is as friendly as you, I think we might be in business.

She winks at the receptionist and crosses off.

INT. ASSOCIATE PASTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Associate Pastor Donald is a gangly, borderline creepy man.

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DONALD  
Hello, young lady. My name is  
Associate Pastor Donald. How can I  
help you today?

He extends his hand and she shakes it.

OLIVE  
Well, I'm new to the area, Associate  
Pastor Donald. And I'm looking for a  
church. Hopefully something with a  
strong fellowship, a firm foot in the  
soil of... divinity. And was  
wondering what your church's stance on  
lying and adultery was?

Don seems taken aback by the question.

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DONALD  
Well. It's not a good thing.

OLIVE  
Oh, I agree. Wholeheartedly. But  
tell me: assuming there is a hell--

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DONALD  
The Presbyterian Church recognizes the  
existence of hell.

OLIVE  
Okay, fine. Let's say hell exists.  
Which is worse: lying or adultery? Or  
is lying about adultery like a double  
whammy?

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DONALD  
I'm sorry, young lady, I-- what did  
you say your name was?

At that moment, Olive looks at his desk and sees a framed family photo. Smiling big are Associate Pastor Donald, his wife, a woman with a smile the size of Montana, and his lovely daughter... Marianne Bryant! Olive jumps from up from her chair and knocks it over by accident. She goes to catch it and knocks some books off his desk, one of them the Bible.

OLIVE  
You know what? I think I'm just going  
to go and check out Judaism.  
(backs up to the door)  
The Jews and I have a lot in common.  
Fashion-wise. And Florida. I love  
the heat. Thank you for your time.

She bolts from his office.

INT. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Olive bursts past the receptionist and out the door.

EXT. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Olive takes off running down the sidewalk.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Yes. I had unwittingly sought advice from the father of the leader of my lynch mob. What other complete and total idiot can say that's happened to them?

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

As much as I want to say I hate Marianne. I don't. I get her. Well, I get certain things about her. She's passionate. Like myself. She always thinks she's right. Like myself. And, yeah, I can kind of understand why she slapped me that day. Here's what happened...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Marianne, excitedly, runs over to Olive who is just getting to school and throws her arms around her.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Remember how I said we were BFFs for, like, a day. Well, that's true. It was like we were sisters all of a sudden.

Marianne can't seem to break the embrace and Olive just goes with it. Rhiannon watches this and couldn't be more pissed.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Olive sits in class. Marianne texts her.

OLIVE (V.O.)

She texted me in first period.

Olive reads it. "HEY GIRLIE! HANG AFTR SKL 2DAY? XOXOX" Marianne looks back and Olive gives her the thumbs up. Across the room, Rhi sees this exchange and sneers.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - LATER

Marianne is working with her partner, Evan.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
By second period, we apparently had  
private jokes.

Marianne turns to Olive behind them and makes a gagging signal behind his back and laughs. Olive, unaware of how to respond, matches her laugh and gives another thumbs up.

INT. HOME EC CLASSROOM - LATER

The students are all making a five layer parfait. Marianne ruses in, tear-streaked. She runs over to Olive and again throws her arms around her.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
Tragedy struck in third period.

MARIANNE  
Micah's in the hospital. He's in so  
much pain! The nurse didn't know what  
was wrong.

Olive just holds her new friend, as she had the day before.

OLIVE  
He'll be okay. There there.

MARIANNE  
(tears in her eyes)  
Really?

Olive guides Marianne's head back to her shoulder. She tastes some parfait with her free hand.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marianne's boyfriend Micah writhes in pain on a hospital bed, clutching his crotch. His worried mother is beside him.

MICAH  
It hurts so bad, Mommy.

A doctor enters, with a satisfied smile and a diagnosis.

DOCTOR  
Well, it's what I thought. Chlamydia.

Micah and his mother both look up in shock. His mother takes both of her hands and begins slapping him, uncontrollably.

MICAH'S MOTHER  
How did you get chlamydia? Who have  
you been screwing?! Tell me! Tell me  
now, or I'll kill you right here!

Micah, in pain from the burning sensation and his mother's hands flying at astonishing speed shouts out--

MICAH  
Olive! Olive Penderghast!

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Micah's mother is on her cell phone.

MICAH'S MOTHER  
(angrily)  
Olive Penderghast.

INT. PERFECTLY APPOINTED KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The woman on the other end of the phone is a woman with a smile the size of Montana: Marianne's mother. She hangs up. With a grimace the size of Montana.

MARIANNE'S MOTHER  
Goddamn it!

She picks up the phone and dials a number. She talks and gestures animatedly as Olive narrates--

OLIVE (V.O.)  
Fourth period was when Marianne had  
office duty. Her duties included  
typing, stapling, filing and...

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Marianne is on the phone, listening, with mouth agape. She's just heard from her mother that her boyfriend has chlamydia.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
...answering the phones.

MARIANNE  
(screams)  
Chlamydia!

Birds fly off the windowsill. Mrs. Griffin comes out of her office, a panicked expression on her face.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARIANNE'S MOTHER  
(seething)  
Olive Penderghast.

She hears static on the phone.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marianne jams the phone in the cradle.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Are you okay, hon?

Like a teapot about to start expelling steam, Marianne quivers in rage. Finally, at boiling point, she shouts--

MARIANNE  
That--

But her long string of profanities is muffled by the long ringing of the school bell. The bell ends.

MARIANNE  
--'cking hell!

She turns and tears out of the office.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

As we saw before, Marianne stomps through the hall with hatred burning in her eyes and coursing through her veins.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
Okay, I exaggerated. We were just BFFs for, like, a half-a-day.

Marianne stops in front of Olive and slaps her so hard that people in the hallways stop, dead in their tracks.

OLIVE  
(clutching her face)  
Motherfucker!

Rhi, who was loading books in her locker, sees this and happily slams her locker shut. Breezing past her--

RHIANNON  
My sentiments exactly.

On Olive.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Micah's on his cell phone, smoking a cigarette. He checks every few seconds to see if his mother is on her way out.

MICAH

I didn't know what to say! I panicked! I said I got it from Olive Penderghast... I know, but what was I supposed to say?! And then my mom called her mom... No, not Olive's, Marianne's!... I tried to blame it on their divorce, but my mom's not buying it. I have to tell them... Okay. But I don't care if you gave me chlamydia. I love you and I want to be with you and no one can stop us. Not my mother, not Marianne, not the school board--

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Griffin slams the phone shut on her teenage lover and begins freaking out. She grabs a box and starts throwing stuff in it. Just then Olive bursts in. And as we saw before--

MRS. GRIFFIN

(snaps)

What?! What do you want?

Olive starts to say something, but Mrs. Griffin can't even look at her.

MRS. GRIFFIN

Just go!

She throws a framed photo of her and Mr. Griffin into the box. It shatters. Mrs. Griffin falls apart.

MRS. GRIFFIN

That's perfect. Just perfect.

Olive is stunned.

OLIVE

I'm sorry, I was just looking for Marianne. Did she say something about being mad at me? She just smacked the b'Jesus out of me.

This makes Mrs. Griffin cry even harder.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
It's my fault. I'm so sorry, Olive.  
I fucked up. I fucking fucked up so  
fucking bad. I'm a fucking.... Fuck.

OLIVE  
Don't get me wrong, I love it. But I  
don't think you're supposed to use  
that language around a student.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Yeah, well, you're not supposed to  
fuck them either. But that didn't  
stop me.

Olive puts two and two together in her head. She gasps a little louder than she planned.

OLIVE  
You and-- Oh my God. I'm not judging  
you or anything, but oh my God.  
(then)  
Wait. What does that have to do with  
me?

Mrs. Griffin walks over and locks her office door. She fights back more tears, as she tries to explain to Olive.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
My guidance counselor, who had only days before armed me with a latex bulletproof vest, told me that she had chlamydia and that she had been screwing around with her office aide's boyfriend under the guise of divorce counseling. She confided in me that she and her husband, my favorite teacher, were having marital problems, that they hadn't slept together in months. She assured me she had never meant for anything to happen with Micah, but he was of legal age so they didn't technically, legally do anything wrong. And that after Micah found out about the aforementioned chlamydia he panicked and used me as a scapegoat, to save her job and her marriage. She promised me she would make sure everyone knew the truth and apologized. But in much saltier language.

Mrs. Griffin stops talking and waits for Olive to speak.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
 And I bought it. Why? I don't really  
 know. I just did.

Olive gives her a reassuring smile, and offers up a solution.

OLIVE  
 I could have chlamydia. And I could  
 easily have given it to Micah. Who  
 knows? Often times women don't have  
 symptoms and the whole world knows I  
 have been whoring around...

MRS. GRIFFIN  
 No, you haven't.

Olive looks at her, puzzled by her knowledge.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
 Because a real whore can't admit it to  
 herself, let alone others. Trust me.

She begins to weep. Olive puts her hand on her shoulder.

OLIVE  
 Call Micah. Tell him I said he's an  
 ass and that he owes me so big for  
 this and also the time I pretended not  
 to see him during that third grade  
 game of hide and seek. Tell him I  
 still remember that. But tell him I  
 confessed to giving him chlamydia.

Mrs. Griffin grabs Olive and cries on her.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
 And it's not really my place to say  
 this, but I figure after the  
 conversation we just had, I can speak  
 candidly. Your husband is one USDA  
 Grade A great dude. If I were you,  
 I'd go home and seduce him and pretend  
 this never happened.

Olive strokes her guidance counselor's hair.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
 (sniveling)  
 Do you want some more condoms?

OLIVE  
 (maternally)  
 No, you keep them. And make sure you  
 use them tonight.

INT. PENDERGHAST LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Penderghasts are assembled for family movie night in front of their TV. Rosemary and Ginger are under a blanket and Dill is digging through the DVDs. Olive seems distracted.

DILL

Okay, so I've narrowed it down to *The Other Boleyn Girl* or *The Bucket List*.

GINGER

Why can't we watch a movie for kids?  
You always get to pick.

DILL

That's because it's up to the "Family Member of the Week" to pick the movie.

GINGER

But he gets "Family Member of the Week" every week.

ROSEMARY

And there's a reason for that.

GINGER

Yeah, you decide who gets "Family Member of the Week."

ROSEMARY

Are you accusing me of nepotism?

DILL

*The Bucket List* it is.

(to Rosemary)

Make sure after we watch it you cross "watching *The Bucket List*" off our bucket list.

OLIVE

Hey, listen. Just a heads up. If you hear around town that I have chlamydia, I just want you to know it's totally false.

GINGER

What's chlamydia?

ROSEMARY

Olive, do we need to have the talk with you? Again?

OLIVE

Don't freak out. It's just a thing going around.

DILL

yeah, if you're a sex worker in  
Sarajevo.

GINGER

What's Sarajevo?

OLIVE

I'm just doing a little  
anthropological social experiment.

DILL

Nothing you're saying is making me  
feel better.

OLIVE

I promise you I have no STDs. I'm  
just saying that if you hear anything  
to the contrary, come up with some  
funny retort and walk away.

GINGER

What's STDs?

ROSEMARY

They're cooties, sweetheart. Really,  
really bad cooties.

GINGER

How bad?

ROSEMARY

Like what would happen if you kissed  
Rush Limbaugh.

GINGER

Aw, puke. That guy's a twat.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE

(into webcam)

To say this whole thing had taken over  
my life would be a colossal  
understatement. I actually reread  
"The Scarlet Letter" to see how Hester  
dealt with it. Turns out she bore her  
punishment in "humble silence" -- two  
concepts I am not comfortable with.  
But back to my contemporary yarn. How  
could I be angry at Marianne? If some  
bimbo gave my boyfriend an STD, I'd  
have swung, but I'd have balled my  
fist.

(lost in reverie)  
(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

My boyfriend.

(then)

With all the mythical play I was getting, I still hadn't actually been asked out on a real date. Guys were jumping up and down to say they'd slept with me -- chlamydia be damned -- but no one bothered really trying to sleep with me. I was starting to think I did have a gnome down there. Until finally...

EXT. PLAYGROUND - YEARS BEFORE

Seven year-old Olive and Rhiannon chase a boy all over the playground, desperate to kiss him.

OLIVE (V.O.)

It was really Rhiannon who had a crush on him. She has since we were little kids.

Rhiannon finally catches him and kisses him on the cheek. Repulsed, he wipes his face. Rhiannon and Olive high five.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Olive eats her lunch by herself. Rhiannon sits at a different table, mostly comprised of girls, and glares at her from across the room. Anson, the boy we saw earlier with Rhiannon, approaches Olive.

ANSON

Hey, Olive.

OLIVE

Anson. What's good?

ANSON

I was wondering if you were busy tonight. Maybe wanna go out or something?

OLIVE

What'd you have in mind?

ANSON

I don't know. I was thinking about getting a hot air balloon, taking along some champagne and melon, and then trying to impress you by reading some Sylvia Plath.

OLIVE

Or we could just go to Red Lobster?

ANSON  
I love Red Lobster! Should I still  
bring the Sylvia Plath?

OLIVE  
Nah. We could always just stick our  
heads in the oven if we run out of  
things to talk about.

ANSON  
Cool.

Olive smiles like she's never smiled before.

INT. RED LOBSTER - NIGHT

Olive and Anson sit in a dimly-lit booth. Olive looks  
beautiful. The 'A' on her shirt is sequined.

OLIVE  
I can't think of anything better than  
getting to select your dinner and have  
nice conversation while they boil it  
alive in the back.

ANSON  
Order anything you want on the menu.

OLIVE  
Do you believe this whole thing about  
lobster being an aphrodisiac?

ANSON  
(lying out his ass)  
I didn't know it was.

OLIVE  
You know, medical science has not  
substantiated claims that any  
particular food increases sexual  
desire or performance. Yet guys spend  
and spend to ply women with food they  
think is gonna get them lucky. I  
mean, what's really sexy about  
slurping back oysters? Some people  
even eat ground up rhinoceros horn  
because it's thought to enlarge the  
male sex organ. It's all bullshit.  
And Spanish fly? It's actually  
pulverized blister beetle. And it's  
illegal in the US because if you take  
just a bit too much, it causes painful  
urination, fever and bloody discharge.

Anson gags. A server appears with their lobster.

SERVER  
 Your Maine lobster with crab and  
 seafood stuffing.

OLIVE  
 Yum!

Olive digs in. Anson is nauseous and can't touch his. From across the restaurant, a parade of servers enters from the back, enthusiastically clapping and holding a cupcake. Leading the brigade is Woodchuck Todd, who's wearing a red foam hat. With as much spirit, as he has as a Woodchuck--

WOODCHUCK TODD  
*I don't know but I've been told!*

PARADE OF SERVERS  
*I don't know but I've been told!*

He leads them through to another part of the restaurant.

OLIVE  
 (To Anson)  
 I didn't know Woodchuck Todd worked  
 here! And he's a lobster! I wonder  
 if I should start calling him Lobster  
 Todd?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
*Marguerite is getting old!*

PARADE OF SERVERS  
*Marguerite is getting old!*

They land at the table of the birthday girl. Olive cranes her neck to see... Rhiannon! She's sitting with her drunk parents at a table in the next room.

OLIVE  
 Shit!

WOODCHUCK TODD  
*The best thing is her dessert is free!*

PARADE OF SERVERS  
*The best thing is her dessert is free!*

WOODCHUCK TODD  
*The worst thing is I sing off-key!*

PARADE OF SERVERS  
*The worst thing is I sing off-key!*

Olive is visibly squirming in her seat.

WOODCHUCK TODD

*Sound off!*

PARADE OF SERVERS

*Happy!*

WOODCHUCK TODD

*Sound off!*

PARADE OF SERVERS

*Birthday!*

WOODCHUCK TODD

*Sound off!*

PARADE OF SERVERS

*Happy birthday to you!*

For the big finish, Woodchuck Todd does a freestyle dance as he freestyle scats--

WOODCHUCK TODD

*Happy happy birthday happy happy  
birthday happy happy happy happy happy  
birthday to you to you happy birthday  
birthday birthday to you to you happy  
happy birthday to you!*

Everyone claps unenthusiastically.

OLIVE

(to herself)

Fuck.

ANSON

What's wrong?

OLIVE

Rhiannon's over there.

ANSON

So?

OLIVE

So? She's been in love with you since first grade.

ANSON

So?

OLIVE

She's my best friend.

ANSON

I thought you two weren't speaking.

OLIVE

We're not, but it doesn't mean she's not my best friend. Or that I should be out with you.

ANSON

Then why are you?

OLIVE

I don't know. You asked me out.

ANSON

Exactly. I have no interest in her. I mean, we're friends, but--

OLIVE

She can't see us.

Anson moves to block Rhi's view of Olive.

ANSON

Do you want me to get the check?

OLIVE

Would you mind?

ANSON

(to passing server)  
Could we get our check?

SERVER

Is everything okay?

OLIVE

I just remembered I'm allergic to shellfish. I always forget that my respiratory system will collapse and I'll die. My bad, sorry.

Olive digs in her purse and pulls out a gift certificate.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I have a gift certificate.

She hands it to the waitress, who leaves.

ANSON

But I asked you out.

OLIVE

And I ruined it so let me bear the financial brunt.

(beat)

I'm so sorry about this. But she really likes you.

ANSON

But Rhi and I just don't have that  
much in common.

OLIVE

And you and I do?

ANSON

Yeah.

OLIVE

Like what?

ANSON

I hate Marianne Bryant, too.

OLIVE

Yeah well, if that's our magical  
connection, I should date the entire  
school.

ANSON

Haven't you?

Olive suddenly becomes self-conscious and a little bit pissed.

OLIVE

Yeah, about that--

The server reappears with the check.

SERVER

You have a remaining balance of  
fourteen dollars and thirty six cents.

OLIVE

Keep it. Tip.

SERVER

Thank you! And thanks for making Red  
Lobster your choice for seafood  
tonight.

The sever smiles and leaves them again.

OLIVE

Let's get out of here.

They duck out of the booth trying to keep their heads down, but Olive can't resist the urge to look up and see if Rhiannon sees them. She does. Olive and Rhiannon make eye contact. Whereas Olive looks remorseful, Rhiannon looks like she's just been stabbed in the back, which she has. The Abernathys also see her and wave, drunkenly -- knocking over glasses as they do. Olive just waves sheepishly and leaves with Anson.

EXT. RED LOBSTER PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Olive and Anson sit in Anson's car. Olive's face is painted with guilt. She feels like shit, but doesn't want to externalize it. Anson puts his hand on her knee.

ANSON  
I have something for you.

Olive manages a smile. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a gift card and hands it to her.

ANSON (CONT'D)  
\$500 to the Home Depot.

OLIVE  
Oh. I didn't realize that this was--

ANSON  
I know it sounds lame, but they've got awesome stuff. I bought my air compressor there.

Olive is disappointed, but tries not to show it.

OLIVE  
So, what did we 'do' on this date?

ANSON  
Whatever \$500 gets me.

He leans over and kisses her. She pushes him off.

OLIVE  
Wait. This isn't how it works. I don't actually--

But he's kissing her again, a little too forcibly. She pushes him off again.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
You don't get it. I'm not technically having sex with people for money. You know that, right? Besides, even if I was, we're in the parking lot of a Red Lobster.

ANSON  
We can go wherever you want. But I think it'd be kind of hot here.

He takes off his shirt.

OLIVE  
I gotta go. It's been... sad.

She gets out of the car. He rolls down the window.

ANSON  
What are you doing? I paid you!

Olive throws the gift in the window.

OLIVE  
Now you didn't.

ANSON  
Come on, dude! I'm popping some  
serious wood over here.

Olive just shakes her head and walks off. Tears form in her eyes. She starts to run through the parking lot. Anson peels out and drives off in the background. Olive has never felt more depressed. She's now truly a prostitute. At full speed she tries to rip her 'A' off her chest, but it's sewed on too tightly. Just then Woodchuck Todd appears out nowhere, coming out the back exit of Red Lobster.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Hey, Olive!

Olive stops in her tracks.

OLIVE  
Todd!

Olive wipes the tears away.

OLIVE  
I got something in my eye. Like a  
twig or a branch or a contact.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
I didn't know you wore contacts.

OLIVE  
I don't. That's why I'm tearing up.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
What are you doing here?

OLIVE  
Oh, I'm just hanging out in the  
parking lot. I do that sometimes.  
Not necessarily just here. The one  
outside of Applebee's is fun, too.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
(laughs)  
You want a ride somewhere?

OLIVE

Nah. I'm fine.

WOODCHUCK TODD

Your friend Rhi's inside. It's her  
Mom's birthday.

Tears begin to reappear in Olive's eyes.

OLIVE

She's not my friend anymore.

WOODCHUCK TODD

Let me drive you home.

Todd puts his arm around her and leads her to his car.

INT./EXT. WOODCHUCK TODD'S CAR - NIGHT

Natasha Bedingfield's "Pocketful of Sunshine" plays on the radio. Olive is trying to pull herself together but she can't stop crying as Todd drives her home.

WOODCHUCK TODD

You wanna talk about it?

OLIVE

What's to say? I'm a horrible person.  
Everyone thinks I'm a whore and, for  
the first time, I'm starting to  
believe it.

WOODCHUCK TODD

Huh?

OLIVE

Oh, don't act like you don't know what  
people are saying about me.

WOODCHUCK TODD

I know what people are saying.  
Doesn't mean I believe them.

OLIVE

Why not?

WOODCHUCK TODD

Contrary to my primatial gyrations on  
the gym floor, I'm not an idiot. I  
know exactly what's going on and I  
know exactly what you're doing.

OLIVE

Who told you?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
No one had to tell me. All I know is once upon a time, there was a scared little kid in a closet at a party who wasn't ready for his first kiss and there was this amazing little girl who lied for him.

She smiles through her tears.

OLIVE  
I still can't believe you remember that.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
I also remember that after I ran out you pulled Brandon in. Yeah, I know about that, by the way.

OLIVE  
And look how he turned out.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Sometimes I pretend you were my first real kiss.

OLIVE  
(laughs)  
Yeah? Who was?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Rhiannon. You know that. She must've told you. You guys are thick as car thieves.

OLIVE  
What?!

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Yeah. About a year later. It sucked.

OLIVE  
That bitch! She knew how I felt about you!

WOODCHUCK TODD  
How do you feel about me?

OLIVE  
She did it first! And here I am feeling sooo bad and... that bitch!

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Wait. How do you feel about me?

OLIVE  
(aggressively defensive)  
Felt. I said felt.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Oh.

He stops the car. They're at her house.

OLIVE  
How do you know where I live?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
We used to carpool.

OLIVE  
Yeah, in second grade. Are you like a  
savant for people's addresses?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Just people who I think are cool.

OLIVE  
You think I'm cool?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
I do. And pretty. And smart.

OLIVE  
And did you form this opinion prior to  
my little transformation...

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Way prior.

OLIVE  
Wow.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Yeah.

OLIVE  
Why didn't that rumor spread?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
I like to keep my business to myself.  
Notoriety, for whatever reason, never  
seems to benefit the noted, only the  
notees.

OLIVE  
(laughs)  
Where were you two weeks ago?

There's an awkward moment between them.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Olive. If I promise not to tell  
anyone, could I kiss you?

Despite the fact that this is positively the most romantic  
moment of her young life, Olive looks down.

OLIVE  
No.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Oh. Okay. I'm sorry.

OLIVE  
No. Just not tonight. I don't want  
you to kiss me with mascara running  
down my cheek and some horndog just  
having forced his tongue down my  
throat. I've wanted to kiss you since  
the eighth grade, but I want it to be  
perfect. And right now, my life's a  
mess. I need to get my "business"  
under control before I drag you into  
it.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
What if I told you I wanted to be  
dragged into it? Maybe I could help.

He holds out his hand and she takes it.

OLIVE  
No, this is all on me. Rain check?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Of course.

He smiles his goofy grin and she embraces him. She hops out of  
the car and turns back--

OLIVE  
Why now? Why are you suddenly into me  
now?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
I don't know. I haven't over analyzed  
it. Like you're about to.

He smiles. She smiles back and walks to her house.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE  
(into webcam)  
Now that I knew there were actually decent and good-hearted people out there -- and stone cold foxy to boot -- I had a reason for things to go back to the way they were. Telling lies was easy, telling the truth... Not so much. But I had to do it. And I knew I had to go to the one person I could count on to set the story straight. Brandon. I'd helped him and, even though it would destroy his new reputation for being a straight stud, I knew he'd help me.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A gossipy girl in braces fill the frame--

GOSSIPY GIRL  
Oh my God, did you hear that Brandon ran away from home? Yeah. Totally. He left his parents a note that said: "F you, I'm gay." Then he skipped town with a big, hulking black guy.

We spin around to see Olive's stunned reaction.

OLIVE  
(to herself)  
Sorry, Mark Twain. I underestimated you.

GOSSIPY GIRL  
Huh?

OLIVE  
Nothing.

Defeated, Olive makes her way through the crowded halls.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
It gets worse. Due to his "condition" Micah was sent on an extended visit to his grandparents in Palatka, Florida. Palatka is Timucuan Indian for "real shit hole."

EXT. STUFFY OLD HOUSE IN PALETKA - DAY

Unkempt, rundown yard of what was once probably a nice house. Through the window we see Micah, beyond miserable, sitting between his stern grandparents who read the Bible to him.

OLIVE (V.O.)

No telephone, no TV, no computer, no internet and, most importantly, no diseased sexual partners.

(then)

I wonder if God told him to get chlamydia.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Olive pleads with Evan under the bleachers where they previously met.

OLIVE (V.O.)

I went to everyone I'd helped and begged them to say it wasn't true.

EVAN

No way. I gave you money.

OLIVE

You gave me a gift card to Autozone. I don't even have a car.

EVAN

I thought it'd be aspirational.

OLIVE

Come on, Evan. Please.

EVAN

I don't want people to know I didn't go to second base with you. Do you know how many more girls I've hooked up with because of that?

OLIVE

(disgusted)

Girls are almost as dumb as boys.

EVAN

(psyched)

Yeah, they are.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Olive waits for Mrs. Griffin's response. There's a long moment of contemplation on Mrs. Griffin's part. Then--

MRS. GRIFFIN

Olive, life is full of choices. I made a bad one. But then, so did you. We both acted unwisely, but I don't see any other alternative than to live with the guilt. My guilt stems from my indiscretion, yours for lying. We've made our choices. Now, we have to ride them out.

OLIVE

Or I could just tell everyone the truth and get you fired and put in jail.

MRS. GRIFFIN

First of all, he is of age which makes it perfectly legal. And secondly, let's play the "who do you believe" game. Ask yourself, if you were an adult, who would you believe?

OLIVE

With all due respect, Mrs. Griffin, go fuck yourself. And use one of your condoms-- you wouldn't want to catch something nasty from yourself.

MRS. GRIFFIN

Because you helped me once, I'm not going to report you to Principal Gibbons. Now we're even.

They're locked in a Mexican standoff.

MRS. GRIFFIN

You can go now.

Olive storms out.

INT. MR. GRIFFIN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Griffin is erasing the blackboard, when Olive storms into the room.

OLIVE

Your wife has chlamydia and she's been sleeping with a student and she gave it to him and now she's trying to blame me.

Shocked, Mr. Griffin drops the eraser.

MR. GRIFFIN

What?

The gravity of what she's just done sinks in and she stumbles.

OLIVE  
I-I-I'm sorry. I--

Not knowing what to say, she runs from his classroom.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive is mirthless, as she proceeds with her story.

OLIVE  
(into webcam)  
Looking back, that's the thing I  
regret the most. That's the thing  
that sent me to the church...es. And  
that's the thing that made me realize  
how profoundly I'd screwed up. And  
that's something I'll have to live  
with for the rest of my life. With my  
words, even though they were true, I  
ended a marriage. No kid should have  
to be burdened with that. Although I  
don't really classify myself as a kid  
any more after all this. God,  
adulthood's overrated. Why are we all  
in such a fucking hurry?

INT. MR. GRIFFIN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Olive sits and plays Jenga with Mr. Griffin, at his desk. Both  
are looking beaten down and very depressed and their minds are  
on everything but the game.

MR. GRIFFIN  
It's not your fault.

Olive gets a tear in her eyes. She puts a block on the top and  
it all topples.

OLIVE  
That's imagery for you.

Mr. Griffin rakes the blocks into his own cardboard box, full of  
his things. She starts to well with tears.

OLIVE  
I'm so sorry.

MR. GRIFFIN  
No. It's not your fault. You wanted  
to right the wrongs. Even if they  
weren't your wrongs to right.

He grasps her shoulders and looks her in the eyes.

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 I expect great things out of you.  
 Remember what Douglas MacArthur said  
 when confronted with a problem:  
 mountain get out of my way.

OLIVE  
 Montel Williams also said that.

He smiles and walks out, leaving Olive alone in the classroom.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE  
 (into webcam)  
 Mr. Griffin, if you ever see this,  
 just know, I was wrong to tell you  
 that. In that way. At all. I  
 shouldn't have done it. I don't feel  
 bad for lying for your wife. But I  
 hate myself for telling you the truth.  
 You were right: it wasn't my wrong.  
 I'm so sorry.

She holds up some papers. This time it's written in red shiny bedazzled letters like her 'A.'

OLIVE  
 Part Five: Not With a Whimper But With  
 a Bang.

She pushes a button and "Bad Day" by Daniel Powter plays.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
 I told you I watch "American Idol."  
 But so do you, 'cause if you didn't  
 you wouldn't get the reference so suck  
 it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

As we saw before, the Cross Your Heart Club is assembled outside of the school waving signs on wooden stakes. Olive steps out of the school to see the demonstration. Her jaw drops. Things have gotten way to out of hand.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT

Olive and Rosemary take in the view at night. Olive clutches her American Girl doll on which she has sewn a red "A." Rosemary listens, as a good mother does.

OLIVE  
 So now everyone who knows the truth is  
 either gone or won't 'fess up.  
 (MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

The Cross Your Legs Club is demanding my head. And the messed up thing is that I wouldn't put it past Gibbons to expel me.

ROSEMARY

I had a similar situation when I was your age.

OLIVE

Everyone called you a slut?

ROSEMARY

I had a horrible reputation and people said awful things about me.

OLIVE

Why?

ROSEMARY

Because I was a slut. A big old slut. I slept with a whole bunch of people. A slew. A heap. A peck. Mostly guys.

OLIVE

Mom!

ROSEMARY

Well! It was a different time.

OLIVE

Ewwww!

ROSEMARY

Sorry, I got around. Before I met Dad, I had incredibly low self-worth and I spread my legs for anyone.

OLIVE

(holds up her doll)

Do me a favor and stuff this down my throat so I asphyxiate to death?

ROSEMARY

It's true. And I was quite the contortionist back then. Plus let's not forget I had the boobs of a porn star. I mean, out to here. I'm not blaming you, but lactation was not kind to Mama's tig 'ol bitties.

Olive shoves the doll in her own mouth.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
I just want you to know that I also  
took a lot of heat because of a  
certain dalliance.

OLIVE  
I promise it wasn't as bad as  
Marianne Bryant's attack on me.

ROSEMARY  
Wanna bet? It was her mother.

OLIVE  
What?

ROSEMARY  
Yup. Don Bryant and I got caught in a  
very compromising and complicated  
position in the locker room during a  
basketball game.

OLIVE  
That's disgusting! He's disgusting!

ROSEMARY  
He wasn't back then. He was actually  
a stone cold fox. All I'm saying is  
that maybe the reason that Bryant girl  
is going after you is because her  
mother told her about me.

OLIVE  
The sins of the mother are revisited  
on the daughter.

ROSEMARY  
There's something else you should  
know. This is hard to say but... Don  
Bryant is your father. Marianne is  
your sister.

Olive turns white.

ROSEMARY  
Just kidding!  
(then)  
Well, about the sister thing, not  
about the Don thing. That happened.  
Actually that happened a couple-few  
times before we got caught.

Olive punches her mother, who's laughing hysterically.

OLIVE

I hate you so much right now. Can't you see I'm a mess!

ROSEMARY

No, you're not, Olive. You're wonderful. And you're going to handle this the same way I did. With an incontrovertible sense of humor. But you're much smarter than me, so you'll come out of this much better than I did.

OLIVE

(hugs her)

Thanks, Mom. I have to make some phone calls.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

It's a big pep rally. The dance team is dancing away attempting to rile up the school with a wildly mediocre routine set to "Umbrella" by Rihanna. They all hold umbrellas and open and close them to the beat. Almost. In the stands, Rhi sits with Marianne and Nina.

MARIANNE

Olive wasn't at school today.

She extends her palms to Nina and Rhi, who both slap them. Marianne puts her arm around Rhi.

MARIANNE

I'm so glad you're with us now.

RHIANNON

Me, too. You guys fucking rock.

MARIANNE

We don't say that word, Rhiannon.

NINA

Just say "effing" instead.

MARIANNE

We effing rock.

RHIANNON

But isn't that just implying the same word?

MARIANNE

Oh, Rhiannon. We have so much to teach you about Christianity. It's okay to imply things.

NINA  
And even do things.

MARIANNE  
It's all about presentation.

Rhiannon looks at her new best friends, who just smile at her. The dance team ends their routine and the marching band starts a drum roll. Woodchuck Todd bounces out in costume pushing a dumpster. The band begins to a jazzy version of "Knock on Wood." Woodchuck Todd opens the lid of the dumpster and Olive pops out. She's dressed in a glittery and slinky red dress, with a boa draped around her bare shoulder. She sings into a hand held mic:

OLIVE  
*I don't want to lose you, this good  
thing that I got. 'Cause if I do I  
will surely, surely lose a lot.  
'Cause your love is better than any  
love I know.*

Todd lifts Olive out of the dumpster as she sings her ass off. And she's actually really good.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
*It's like thunder, lightning, the way  
you love me is frightening. I'd  
better knock, on wood, baby.*

In the bleachers--

ZIA  
Is that Olive?

EVAN  
(in love)  
Yeah.

Guys begin to wolf whistle and howl at her sheer brilliance.

OLIVE  
*Well I'm not superstitious about you  
but I can't take no chance. You got  
me spinnin', baby. Baby I'm in a  
trance. It's like thunder, lightning,  
the way you love me is frightening.  
I'd better knock, on wood, baby.*

She rubs her hands seductively over Woodchuck Todd's furry costume, eventually unzipping it and taking off the head to reveal: Blue Devil Todd. The crowd goes wild.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
 (sotto, to Olive)  
 John Hughes's got nothing on you.

She kisses him then continues--

OLIVE  
*It's like thunder, lightning, the way  
 you love me is frightening. I'd  
 better knock on wood baby. Oh yeah!*

She walks up the stairs to Rhi and kisses her on the cheek, leaving a big, red mark.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
*I think I'd better knock on wood. I  
 think I'd better knock on wood. I  
 think I'd better knock on wood.*

She sees that Gibbons is not amused, but that doesn't stop her. She walks over to a couple of horn players, and runs her fingers seductively over their (uh) instruments. The crowd goes wild - some appalled, but most enthused. Olive sashays through the crowd as the guys scream and stuff money down her bodice.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
*I think I'd better knock on wood. I  
 think I'd better knock on wood. I  
 think I'd better knock on wood.*

The place goes nuts and Olive takes Todd's hand.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
 This is just a free preview. For the main event log on to [www.freeolive.com](http://www.freeolive.com) tonight at 6PM. I know it conflicts with tonight's basketball game, but c'mon, would you rather be here cheering on the Woodchucks...  
 (re: Todd, lasciviously)  
 Or watch me do one.

There are audible gasps, but excitement nonetheless. Gibbons angrily storms over and takes the microphone.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
 Young lady, to my office. Now!

OLIVE  
 Yeah, I can't. I got a date with my boyfriend. And the rest of the school. And before you expel me you might want to talk to Mrs. Griffin.

She points to Mrs. Griffin. Across the gym.

OLIVE  
 I think she'll talk you into letting  
 me stay.  
 (into mic)  
 Go Woodchucks!

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

OLIVE  
 (into webcam)  
 And here you all are. Waiting outside  
 the closet door for me to kiss Todd,  
 listening to me pretend to have sex  
 with Brandon, paying me to lie for  
 you, calling probably the last virgin  
 in school a whore. It was just like  
 Hester in "The Scarlet Letter."  
 That's one thing the movie and  
 Wikipedia don't tell you: how shitty  
 it feels to be the outcast. Warranted  
 or not.

Olive hears something from outside and she gets up. The camera picks her up as she crosses the window and looks out.

INTERCUT:

EXT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Music: "Laid" by James.

Todd is riding a lawn mower (a la Patrick Dempsey) and holding up a boombox (a la John Cusack). Olive bursts into laughter, but it couldn't be more romantic. She shouts down--

OLIVE  
 Who told you that I loved this song?

WOODCHUCK TODD  
 I guessed!

OLIVE  
 I see you've been watching my live  
 webcast. It's still going on, you  
 know.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
 Fuck them. They've had enough of you.  
 Well, figuratively speaking. I  
 borrowed my neighbor's John Deere.  
 Come down here.

OLIVE  
 That rhymed.

WOODCHUCK TODD  
Intentionally.

OLIVE  
Be right down.

Olive can't get the smile off of her face as she runs back to the camera. Back to the webcam--

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
That's Todd. Not that I owe any of you any more confessions, but I'm really in love with him. And I am going to lose my virginity to him. I'm not sure when. It could happen five minutes from now or tonight or six months from now or maybe on our wedding night. But the really amazing thing is that it's nobody's goddamn business.

(as an afterthought)  
Like, totally?

The screen goes dark. Back to our camera: the room is empty. Olive is gone. After a beat, out the window WE SEE Olive running across the grass. She jumps on Todd and tackles him off the mower, kissing him the whole way. In broad daylight, for the world to see.

FADE OUT:

OVER CREDITS:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

The basketball game is going on to an almost empty gymnasium. Maybe ten kids in the stands. One of whom is staring intently at his laptop. It's Olive's webcam page. And she's not in the room.

KID  
What happened? Where'd she go?

MONTAGE

We see, from the perspective of their computer screens, various reactions to Olive's webcast--

-- A proud Brandon watches from a hotel room. A muscular black guy comes up behind him and puts his arm around him.

-- Mrs. Griffin watches with the face of a person who's been found out and who's days are numbered. They are.

-- Rhi seems contemplative. Maybe it's because she's been in love with Olive since grade school. Duh.

-- Evan, the fat kid, is doing jumping jacks while eating chocolate cake.

-- Melanie Bostic watches with a group of girls.

MELANIE  
Told you guys. Pay up.

-- Marianne feels regret. But a little bit impressed.

-- Mr. Griffin is proud of her.

-- Micah watches in his dark bedroom.

MICAH'S GRANDMOTHER  
Micah? What are you doing in there?  
(sternly)  
You had better not be on the sin-  
ternet.

-- Rosemary and Dill are too busy making out to watch. Ginger is across the room holding a "King Fu Panda" DVD.

-- Zia is on his bed with a bottle of moisturizing lotion and a box of tissues.

ZIA  
(disappointed)  
I thought she was going to take her clothes off.

EXT. THE PENDERGHAST HOUSE - SAME

Olive and Todd ride off on the lawnmower together. They raise their fists a la Judd Nelson in The Breakfast Club.

OLIVE  
Don't you forget about me.

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT: