

**EASY "A"**

by

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C/O PARADIGM TALENT AGENCY  
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IN DARKNESS:

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

FADE IN:

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

OLIVE PENDERGHAST (17), a cute teenager, speaks directly into the WEBCAM atop her computer.

OLIVE  
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 video blog 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. So here it goes... I confess I'm, in no small part, to blame for the vociferous gossip that has turned my Varsity letter scarlet, but - for anyone hoping that the sizzling details of my sordid past will provide you with a reason to lock the door and make love to a dollop of your sister's moisturizing lotion - you'll be gravely disappointed.

(Beat.)

Look, I just need to set the record straight and what better way to do that, than to broadcast it on the Internet. So, here it is -- Part One: The Shudder-Inducing and Cliched, However Totally False Account Of How I Lost My Virginity To A Guy At A Community College In A Neighboring Town.

(Beat.)

Let me just begin by saying that there are two sides to every story. This is my side, the right one.

(Beat.)

Like, totally.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Olive sits with her best friend, RHIANNON ABERNATHY (17), a brash teenager. It would be safe to say that these girls are definitely on the "B List" at their school.

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 an orgasm.

OLIVE

That's bullshit. There are lots of sexy Georges.

RHIANNON

Name three.

Olive starts to say something, but Rhiannon interrupts her.

RHIANNON (CONT'D)

Besides Clooney. Too easy.

OLIVE

Shouldn't that alone be enough?

RHIANNON

Fine. That's one. Number two?

OLIVE

(Thinking)

Okay. George... Ummmm... Reeves!

RHIANNON

Who's that?

OLIVE

Superman. From way back. He was hot.

RHIANNON

No way. Teddy bear.

OLIVE

Bullshit. Ben Affleck played him in that movie!

RHIANNON

So what? Charlize Theron played that butt-fucking-ugly lesbo serial killer. Besides he's from another century.

(MORE)

RHIANNON (CONT'D)  
We're speaking present day. I  
mean, Jesus, *Mortimer* was probably  
a sexy name in some era.

OLIVE  
George Stephanopoulos.

RHIANNON  
What are you? Fifty?

OLIVE  
(Thinking hard)  
George...

RHIANNON  
Bush? Yeah. He's one hot  
mutherfucker. 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. I hate you.

Rhiannon folds her arms and pouts.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive continues to narrate into her webcam.

OLIVE  
Let me back up. I don't know if  
any of you have ever met them, but  
Rhiannon's parents are quite  
possibly the creepiest people in a  
four county radius.

INT. THE ABERNATHY LIVING ROOM

MR. and MRS. ABERNATHY (50's) sit on their couch, smiling at  
the television, in their horrifically rustic home.

MR. ABERNATHY bares a striking resemblance to ukelele player,  
Tiny Tim. (Although the man we're looking at has an even  
more frightening smile.)

MRS. ABERNATHY has hair to her ankles and dresses like a  
Mormon.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
I've always felt sort of sorry for  
Rhiannon, but not enough to do what  
she was asking me to do.

We float upwards to -

INT. RHIANNON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhiannon is on the phone, agitated.

RHIANNON  
(Into the phone)  
PLEASE. Please. I'm begging you.  
I'll pay you.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olive is on the other end of the phone conversation.

We INTERCUT between the two sides.

OLIVE  
Rhi, I can't. I told you I have  
plans.

RHIANNON  
You're lying. You're a lying bitch  
and I hate you so much right now.

OLIVE  
(Lying)  
I'm not lying. I promise I'm not.  
I really would love to go camping  
with your family this weekend. I  
had fun with your family last year.

EXT. WOODS - LAST YEAR - NIGHT

Olive, uncomfortable, and Rhiannon, bored, sit around a campfire with the Abernathys.

The couple stare at the fire with the same creepy smile plastered on their faces.

There is an excruciatingly long and painful silence.

MR. ABERNATHY  
Would you like a marshmallow, Olive  
Oil?

Mrs. Abernathy squeaks out a meek titter that is annoyingly high-pitched.

MRS. ABERNATHY  
Olive oil. That's funny. Very,  
very funny.

OLIVE  
(Politely)  
No thank you, Mr. Abernathy.

MR. ABERNATHY  
You can call me Mortimer, Olive  
Branch.

Mrs. Abernathy titters again. Rhiannon rolls her eyes.

There is another awkwardly long silence, while the Abernathys grin away at their fire.

INT. RHIANNON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rhiannon is getting increasingly angrier at her friend.

RHIANNON  
(Into the phone)  
Why don't you just say it? You  
don't like my parents. You think  
they're hopelessly pathetic and  
devoid of souls and wish that you  
could live with normal people who  
didn't meet at a Star Trek  
convention!!

She quickly catches her faux pas and stops talking.

OLIVE  
(Sympathetic to her  
friend)  
Rhi, I like your parents. They're  
sweet. But I can't go camping this  
weekend.

RHIANNON  
Quick. Hurry and make up a lie.

OLIVE  
I have a date.

RHIANNON  
Liar.

OLIVE  
(Lying)  
No. I do.

RHIANNON  
With who?

OLIVE  
You don't know him.

RHIANNON  
And neither do you, you selfish  
bitch!

OLIVE  
I'm serious. He goes to the  
community college with my brother  
in Denton.

RHIANNON  
What's his name then?

OLIVE  
(Waxing cute)  
Who? My brother?

RHIANNON  
Stop stalling. You're totally  
trying to come up with a name.  
Just say it.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE  
I'm not proud of this. Less about  
the lie and more about the  
unoriginality of it. Okay, have  
you guys ever watched 'The Brady  
Bunch'? Of course you haven't.  
You're busy watching fake people  
pretend to be real 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  
assuage the ridicule of her snatty  
sister who had just stolen the  
heart of the boy that Jan loved.  
The name of her imaginary boyfriend  
was --

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

OLIVE  
(Into the phone)  
George Glass.

RHIANNON  
George? What kind of a fucking  
name is George?

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

Although still skeptical, she seems a tad more mollified.

RHIANNON  
If you're choosing him over helping  
me cope with two days in the  
wilderness with these people who  
even *I'm* not convinced aren't  
serial killers, he had better be  
the one. You had better fucking  
marry him, have fucking babies with  
him and then take him for fucking  
everything he's worth.

OLIVE  
Deal.

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Rhi and Olive continue their conversation, as Rhi pops a tater tot into her mouth.

RHIANNON  
(With her mouth full)  
You're not off the hook, you know.  
I want lurid details. This had  
better be the best date of your  
life to counterbalance the worst  
weekend of mine.

OLIVE  
I'm sure you'll have a good time.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Rhi sits, bored and uncomfortable, while her parents smile at the campfire for an, again, awkwardly long moment.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

To her webcam --

OLIVE  
(Through the proverbial  
clenched teeth)  
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:

Ken Nordine's beat poem 'OLIVE,' (from the late 60's album 'Colors'), underscored to jazz, plays as we see a montage of Olive's weekend:

In her bedroom, Olive --

-- watches 'The Notebook,' pining over Ryan Gosling.

KEN NORDINE (V.O.)  
*Olive.*  
*Poor thing.*

-- paints her toenails Jungle Red.

KEN NORDINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Sits and thinks*  
*that it's drab.*  
*Sure does.*  
*Sits and sits and sits and sits and*  
*thinks*  
*about it's olive drab drab.*

-- dances to the jazz music, but alone, in her underwear and a t-shirt that declares: 'Hands off.'

KEN NORDINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Doesn't know*  
*that it is about to be named*  
*'Color of the Year,'*  
*by those with the nose for the new.*  
*By the passionate few.*  
*Yeah...*

-- reads TEEN PEOPLE magazine.

KEN NORDINE (CONT'D)  
*Olive is definitely in.*  
*Everything*  
*that can possibly mean*  
(MORE)

KEN NORDINE (CONT'D)

*anything!  
Anywhere!  
At least for a year.*

-- dances some more.

KEN NORDINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Has got to be Olive!  
Did you hear that Olive?  
Did ya?  
Know what it means?  
Oh Olive!  
There'll be olive cars  
and olive trucks  
and olive chickens  
and olive ducks  
and olive socks  
and olive garters  
And olive brakes  
and olive starters!  
Olive, sorry!  
Olive, please!  
Olive whatnots  
and olive trees!  
Olive trees?  
What a quaint notion...  
Olive trees.  
(Chuckling)  
Olive.*

Out of breath from dancing, she walks over and displaces the NEEDLE from the KEN NORDINE ALBUM she's playing.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

To the webcam --

OLIVE

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

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Olive and Rhi walk, with books in hand, to class - weaving in and out of people.

OLIVE

It was nothing short of perfection.

RHIANNON

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. Spill.

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

(Very loudly)  
You fucking liar! You totally lost your virginity to him.

Pedestrian students stop in their tracks to stare at them.

OLIVE

I did not.

RHIANNON

YES YOU DID, YOU LYING FUCKING WHORE!

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

RHIANNON (CONT'D)

Tell me everything and spare me the coquettish 'just-the-tip' bullshit.  
(MORE)

RHIANNON (CONT'D)

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 balls to talk about it?

Rhi drags her into the --

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and abrasively, gets up in Olive's face.

RHIANNON

I want every perverted detail. NOW, bitch.

Pressured, Olive lies.

OLIVE

Okay. Fine. We did it.

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE

Rhi. Blowing Peter Tolliver once behind the Pizza Hut doesn't make you a super-slut.

RHIANNON

There were people walking past. Whatever, this isn't about me. This is about YOU. What did you let him do?

OLIVE (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

A well-manicured FEMALE HAND stacks WOODEN JENGA BLOCKS onto a table.

BACK TO:

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
It was... Normal. Nothing freaky.  
It was sweet. HE was sweet.

RHIANNON  
Was he big? Did it hurt?

OLIVE  
No. It was great. Like I said.  
Okay, that's enough.

The toilet flushes and MARIANNE BRYANT (16), an Aryanesque, cardigan-wearing Christian-girl exits from a stall and walks to the sink, where she vigorously washes her hands - while staring at Rhi and Olive with disgust.

RHIANNON  
What the fuck are you looking at,  
Marianne?

MARIANNE  
Nothing. Just a couple of admitted whores.

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

OLIVE  
So, how was your weekend?

(I promise it's the last time...)

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Abernathys smile at the campfire, roasting WEINERS. Rhiannon would rather be anywhere other than there.

MR. ABERNATHY  
Wienie, Rhi?

Rhi snorts in contempt of her father and his wienie.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

## OLIVE

Marianne Bryant, as we all know, is the President of the Christian Student Coalition and is that rare breed of human born with a stick the size of a baseball bat implanted up her anus. God's honest. I'm sure it's in some medical dictionary somewhere.

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - LAST YEAR

Marianne and her lackey, NINA HOWELL (16), who's just as awful as she is, pass out flyers.

## OLIVE (V.O.)

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

Marianne aggressively shoves her literature into passing students faces.

INT. GYM - LAST YEAR

The school's MASCOT (17), a SHIRTLESS MUSCULAR KID painted BLUE and costumed as a DEVIL, bursts into the auditorium and begins to rile students up by thrusting his PITCHFORK in the air.

## MASCOT

Blue Devils! Blue Devils! Blue Devils!

The crowd goes wild.

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - LAST YEAR - CONTINUOUS

Marianne, melodramatically, grabs a PASSING STUDENT by the arm.

## 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

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

OLIVE (V.O.)

Meerkat.

MASCOT

Go meerkats! Go meerkats!

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.

The school band is playing 'GOLDFINGER.'

Across the gym, Olive sits with Rhiannon.

RHIANNON

What the fuck is a meerkat anyway?

OLIVE

Beats the hell out of me. But can we just take a moment to applaud the Barbara Bush High School Marching Band for their very ambitious effort to learn all of the James Bond theme music in a single year? I personally wish them all the best in their endeavor. Ku-dos!

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.

OLIVE

Even dressed as a meerkat, 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

Communists.

Rhiannon laughs.

RHIANNON

Shhh. Don't let Marianne hear you say that word. The last thing we need is McCarthyism at Barbara Bush.

OLIVE

Isn't high school already a hotbed of just that?

RHIANNON

True.

(Beat.)

Yeah, I'd totally fuck Meerkat Todd.

They both get lost in the thought.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE

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. So, now we move on to Part Two: The Accelerated Velocity of Terminological Inexactitude.

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Olive loads books into her locker. She sees Marianne walk past with Nina. They give her a repulsed look.

Olive decides to nip this in the bud. She catches up to them.

OLIVE

Hey Marianne, can I talk to you for a second?

Nina, reluctantly, gives them a moment alone.

MARIANNE

(Exasperated)

What?

OLIVE

Listen, what you heard in the bathroom, that wasn't true. It's actually a funny story. Do you ever watch 'The Brady Bunch'?

MARIANNE

Olive - that's your name, right?

Olive knows that Marianne knows her name, but obligingly nods.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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

OLIVE

(Jokingly)

Who? The guidance counselor?

MARIANNE

(Icily)

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

OLIVE

Oh, I have sixteen 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 (CONT'D)  
 (Sotto voce)  
 Damn it.

Marianne sees what her friend is doing and smiles at Olive, coldly.

MARIANNE  
 Look. 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  
 (To herself)  
 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?

Without stopping --

OLIVE  
 I'm swell, guy-I've-never-laid-eyes-on-before. Thanks for asking.

OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 All I could think to myself was  
 'Great, now I'm going to have to  
 start wearing red lipstick and  
 stiletto heels.'

Battling her frustration, she goes to class.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Olive eats dinner with her family.

Her father, DILL (40's), is a regular dad-kind-a-guy. Her mother, ROSEMARY (40's) is heavyset with a fun disposition. Also in attendance is her 'a-little-too-precious' sister, GINGER (12).

Olive and her folks get along really well.

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

They all nod at her.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
And you would testify to that?

DILL  
(Slightly concerned)  
What's up, sweet pea?

OLIVE  
It's nothing. Just the rumor mill.

ROSEMARY  
What's the rumor mill turning out  
these days?

OLIVE  
Seriously, it's nothing.

They continue to eat.

ROSEMARY  
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  
(Whiny)  
Mom, can you please not say that  
word while I'm eating?

ROSEMARY  
Sorry, hon.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE  
Like all families, mine has a deep  
dark secret. And since I'm  
spilling all this dirt, I might as  
well go ahead and confess it.

She takes a deep breath.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm trusting that this nugget of information isn't going to be spread around, but - okay, here it goes: My dad's name is Dill and my mother's name is Rosemary. They were so amused by this that they decided to name all of their children after --

(Feigning discomfort)  
-- edible items.

(With mock emotion)  
My brother's name is Sage and my sister's name is Ginger. It's shocking, I know. We're like a fucking pantry, us Penderghasts!

(Snapping back)  
But at least my parents didn't meet at a 'Star Trek' convention, BITCH! Sorry. Now, I'm just being mean. Okay. Back to the story.

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - 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.)

So, while I would never have classified myself as a wallflower, I was now the center of attention and who doesn't love that? Jeez, if I'd known that losing my virginity would create such a new persona for myself, I'd have lied about it back in eighth grade. Eighth grade sucked. 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, folks. Who invented kissing? Why is everyone so dead-set on sticking their body parts in other people's orifices? If there's a hole on a person, rest assured, somebody wants to stick something of theirs in it.

INT. CLOSET

In almost complete darkness, a very nervous EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE (13) sits with a scared shitless EIGHTH GRADE KID (13).

You can hear other PRE-TEENS snickering and whispering outside the door.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE

So, 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 snickers. He feels a little more at ease.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE (CONT'D)

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 pussied 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

Well,... Uh.... Cool.

There's another long silence. Finally, from outside the door  
--

PRETEEN KID (O.S.)

Ewwwww. Hunter Neblett just puked  
all over the dining room.

Olive and the kid listen as people scurry from outside the  
closet.

EIGHTH GRADE KID

Thank God.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE

Hey, we're in Junior High. Vomit-  
viewing will always trump spit-  
swapping.

The kid starts to make his grand escape, but Olive stops him.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE (CONT'D)

Real fast - and you can tell me the  
truth. It's not because I'm --

The kid smiles.

EIGHTH GRADE KID

No. You're very pretty.

He extends his pinky and she links it to hers. He kisses her  
quickly on the cheek and darts from the closet.

Olive sits in the closet for a moment, contemplating what  
just happened, wondering if he was telling the truth, then  
she opens the door.

The coast is clear, except for ANOTHER PRETEEN KID walking  
past. She aggressively grabs him and pulls him into the  
closet with her and, promptly, thrusts her tongue into his  
mouth.

They make out.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

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

OLIVE

If I'd known that Meerkat Todd was going to turn out so hot, I probably would have cherished the moment more. I suppose just that I'm sitting here reminiscing about it means that it must have meant *something*.

(Beat.)

Yeah, so anyway - kissing's not really my thing. That's what I learned in Natalie Giblin's closet. I digress...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Olive half-listens in class, while her English teacher MR. GRIFFIN (early 30's), a handsome guy, lectures on 'THE SCARLET LETTER.'

OLIVE (V.O.)

So, I'm feeling like the cat's ass, because everyone thinks I've been deflowered. I'm surprised at how empowered I felt by this prevarication. I wonder to myself, would I feel this invigorated if I had actually let some college kid violate me in his cockroach-infested dorm room? Probably not.

(Beat.)

Ironically, we were studying 'The Scarlet Letter,' but isn't that always the way with these teenage tales? The literature you read in class always seems to have a strong connection with whatever angst adolescent drama is being recounted. I consider this.

(Pause.)

Then I think: Except for 'Huckleberry Finn.' I don't know any teenage boys who have ever run away with a big, hulking black guy.

MR. GRIFFIN

Alright, so thoughts?

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 surprised laughter. Even Mr. Griffin tries hard to suppress a congratulatory glance in her direction.

OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
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 - BARBARA BUSH 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.

Finally --

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 Texas.

OLIVE

Wow, that's even bigger than your  
ass.

MARIANNE

(Coldly)

You're going to hell.

OLIVE

(Growing weary of this  
banter)

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 (CONT'D)

I hope you at least had the good  
sense to wear a condom.

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 BLOODIED TISSUE up to his nose. He and Olive exchange meaningful glances.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS (60's), a colossal prick disguised as a man, gestures for her to come in. Olive gets up and enters --

INT. PRINCIPAL GIBBONS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He closes the door behind them. He holds his hand out and she gives him the note that Mr. Griffin wrote. Gibbons studies it.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS

I don't know you.

She thrusts her hand out.

OLIVE  
Olive Penderghast.

He eyes her hand, not amused, and she quickly withdraws it.

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  
A young lady with such an extensive  
vocabulary shouldn't be stooping to  
such *vituperations*.

OLIVE  
(Smiling)  
Touché.

As serious as a heart attack...

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
Wipe that smile off your face --  
(Consulting the note)  
Olive. I don't tolerate this kind  
of language. Ever. Consider this  
your first warning. If I find out  
you've used a word like this in my  
school again, I will make sure that  
it's your last. I don't operate on  
a 'three strikes you're out  
system'. You get one warning from  
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. Are we finished?

He gestures to the door.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
Detention tomorrow after school in  
Room 704. And, young lady, I don't  
want to see you again.

OLIVE  
Not even in a more positive  
capacity? Maybe I could win a  
ribbon or a medal or something. I  
could conceivably be valedictorian.  
Or something.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
(Frighteningly serious)  
Get out of my office now.

She quickly runs out of his office.

EXT. BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rhiannon, excitedly, approaches Olive - dying to talk to her.

RHIANNON  
Please tell me the rumors are true.

OLIVE  
Yes, I'm a big whore.

RHIANNON  
Not that one. The one where you  
called Nina Howell a cunt and then  
socked her in the nose.

OLIVE  
It's not *entirely* true.  
(Beat.)  
Look, there's something I need to  
tell you.

Rhiannon ignores her sincere attempt to confess.

RHIANNON  
Yeah. Like the exact moment you  
turned into such a BAD ASS? I  
think I'm in *LOVE* with you.  
(MORE)

RHIANNON (CONT'D)  
Please tell me you at least left a  
mark on that scrunched-up face of  
hers. POW! The cunt goes down for  
the count!

OLIVE  
(Frustrated)  
Never mind.

Rhiannon pulls her keys from her purse and they walk to her car.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
I want a car.

RHIANNON  
Please. It's my only perk. Trust  
me.

They get into her car.

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.

Her parents seem more impressed than upset. This is definitely a first.

DILL  
What did you do?

OLIVE  
I used inappropriate language in English class. 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  
(More curious than angry)  
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-ass  
girl in my class.

DILL  
I meant what letter did it start  
with?

OLIVE  
Oh. Yeah. T.

ROSEMARY  
T? That's an odd one. Is this one  
of those new curse words?

Both her parents wheels are going. They're both seeking the  
answer in their heads, but are coming up with nothing.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Was it -- ?

She leans over and whispers something in her daughter's ear.

OLIVE  
I don't even know what that means.

ROSEMARY  
Yeah. Neither do I.

Her parents search their brains, but nothing is coming to  
them.

DILL  
Okay. Noun, adjective or verb?

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

ROSEMARY  
Well, I'm stumped. Whisper it in  
my ear.

OLIVE  
I can't. Too weird.

Excited by the prospect --

ROSEMARY  
Oo! Oo! Spell it with your peas!

OLIVE

Now, *THAT'S* a challenge.

She begins maneuvering her peas around the plate.

DILL

Does this have something 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.

Too intrigued by Olive's admission to really care --

ROSEMARY

Good, sweetheart.

Rosemary figures it out as Olive is assembling the A.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Oh, I know what it is!

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

GINGER

(Glancing at 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

(Whispering into Ginger's  
ear)

It's not a good word.  
(MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
(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 dunno. To bed without supper?

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

DILL  
(Thinking hard)  
Uhhhh. This grounding thing seems to be taking the country by storm. No phone, TV or... Or....

OLIVE  
I'll help you out. I don't have anyone to call. I haven't watched TV since they cancelled 'The Illegitimate Children of the Real Housewives of Laguna Beach' and I really only watched that as a joke.

DILL  
Fine. I'd take away your --

OLIVE  
Books? Computer?

DILL  
Yes! You're computer!

OLIVE

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

DILL

(Smiling warmly)

I guess then I'm lucky this isn't a  
regular occurrence.

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

OLIVE

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

DILL

I love you.

(Whispering in her ear)

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

OLIVE

(Whispering back)

You have no idea.

She goes over and kisses her mom on the cheek, as well.  
Leaving the dining room --

OLIVE (CONT'D)

How's about I go and punish myself?  
Mea culpa, mea culpa.

She retreats upstairs.

GINGER

How come you guys never get mad at  
her?

ROSEMARY

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

(Erupting into laughter)

Just kidding! Now eat your dinner.

Dill chuckles, but Ginger is not amused.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE

The next day, things took a turn for the scandalous. Which brings us to Part Three: A Lady's Choice and a Gentleman's Agreement.

She smiles slyly into her camera.

INT. ROOM 704 - DAY

Bored, Olive sits at a desk in a classroom, reading a tattered copy of 'The Scarlet Letter.' She's dressed much racier and is starting to look pretty hot.

There's only one other person in the room. The BULLIED KID seen by Olive leaving Gibbons's office the day before.

The bullied kid is thin as a rail, pale as a ghost and slightly effeminate. He looks miserable. Not just by this detention, but from life in general.

OLIVE

Are these detention sessions often unchaperoned?

BULLIED KID

I don't think we pose a flight risk.

OLIVE

I see.

Olive laughs to herself.

BULLIED KID

What?

OLIVE

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

BULLIED KID

I was afraid you were going to bring that up.

OLIVE

So, how have you been, Brandon?

BRANDON

(Dryly)

I have been fantastic.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Really, really amazing. Don't know if you heard, but according to my locker, I'm a 'power bottom.'

OLIVE

Yikes.

BRANDON

Yeah, only two days after the custodians had finally gotten around to scrubbing 'turd burglar' off. Which, if you think about it, really contradicts the previous label.

OLIVE

Maybe your vandal is marvelling at your versatility?

Brandon shoots her a 'that's not funny' look.

BRANDON

But, of course, I'm in detention.

OLIVE

Why?

BRANDON

Because Gibbons is a homophobe.

(Beat.)

And I called him a facist.

OLIVE

So, the rumors are true, huh?

BRANDON

(Incredulous)

Have you ever met me?

OLIVE

No. I meant about Gibbons being a facist.

He laughs.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I kind of guessed it that night with the whole kissing thing. The way you ran away. 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.

There's a brief silence between them.

OLIVE  
You know, I read this article that said with this whole EMO movement, it looks like - that in a few years - the gay kids are going to be the most popular ones in school.

BRANDON  
Oh good. I'll come back when I'm twenty seven for my redo.

Ignoring his cynicism --

OLIVE  
Can you imagine the dance squad full of shirtless guys in tight pants rocking out to Britney, while the football players sit on the sidelines wishing they were that cool?

BRANDON  
That'll be the day.  
(Beat.)  
Judging from the new look you're sporting, I'm not the only one in a transformative stage. 'Sup with the whore couture?

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

BRANDON  
As a matter of fact I did hear that. I heard you banged a guy 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.

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

BRANDON  
So, you started the rumor?

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

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

OLIVE  
(Offended)  
Excuse me?

BRANDON  
It's true. There's only one thing worse than these tabloid-chasing celebutantes with their vapid minds and their immoral souls and that's the people who want to be like them.

OLIVE  
Did I say I wanted to be like them?

BRANDON  
No, you just want everyone else to think you are.

OLIVE  
Why does it matter if it's not who I really am? No offense, Brando, but maybe you could learn something from me.

BRANDON  
You're saying I should pretend to be straight, so people will like me? What a novel idea. You should do seminars. Oh, wait a minute, I forgot... In high school, EVERYBODY PRETENDS TO BE SOMETHING THEY'RE NOT!

## OLIVE

Calm down, Adolph. There's a vein popping out of your neck. I'm simply 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 bathe as often as society deems necessary. Or take Marianne Bryant. It's convenient for her to *act* like a stuck-up Jesus-freak.

(Thinking about this)

No. I'm wrong. I think she's actually just a stuck-up Jesus-freak. But do you think *she* cares that that's the way she's perceived? No. Maybe she was just sick of being just another nameless, faceless entity in a place and a time that reveres people for extremity?

Brandon realizes why she's chosen this path and feels for her.

## BRANDON

There are some of us, though, that want to just blend in to the crowd.

## OLIVE

Then maybe you need to go to that extreme. Or make the steadfast decision not to care. Even better if you can manage to do both.

(Beat.)

I've discovered an infallible remedy for teen angst: *apathy*.

## BRANDON

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

## OLIVE

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

She smiles sinisterly at him.

## BRANDON

Funny. I always thought teen angst and apathy went hand in hand.

There is an electricity in the air and it seems as if at any moment, they might fling off their clothes and screw right there.

OLIVE  
How am I doing?

BRANDON  
What? Pretending to be a whore?  
For a virgin, I'm impressed. How  
about me? Could I pass as  
straight?

OLIVE  
Not bad. For a fag.

BRANDON  
I prefer the term 'turd burglar.'

They both break character and return to being themselves.

OLIVE  
If we really wanted to shock the  
world, we'd get up and leave  
detention.

BRANDON  
But you know that we would never do  
that.

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

Brandon thinks hard about everything that's just been said. His brain is going a-mile-a-minute. In that noggin, an idea has been planted.

Olive, not oblivious to this, returns to her novel.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olive lounges on her bed, flipping through a magazine and talking to Rhiannon on the phone.

RHIANNON (O.S.)  
Brandy Carter was telling Vanessa  
Hodges that you lost your virginity  
to three guys in a jacuzzi.

OLIVE

Well, I guess that's better than me  
getting crabs from a guy twice my  
age.

RHIANNON (O.S.)

Ewww. Who said that?

OLIVE

You know that Brandon kid?

RHIANNON (O.S.)

From your seedy pre-pubescent  
closet romp?

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON (O.S.)

Nobody talks to him.

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON (O.S.)

He's gay.

OLIVE

Since when are *straight* guys under  
the age of eighteen able to  
converse?

A call beeps in on the other line.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Shit. Hold on.

She clicks over.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Hello?

BRANDON (O.S.)

Olive?

OLIVE

(Singsong)

Unfortunately so.

BRANDON

It's Brandon.

OLIVE  
Speak of the devil...

BRANDON (O.S.)  
Hey, can I come over? I wanted to  
talk to you about something.

OLIVE  
(Intrigued)  
Okay. Yeah. Sure.

BRANDON (O.S.)  
Okay. See you soon.

Olive clicks over to Rhiannon.

OLIVE  
Dude, that was Brandon. He wants  
to talk to me about something.

RHIANNON (O.S.)  
Probably wants to borrow an outfit.

OLIVE  
That's so mean.

RHIANNON (O.S.)  
Any word from George?

OLIVE  
Rhi, I told you. It was a one  
night stand. Which is now a DONE  
night stand.

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

OLIVE  
If I was a character on a CW show,  
then, absolutely, I'd be blubbering  
all over my Teen Vogue. Hey, we  
should start a rumor that I'm  
having a pregnancy scare!

Olive is stoked by her idea.

INT. FOYER - PENDERGHAST HOME - NIGHT

Rosemary opens the door to see Brandon. She has no idea who he is.

BRANDON  
Hi. Is there an Olive here?

ROSEMARY  
(Feigning confusion)  
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.

Brandon walks in and Rosemary shouts --

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 and 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 to --

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She closes the door behind them.

OLIVE  
My mom's an acquired taste. I know  
this because I've only just  
recently begun to appreciate her  
myself.

She gestures for him to sit down.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Welcome to my boudoir! This is  
where the magic happens.

BRANDON  
(Blurting out)  
Do you wanna go out with me?

She looks at him, strangely.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
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  
Well, 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 should say not.

BRANDON  
Okay. Well, do you wanna have sex  
with me?

OLIVE  
You're serious.

He nervously nods.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, dude. You totally  
missed my point. All I was saying  
was that --

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

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

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
(Considers this)

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

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.  
No. Really. No. No way. No.  
No.

BRANDON

Think about it. We could help each other out. You want to maintain this floozy facade. I want to not get my face pummelled weekly.

OLIVE

You are on crack.

BRANDON

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

OLIVE

This is not the answer. Why don't you just do what I did and make someone up?

BRANDON

Who would believe me?  
(Growing increasingly desperate)

Listen, Olive, I don't want to do this. I want to live in that not-too-distant EMO world, but I still have another year of this bullshit place and I can't do it. I just can't do it.

(Beat.)  
(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
I'll pay you. I can pay you  
whatever you want.

OLIVE  
(Gently)  
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  
really don't think it will work.

BRANDON  
(His voice cracking with  
emotion)  
I can make it work. I promise.

She sees tears forming in his eyes.

She walks away from him and is silent for a long few moments.

OLIVE  
I don't do anything half-assed.  
(Spinning around 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  
I can't believe you're doing this.

OLIVE  
Afterwards, it's up to you. You're  
committing to something.  
(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Just make sure you're ready to live  
with the consequences.

It seems as if that last statement was more for herself than it was for him.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE  
I'm sure you all remember the  
party...

INT. BOSTIC HOUSE - NIGHT

A TEEN PARTY rages. DRUNK KIDS abound.

Olive, looking like a million-fuckin'-bucks, prances into the party with Brandon, who's 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, ripped from the pages of Teen People.

Olive falls against Brandon laughing. He hoists her up, as their host, MELANIE BOSTIC (17), a fairly pretty girl, approaches.

MELANIE  
Hey Olive!  
(Weirded out)  
Hi Brandon.

OLIVE  
OhmyGod, Melly. I hope you don't mind, but we had a few pre-cocktail party cocktails...  
(Disoriented)  
Party. Cocktails.

MELANIE  
Well, glad you could make it.

OLIVE  
(Whispering and slurring  
in her ear)  
Soooo, here's the thing.  
(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Brandon 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 --

(Hiccup)

-- About his thing? That's funny?

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

MELANIE

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

OLIVE

I love you. I love you so much. You are -- Just, yeah.

She gives her a drunken punch on the shoulder.

She spins around to the entire party, who is looking at them with complete interest.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

(Loudly; to all)

Hey everybody!

They raise a glass to them and Brandon and Olive stumble down the hallway, laughing.

MELANIE

(Shocked; Mouthing to a guest)

What the fuck?!

The bully who emerged from Gibbons's office with Brandon, goes up to Melanie.

BULLY

Was that Olive with Brandon?

MELANIE

I know! 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)  
Draw the shades.

Brandon runs over and pulls the blinds down. They giggle, conspiratorially.

Olive plops down on the bed and stretches out. Brandon lays beside her. She moans for the benefit of the audience she knows has assembled outside. She moans again and it's very convincing.

She leans over and whispers in his ear --

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Grunt. Make it really convincing.  
And manly.

He does so. She extends her palm, impressed. He slaps it with his.

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.

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olive reaches into her handbag and pulls out her copy of 'The Scarlet Letter' and reads it while she makes sex noises. Brandon laughs at this and Olive smacks him with it, prompting him to stop. She puts her finger over her lips, giving him the 'Shhhh' sign.

She continues to read as she thrusts her hips, making the bed squeak ever so slightly.

BRANDON  
(Whispering)  
How long do we have to do this?

OLIVE  
(Whispering)  
Depends. Do you wanna be a normal adolescent boy or do you wanna be a stud?

He moans in his deepest voice. She continues to read, crescendoing her moaning like a pro.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Oh God, Brandon. Don't stop.  
Don't stop. Don't stop, don't  
stop, don't stop.

She takes the top of the headboard and lightly taps it against the wall, over and over.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
Now that I think about it, we probably don't want to do this for too long. It'll give the impression that you're having difficulty finishing. That's not the desired effect.

BRANDON  
(Whispering)  
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!

Brandon suppresses a laugh.

INT. GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Olive is disheveling herself. Brandon musses up his hair.

OLIVE  
Hold on.

She unbuttons Brandon's shirt and rebuttons it incorrectly.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Go forth, my son. You're a man now.

BRANDON  
Thanks Olive.

He kisses her on the cheek and she smiles.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The whole crowd, leaning against the wall, quickly disperses when the door opens.

The bully immediately hands Brandon a beer and throws his arm around him, leading him drunkenly down the hallway, with a crew of guys after the dirty details.

Olive looks at this and smiles, satisfied. Then she realizes that, though the guys have gone, there are a whole slew of girls looking at her completely differently. They avoid her eye contact, as one would ward off Medusa.

Olive finds 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 into the --

INT. KITCHEN

-- Where she runs smack-dab into the well-developed chest of MEERKAT TODD.

MEERKAT TODD  
(Politely)  
Sorry.

They make eye contact. Olive is a sick shade of regret.

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

OLIVE  
Hi Todd.

Obviously oblivious to the demonstration that just occurred --

MEERKAT TODD  
How's it going?

OLIVE  
I'm --  
(She doesn't know how she  
is)  
I'm here.

MEERKAT TODD  
Can I get you a beer?

OLIVE  
That rhymed.

Olive catches the reflection behind her of a group of guys leaning against the counter, signalling 'NO, DON'T DO IT' to him behind her back.

She spins around and they instantly pretend to not be paying attention. She glares at them.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
(Ashamed of herself)  
I should probably go.

She rushes off.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE  
It was truly my Cindy Mancini moment.  
(Melodramatically reenacting)  
'You! Even Bobby thinks we went out. Great, huh? Ha! All of you thought we were a couple. What a joke!... Ronald Miller paid me 1,000 bucks to pretend I liked him. What a deal, huh? \$1,000 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! No, leave me alone. He was right. Our little plan worked, didn't it, Ronald? The dance. That stupid dance! What a bunch of followers you guys are. I mean, at least I got... At least I got paid.'

(Sincerely; as herself)  
'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.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

OLIVE

(To the television)

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

Her mom comes in with a nicely-wrapped gift.

ROSEMARY

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

Indicating an empty space on the floor --

OLIVE

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

ROSEMARY

He seems like a nice boy... 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, it might be hard on your father and I, at first. But we love you no matter what the sexual orientation of your opposite-sex partner.

Rosemary leaves, chuckling at her own joke.

Too curious, Olive opens the gift. She withdraws a PHOTO of the BULLY holding BRANDON'S LEGS while he does a KEG STAND. She smiles, pleasantly.

She pulls out a PINK VIBRATOR and looks at it quizzically.

There's an envelope inside. She opens it and pulls out a \$200 Gift Card to TARGET.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
Cindy Mancini gets \$1,000. I get a vibrator and a \$200 Gift Card to Target.

There's a note, which she reads aloud to herself.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Dear Olive, The dildo is just in case you don't shop at Target.  
Then you can fuck yourself.

Olive breaks out into riotous laughter. She's genuinely touched by this gift.

The phone rings. Thinking it's Brandon, Olive snatches it up.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
(Excitedly)  
Your package was *perfection!*

RHIANNON (O.S.)  
So, it's TRUE!

OLIVE  
Rhi?

RHIANNON (O.S.)  
Well, it's not last night's conquest!

OLIVE  
You know, I always think it's so ridiculous on TV, when someone picks up the phone and magically seems to know who's going to be on the other end. I usually preface a conversation with 'hello' to avoid such banalities. The one time I decide to step outside this convention... How are you?

INT. MALL - DAY

Rhiannon, clutching an enormous Diet Coke, plods through the mall 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.

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO LOCATIONS:

OLIVE

(Playfully)

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. No, in fact, I do NOT know the way to San Jose. And - little known fact - contrary to popular belief, panama hats are not from Panama at all! They're from Ecuador! Who knew?

RHIANNON

Now is not the time to be cute.

OLIVE

You're putting me in a precarious position, because --

(With her best Jackie-O voice)

-- 'according to last month's Cosmopolitan Magazine, we should always look cute. Even when we're doing mundane activities such as choosing vegetables from the produce section of our local grocery store.'

RHIANNON

Olive, stop it. This is serious. Did you really bang Brandon last night at Melanie Dipshit's party?

Olive sighs as she slumps into her pillows.

OLIVE

Is that what people are saying happened?

RHIANNON

That's what EVERYONE is saying.

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 screwing everybody!

OLIVE  
(Off-put)  
Uh, thanks Mom. Good talk.

RHIANNON  
You're getting a reputation.

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

RHIANNON  
Please forgive my rectitude, but I  
think that a best friend's duty is  
to let her know that everyone - and  
I do mean everyone - is calling her  
a cum dumpster.

OLIVE  
Well, do *YOU* think I'm a cum  
dumpster?

RHIANNON  
Look, baby, I call a spade a spade.

Entering the red zone --

OLIVE  
First off, that's racist.  
Secondly, fuck you! 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*? There  
are a lot of children who will  
never again experience Family Pizza  
Night because of you. 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 --

(As if it was a disease)

-- your brother's 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 down into the cradle and seethes.

Berlin's '**SEX (I'm A...)**' plays loudly as...

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

Into her webcam --

OLIVE

Rhiannon Abernathy only wishes that somebody wanted to pretend to sleep with her!

BACK TO:

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

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.

Time flies and we see the clothing pile rapidly decreasing, until there are none left.

The song morphs into -- Tommy James and the Shondell's '**CRIMSON & CLOVER**' as we fade into --

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Clad in sunglasses, fuck-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'

(NOTE: For the rest of the film, every piece of Olive's clothing will be emblazoned with a RED A.)

Erections are popping up all along the halls, as well as looks of total disbelief from the girls.

She works it like a Debbie Who Just Did Dallas, Düsseldorf, Des Moines, Daytona, Detroit and Darfur.

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

(Nervous)

Hi.

OLIVE

(Breathy and aping Marilyn Monroe)

I just realized the funniest thing.  
My name is an anagram for 'I  
love...'

ANSON

(Stuttering)

What's an anagram?

OLIVE

Look it up, big boy.

She rubs her knee, seductively, along his inner thigh, turns and licks her lips at a repulsed Rhiannon and continues on her way.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH LINE - LATER

Anything sexually suggestive you can do with school cafeteria food, Olive does as she makes her way through the lunch line, as guys ogle her.

Marianne, also present in the line, watches her in repugnance.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Olive emerges from the GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM, dressed for gym class. A TERRIFIED FAT KID named EVAN nervously approaches her.

EVAN

Hey Olive.

OLIVE

Hi Evan.

EVAN

Can I talk to you for a second?

He gestures for her to follow him underneath the bleachers. She reluctantly does so.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Don't get mad, but Brandon told me what you did for him.

OLIVE

Well, rest assured, it was equally as thrilling for me.

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

(Through clenched teeth)

Walk away, Evan.

Evan starts to talk, but she raises her hand to silence him.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

RUN away, Evan.

EVAN

I can pay you, too.

OLIVE

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

EVAN

(Excited at the prospect)

Can you do it in front of everyone?

Olive turns and starts to leave. Evan summons up his courage  
and meekly states to her back.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I don't need your permission, you  
know.

She turns around and gives him a look of death. 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 \$500.

OLIVE

You're repugnant.

EVAN

(Indicating his body)

That's the problem.

And once again Olive feels too sorry for him to say no.

OLIVE

I want five hundred dollars in gift  
certificate form deposited in my  
locker before noon tomorrow.  
Preferably 'The Gap,' but I'll also  
take Amazon.com. We did NOT have  
sex. I was piss-ass 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

Five hundred bucks for just feeling you up? Doesn't that seem a little steep to you? Can you throw in some

(Mispronouncing it; as if it rhymed with 'cottage')

frottage?

OLIVE

(Correcting him)

It's *fraw-TAHZH*, dumbass.

(Buckling)

Fine. But it was so good, you lasted only twelve seconds and I better not find out that little pecker of yours EVER came out of your pants. Take it or leave it.

EVAN

Little pecker? Nuh-uh. For five hundred dollars, it was ungodly huge. You even commented on the unusual girth for a guy my age.

OLIVE

I was too drunk to remember.

EVAN

Three minutes.

OLIVE

Two.

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?

With zero vitriol --

OLIVE  
Not now, I don't.

Sad for him, she walks away.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE  
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.  
And since we're playing the shame  
game... While I appreciate the  
sentiment, Lewis, a pretend hand  
job should have warranted a little  
more than a hundred dollars worth  
of AMC Movie Passes. They had an  
expiration date AND were only able  
to be used for movies that had been  
running for two weeks. But even  
that's better than Tyler Jennings,  
who gave me a ten percent off  
coupon to Bath and Body Works.  
Seriously. A fucking coupon. Is  
that how good my imaginary blow job  
was to you? Huh? Is chivalry  
dead? I want John Cusack holding a  
boombox outside my window. I want  
Richard Gere climbing up my fire  
escape with the limo waiting  
downstairs. I want to ride off on  
a lawnmower with Patrick Dempsey.  
Although, I'm ashamed to admit I'd  
prefer him to look like he looks  
now. What woman wouldn't? But no.  
I get to save two fifty on a bottle  
of Juniper Breeze Hand Lotion.  
Maybe chivalry isn't dead, but it's  
in a coma and the prognosis isn't  
good.

(Beat.)

So, if you're still with me - and  
I'm guessing that most of you are -  
I now present to you Part Four: How  
I, Olive Penderghast, Went From  
Assumed Trollop To an Actual Home-  
wrecker.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

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

OLIVE  
You wanted to see me?

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

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

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

OLIVE  
Accessorizing?

MR. GRIFFIN  
Olive, Olive, Olive. Do you think that maybe you're reading a little too much into this assignment?

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

MR. GRIFFIN  
I'm hearing things.

She takes a deep breath.

OLIVE  
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. 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  
(MORE)

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
(Indicating her outfit)  
'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  
(He searches for the word)  
*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.

Mr. Griffin smiles at her.

MR. GRIFFIN  
Hey, 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  
(Smiling; innocently)  
You know I won't tell.

She gets up and leaves, but passes in the doorway, a  
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
(To the woman)  
Hey Mrs. Griffin.

Pretending to know who she is --

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Hi! How are you?

OLIVE  
(Pointing to the '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  
*that*.

He kisses her.

MR. GRIFFIN  
She's just going through a phase.  
(He gets an idea)  
Hey, do you think you could talk to  
her? Maybe you could get her to --  
I dunno -

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

MR. GRIFFIN  
'Fraid so.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Oh, this'll be good. That snotty  
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.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Assembled in a semi-circle, a handful of WELL-DRESSED CHRISTIAN KIDS open their meeting of the CROSS YOUR HEART CLUB with prayer. Marianne, of course, leads them in this ritual. Nina is also present.

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 (CONT'D)  
Guys. We have a problem.

NINA  
Amen to THAT.

MARIANNE  
Olive Penderghast. We need to pray for her, but we also need to get rid of her. 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 eyes him, suspiciously.

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.

(MORE)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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 that we are.

(Beat.)

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.

She tears up.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do, but something's got to be done.

Her boyfriend, MICAH (17) takes her hand and holds it. She leans against his shoulder, wiping away tears. Nina, on the other side of her, begins rubbing her shoulder, sympathetically.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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

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

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. This is so stupid.

MICAH

No, it's not, Marianne.

She wipes her tears away.

MARIANNE

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

(MORE)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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.

ALL

We promise.

MARIANNE

Let's continue to pray for Olive  
Penderghast. That either she sees  
that what she's doing is a sin and  
changes her behavior or that she  
gets the hell out of our school.

They all squeeze hands and Marianne manages a smile.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Awww, I love you guys. God loves  
you guys.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BARBARA BUSH HIGH - DAY

Marianne gives Micah a strictly PG-rated kiss against his car. They're nauseatingly wholesome.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Olive is sitting in the office, dressed just as slutty as the day before. 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 and follows Mrs. Griffin into --

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Griffin sits behind her desk and Olive sits opposite her.

MRS. GRIFFIN

So, the reason I called you down here is just so that we could - sort of, y'know - chat about what's going on.

(Beat.)

There's been some concern from faculty members.

OLIVE

(Correcting her)

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? I promise the hem of my dress isn't higher than my fingertips.

MRS. GRIFFIN

You're not in trouble, Olive. 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.' Do NOT tell anyone.

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.

She winks at her.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
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 jaw some  
more.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
(Bitingly)  
Or you could always get pregnant?

OLIVE  
I'm probably closer than either of  
us thinks...

Mrs. Griffin digs in her purse and pulls out a handful of  
CONDOMS. Feigning excitement --

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 don't need those.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
 (Sternly)  
 But you do.

Olive starts to confess, but then just takes the rubbers and puts them in her own purse.

OLIVE  
 Thank you.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
 Remember: our little secret. And, hey, would you send in the next person?

Mrs. Griffin smiles at Olive as she leaves.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS  
 Marianne is talking to Micah, who seems distressed. He rubs his eyes, like he's been crying. Olive is surprised to see him there.

OLIVE  
 You're up, hoss.

MARIANNE  
 (Concerned; To Micah)  
 It's going to be okay.

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

OLIVE  
 (To Marianne)  
 Let me guess: drugs.

Marianne gives her a 'go away' look.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
 I didn't know Christians believed in guidance counsellors.  
 (Beat.)  
 Ooo! Ooo! Is your boyfriend struggling with his sexuality?

Marianne begins crying.

MARIANNE  
 No, you insensitive rhymes-with-witch! His parents are going through a  
 (MORE)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
(Whispered)  
divorce!

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

OLIVE  
It's okay, Marianne.  
(Not sure what to say)  
Sometimes our boyfriend's parents  
get divorced. It's just important  
to know that it's not *your* fault.

MARIANNE  
(Through her tears)  
They go to our church! Imagine  
what people will say!

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

OLIVE  
I have to go now. Are you going to  
be okay?

Into Olive's shoulder --

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

OLIVE  
Yeah. 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? Hey, it's *your* boss's rules.

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.  
(MORE)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
I want to be friends. PLEASE.  
PLEASE be my friend.

Olive is really confused by this display and is about to say something snide, but thinks better of it and replies with a very heartfelt --

OLIVE  
Absolutely.

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

OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And for a day, we were actually  
really good friends. I was really  
starting to think that things were  
going to turn around.

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - 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.

It's the slap heard 'round the school.

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  
(Snapping)  
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 framed photo of her and Mr. Griffin into the box. It shatters. Mrs. Griffin falls apart.

Olive starts to say something again, but she doesn't know what to say, so she sheepishly turns to leave.

EXT. BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The Cross Your Heart Club is assembled outside of the school, with a lot of other kids (and some parents), waving signs on wooden stakes that say things like:

EXPEL OLIVE!

EXODUS 20:14

SCHOOLS ARE FOR LEARNING, NOT FOR WHORING

OLIVE PENDERGHAST IS A WHORE

Rhi is among them, 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 scene is a maelstrom of anger and piety.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive laughs.

OLIVE

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.

INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

Olive enters a Catholic Church. It's empty, but there are a few CANDLES burning. She sees the CONFESSONAL BOOTH and makes a beeline toward it.

She takes a deep breath and enters.

INT. CONFESSONAL 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 in this booth and tell you what I've done wrong. Where do I even start?

(Beat.)

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 shi -- 'crap' going down at my school which may or may not be indirectly because of this masquerade.

(Beat.)

I'm lying. I may have caused the end of a marriage. I thought, in my own perverse way, that I could help it. I mean, in my defense, I am merely an adolescent. I should never have 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.

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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 'Hail Marys'? Hello?

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh, come on!

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

EXT. CATHEDRAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Olive, upset at herself, gets into her car and drives off. But just a few blocks down the street to --

EXT. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

She parks her car and gets out to try a different denomination.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Olive enters to find a SWEET, PORTLY RECEPTIONIST (50's) searching through RELIGIOUS CLIP-ART on her COMPUTER, attempting to find the perfect image for the church newsletter.

The lady smiles, acknowledging Olive.

OLIVE

Hi. I was wondering if the minister was around.

RECEPTIONIST

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

For her own entertainment, Olive matches the receptionist's enthusiasm level.

OLIVE

Actually, that would be fantastic!

RECEPTIONIST

Can I tell him what this is  
regarding?

OLIVE

Absolutely. 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

Don, there's a young lady here who  
would like to speak with you about  
joining.

She listens and then hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(Pointing 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 enters --

INT. ASSOCIATE PASTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON (40's) is a gangly, unattractive -  
borderline creepy - man. He invites Olive to have a seat.

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON

Hello there, young lady. My name  
is Don.

He extends his hand, which she shakes politely.

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON (CONT'D)

How can I help you today?

OLIVE

I'm new to the area. Looking for a  
church - hopefully something with a  
strong fellowship, a firm foot in  
the soil of...

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
divinity and was wondering what  
your church's stance on lying and  
adultery was?

Don seems taken aback by the question.

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON  
Well. It's not a *good* thing.

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

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON  
Ma'am, the Presbyterian Church  
recognizes the existence of hell.

OLIVE  
Right. Okay. Let's say hell  
exists. Which is worse - lying or  
adultery? Or is lying *about*  
adultery like a double whammy?

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON  
I'm sorry, ma'am, 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 Don, his wife, A WOMAN WITH A SMILE THE SIZE OF MONTANA and his lovely daughter --

MARIANNE BRYANT.

She jumps up from her chair and recoils at the sight of the picture and the stupid mistake she made by coming there.

OLIVE  
You know what. I think I'm just  
going to go and check out Judaism.

Backing up toward the door.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
The Jews and I have a lot in  
common. Fashion-wise. And stuff.  
So, thank you for your time.

She bolts from his office.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive speaks into her webcam --

OLIVE

Yes. I had unwittingly sought advice from the father of the leader of my lynch mob. Who else can say that's happened to them?

(Beat.)

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. BARBARA BUSH 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 that 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.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Olive sits in class. Marianne passes a note back to her.

OLIVE (V.O.)

She wrote me a note in first period.

Olive reads it. It says: **Hey girlie! You wanna hang out after school today? Kisses! Marianne**

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. She turns to Olive behind them and makes a gagging signal behind his back and laughs silently.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
By second period, it was like we  
had private jokes.

Olive, unaware of how to respond, gives another thumbs up.

INT. HOME EC CLASSROOM - LATER

Olive sees Marianne come into class, 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.

MARIANNE  
(Tears glistening in her  
eyes)  
Really?

Olive guides Marianne's head back to her shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marianne's boyfriend, Micah, writhes in pain on a hospital bed, clutching his crotch. His worried MOTHER (40's) is beside him, clutching her chest with one hand and trying to soothe him with the other.

MICAH  
It hurts so bad.

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

DOCTOR  
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 sleeping with? Tell  
me! TELL ME!

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

MICAH  
Olive! Olive Penderghast!

His mother's face fills with satisfaction.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Micah's mother is on her cell phone.

MICAH'S MOTHER  
(Angrily)  
Olive Penderghast.

She folds her phone up and slips it into her purse.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The woman on the other end of the phone -- A WOMAN WITH A SMILE THE SIZE OF MONTANA -- who we've seen in the Bryant family photo, hangs up. Only this time, her smile is a disgusted grimace.

She picks up the phone and dials a number. She is, animatedly, talking to the person on the other end of the line, while 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. Undoubtedly, she's just heard from her mother that her boyfriend has chlamydia.

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

MARIANNE  
CHLAMYDIA!!

She screams so loud that Mrs. Griffin comes out of her office, a panicked expression on her face.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Seething, Marianne's mother says into the phone --

A WOMAN WITH A SMILE THE SIZE OF  
MONTANA  
Olive Penderghast.

She hears a slam and then a dial tone.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marianne clutches the phone in the cradle with enough force that it looks like the receiver will shatter in her hands. Mrs. Griffin looks worried.

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. Mrs. Griffin is taken aback by Marianne's umbrage.

As we saw before --

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Marianne, angry as hell, 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 (CONT'D)  
(Clutching her face)  
MutherFUCKer!

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

RHIANNON  
My sentiments exactly...

OLIVE  
(Snidely)  
Oh, grow up!

But Rhi keeps on walking.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Micah's on his cell phone, anxiously talking to someone - checking every few seconds to see if his mom is on her way out.

MICAH  
(Into the cell phone)  
I didn't know what to say! I  
panicked! I said I got it from  
Olive Penderghast.  
(Pause.)  
I know, but what was I supposed to  
say?! And then my mom called her  
mom.  
(Pause.)  
No, not Olive's. Marianne's!  
(Pause.)  
I already tried to blame it on  
their divorce, but my mom's not  
buying it. I have to tell them.  
(Pause.)  
Okay. But I love you. 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 --

There's a dial tone.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Griffin has just hung up on her teenage lover and begins freaking out. She grabs a cardboard box and begins throwing items into it.

Olive bursts into Mrs. Griffin's office and sees Mrs. Griffin packing her things.

As we saw before --

MRS. GRIFFIN  
(Snapping)  
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 framed photo of her and Mr. Griffin into the box. It shatters. Mrs. Griffin falls apart.

Olive starts to say something again, but she doesn't know what to say, so she sheepishly turns to leave -- -- and then feels awkward.

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

This makes Mrs. Griffin cry even harder. She attempts to pull herself together.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
It's my fault. I'm so sorry,  
Olive.

Olive looks at her, quizzically.

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
(Sotto voce)  
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 those words around a student.

MRS. GRIFFIN  
Yeah, well, you're not to supposed to fuck them, either. But it 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.*

(Switching gears)

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.) (CONT'D)

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 that she had never meant for anything to happen with Micah. She confessed to me how when she was a child she always dreamt of being Maria Von Trapp, not Mary Kay Letorneau. Micah had panicked and used me as a scapegoat - to save her job and her marriage. She assured me that she would make sure everyone knew the truth and apologized.

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

OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And I bought it.

Olive gives her a reassuring smile, steps up to the plate and offers up a solution.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I could have chlamydia. And I could easily have given it to Micah. That time we slept together. Who knows? Often times women don't have symptoms and I have been whoring around....

MRS. GRIFFIN

No you haven't.

Olive looks at her, puzzled by her knowledge.

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 (Looking away)  
 Because a real whore can't admit it  
 to herself, let alone others.

She begins to weep.

Olive puts her hand on Mrs. Griffin's shoulder.

OLIVE  
 Call Micah. Tell him I said he's  
 an asshole and that he owes me SO  
 big for this and also the time I  
 pretended not to see him during a  
 third grade game of hide and seek.  
 Tell him I still remember that.  
 But tell him that 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  
 HOT and while the male adolescent  
 can fuck like a bunny... who really  
 wants to fuck a bunny? If I was  
 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.

She strokes her hair.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE  
 So, really how could I be angry at  
 Marianne?  
 (MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Dude, if some bimbo gave MY boyfriend an STD, I'd have swung, but I'd have balled my fist.

(Whimsically)

My boyfriend.

(She gets lost in the thought)

With all the mythical play I was getting, it's a wonder - and probably a miracle - that I still hadn't actually been asked out on a real date. Guys were clamoring to claim that they'd slept with me, but no one was putting the real moves on me. Until finally...

EXT. PLAYGROUND - YEARS BEFORE

Two LITTLE 5 YEAR OLD GIRLS (Olive and Rhiannon) chase a LITTLE BOY all over the playground, desperate to kiss him.

They plot and plan to corner him, but he's just too fast.

OLIVE (V.O.)

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

Rhiannon finally catches him and kiss him on the cheek. Repulsed, he wipes his face.

Rhiannon and Olive high five each other.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Olive eats her lunch and yuks it up with a table full of guys. Rhiannon sits at a different table, mostly comprised of girls, and glares at her from across the room.

The bell rings and the students begin getting up and making their way toward the exit.

Anson (who we saw earlier with Rhiannon in the hallways) approaches Olive.

ANSON

Hey Olive.

Olive smiles sweetly at him.

ANSON (CONT'D)  
I was wondering if you were busy  
tonight. Maybe wanna go out or  
something?

OLIVE  
(Suspicious)  
What did you have in mind?

ANSON  
I dunno. I was thinking about  
chartering a hot air balloon,  
taking along a bottle of champagne  
and fresh fruit and then trying to  
impress you with an overzealous  
reading of Emily Dickinson.

OLIVE  
(Coyly)  
Why, Anson, are you inviting me to  
accompany you to a romantic dinner  
at the Red Lobster?

ANSON  
Unequivocally.

OLIVE  
(Impressed)  
Nice. Yeah. I'll have dinner with  
you.

Olive walks off

INT. RED LOBSTER - NIGHT

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

OLIVE  
I can't believe you brought me to  
the nicest restaurant in town.  
This is swank. I was beginning to  
think that there was no such thing  
as class.

ANSON  
Yeah. What's better than getting  
to select your dinner and have nice  
conversation while they boil it  
alive in the back?

OLIVE

I think Anson Jr. doesn't mind making the sacrifice. You don't mind that I named him Anson Jr., do you?

ANSON

Not at all. I'm actually kind of honored.

OLIVE

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

ANSON

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

OLIVE

Y'know, medical science has not substantiated claims that any particular food increases sexual desire or performance. It's so funny when guys ply women with food that they think is gonna get them laid. I mean, what's really sexy about slurping back oysters? You know, native people believed that you gained the strength of the animal by consuming it. Some people grind up rhinoceros horn, because it's thought to stiffen the male sex organ. It's all bullshit. And spanish fly? It's pulverized beetle that people eat! Although, it's illegal for human consumption in the United States and do you know why? Because if you take just a bit too much, it causes painful urination, fever and bloody discharge.

A SERVER appears with their LOBSTER. Anson is an odd shade of green from Olive's little science lesson.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Yum!

The server leaves them and Olive digs in. Anson is feeling 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 Meerkat Todd, who's wearing a RED FOAM LOBSTER HAT.

With as much spirit, as he has as a meerkat --

MEERKAT 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 Meerkat Todd worked here! And he's a lobster! I wonder if I should start calling him Lobster Todd.

MEERKAT 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, miserable of course, sitting with her parents at a table in the next room. Olive immediately becomes uneasy.

OLIVE  
Shit!

MEERKAT TODD  
The best thing is her dessert is free!

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

MEERKAT 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.

MEERKAT TODD  
Sound off!

PARADE OF SERVERS

Happy!

MEERKAT TODD

Sound off!

PARADE OF SERVERS

Birthday!

MEERKAT TODD

Sound off!

PARADE OF SERVERS

Happy birthday to you!

The whole place applauds, unenthusiastically. Anson sees Olive's discomfort.

ANSON

What's wrong?

OLIVE

Rhiannon's over there.

ANSON

So?

OLIVE

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

ANSON

So?

OLIVE

Well, she's my best friend.

ANSON

I thought you two weren't speaking.

OLIVE

We're not, but it doesn't mean 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  
(Disappointed)  
Do you want me to get the check?

OLIVE  
(Touched)  
Would you mind?

He gestures for the server who appears.

ANSON  
Could we get our check?

SERVER  
(Confused)  
Is everything okay?

OLIVE  
I just remembered I'm allergic to  
shellfish. I always forget that my  
respiratory system would collapse  
and I'd die. It sucks I know.

Even more confused, the server obliges and gives them their  
check.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
(Digging in her purse)  
Let me get it. I have a gift  
certificate.

She pulls it out and 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  
She and I just don't have much in  
common.

OLIVE  
And you and I do?

ANSON

*I think so. For instance, I, too think Nina Howell's a twat.*

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.

ANSON (CONT'D)

*Kidding!*

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.*

The sever smiles and leaves them again.

ANSON

*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 see her, as well, and wave. It's painfully obvious to Olive that Rhi hasn't told her parents about their differences. She starts to go over, but Rhiannon's face is turning vermillion in anger. Olive just waves, sheepishly and leaves with Anson.

I/E. ANSON'S CAR - RED LOBSTER PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

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 \$500 GIFT CERTIFICATE to ANTHROPOLOGIE and hands it to her.

Olive is disappointed, but tries not to show it.

OLIVE  
Oh. I didn't realize --

Snapping out of her guilt.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Okay. 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 would be kind of hot here.

He takes off his shirt.

OLIVE  
Dude, I gotta go. It's been -- sad.

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

ANSON

Olive, you're being stupid. I'll take you home.

OLIVE

No thanks.

He drives off, leaving her outside in the parking lot.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

As luck would have it, Meerkat Todd, is coming out the back exit. He sees her and gives her a surprised, toothy grin.

MEERKAT TODD

Hey Olive!

OLIVE

Hey Todd.

MEERKAT 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.

MEERKAT TODD

(Laughing at her oddness)

You want a ride somewhere?

OLIVE

Nah. I'm fine.

MEERKAT TODD

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

Tears begin to glisten in Olive's eyes.

OLIVE

She's not my friend anymore.

Todd walks over and puts his arm around her and leads her to his car. He opens the door for her and she sits down.

I/E. MEERKAT TODD'S CAR - NIGHT

Olive is trying to pull herself together but she can't stop crying as Todd drives her home.

Todd doesn't know what to say to her. Finally --

MEERKAT 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.

MEERKAT TODD  
Huh?

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

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

OLIVE  
Why not?

MEERKAT TODD  
Olive, contrary to popular belief, I'm not an idiot. I know exactly what's going on and I know exactly what you're doing.

She stops crying.

OLIVE  
Who told you?

MEERKAT 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  
You remember that?

MEERKAT TODD

Yeah and after I ran out, you pulled Brandon in. Yeah, I know about that, by the way.

OLIVE

And look how *he* turned out.

MEERKAT TODD

Sometimes I still pretend you *were* my first kiss.

OLIVE

(Laughing)

Yeah? Who was?

MEERKAT TODD

Your friend. Rhiannon.

Olive's laughter turns to rage.

OLIVE

What!?

MEERKAT TODD

Yeah. About a year later. It sucked.

OLIVE

(Blurting it out)

She knew how I felt about you!

MEERKAT TODD

How do you feel about me?

OLIVE

(Ignoring him)

She did it first! And here I am feeling SOOOO bad and THAT BITCH!

MEERKAT TODD

Wait. How do you feel about me?

OLIVE

(Aggressively defensive)

Felt! I said FELT!

MEERKAT TODD

(Disappointed)

Oh.

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

OLIVE  
(Off his look)  
I mean, it's not that I don't still  
feel that way.

There's an awkward moment between them.

MEERKAT 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. Not tonight. I don't want you  
to kiss me when mascara's running  
down my cheek or some shithead has  
forced his tongue down my throat  
only a half-hour ago. 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 it under control before  
I drag you into it.

MEERKAT 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  
Now I have a reason to fix this  
catastrophe I've brought upon  
myself. And I'm going to.

MEERKAT TODD  
Okay.

He smiles his goofy grin and she embraces him. She hops out  
of the car and goes to her front door.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into her webcam --

OLIVE  
You see, now I had a reason for  
things to go back to the way that  
they were.  
(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

The truth needed to be told and I knew I had to go the one person who could help me. 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 stud, I knew he would help me.

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Filling the frame, a GOSSIPY GIRL in braces says --

GOSSIPY GIRL

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

We spin around to see Olive's stunned reaction.

OLIVE

(To herself)

My apologies to Mark Twain.

GOSSIPY GIRL

Huh?

The reality of the situation begins to weigh on her.

OLIVE

Nothing.

Defeated, Olive makes her way through the crowded halls.

OLIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It gets worse. Due to his 'condition,' Micah was sent on an extended visit to his grandparents in Mississippi.

INT. STUFFY OLD HOUSE IN MISSISSIPPI - DAY

Micah, beyond miserable, sits between his STERN GRANDPARENTS, who read the Bible to him.

OLIVE (V.O.)

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

Micah settles in for a very long visit.

INT. UNDER THE BLEACHERS - GYM - DAY

Where they had previously met, Olive pleads with Evan.

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

Please, Evan.

He walks off, leaving her alone.

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

(Pissed as hell)

Or I could just tell everyone THE TRUTH.

MRS. GRIFFIN

Fine, Olive. Let's play the 'who do you believe' game. But, first, ask yourself, if you were an adult, who would you believe?

OLIVE

With all due respect, Mrs. Griffin,  
you're a fucking cunt.

MRS. GRIFFIN

Because you helped me once, I'm not  
going to report that to Principal  
Gibbons. Now, we're even.

They're locked in a Mexican standoff.

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

You can go now.

Furious, Olive throws the door open and exits.

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'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

Looking back, that's the thing I  
regret the most. That's the thing  
that sent me to the church, er,  
churches. And that's the thing  
that made me realize how profoundly  
I'd fucked up.

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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.

She contemplates this.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

As we saw before, Olive sits and plays 'CONNECT FOUR' 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 puts his hand on Olive's.

MR. GRIFFIN

It's not your fault.

Olive gets a tear in her eyes. She puts a RED CHIP in at the top and loses the game. She reaches over and presses the lever, causing all of the chips to fall on his desk.

CUT TO:

THE JENGA SET-UP

There's a ridiculously tall tower of blocks and they all fall down.

CUT TO:

He rakes the chips and the game into his own cardboard box, full of his things.

He smiles and she hugs him -- intensely, tears quickly welling up in her eyes.

OLIVE

I'm so sorry.

MR. GRIFFIN

No. It's not your fault.

They just hold each other. Finally, Mr. Griffin pulls away and takes his things and starts to leave. But then he turns and says --

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
I hope that you and Todd end up  
okay.

OLIVE  
Me too. Where are you going?

MR. GRIFFIN  
Not sure yet. Away from her.

OLIVE  
Can I come?

They share one last, pained smile and he leaves.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Hearfelt, into the webcam --

OLIVE  
Mr. Griffin, if you ever see this,  
just know - I was wrong to tell you  
that. In that way. At all. I  
don't know. 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. I'm so  
sorry.

She wipes away a tear, pulls herself together.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
Part Five: Not With a Whimper But  
With a Bang.

EXT. BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

As we saw before --

The Cross Your Heart Club is assembled outside of the school,  
with a lot of other kids (and some parents), waving signs on  
wooden stakes that say things like:

EXPEL OLIVE!

EXODUS 20:14

SCHOOLS ARE FOR LEARNING, NOT FOR WHORING

OLIVE PENDERGHAST IS A WHORE

Rhi is among them, as riled up as any.

Olive steps out of the school to see the demonstration. her jaw drops.

OLIVE  
Oh fuck me.

Things have gotten WAY too out of hand.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olive cries on her bed, clutching her teddy bear. Rosemary listens, as a good mother does.

OLIVE  
So, now everyone who knows the truth is either gone or won't fess up. 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  
(In disbelief)  
Everyone called you a whore?

ROSEMARY  
Yes. I had a horrible reputation and people said awful things about me. But it was true. I was a slut.

Olive gives her a suspicious look.

OLIVE  
I'm waiting for you to say  
(Imitating her mother)  
'Just kidding!'

ROSEMARY  
(Earnestly)  
No, it's true. I slept with a whole bunch of people.

OLIVE  
Mom!

ROSEMARY  
Well! It was a different time.

OLIVE

Ewwww!

ROSEMARY

I did. I got around. Before I met your father, I was a garden variety floozy.

OLIVE

Why are you telling me this?

ROSEMARY

Because I endured a similar lynching because of a certain dalliance.

OLIVE

I promise that it was no worse than Marianne Bryant's attack on me.

ROSEMARY

Wanna bet? It was her mother.

OLIVE

Wait, what?

ROSEMARY

Yep. Don Bryant and I got caught in a very compromising 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 pretty handsome. 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

So, 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 (CONT'D)  
 Kidding!! Well, about the sister  
 thing, but not about the Don thing.  
 That happened. Actually that  
 happened a couple of times *before*  
 we got caught.

Olive punches her mother on the arm, 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 that I  
 did. With an incontrovertible  
 sense of humor.

They embrace and Olive gets an idea.

OLIVE  
 Thanks for the pep talk, Mom. Now  
 get out. I need to make some phone  
 calls.

Rosemary looks slightly concerned by the grin on Olive's  
 face.

INT. GYM - DAY

We join a pep rally, already in progress.

The DANCE TEAM attempts to rile up the school with a rousing  
 rendition of Michael Jackson's 'BAD.'

In the stands, Rhi sits with Marianne and Nina.

MARIANNE  
 So, 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 (CONT'D)  
 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  
(Helpfully)  
Just say 'effing' instead. We  
effing rock.

Marianne nods in agreement, however Rhi is confused.

RHIANNON  
But isn't that just implying the  
same word?

MARIANNE  
Oh, Rhiannon. We have so much to  
teach you. It's okay to *imply*  
things.

Rhiannon looks at her new best friends, who just smile at  
her.

The song ends and there's a drum roll.

RHIANNON  
Yay! It's time for Meerkat Todd.  
(Sexually)  
I just want to rip that costume off  
him and --

Marianne puts her hand firmly on Rhi's knee.

MARIANNE  
Why don't you just not talk for a  
while, okay hon?

Rhi puts her head down.

The drum roll ends and Meerkat Todd bounces out in costume.  
He jumps around enthusing the student body --

But then he goes out of the gym and reenters pushing a  
DUMPSTER.

The familiar chords of the James Bond theme 'Nobody Does It  
Better' plays from the band.

Meerkat Todd opens the lid of the dumpster and Olive, dressed  
in a glittery and slinky RED DRESS, with a BOA draped around  
her bare shoulder, pops up and croons with a handheld mic and  
slightly different lyrics:

## OLIVE

*Nobody does it better.  
Makes me feel sad for the rest.  
Nobody does it half as good as me.  
Baby, I'm the best.*

Todd lifts Olive out of the dumpster and she sings her ass off - and she's quite good.

## OLIVE (CONT'D)

*I wasn't lookin',  
But somehow **they** found me.  
I tried to hide from  
Your love light.  
But like heaven above me  
The **guys** who loved me  
Are keepin' all my secrets safe  
tonight.*

She winks at the audience. The guys begin to wolf whistle and howl at her sheer brilliance.

She begins to rub her hands seductively over Meerkat Todd's furry costume, eventually unzipping it and taking off the head to reveal:

BLUE DEVIL TODD! The crowd goes wild.

## OLIVE (CONT'D)

*And nobody does it better  
Though sometimes I wish someone  
could.  
Nobody does it quite the way I do.  
Why'd I have to be so good?*

She saunters over to Rhi and kisses her on the cheek, leaving a big, red lip mark.

## OLIVE (CONT'D)

*The way that **they** hold me  
Whenever **they** hold me  
There's some kind of magic inside  
you.  
That keeps me from runnin',  
But just keep it comin'!  
How'd you learn to do the things  
you do?*

She sees that Gibbons is not amused, but that doesn't stop her.

## OLIVE (CONT'D)

*Oh, and nobody does it better.  
Makes me feel sad for the rest.  
(MORE)*

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
*Nobody does it half as good as me.*  
*Baby, baby!*  
*Darlin', I'm the best!*

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 MALE TEENS scream and stuff money down her bodice.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
*Baby you're the best!*  
*Darlin', you're the best!*  
*Baby, you're the best!*

The song ends and Olive takes Blue Devil Todd's hand.

OLIVE (CONT'D)  
 (To the student body)  
 This is just a free preview. For  
 the main event log on to  
[www.freeolivep.com](http://www.freeolivep.com) tonight at 6  
 p.m. Now, I know this conflicts  
 with tonight's basketball game, but  
 c'mon would you rather be here  
 cheering on the Meerkats  
 (Looking at Todd,  
 lasciviously)  
 or watch me do one.

There are audible gasps, but excitement nonetheless.

Gibbons angrily storms over and takes the microphone.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS  
 (Through gritted teeth)  
 Young lady, to my office. NOW.

OLIVE  
 Yeah, I can't. I'm gonna go bang  
 my boyfriend while the whole school  
 watches. But good luck with the  
 game-thing. Go Meerkats.

She plods out, triumphantly.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

The sun is setting as Olive speaks into her webcam. But this time, we're not seeing it through the lens, but from a different point in the room.

OLIVE

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. Guys. Seriously.

All of a sudden -- from outside and downstairs --

James' 'LAID' begins to play.

Olive goes over to the window and sees Todd below, holding up a BOOMBOX (a la John Cusack) and there's a RIDE-ON LAWN MOWER (a la Patrick Dempsey) behind him.

Upon seeing this, she bursts into laughter, but it couldn't be more romantic.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

(Shouting down)

Who told you that I loved this song?

MEERKAT TODD

(Shouting up)

I guessed.

OLIVE

I see you've been watching my live webcast. It's still going on, you know.

MEERKAT 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.

MEERKAT TODD

Intentionally.

OLIVE

Be right down.

Olive can't get the smile off of her face as she goes back to the camera.

We see her through the lens.

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 business.

(As an afterthought)  
Like, totally.

She turns the camera off.

EXT. THE PENDERGHAST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Olive runs out of the house and tackles him, kissing him - in the front yard, in broad daylight, for the world to see.

FADE OUT.

OVER THE END CREDITS...

EXT. GYM - NIGHT

The basketball game is going on to an almost empty gymnasium.

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 in a towel comes up behind him and kisses his neck.

-- The Abernathys watch with the same demented glee they derive from watching anything.

-- 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 watching.

-- Melanie Bostic (the host of the party) watches with a group of girls.

MELANIE  
(Satisfied)  
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 (O.S.)  
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.

-- Anson has a jar of vaseline and is ready to jerk off, but is upset that she isn't 'exposing herself' in the aforementioned way.

ANSON  
(To himself)  
I thought she was going to take her  
clothes off.

EXT. THE PENDERGHAST HOUSE - HOURS LATER

Olive and Todd are still kissing on the lawn underneath the stars.

FADE OUT.