

ST MARY'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL PRESENTS
THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES

Written by

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Based on "BAD HABITS" by Flynn Meaney

AMAZON STUDIOS
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ALEX (V.O.)
Dear Satan...

INT. CLOSET - TIMELESS

CANDLES illuminate a mosaic of horrifying images...

SATAN. As a horned goat. Gnarled and evil. TORTURED MINIONS. Their eyes black and hopeless.

ALEX (V.O.)
It's me, Alex Heck, coming at you
live from Dante's tenth circle of
Hell, rural Minnesota.

Our view drifts downwards, revealing a series of less horrifying and more horrifyingly homemade "Satanic art".

A computer print out of Bosch's *FALL OF THE DAMNED INTO HELL*. A poorly made clay sculpture of Goya's *SATURN DEVOURING HIS SON*.

ALEX (V.O.)
It's my second year trapped at St.
Mary's All Girls Catholic School and
I'll be damned if it isn't my last.

The art devolves into Pop Culture depictions. Jack Nicholson in *The Witches of Eastwick*. HIM from *The Powerpuff Girls*.

ALEX (V.O.)
Actually, Father Hughes said I'll
be damned anyway...

The camera finally lands on: ALEX HECK. 17. Adolescent angst personified. Eyes closed in meditation, she raises both hands in a gesture of prayer and says out loud:

ALEX
...so please Lord, send me to hell
from San Francisco.

Alex looks at a photo of herself and a girl we will come to know as IZZY dressed up as a devil and a witch for Halloween.

A beat, then Alex blows the CANDLES OUT... A moment of complete darkness in which we see the TITLE UP:

ST MARY'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL PRESENTS
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Suddenly, Alex starts to COUGH. A shaft of light cuts through as we leave the closet and enter:

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex tumbles out of the closet, coughing from the smoke.

TITLE SEQUENCE ENERGY pans us up and into an old school TV and VCR combo set attached to the dorm room wall, unused for decades. The TV flickers to life and tunes to:

An early 2000's WORKOUT TAPE with a WOMAN leading calisthenics, which becomes a NEWS INSERT from the mid-2000's. The ticker reads: **SAN FRANCISCO WORK OUT GURU AMBER OAKLEY PASSES AWAY.**

ALEX (V.O.)

When I was five, my Mom died in a freak accident called cancer. Which meant my dad learned how to braid my hair and I learned to how to keep my feelings to myself.

We pan over photos of Alex and her DAD over the years, messily splayed out on Alex's desk. The last photo features Alex, her Dad, and a fit WOMAN, over which Alex has drawn devil horns.

ALEX (V.O.)

And it worked for us. Until last year, when my Dad started dating a yogi named Brandi and conveniently remembered that Mom always wanted me to attend her alma mater:
St. Mary's School of the Damned.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL - QUAD - DAY

A boarding school in the middle of nowhere. A Gothic gray stone campus wraps around a sprawling green quad. It's picturesque, austere and nostalgic all at the same time.

FRIENDS run to great each other after a long summer apart. But in the sea of happy reunions, a taxi door SLAMS, leaving Alex on the curb with a suitcase.

TEXT ON SCREEN: LAST YEAR

ALEX (V.O.)

I instantly hated it here. And let's just say... the feeling was mutual.

Series of Quick Cuts:

CHURCH - Alex walks up to receive communion from FATHER HUGHES, a geriatric priest and St. Mary's Headmaster. Alex smiles angelically and sticks out her tongue for communion.

ALEX
Hail Satan.

QUAD - A CAMPUS MINISTRY table hands out Rosaries. Alex sets up a booth next door handing out CONDOMS.

POTTERY CLASS: Alex crafts an extremely phallic pot.

STUDENT CENTER - CASSIE CASSIDY sits at a table with PRO-LIFE pamphlets. Alex swoops by and throws them in the TRASH.

ST. JOE'S DORM: Alex and a HOCKEY BOY (who we will come to know as PETER O'BRIEN) make out on his bed. The door flings open, they're caught by a PRIEST. Big trouble.

CONFESSORIAL - Alex kneels in the confessional.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Bless me father for I have sinned.
And that sin is... murder. I can't
hold it in any longer. I have done
lots and lots of murder.
(beat)
How many Hail Mary's should I say?

Alex waits, a laugh rising in her throat.

ALEX (V.O.)
It wasn't until right before
summer vacation that Father
Hughes finally said something
inspirational.

The partition slides open to reveal a defeated Father Hughes. A delicate balance of kindness and parochial malice.

FATHER HUGHES
Be careful, Alex Heck, or you
might just get expelled.

EXT. ST. MARY'S QUAD - EARLY MORNING

Title sequence energy fades. Early morning fog rolls across the quad. The CROSS COUNTRY TEAM runs laps around the school.

In the middle of campus is a statue of the VIRGIN MARY, the centerpiece of a small reflecting pool. Alex sits on the edge, rocking a Catholic School uniform like Angus Young.

ALEX (V.O.)
So here I am, 24 hours into
Junior Year, finally putting in
the effort.

Alex opens her backpack to reveal SPRAY PAINT. She wades into the fountain, shakes the can, and starts to work.

INT. ST. MARY'S STUDENT CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Alex walks through the student center, dripping wet. She beams as she turns up the stairs, into the HEADMASTER'S VESTIBULE, and straight past the school secretary, PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS

Alex Heck! Do not even THINK about going in there--

INT. FATHER HUGHES'S OFFICE - DAY

An office full of oak furniture and musty bibles. A stained glass Virgin Mary looms over Father Hughes's empty desk.

FATHER HUGHES (O.S.)

Welcome back, Miss Heck.

Alex whips around to see Father Hughes looking out the window. We can finally see Alex's work. Simple, yet effective, spray painted across the body of the Virgin Mary are the words:

MY BODY, MY CHOICE

Father Hughes frowns at the display.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)

So kind of you to save me the trouble of calling you up here.

ALEX

I'm just exercising my first amendment rights, Father Hughes. If Jesus was willing to die for his beliefs, I'm more than prepared to get expelled for mine.

Alex smoothes over the pleats in her skirt. But to Alex's surprise, Father Hughes just calmly sits at his desk.

FATHER HUGHES

That's what you want, isn't it? For me to expel you? But expelling you would erase the problem, not fix it.

ALEX

That's cool. You can erase me.

Alex stares defiantly. Father Hughes sizes her up. He opens her file and starts to thumb through it.

FATHER HUGHES

You're a straight A student in every class except Religion. A National Merit Scholar. And it says on your college counseling report that you dream of going to...

ALEX

Berkeley. And that's not a dream, it's a plan.

FATHER HUGHES

And how would expelling you facilitate that plan, Miss Heck?

ALEX

Berkeley is a community of rebels. They'd applaud my irreverence.

Father Hughes studies Alex. He sighs.

FATHER HUGHES

Well they'll have to hold their applause for another day. Believe it or not, we do believe in free speech here at St. Mary's.

Alex slumps in her chair, her ingenious plan failed.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)

However, we do not believe in defacement of school property. So. I think I'll sentence you to one semester of hard labor in the form of... an extra curricular.

ALEX

An *extra curricular*? Are you serious?

FATHER HUGHES

It's what I feel *seriously* befits your situation, Alex. I know everything about this place is an affront to you. But I'm not asking you to believe in God or become a nun or even pray. So perhaps it's not as bad as it seems.

ALEX

Spoken like a friendly neighborhood dictator.

Father Hughes stands. Conversation over. Alex sulks.

FATHER HUGHES

And one last thing. Since you're so interested in the students' sexual health, I've scheduled an all day mandatory class on it.

Alex rolls her eyes. Father Hughes takes off his glasses and massages his eyes as if Alex gives him an instant headache.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)

Alex... I know you *think* you're being rebellious, but...

He puts his glasses on and looks Alex dead in the eyes.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)

You're not doing anything we haven't seen before.

Father Hughes says this with a hint of a smirk. Like he knows that there is nothing more damaging to the teenage spirit than to accuse it of being generic.

And it worked. Alex stares at Father Hughes like he just spit in her face.

EXT. ST. MARY'S QUAD - DAY

Alex wanders listlessly out of the Main Building and out to the quad, shellshocked.

ALEX (V.O.)

Father Hughes's words rolled around in my head like a live grenade. Was he attacking my individualism? My creativity? My own personal brand of teenage angst? Tolstoy promised that unhappiness would at least be unique so... what the fuck!

Alex kicks a trash can, annoyed. A WHISTLE blows.

CASSIE

Damaging school property! Haven't you done enough today?

Alex turns, to see: CASSIE CASSIDY. Her skirt hangs well past her knees and socks pick up where the skirt left off. An orange patrol belt and silver whistle identify her as the head of the CAMPUS SAFETY SQUAD.

ALEX (V.O.)
 Cassie Cassidy, campus cop in
 pigtails and bell sleeves. Leader
 of the Jesus Mob and my primary
 antagonist.

Cassie stands in the center of the fountain with a bristle brush and bucket, attempting to scrub off Alex's work. But it's too late for it to have gone unseen.

STUDENTS snap photos on their phones, eyeing Alex's work (and Alex) with a combination of fear, annoyance, and admiration.

CASSIE
 You should channel some of that
 rage into becoming a warrior for
 God. There was no bigger rebel than
 Jesus Christ. WWJD?

ALEX
 What's with... Judi Dench?

CASSIE
 (ignoring)
 Just because you're homesick doesn't
 mean you get to be sacrilegious.

ALEX
 I'm not homesick, I'm oppressed!

Alex stomps away. Cassie looks after Alex, confused.

CASSIE
 ...By who!?

INT. ST. BRIGID'S HALL - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is abuzz with back to school energy. GIRLS flit from room to room excitedly swapping summer stories. But Alex has her back to everything as she cradles the HALL PHONE.

DAD (ON THE PHONE)
 Why are you calling me from the
 dorm phone? Did you lose your cell
 phone privileges already?

ALEX
 Please Dad! I'm suffocating here. I
 miss you, I miss cultural diversity!
 (lowers voice)
 ...I miss having friends.

Alex is often putting up a front but this is earnest.

DAD (ON THE PHONE)

Then make some! Since when does Alex Heck have trouble making friends? What about Izzy, and the mailwoman--

ALEX

Her name is Carla! And that's just one of the many relationships that's suffered now that you've banished me to the Midwest. Again.

DAD (ON THE PHONE)

You didn't even try last year. Come on, Alex, it's a chance for you to connect with Mom.

Alex stares at a spot on the wall, trying not to get emotional.

ALEX

What's there to connect with? She's dead. She's dead in San Francisco and she's dead in Minnesota. The only difference is that I'm all alone here.

There's a long silence, then a sigh.

DAD (ON THE PHONE)

I'm trying my best, Alex. This is what your Mom wanted. I miss her too, you know.

A beat. Alex doesn't know what to say.

DAD (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hopefully you'll feel differently by Christmas.

Alex takes this opportunity to get newly annoyed.

ALEX

That's it? See you at Christmas? Good talk. Tell Brandi I said Namaste.

DAD

Tell her yourself. She's right here--

ALEX

Oops, gotta go... pray! Bye!

Alex hangs up as fast as possible. She slides down the wall to a sitting position, trying her best to regain her composure.

Alex looks up at her door. A dry erase board reads: "ALEXANDRA HECK" and "MARY-KATE LOVEJOY".

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex tosses open the door, revealing a diptych of adolescence. Alex's side is covered in discarded clothing and posters.

Alex scans the other side of the room. A neatly made bed with a modest cross on the wall for nightly prayers. A suitcase sits primly next to the bed, waiting to be unpacked.

ALEX (V.O.)

If her name was any indication, Mary-Kate Lovejoy was a good Catholic school girl who feared hell and ate fish on Fridays to prove it.

Alex snoops around. She opens Mary-Kate's desk drawer. Inside is a THICK STACK of LETTERS with the return addresses SCRATCHED out. On top is a note which reads: "Good luck this year. Make good decisions and don't disappoint us." - Mom & Dad.

ALEX

Hello, mystery! Holy shit--

MARY-KATE (O.S.)

Fiddlesticks!

Alex whirls around to see MARY-KATE LOVEJOY, fresh from the shower. Virginal. Meek. But very still waters run deep.

ALEX

What?

MARY-KATE

You cursed.

ALEX

...Fiddlesticks?!

MARY-KATE

My parents do it. It's a reflex.

Mary-Kate sees her letters in Alex's hand.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ALEX

Just settling in. That's a LOT of letters. You get your cell phone confiscated too? Or are you just the zodiac killer?

Mary-Kate slams the drawer shut and locks it.

MARY-KATE

You shouldn't go through other
people's things. That's private.

ALEX

She does *not* want to talk about it.
Duly noted. I'm Alex, by the way.

MARY-KATE

I know. We had Geometry together
last year. I'm Mary-Kate. Like it
says on the door.

Alex watches as Mary-Kate takes an armful of her clothes and
opens the closet door. Alex smirks, waiting...

Mary-Kate opens the closet, revealing ALEX'S SHRINE TO SATAN.
But Mary-Kate doesn't react. She looks at Alex, impassive.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

You left some stuff in my closet,
mind moving it?

Alex tries to hide her surprise at Mary-Kate's nonchalance.

ALEX

I can only move it if Satan compels
me. Sorry, my hands are tied!

MARY-KATE

Okay, well, while we wait for Satan
maybe I can take over your desk?
You're clearly not using it.

Alex gestures: be my guest. She grins, lightly intrigued.

ALEX

Call me old fashioned, but I didn't
figure a good Catholic school girl
like yourself would like Satan
living in your closet.

MARY-KATE

(snapping)

Maybe you should get to know someone
before you decide who they are.

Alex throws her hands up: don't shoot. Mary-Kate sighs.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

Sorry... I just really don't feel
like moving rooms.

She starts emptying Alex's desk drawer, tossing its contents on her bed as she unloads her clothes.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
So... truce?

Mary-Kate tosses out a WOODEN CIGAR BOX. The box has "AMBER OAKLEY '96" etched into the front. Alex swipes her fingers across the etching, lost in thought.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
...I said truce?

ALEX
Huh? What? Oh... sure.

Alex pushes aside the cigar box, burying her thoughts.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I won't be here long anyway.

Alex plucks a FLYER off her wall that reads PLANET PUNK.

ALEX (CONT'D)
My friend Izzy and I are putting on a music festival for climate change called Planet Punk back in SF. Or we were back when I thought I could talk my dad out of shipping me back here for round two.

MARY-KATE
So that's why you desecrated Mary?

ALEX
Hughes is trying his best not to expel me, but I'll think of something. The guy is practically screaming "help me, help you."

Alex flops back on her bed. Mary-Kate studies her.

MARY-KATE
You know, you're not the only one who hates it here. The rest of us just keep it to ourselves.

ALEX
And how's that working out for you?

Alex eyes the NOTE from Mary-Kate parents. Mary-Kate frowns.

MARY-KATE
At least everyone doesn't hate me.

SISTER JO (PRE-LAP)
Teen. STAR.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

SISTER JOSEPHINE stands in front of a poster that reads: Teen STAR. She uses a pointer to enunciate each word.

SISTER JO
Sexuality Teaching for Adult
Responsibility.

Sister Jo is nebulously middle aged, and not so nebulously an uptight bitch.

SISTER JO (CONT'D)
If you are in this room this fine,
beautiful day, it is thanks to your
peer, who left a sinful message on
the statue of Mary.
(eyes Alex)
But rather than debate political
issues, I'm here to give you the
tools to make smart decisions in
your own life.

We float down the aisles past a mix of blushing, bored or mortified faces, all shooting nasty looks to the back at... Alex, who slouches at her desk, staring out the window.

SISTER JO (CONT'D)
Which is why today we are putting the
emphasis on *Adult Responsibility*. A
trait I'm afraid some of you are
sorely lacking.

Sister Jo stares pointedly at Alex, who still doesn't notice.

Mary-Kate kicks her chair. Alex looks up innocently, giving Sister Jo an attentive smile.

SISTER JO (CONT'D)
First! Intercourse is to be saved
for the sanctity of marriage with
the sole purpose of creating life.

Sister Jo narrows her eyes at Alex. Then turns to the board to write: "PROCREATION DOES NOT EQUAL FUN".

SISTER JO (CONT'D)
If you choose to not take this
seriously, you choose to jeopardize
your future.

While Sister Jo is at the board, MAGNOLIA MARTINEZ, a snooty looking Mean Girl with a southern drawl, throws a paper wad at Alex to get her attention. Alex turns around.

MAGNOLIA
Thanks for ruining the first
Saturday of the year, dumbass.

An oblivious Sister Jo triple underlines FUN.

MAGNOLIA (CONT'D)
I'll be telling my dad to bill you
for my future therapy.

ALEX
Hey, all your family's fracking
money has to go somewhere!

Magnolia crumples up and throws another paper ball at Alex's face as Sister Jo passes out a diagram of the female anatomy.

Alex gets the handout which reads: FEMALE GENITALIA.

SISTER JO
So here you will see a diagram of a
woman's... Lady Garden.

Alex smirks at the word Lady Garden.

SISTER JO (CONT'D)
Though it can be unpleasant to look
at, it's important to understand it,
to respect it, and well, to garden it.

Alex stifles a laugh. Mary-Kate kicks her chair. Quit it!

SISTER JO (CONT'D)
Men will want to plant their...
seeds, but as women, it's your job
to protect your Lady Garden.

That's it. Alex lets out a LAUGH.

SISTER JO (CONT'D)
Ms. Heck. Is this funny to you?

Alex looks around the class for help, but no one is about to back her up here. Alex tries to keep a straight face.

ALEX
I'm just impressed by your
euphemisms, Sister.

SISTER JO

Alex, are you not mature enough to participate in this class?

ALEX

You're the one saying Lady Garden!

SISTER JO

I'm being polite and respectable!

ALEX

You're stigmatizing the female anatomy! People should embrace their sexuality! Not be embarrassed of it!

SISTER JO

Alexandra!

ALEX

Josephine! I mean I'm sorry but why are we talking about "intercourse" like it's the 1940's?

Alex points to a picture of The Virgin Mary on the wall.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Even St. Mary had a vagina! She didn't use it, but it was there! And I bet it had a LOT to say like: Where the fuck did this baby come from!?

Alex's smiles broadly before realizing she's gone too far... Sister Jo's face goes from angry to almost expressionless.

ALEX (V.O.)

For a brief and shining moment, I actually thought I earned my one way ticket back to San Fransisco.

INT. DETENTION - LATER

The chalkboard reads DETENTION, you know, for emphasis.

ALEX (V.O.)

But I was wrong.

Sitting in front of said board is the elderly SISTER FRANCIS. Basically picture a human raisin. An oxygen tank sits next to her. She lifts her sweet, shriveled face and says--

SISTER FRANCIS

The prodigal screw up returns! I thought you were standing me up.

ALEX

Please, Detention Poker is the highlight of my social calendar.

Francis pulls out a deck of cards. She does some creative shuffling then deals them both in: Texas Holdem. Alex pulls a vending machine honeybun out of her backpack.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Grabbed you one of these bad boys.

Alex slides it over to Sister Francis, who starts eating it like her life depends on it... when really her life probably depends on NOT eating it.

SISTER FRANCIS

Sometimes I think being diabetic makes sweets taste even sweeter.

(reacting to a card)

Ha! Three pair! Sucker! Eat that!

Suddenly, Sister Jo walks in, catching them in the act.

SISTER JO

Sister Francis. Is this what you call administering punishment?

SISTER FRANCIS

Listen Sister, I've tried it all. She's beyond help. So we play cards.

ALEX

She even tried exorcism, but it didn't work.

Alex SNAPS her head in Sister Jo's direction.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(demon voice)

YOU'LL NEVER GET RID OF ME!

Sister Jo shrieks then sets her face.

SISTER JO

I'm going to pray for you, Ms. Heck.

Sister Jo turns on her heels and slams the door behind her. Alex and Sister Francis devolve into giggles.

SISTER FRANCIS

Wow. What did you say to her?

ALEX

Just a lil old F bomb. I didn't
realize it was the codeword to summon
the horsemen of the apocalypse.

SISTER FRANCIS

What else?

Sister Francis gestures to the detention slip.

SISTER FRANCIS (CONT'D)

She wrote two uses of profanity.

Sister Francis goes back to dealing cards as Alex thinks,
trying to retrace her verbal steps.

ALEX

She was using all these stupid
euphemisms so I told her that even
St. Mary had a Vag--

Realization washes over Alex like a bucket of ice water. She
stares, in a daze, until-- Sister Francis taps the desk.

SISTER FRANCIS

Look sharp, Satan. It's your turn.

INT. ST. BRIGID'S HALL - NIGHT

Alex holds the phone with her shoulder as she paints her nails.

IZZY (ON THE PHONE)

You got in trouble for saying
vagina?! Is that even legal?!

ALEX

I know! Iz, it's bleak here. There's
no free internet, vagina's a
profanity... I hooked up with an
alter boy who thought Jack Kerouac
plays for the Maple Leafs!

IZZY (ON THE PHONE)

Wait, The Maple Leafs sound familiar,
did they play at Coachella?

Alex cracks up. Her laughter fades.

ALEX

I'm trying to think of a way to get
out of here, but if things get dire--

IZZY (ON THE PHONE)
Operation GTFO. One call, I'll pop
 some Addys and hop in the Outback.

ALEX
 Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mary-Kate sits at her desk, gazing out the window. Alex barges in and flops into her pillows.

MARY-KATE
 Still not expelled?

Alex doesn't respond, she faces the wall and looks at a picture of her and Izzy at Golden Gate Park.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
 If it makes you feel any better,
 after you left, Sister Jo developed
 a nervous stutter and got caught on
 the word "intercourse" for so long
 that she just dismissed us.

Alex rolls over, a begrudging smile on her face.

ALEX
 Okay that does make me feel a
 little better.

Alex joins Mary-Kate in looking out the window. A BOY and a GIRL walk around the POND hand in hand.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Who are tonight's pond walkers?

MARY-KATE
 Courtney Brander and Nick Ocampo. I
 guess they're officially dating.

ALEX
 Because we all know the St. Mary's-
 St. Joe's Pond Walk is a legally
 binding act.

MARY-KATE
 ...It's kind of a nice tradition.

ALEX
 It's an antiquated heteronormative
 hold over from the 1950's to
 announce you're "going steady".

Everything is an affront to Alex tonight. Mary-Kate shrugs.

MARY-KATE
I think it's nice.

Alex eyes Mary-Kate with a wry smile.

ALEX
So what's your deal? You ever walk
the pond?

Alex eyes a collage of CELEB HUNKS on Mary-Kate's wall.

MARY-KATE
I'm waiting for the right person.

ALEX
Please, I bet your secret letters
are from your Russian internet
boyfriend who sends you dirty pics
and can't wait to jump your bones.

Alex looks at Mary-Kate expectantly.

ALEX (CONT'D)
...Am I close?
(trying again, rapid fire)
Ransom notes? Black mail? A long
distance Chess game?

Mary-Kate waits for her to stop then changes the subject.

MARY-KATE
So you've never walked the pond?

ALEX
As if! But my Mom walked it back in
1996 with Tucker Vance.

MARY-KATE
Is that your Dad?

ALEX
Nope. Just my Mom's high school
boyfriend who apparently showed up
at her funeral and sucker punched
my Dad. It was all very dramatic.

MARY-KATE
Oh... I'm sorry. I didn't know--

ALEX
It's not *your* fault my mom's dead.
(beat)
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

But it is *her* fault I'm trapped here. My dad wants me to "connect with her memory". But all my memories with her are back in San Francisco, where we *actually* lived together.

Alex follows Mary-Kate's eyes to a photo on the wall of a young Alex with her mom and a SEAL.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We used to go over to the Marine Mammal Center and feed the sick seals fish milkshakes every Sunday.

MARY-KATE

That sounds awesome.

ALEX

It *was* awesome. And you know what's not awesome? Freezing my ass off in some random place she apparently spent four years in.

MARY-KATE

Did you tell your dad that?

ALEX

We don't exactly talk about our feelings. I beg him to rescue me and he sends me vaguely inspirational postcards...

She eyes a STACK of postcards from her Dad. She sighs and grabs the CIGAR BOX that Mary-Kate unearthed.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And this. It was my Mom's. It's mostly just a time-capsule of Amber's 90's rage and second wave feminism...

She tosses out a "Re-Elect Clinton-Gore '96" pin and a Jagged Little Pill cassette tape...

ALEX (CONT'D)

But it's got some gems.

Alex pulls out a magazine pin up of Jonathan Taylor Thomas.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Pretty good right? He looks like a fucking lesbian Olsen Twin.

Alex holds it out to Mary-Kate who doesn't move.

MARY-KATE
Fiddlesticks.

ALEX
Want it? I thought it might look
nice on your wall.

Mary-Kate looks at her celeb wall, suddenly remembering it's there, and tacks it up. Alex goes back to the cigar box.

ALEX (CONT'D)
The least she could have done is
leave me a vintage joint.

Mary-Kate holds back a yawn.

MARY-KATE
Well, for what it's worth, I am
sorry. Night, Alex.

Mary-Kate turns around to recite her nightly prayers.

Alex shrugs, about to turn off her light too when sees it... In the cigar box... under a lace choker necklace and a Jerry Garcia Beanie Baby is a dusty old copy of...

EVE ENSLER'S THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES

Alex picks up the play like it's a foreign object. The cover reads: PROPERTY OF AMBER OAKLEY.

Alex swipes her fingers across her Mom's name. An idea hatching in her brain and a wicked smile forming on her lips.

INT. FATHER HUGHES'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex SLAMS a playbook down.

ALEX
I want to put on *THIS!*

Father Hughes picks up the play, eyeing it skeptically.

FATHER HUGHES
...*Our Town*?

It is indeed OUR TOWN by Thornton Wilder. Alex nods innocently.

ALEX
It's about community and small town
America.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

I thought putting it on as a theatrical production would be perfectly appropriate for my punishment, Father.

Father Hughes arches an eyebrow. Phyllis watches disapprovingly from the doorway.

PHYLLIS

She's up to something, Father. She always is! You can't give her a stage to corrupt our students!

FATHER HUGHES

I agree. So you'll pardon me for wondering what the catch is.

ALEX

No catch. I toyed with starting Heroin Club but thought getting supplies might be tricky so I went with drama instead.

Father Hughes studies Alex a moment until finally...

FATHER HUGHES

Okay.

ALEX

Okay... what? "Okay I don't trust you and want you out of my sight?"

FATHER HUGHES

Okay, you can put on the show. Providing you abide by the rules laid out in the student handbook.

ALEX

You drive a hard bargain but... You've got yourself a deal.

FATHER HUGHES

This wasn't a deal situation. This was me, telling you the rules.

ALEX

A deal's a deal!

Alex stands to leave.

FATHER HUGHES

Alex, I know you'll hate to hear this but... thank you for taking this seriously.

ALEX

I'm just trying to live like Mary.

Alex smiles angelically... with a devilish glint in her eye.

EXT. ST. MARY'S QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex BLOWS out the doors triumphantly and RIPS off the *Our Town* cover, revealing a different book beneath. You guessed it... The Vagina Monologues.

Alex breathes in the fresh air. Smell that? It's hope.

INT. ST. BRIDGID'S HALL - LATER

Alex beams into the phone.

IZZY (ON THE PHONE)

The Vagina Monologues?!

ALEX

I know, right! It'll make Father Hughes clutch his pearls like a south sea oyster. Opening Night's in November so pencil me in for mission burritos the next day.

IZZY

November? That's forever away!

ALEX

Yeah, but I'll show them something they've never seen before. I'm going to go down as a St. Mary's expulsion legend.

Alex brims with confidence, excitedly imagining her future.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And when I'm back, we can restart Planet Punk! And maybe my Dad will have even dumped Brandi by then.

IZZY (ON THE PHONE)

Yas, Expulsion Queen! Planet Punk is gonna rule! I'll work on our petition to the city.

ALEX

I literally cannot wait.

Alex means that. Just then, she notices Cassie watching her.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Sorry, I gotta go, Iz.

Alex hangs up, tucking away her emotion and putting her guard back up. She spins around to face Cassie.

CASSIE
What's going to make Father Hughes... do what with oysters?

ALEX
My touching presentation of Our Town. November 1st. Be there.

CASSIE
Who would join *your* show?

ALEX
I don't need anyone. It's a one-man kind of thing. Experimental.

Alex brushes past Cassie's shoulder. Cassie calls after her.

CASSIE
You can't do that.

ALEX
According to who?

CASSIE
The student handbook? Any club or extra-curricular utilizing school facilities, such as the theater, must have sufficient student body participation. A minimum of 10. And a faculty advisor.

Alex's smile slides off her face.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
And as head of the student handbook committee, I'll be forced to report you to Father Hughes if I find out you're in violation.

Cassie smiles, creeping right up in Alex's face.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
So thoughts and prayers to whatever little scheme you were cooking up.

Alex glares at Cassie, trying to hide her defeat.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - EVENING

Alex bursts into her room. It's dark. Mary-Kate sits huddled on her bed Facetiming her parents, clearly having an unpleasant conversation.

MARY-KATE

No, Mom I know. I promise. Yeah I do, we walked the pond... his name's... Raoul. He plays hockey.

Alex raises an eyebrow, but Mary-Kate turns away. Alex rummages under her bed, finally grabbing a BOTTLE OF BLUE MOUTHWASH. She kisses it like a long lost friend.

EXT. ST. BRIGID'S HALL - ROOF - NIGHT

Alex sits on the edge of the roof, legs hanging over the side. She takes a swig of the blue mouth wash then looks at her copy of the Vagina Monologues. "AMBER OAKLEY" is written in marker at the top. Alex talks to the book.

ALEX

Well, Amber, if it's not too much trouble, I could really use one of those mother daughter pep talks right now.

(beat, sincere)

Maybe you could... give me a sign?

Alex stares in anticipation a beat... then sighs, when--

MARY-KATE (O.S.)

Are you drinking mouthwash!?

Alex jumps, then sighs when she realizes it's Mary-Kate.

ALEX

It's Glacier Mint.

She offers the bottle. Mary-Kate looks a little rough.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You okay? I heard some of your--

MARY-KATE

I don't want to talk about it. What are you doing up here?

ALEX

Oh, just wallowing as another great expulsion plan bites the dust.

Alex tosses the Vagina Monologues to Mary-Kate.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 I was going to put on St. Mary's
 first ever production of seminal
 feminist text The Vagina Monologues.
 Hughes approved.

Mary-Kate flips through it.

MARY-KATE
 ...Father Hughes approved *this*?

ALEX
 Well, he thought I was putting on
Our Town. But according to St.
 Cassie, I need ten people and a
 faculty advisor to make it official.

MARY-KATE
 ...So get ten people?

ALEX
 How? Everyone here hates me, like
 you said.

Mary-Kate laughs. Alex looks confused.

MARY-KATE
 Wow, you're *really* dramatic... And
 a little narcissistic. Maybe no one
 will join if it's just you. But if
 you had a partner...

Mary-Kate stares at Alex pointedly. Alex does a double take.

ALEX
Nightly Prayers Lovejoy wants to
 help put on the Vagina Monologues?

MARY-KATE
 You get expelled, I get the room to
 myself.

Alex raises her eyebrows, waiting for more. Mary-Kate sighs.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
 ...I need a boyfriend.

ALEX
 What happened to Raoul the hockey
 player? Dear me, I hope he's okay.

But Mary-Kate looks dead serious.

MARY-KATE

I was asking for help but if you're
just gonna make fun of me, forget it.

Alex looks like she's seeing Mary-Kate for the first time.

ALEX

You're full of surprises, Mary-Kate
Lovejoy. Okay, if you stage manage
the vaginas, I'll get you a dick.

Alex offers out the bottle of blue mouth wash. Mary-Kate takes a swig before SPITTING it everywhere in shock!

MARY-KATE

Is that... vodka?!

ALEX

Mixed with Powerade. Were you
actually expecting mouthwash?

MARY-KATE

(between coughs)

So where do we start?

ALEX

I guess we could start by reading it?

MARY-KATE

Of course you haven't read it.

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mary-Kate dumps vending machine snacks on a paper plate.

MARY-KATE

It's not a proper book club without
apps and white wine spritzers.

Alex dumps pencils out of two "Live Like Mary" Mugs and tips in a generous pour of her Mouthwash Vodka and tops it with a glug of warm Sprite. Ta-da! Mary-Kate nods. That'll do.

Alex tosses Mary-Kate a stack of photocopied pages, then lifts her bubbly blue mug in the air.

ALEX

To Eve Ensler.

MARY-KATE

To getting this over with.

They knock back their drinks.

CUT TO: The snacks are gone. The cups are empty. Alex and Mary-Kate both lounge on their beds, deep into the play.

Alex notices annotations in the book's margins. Her mom's hand writing. Witty asides, comments, additions. Alex glides her fingers over them. She lets out a laugh.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

What? Did you find a funny one?
Because this one about genital
mutilation is really depressing--

ALEX

No, it's... My Mom... she made all
these comments. Like here, it says
"if your vagina could talk what would
it say?" And she wrote "Stop giving
me yeast infections." And also "why
am I the government's property?"

Alex stares at it. Mary-Kate notices how deeply Alex is affected.

MARY-KATE

She sounds really cool.

Alex considers that. She closes the book, then lights up a joint, takes a puff, and exhales through a sploof out the window. She offers it to Mary-Kate who shakes her head.

ALEX

She never seemed like a rebel to
me. She would rather hang at the
Japanese Tea Garden than the Castro
any day. Like, what happened?

MARY-KATE

Isn't that the fate of all rebels?
You grow up into an establishment
that caught up with your instincts.

ALEX

Woah. Like maybe my cyborg children
will think I'm a bigot for
preferring humans to robots. Maybe
we're all stuck in a sick cycle
where we're unable to respect past
progress in a modern light!

MARY-KATE

Or maybe that weed is really strong.

Alex considers this. She stubs out her joint, then closes the book, shifting gears in her brain.

ALEX

Okay. Dated or not, this will definitely get me expelled. It says vagina no less than 100 times and it even says cu--

MARY-KATE

Fiddlesticks!

Mary-Kate looks at Alex like she's a hopeless case.

ALEX

So how are we going to get St. Mary's girls to join this?

MARY-KATE

Theater kids?

ALEX

They're doing Jesus Christ Superstar.

MARY-KATE

The 90's prog rock girls?

ALEX

Don't tease me. We need people sympathetic to the feminist agenda and not afraid of a little trouble.

MARY-KATE

I have some ideas.

MUSIC picks up and carries us into:

BEGIN MONTAGE, INTERCUTTING BETWEEN:

LIBRARY - A homemade sign that reads ST. MARY'S FEMINIST CLUB hangs off a table tucked away in the stacks. Three GIRLS, EVELYN, MARGARET-MARY, and TERESA, are mid-conversation.

EVELYN

I don't want to be an altar server, but it is sexist that I'm not allowed.

Alex and Mary-Kate stroll up. The girls look suspicious.

ALEX

St. Mary's has a Feminist Club? Who knew! Greetings, fellow feminists!

TERESA

What do you want?

ALEX

Just to say TGIF... and offer you
an exclusive invitation to join St.
Mary's first production of Eve
Ensler's Vagina Monologues.

Alex whips out the copy of the play with a grin.

JORDAN CHUNG (PRE-LAP)
Why would we help you?

INTERCUT WITH: DETENTION

The chalkboard reads SATURDAY DETENTION. SISTER FRANCIS dozes off in the corner, a Twinkie wrapper on her lap.

Alex stands on a chair, holding the play up like a preacher holds a bible. Mary-Kate stands by, a little nervous.

ALEX

Because what better way to rail
against Father's Hughes tyrannical
regime than through banned art?

A disaffected detention crowd stares back at her. JORDAN and MCKENZIE CHUNG, terrifying identical twin jocks, MADDIE T., a classic "bad girl", and ROSIE, a meek, overwhelmed freshman.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What are you in for today?

JORDAN

I said "goddammit" in a scrimmage.

ROSIE

I wore pink socks to Chapel instead
of standard issue black or white.

MADDIE T.

My skirt was too short.

(beat)

And I told Cassie to choke on her
thoughts and prayers.

Alex's raises her eyebrows, impressed.

ALEX

Well I said the word vagina. And
did a bunch of other stuff too but
the point is, this place is built
on arbitrary rules and at the end
of the day, they took a Saturday
from you just because they *could*.
Here's your chance to take it back!

LIBRARY - The Feminists eye Alex, unconvinced.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Did you know that the word Vagina is banned at St. Mary's but dick isn't? Women get paid 80 cents on the dollar because of shit like this. Sexist ideas indoctrinated into us when we're young. That's why we're trying to use the play to promote educational change.

DETENTION - Alex poses like an inspirational speaker, really selling it, but...

MADDIE T.

So you want us to get in even more trouble? Thanks but no thanks, my parents will kill me.

Mary-Kate steps in.

MARY-KATE

Maddie, you wore flip flops to chapel six times last year--

MADDIE T.

Okaaaaay, narc--

ALEX

Look, I hear your concerns and I solemnly swear to take one hundred and ten percent of the blame. MK?

LIBRARY - Mary-Kate holds up the Student Handbook.

MARY-KATE

According to the handbook, only the ring leader of an illegal activity can be suspended or expelled.

DETENTION - McKenzie looks at Mary-Kate holding the handbook.

MCKENZIE

I'm impressed you roped Lovejoy in. But I hate theater.

Alex thinks fast, she's losing them.

ALEX

This isn't about theater! It's about asking *why* something is against the rules.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Do you want to spend four years in
detention or do you want to fight
back?!

LIBRARY - Alex gives it her final push.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What do ya say? Do you want to hide
in the library talking about it? Or
do you want to put real feminism
into action?

DETENTION - The girls exchange looks.

MADDIE T.

Will there be boys? Since, you
know, theater is co-ed.

LIBRARY - Margaret-Mary crosses her arms.

MARGARET-MARY

Feminists can be thirsty too.

DETENTION - A long beat as Alex looks out at an unconvinced
crowd. With a slight lilt to her voice--

ALEX

...There will be boys.

All the girls raise their eyebrows. Now she's talking. Mary-Kate facepalms. We END the MONTAGE as we pull out into--

EXT. ST. MARY'S QUAD - LATER

Everyone floods out of detention onto the quad. Alex and Mary-Kate stand by the door. Alex waves.

ALEX

See you at rehearsal! And remember,
rat at your own risk.

Mary-Kate clears her throat. Alex turns around.

MARY-KATE

How are we going to get boys to be
in the Vagina Monologues?

MAGNOLIA (O.S.)

Oh em gee, did I hear that right?
Bees talking about vaginas?

Magnolia and her crony CIARA give Mary-Kate the once-over.

CIARA

Looks like Bees got herself a girlfriend.

Magnolia and Ciara erupt in cruel giggles as all the color drains from Mary-Kate's face. The duo leaves, snickering.

ALEX

I know Magnolia and Ciara got hers and hers lobotomies but there are literally no Bees in your name.

MARY-KATE

You seriously don't know? Magnolia got bored last year and decided to tell everyone I'm a... *Lesbian*. Fiddlesticks.

Alex waits, unfazed, for something more but... that's it.

ALEX

Oh. Are you?

MARY-KATE

No!

ALEX

Okay! Geez. It's 2021, everyone's queer. Well, not here. But... I wish someone would start a lesbian rumor about me. It might get Peter O'Brien off my back.

Peter O'Brien stares at Alex from across the quad. He bites his lip suggestively. Alex shudders and turns to Mary-Kate.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I still don't get the "Bees" thing.

MARY-KATE

You have to "watch your B's around Mary-Kate". Boobs, back and butt.

Alex stares at Mary-Kate for a beat then CRACKS UP.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

I guess I've never said that out loud before. That's so stupid.

Mary-Kate cracks a smile despite herself. Alex drops the hard exterior for a moment and softens.

ALEX

This is why you wanted a boyfriend
so bad, huh?

After a beat, Mary-Kate shrugs. Alex puts an arm around her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Well, my hetero little friend,
we're about to go *straight* to the
mothership.

BUNK THOMPSON (PRE-LAP)

Smell that?

INT. ST. JOE'S "JYMNASIUM" - NIGHT

A line of Hockey State Champ Pennants hang over a banner that reads "CONGRATS ON THE FIRST HOME GAME WIN! GO FLAMES!"

ALEX (V.O.)

Oh. Did I mention that across the pond from St. Mary's is its all-male counterpart, St. Joe's?

Below, the ST. JOE'S HOCKEY TEAM circles up in center court. The whole team is drenched in gatorade.

ALEX (V.O.)

Home to the pride of Minnesota, the St. Joe's Flames. It's also home to what Father Hughes called my "two most disappointing lapses in judgment". Peter O'Brien... and even more unfortunately--

We focus on the team captain, BUNK THOMPSON, a German Shepard in human form. Cute, pointy, but slightly menacing.

BUNK THOMPSON

I said, SMELL THAT?

GORDY, a Beta member, chimes in.

GORDY

Smells like smoke, Bunk!

BUNK THOMPSON

That's right, Gordy! Because the Flames... just started a FIRE!

The team lifts up their sticks in unison as A FLAME MASCOT (BENJI LIU) SPITS FIRE into the air! Immediately, the house lights flip on and DEACON DELROY stomps onto the court.

DEACON DELROY
 Benji! Come on! What did we say
 about pyrotechnics!

Alex and Mary-Kate observe the chaos from the bleachers.

ALEX
 Fascinating. Hockeysapien in its
 natural state. A sophisticate might
 view this as theater in the round.

Alex watches with wonder as the hockey team sheds their pads.
 The music BUMPS and the court becomes a dance floor.

St. Joes and St. Mary's students cautiously approach each
 other like dogs sniffing each other's butts, as NUNS circle
 them with the "Leave room for the Holy Spirit" routine.

MARY-KATE
 How have you never been to a St.
 Joe's Post Game Pep Rally before?

ALEX
 Never found the time. Besides, I've
 taken a Hockey Boy Vow of Celibacy.

MARY-KATE
 I'm not sure which is crazier,
 thinking they'll be in the Vagina
 Monologues, or that one will date me.

ALEX
 Fact 1: Hockey Players have more
 concussions than teeth. They're
 very easy to trick into dating.

Gordy wears his skates inside as he grinds with a girl until
 a NUN CHAPERONE shoos him off the hardwood floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Which leads me to Fact 2: Even if
 they can't read, they'll do the
 show because the only 2 co-ed
 activities in this god forsaken
 tundra are Theater and Chapel.

MARY-KATE
 One could argue Chapel *is* theater.

ALEX
 They grow up so fast.

Alex mimes wiping away a proud tear, then stands up.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Scope out potential lovers. I'm
 going into the belly of the beast.

Alex bravely crosses the gym toward the horde of Hockey Bros currently not so secretly passing around a flask.

BUNK THOMPSON
 Alex Heck at a Hockey Social? Isn't
 that like participating in the
 patriarchy or some shit?

ALEX
 The patriarchy is unavoidable. Like
 death and taxes. Or Gordy's early
 male pattern baldness.

The Hockey team "oooohs" on cue, laughing. Except Gordy.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Hear me out or I tell the Deacon his
 golden boys are drinking... wine?

BUNK THOMPSON
Church wine. Gordy swiped it from
 Father Carlock's personal stash.

Bunk proudly winks at Alex and daps Gordy.

ALEX
 A regular rebel without a cause.

GORDY
 Uh, I *have* a cause. To get wasted!

Gordy receives more high fives.

ALEX
 Well! You're cordially invited to
 join a top secret play. A top secret
Co-ed play.

A beat. Bunk bursts into laughter, the team follows.

BUNK
 I'm the hockey captain. I don't
 need to trick girls into hanging
 out. And neither do my boys.

Bunk smiles, pleased with himself.

ALEX
 Okay well, this was fun. Enjoy your
 teeth while they last and--
 (MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (points at the flask)
 Carlock's a recovering alcoholic,
 aka that's grape juice. So,
 congrats, you're all idiots.

Bunk's face drops. One BOY on the team stifles a giggle. Alex notices. He's cute. Teenage shaggy hair chic. Kind eyes. Bunk notices him laugh too and he's not happy about it.

BUNK
 That's not funny, *Patty!* Go get us
 some real shit. And take my bag.

Bunk pushes the flask at him. PAT sighs but obeys, lugging the big bag away. Alex watches him go... then follows.

ALEX
 So you just let him push you around
 like that?

Pat turns to see Alex. Maybe he's happy to see her.

PAT
 I'm on scholarship so I can't argue.
 I knew it was grape juice too but I
 wasn't going to point it out.

ALEX
 Hey, I'm just a good samaritan.
 Alex. Heck. Agent of chaos.

PAT
 I know. You're kind of notorious.
 I'm Pat Reilly.

ALEX
 Of course you are. "And on the
 fourth day God created hockey boys
 and named them all Pat."

Pat smiles. He's different from the other Hockey guys.

PAT
 So what's your secret play?

ALEX
 Nope. Top secret unless you join...

PAT
 I'm not gonna join, but I am gonna
 tell Bunk it's a Mighty Ducks
 Musical. He'll be so confused.
 (Bunk/caveman impression)
 Me hate theater. But me love D2.

Alex laughs. She eyes him, making a calculated decision.

ALEX

It's the Vagina Monologues. A radical feminist work about sex, periods, body image... And of course, vaginas.

(off Pat's look)

Let me guess? A play about vaginas threatens your fragile masculinity.

PAT

No, I was going to say that my sister did that show in college. It was actually kinda cool.

Alex stares in shock, NOT what she was expecting.

PAT (CONT'D)

...But why do you want guys to join your noble feminist mission?

ALEX

(high and mighty)

Intersectionality.

Alex looks at Pat challengingly. But Pat just smiles.

PAT

Look, I'd join... but they'd never let me forget it.

Pat gestures to the team, currently trying to crowd surf Deacon Delroy against his will. Alex thinks...

ALEX

You're really going to spend your life letting the Bunk Thompsons of the world tell you what to do? First it's St. Joe's. Then it's some frat jerk in college. Then it's your boss.

PAT

...Has anyone ever told you you're kinda of intense?

ALEX

Break the cycle, Pat. First rehearsal on Thursday. I dare you.

She walks away, leaving him with that thought.

BACK ON THE BLEACHERS: Mary-Kate chows down on a hot dog. Alex walks over, glancing over her shoulder at Pat.

MARY-KATE

I think I'm going to be single
forever. How'd you do?

ALEX

I think we got one.

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DAY

Alex stands on stage facing her sparse crowd.

ALEX

I'm Alex Heck. Welcome to the
resistance.

The crowd is: The Detention Kids, Feminist Club, Mary-Kate, Sister Francis, asleep in her wheelchair, and one lone boy in the form of Nick Ocampo, of Courtney Brander fame. But no Pat.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I know what you're probably
thinking. What exactly are The
Vagina Monologues!

Alex shifts a little awkwardly, trying to project confidence.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Technically? Gen X experimental
theater. Which, I know, yikes. But
it's also just a bunch of cool
stories about vaginas. So--

A HAND shoots up in the air.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Yes--

MADDIE T.

Maddie T. You said there'd be boys.

Alex and Mary-Kate exchange looks. Alex points at Nick.

ALEX

What do you call Nick?

MADDIE T.

Off limits. That's what. Courtney
said her dad would take us to small
claims court if we touch her man.

Nick sinks into his chair.

ALEX

Okay well, Nick, you gotta get out
of that relationship and--

MADDIE T.

Maddie. Maddie T.

ALEX

Okay, "Maddie T.", you need to get
a grip! So! The Vagina Mono--

But the crowd is NOT happy. Everyone chimes in with complaints.

JORDAN

We were hoping for a hockey player.

MCKENZIE

We wanted to forge an alliance
between field and ice! So people
actually come to our games.

Everyone chimes in, talking over each other. In the midst of it all, Rosie raises her hand. Alex points to her to speak. Rosie stands up, meek but intense. Everyone quiets down.

ROSIE

I'm Rosie. I am a freshman, I am
covered in acne, and I am intensely
homesick. All I want is physical
proximity to a boy cute enough to
fill my daydreams until Thanksgiving.
Is that so much to ask!?

Everyone freezes, shook by that intensity. No one wanting to make the first move when speak of the devil-- the doors burst open and Pat walks in with haste, completely oblivious, followed by another BOY. REGGIE, Nerdy and sweet.

PAT

Sorry! Coach called last minute
wind sprints.

Alex stares at him with a mixture of anger and relief. Pat plops down next to Mary-Kate. Behind him all of the girls' eyes light up. No one's eyes go to Reggie.

ALEX

Okay you wild animals, there's your
hunks of meat! Feast your eyes on
their sweaty hair, breathe in their
pubescent musk.

Pat awkwardly smiles, unsure what he just walked into.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We just finished introducing ourselves. Say your name, the first time you saw a vagina, and what you thought.

PAT

Okay... I'm Pat Riley, and... uh... my sister showed me *Basic Instinct* when I was like 10. And I thought it seemed... intimidating?

A beat. The crowd titters with laughter. Pat realizes--

PAT (CONT'D)

No one actually introduced themselves like that, did they?

Alex smirks. Reggie pipes up.

REGGIE

Hi, I'm Reggie. And I'm never going to be late again.

ALEX

Okay! Welcome, Pat and Reggie! Now where was I? Right! The text.

Alex flips through a photocopy of the play. But as she does this the crowd devolves into chatter. Girls lean up over their seats to talk to Pat.

JORDAN

Jordan Chung. Mid-fielder, varsity field hockey. Thoughts on Icy-Hot?

MADDIE T.

I'm Maddie. It's short for Madeline because my parents love Paris. Do you love Paris?

EVELYN

What are your thoughts on female altar boys? Sexist or sexy?

Pat looks overwhelmed but politely smiles. Alex turns around to see the mob try command Pat's attention.

ALEX

Alright everyone, get it out of your system! We're here to talk feminist rage not stroke male egos!

The crowd begrudgingly quiets down, as Alex plows on.

ALEX (CONT'D)

As I was *saying*. The *Vagina Monologues* is a seminal feminist text that claims the *vagina* is a tool of feminine power! Which was a radical concept in the 90's.

Alex paces the stage as she talks, commanding the room.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But even if some of the specifics feel dusty the central idea is still relevant. Get on stage and talk about things the patriarchy doesn't want to hear. Abuse! Masturbation! How when I get my period I can sometimes taste blood in my mouth!

The crowd is a mix of nods and ewws.

ALEX (CONT'D)

No one wants to hear about the problems of people who identify as female. At St. Mary's they don't even want to hear the V word. But too bad! Because we're about to bring Vaginas... to our town.

Alex DROPS a box of plays with OUR TOWN covers on the stage.

EXT. QUAD - LATER

The CROSS COUNTRY TEAM jogs by. An OLD NUN follows in a golf cart, blowing a whistle for them to keep pace. The theater doors open and everyone files out. Alex waves to them.

ALEX

Read and pick a monologue. Always wanted to talk about tampons on stage, you're in luck! More of a pad girl, there's something for you!

Mary-Kate sidles up to Alex.

MARY-KATE

Well, I would call that a success!

ALEX

A success? They only cared about what kind of body spray the Hockey Player wore. Not female liberation--

Alex clocks Father Hughes standing near by and pivots--

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (performatively loud)
 Or the cruel passage of time in
 small town America!

Alex lets that hang in the air for a beat then keeps walking.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Speaking of boy smells, don't think
 I've forgotten about our deal. We
 will find you a date if it kills me.

MARY-KATE
 Here lies Alex. She died peacefully
 in her bed surrounded by family and
 her very single friend.

Mary-Kate peels off. Alex turns towards the dorm, coming face to face with Pat, a smirk on his face.

PAT
 So. Intersectionality, huh?

ALEX
 Um yeah... we're diversifying and--

PAT
 And you needed a guy to get
 everyone else to join, didn't you?

Alex smiles, caught.

ALEX
 Fine. You're bait for the hungry
 fishes to pick at as I teach them
 the dramatic arts. What are you
 going to do about it?

PAT
 Use it as leverage.

Pat gestures to Reggie, shuffling his feet in the background.

PAT (CONT'D)
 Reggie got dumped pretty hard over
 summer. He really needs a date. You
 seem to know a lot of eligible fish?

Alex's eyes light up, she tries to hide her excitement, eyeing Mary-Kate across the quad. She pretends to think hard.

ALEX
 That's a tall order but... I'm sure
 I can figure something out.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Father Hughes lifts his arms for everyone to STAND and SING. The CHOIR is SO TERRIBLE that even some NUNS stifle laughter.

Alex holds up her hymnal as cover and leans over to Mary-Kate.

ALEX

You wanted a date, I got you a date! What's the problem?

MARY-KATE

What if we're not a fit?

ALEX

Then get divorced and fight over custody of the kids and-- oh wait, it's one date. Come on, he's cute!

Alex and Mary-Kate peer across the aisle to the BOYS side. Reggie fumbles his hymnal.

MARY-KATE

Okay, he is kind of cute.

Pat smiles at Alex, he flashes a wavering thumbs up. Yes or no? Alex nods and gives him the thumbs up. It's on.

EXT. ST. JOE'S GROVE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP ON: A very nervous Reggie.

REGGIE

I should have checked your dietary restrictions first, but... I hope you like PB&Js.

Reggie pulls out tinfoil wrapped sandwiches. We see that Reggie and Mary-Kate sit on a picnic blanket in the middle of a small clearing in the woods. It looks... *almost* romantic.

MARY-KATE

(trying to flirt)

Depends... are you a chunky or creamy guy?

Mary-Kate and Reggie both blush.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)
I meant the peanut butter.

REGGIE

(also muttering)
I know you meant the peanut butter.

An awkward beat.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
So... what's your favorite jelly?

EXT. THE POND - NIGHT

Alex and Pat lay in the grass by the pond. Alex looks through a pair of binoculars at Mary-Kate and Reggie. Reggie pulls out a ukulele as Mary-Kate smiles uncomfortably.

ALEX
Ukulele? Wow, bold move.
(thinking)
Wait, why do you have binoculars?

PAT
If I said I was esteemed bird
watcher Jimmy Carter last Halloween?

ALEX
Then I'd have follow up questions.
(gasps)
They're scooting closer together!

Alex and Pat smash their faces together, each looking through one binoculars lens, elbowing each other for a better view.

ALEX (CONT'D) PAT
Hey, I'm using this! How big is your head? Share!

Their struggles echo across the pond. Mary-Kate and Reggie both search to see where the sound came from.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Get down!

Alex and Pat duck. Their giggles die down. They make eye contact... But Alex abruptly rolls away, her guard going up.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Give the lovebirds some privacy.

An awkward moment fills the silence.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Alright Hockey Pat. You're on
scholarship, you're a bit of a push
over, and you're from... Iowa?

PAT
Indiana. And I prefer easy going.

ALEX

Okay *Easy-Going-Pat*, what would you be doing back in Indiana right now?

PAT

On Saturday night? Probably watching a movie. I have four sisters so they'd get to choose.

ALEX

I get big "sisters" vibes from you.

PAT

I get only child energy from you.

ALEX

Rude... but accurate.

PAT

Okay *Only-Child-Alex*. You're intense, you hate it here and you're from...

ALEX

San Fransisco. And thanks to the Vagina Monologues I'll be back there in no time.

PAT

Like... spiritually?

ALEX

No, literally. I'm only doing the show to get expelled.

Alex says this off-handedly, like it's obvious. Pat deflates a bit at this revelation but tries to hide it.

PAT

What's in San Fransisco that you're so obsessed with getting back to?

ALEX

My life? Or what's left of it. My best friend Izzy and I are planning this eco-music festival called Planet Punk. If I ever get out of here.

PAT

You realize most kids would kill to go to a boarding school, right?

ALEX

Yeah, and so would I. A Kennedy on each arm at a black tie ball?

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 But *this* isn't boarding school.
 It's Catholic school.

PAT
 Come on, there are some cool things
 here too. Pond Mayhem?

Alex has zero comprehension of whatever that is.

PAT (CONT'D)
 Are you kidding! On the first big
 snow of the year the team plays on
 the frozen pond. It's basically a
 huge party and the school doesn't
 even care. Because... hockey.

ALEX
 Yeah, I've heard Father Callahan--
 (imitating)
*The God in heaven is God the Father
 but the God on earth is whoever
 scored the last goal!*

PAT
 Well this year, I won't raise the
 Mayhem alarm until I know you'll be
 there. It'll be awesome.

Pat smiles earnestly but Alex laughs.

ALEX
 Oh my god, you sound like my Dad.
*"It'll be awesome kiddo! Your mom
 loved it! What could go wrong!"*.
 Apparently she'd talk about these
 crazy parties and secret tunnels
 under the school...

Alex scoffs and lays back in the grass.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Maybe he sent me to the wrong St.
 Mary's. Either that or my mom was
 just a huge liar... sorry, I don't
 know why I'm telling you this.

PAT
 Because once you get expelled
 you'll never see me again?

ALEX
 Something like that.

Pat studies Alex's face then hops to his feet. He extends a hand out for her to join him.

PAT
Come on, we're going.

ALEX
Where? What about MK and Reggie?

PAT
Pretend for a moment that you're easy going and just follow my lead.

Alex sighs and takes his hand.

INT. THE TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

A pitch black tunnel, except for a single patch of moonlight shining through the grate, which Pat yanks open. He hops in, then reaches a hand up to help Alex but she swats it away.

She jumps in and eats it on a rocky landing. Pat stifles a laugh. Alex looks up in awe.

ALEX
Holy shit. The tunnels! They're... real? How is this possible?

Alex takes in the moment.

PAT
Bootlegging tunnel for running Moonshine in prohibition.

ALEX
That can't be true because that's cool and nothing about this place is cool.

PAT
Maybe you just haven't been paying attention.

Pat smirks and pulls out his phone, using the flashlight to lead the way down twists and turns.

Alex follows, dragging her hand along the side of the tunnel, covered in graffiti and name carvings of past students.

They move through the years. Names from the '60s... '70s... '80s... '90s... Alex stops in her tracks.

There in the wall in DEEP etching is: "AMBER OAKLEY '96".

PAT (CONT'D)
Is that your Mom?

ALEX
...Yeah.

She stares at it then slowly traces the letters with her finger.

ALEX (CONT'D)
She was standing right here... I
wonder if she got detention for
sneaking out... or if she knew how
to slip out through the window.
Like was she down here alone? With
friends? Or...?

Alex steals a glance in Pat's direction. He grins at her.

PAT
Or what?

Pat looks just absolutely snackable in the moonlight. Alex
gravitates towards him when suddenly--

WOMAN'S VOICE
*Life is a mystery, everyone must
stand alone... I hear you call my
name, and it feels like home.*

An incredibly earnest, mediocre voice BELTS out Madonna's
Magnum Opus, *Like a Prayer*, into the crisp night air.

ALEX
Oh my god! Is that... Sister Jo!?

Pat carefully leads Alex to one corner of the grate where
they can both look up and see Sister Jo's open window.

Jo dances around in PJs, brushing her teeth and belting. Alex
stares up in awe, unable to believe her eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Do you think she knows that it's
not about praying to God?

Sister Jo hits a particularly pathetic note with--

SISTER JO
*Just like a dream, you are not what
you seem, just like a prayer, no
choice your voice can take me there!*

Alex can't help letting out a GIGGLE.

Alex cups her mouth as Sister Jo abruptly cuts the music and sticks her head out the window, searching the night.

Pat pulls Alex toward him, out of the light. Their bodies are smashed together. Their faces just inches apart.

ALEX

Thanks for taking me down here...
ya know... before I get expelled.

PAT

Expelled, totally.

Heat emanates between them. The tension is suddenly palpable. Alex looks at his lips. They unconsciously move closer when--

SISTER JO

Let the choir sing!

Alex and Pat both burst into a giggle fit.

SISTER JO (CONT'D)

I know someone's there! I'm going
to find you!

Alex and Pat stifle giggles as they sprint back through the tunnels! Alex swipes her hand across her mom's name on the way. A smile on her face.

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Alex dashes into the dark room, face still flush from all the excitement. She leans against the door, quietly closing it.

Alex is about to flop on her bed when she realizes that Mary-Kate is still awake, clutching her stack of letters.

ALEX

How'd it go? I saw you two getting
pretty close... Don't wanna toot my
lil matchmaking horn, but toot toot--

MARY-KATE

(abrupt)

I'm going to break up with him.

ALEX

Wait what? You're not even dating.
You went on literally one date.

MARY-KATE

Well I'm going to break up with him
anyways, I don't want to lead him on.

ALEX

Hold on. Slow down. What happened?

Mary-Kate takes a deep breath then, dramatically--

MARY-KATE

He touched my boob. Fiddlesticks.

ALEX

And you didn't want him to? I'll
kill him. I'll--

MARY-KATE

No, I did! I told him to. But it
just, I don't know, sat there. Like
he was saying the Pledge of
Allegiance. And I realized, I can't
keep lying to myself.

ALEX

You don't like him.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

I'm gay.

The two girls stare at each other, both in momentary shock. Suddenly Alex drops to the ground, digging around under her bed. Mary-Kate sits up nervously.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

...What are you doing?

Finally Alex pulls out the "mouthwash".

ALEX

Celebrating!

Mary-Kate's face melts into relief.

CUT TO: Alex and Mary-Kate sprawl out on the floor, swapping glugs of the "mouthwash".

ALEX (CONT'D)

So... have you told anyone before?

MARY-KATE

...Um, probably the girl I made out
with last year.

Alex snaps to attention.

ALEX

Excuse me? Who is she? Do I know her?

MARY-KATE

Christine Hsu. Point guard on the JV basketball team. Smells like Bath and Body Works Warm Vanilla Sugar.

She pulls out her phone and swipes through photos with CHRISTINE. Selfies, videos, TikTok dances.

ALEX

Barf. Jk, this is... really cute.

MARY-KATE

We got really close without even realizing it. And then...

ALEX

You went all "Hsu Is The Warmest Color"! So what happened?

MARY-KATE

Well everyone calls me Bees now so what do you think happened?

(beat, sighs)

Someone caught us kissing and it became this whole thing. Her parents pulled her out of school. And I had to spend my summer in counseling with Father Jeff.

Alex looks at the note from MK's parents. *"Have a better year this year. Make good decisions and don't disappoint us."*

ALEX

But... That's insane! Gay marriage is full fat legal. Straight America loves Ellen even though she's mean! And Queer Eye even though they're condescending!

MARY-KATE

I think my parents just wanted a normal daughter. I came back this year planning to suck it up. Get a boyfriend, blend in... But then I got stuck in a room with you.

Alex smiles in surprise.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

You rebel against everything. Like too much, honestly. But I guess you rubbed off on me, and now I'm sick of pretending to be someone I'm not. ...Basically this is all your fault.

ALEX

...That's like the nicest thing
anyone has ever said to me.

Alex eyes the stack of letters, realization dawning.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So those are from Christine?

MARY-KATE

Her Mom checks her texts. She still
wants to be together. Or she *did*, she
stopped writing. Probably because I'm
too scared to write her back.

ALEX

Do you *want* to write back?

MARY-KATE

After ignoring her for months? What
would I even say?

ALEX

We'll figure it out... together.

They share a real, genuine smile. Mary-Kate flops back in bed.

MARY-KATE

By the way, can we keep this a
secret? For now? I'm not ready to--

ALEX

Of course. No explanation needed.

Alex flops next to her. They stare up at the ceiling. The pin
up of Jonathan Taylor Thomas stares back at them.

MARY-KATE

He really does look like a lesbian
Olsen twin, huh?

ALEX

All our best teen idols have
lesbian vibes.

They lay in comfortable silence as Mary-Kate drifts off to
sleep. Alex smiles. Everything's good. Almost too good.

MADDIE T. (PRE-LAP)

I bet you're worried.

INT. ST MARY'S THEATER - DAY

Maddie T. fights off a giggle fit.

MADDIE T.
We were worried about Va... ginas--

Alex sighs in frustration.

ALEX
Cut! Theater is an act of
resistance, people. This show is
resisting the fascist regime of
Father Hughes!

TERESA
Hey! Father Hughes is my uncle.

ALEX
So? I'm third cousins with Roseanne
Barr but you don't see me singing
her praises.

Teresa's smile fades into confusion and shame.

ALEX (CONT'D)
The school not only thinks that
vagina is a profanity, but they've
taught us to think the same thing.
We're here to show them it's just a
word. We can't start a revolution if
we're laughing at our own message.

But no one's listening to Alex. They're chatting and goofing off. Most of the girls are circled up around Pat and Reggie.

MARGARET-MARY
You're starting a revolution. I'm
getting a date to Winter Formal.
(to Pat)
So you'll put in a word for me with
Gordy? He's stupid, but cute.

PAT
Um... sure. But then maybe we can
try the Happy Vagina Facts scene?

Pat turns around to see Alex picking up a stack of chairs, struggling to carry them across the stage.

Pat takes that as an invitation to jog over. He grabs the chairs from her and leans in conspiratorially.

PAT (CONT'D)

Hey, so I was thinking... how about meeting me at midnight on the gym roof? I'll bring the pizza.

ALEX

Is that a euphemism?

PAT

No, it's an invitation. Thanks to air pollution the sky basically looks like the northern lights.

ALEX

As tempting as smog sounds, I should really do prep for the play.

PAT

Probably a good idea because this view plus a slice of pepperoni might trick your brain into having fun, or worse... wanting to stay.

Alex leans right up into Pat's face.

ALEX

That would take something much stronger than pizza. Like blunt force trauma.

But Pat just smiles playfully, he's not giving up on her yet.

PAT

Maybe tomorrow night?

MARGARET-MARY

(across the room)

Pat! Here's a happy Vagina fact! My vagina would be *happier* with a date to winter formal!

Pat grins at Alex then jogs back across. Mary-Kate ambles over and elbows Alex.

MARY-KATE

So... You never told me how your night with Pat went.

ALEX

There's nothing to tell. We were just giving you and Reggie space.

Reggie waves awkwardly at Mary-Kate.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Who I'm guessing you didn't dump?

MARY-KATE
I'm warming up to it. But just because we're doomed doesn't mean you and Pat have to be. He's cute.

ALEX
Please. A half-Jewish bleeding heart Bay Area liberal goes to Minnesota and falls for a Catholic jock with a heart of gold? Nice try, but Barbra Streisand taught me better than that.

Mary-Kate smiles and nods, clearly not buying it. Alex looks over at Pat, trying his best to get people to rehearse. Alex sighs, she not buying it either.

INT. ST. BRIGID'S DORM - HALL - NIGHT

Alex sits on the ground, flipping through her Mom's copy of the Monologues as she listens to Izzy.

IZZY (OVER THE PHONE)
...And after chaining ourselves to the salad bar we finally got the administration to stop serving GMOs in the caf! We made the local news!
(beat)
Anyways! How's your thing going?

ALEX
(lying)
...Great! Like *really* great. I'm basically bringing feminism to the masses... even if one boy is trying to monologue with *my* vagina.

Alex laughs, but there's silence on the other end.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm kidding, vow of celibacy, duh!

IZZY (OVER THE PHONE)
No it's just... Isn't the Vagina Monologues kind of second wave nonsense?

That came out of nowhere. Before Alex can reply--

IZZY (OVER THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Because Melody says it's TERF-y and
 colonialist so--

ALEX
 Melody?

IZZY (OVER THE PHONE)
 You know Melody. Melody Garcia.

ALEX
 Yeah, I know, we hate Melody Garcia!
 You called her a performative
 charlatan. In the yearbook!

IZZY (OVER THE PHONE)
 That was *last* year. We've been
 hanging out. She's actually cool.

ALEX
 (clearly stung)
 Oh well... cool... I guess. We'll
 all have to hang when I'm back--

IZZY (OVER THE PHONE)
 I gotta go. Melody's dads are out of
 town and she's having a kickback--

ALEX
 Okay! Don't miss me too--
 (CLICK)
 Much.

Alex hangs up the phone, radiating disappointment. But she takes a deep breath and turns it into determination.

ALEX (V.O.)
 Izzy was right about one thing. The play felt like it was in need of some major 21st century updates.

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DAY

Alex marches into the theater, a woman on a mission. But Pat waits right in the wings to catch her.

PAT
 Hey!

ALEX
 Sorry Pat, not now.

Pat frowns. Alex claps her hands.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Time to take this seriously, people!
 Everyone grab a scene partner and
 start running through your lines!

Teresa timidly raises her hand.

TERESA
 I don't feel comfortable doing a
 monologue about the Lakota tribe...

MADDIE T.
 And this says all women have
 vaginas but my aunt is trans so--
 (off Alex's shocked face)
 Yeah Alex, people outside of San
 Francisco know about the T in LGBT.

Maddie T. rolls her eyes and walks away.

ALEX (V.O.)
 I wondered if something no longer
 entirely relevant could be performed
 with its original intention?

Margaret-Mary flips through the play, laughing.

MARGARET-MARY
 How do they not have Lady Garden on
 this list of Vagina words?

Alex's eyes light up.

ALEX (V.O.)
 And I realized what was missing. Us.

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DIFFERENT DAY

Alex winds through rehearsal. The cast is broken up into SMALL GROUPS. Pat tries to get Alex's attention but she walks to Reggie and the Chung twins rehearsing a section.

REGGIE
*If your vagina got dressed, what
 would it wear?*

JORDAN
 (over-acting)
Glasses, a beret, a pink boa!
 (breaking character)
 Why is my vagina a French showgirl?

ALEX

If it doesn't sound like you...
change it! Make it your own!

JORDAN

Okay, so like... a pinny, pre-wrap,
a varsity jacket!

Jordan smiles and starts annotating the play.

ALEX (V.O.)

Once people saw themselves in the text, the show started to come alive. We weren't just saying lines. We were talking about our school, our lives, our problems.

Alex flips through her copy of the play, checking things off. Mary-Kate walks up.

MARY-KATE

I was thinking... Maybe I could do the Lesbian Dominatrix Monologue.
(beat)

Fake it till I make it, ya know?

Alex sizes Mary-Kate up. Then lowers her voice.

ALEX

You sure?

MARY-KATE

If Magnolia calls me Bees one more time I'll... kick her butt.

Alex smiles. An idea dawns--

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DIFFERENT DAY

Alex stands on an applebox. Mary-Kate hands her a wood plank.

ALEX

This show is about rage! Have it!
Face it! Harness it! Whatever you're mad about, take it out on this plank of wood!

Each kid takes a turn shouting their rage.

MCKENZIE

Losing to Sacred Heart. Hi-Ya!

McKenzie SHATTERS the wood.

NICK
 Getting smothered in an unhealthy
 relationship! ...Hi-Ya!

Nick barely splits it.

MARGARET-MARY
 (run-on-sentence)
 Getting detention for wearing a
 turtleneck to church to cover a
 massive hickey and knowing that I'm
 going to have to do it all over
 again this Sunday because it just
 won't fade! Hi-Ya!

Margaret-Mary goes to hit the wood, but Alex lowers it.

ALEX
 Woah, woah, woah. We need to get
 you a cold spoon, stat.

EVELYN
 Cocoa butter is your friend here.

MADDIE T.
 One word: contouring.

Alex is impressed, even proud.

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD - DAY

A WHISTLE BLOWS at a field hockey game. Jordan and McKenzie look disappointedly at the empty stands when... Reggie and Pat lead a small CROWD of people to the sidelines, decked out in face-paint and airhorns! Alex and Mary-Kate follow.

ALEX (V.O.)
 Things were going so well, that we
 started supporting each other
 outside the theater too.

Pat BLOWS an airhorn and hypes up the crowd.

PAT
 WOO! Girls RULE! Anything we can do
 they can do better!!!!

Alex smiles in spite of herself. The whistle blows and Jordan and McKenzie TWIN-SMASH a Sacred Heart girl. YES!

ALEX (V.O.)
 In more ways than one.

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DIFFERENT DAY

Nick sits on the stage. Evelyn massages his shoulders like a boxing coach as Maddie T. gives a pep talk.

NICK
I'm trying to be a good feminist
but she's suffocating me.

MADDIE T.
You can do this. Look her straight
in the face and say...

EXT. THE POND - LATER

Nick nervously looks at Courtney Brander.

NICK
Courtney, you are an impressive and
powerful woman, and someday a man
will love you for that. But right
now... you scare me.

COURTNEY
(scary)
What are you saying?

Nick nervously glances over to the bushes where Evelyn and Maddie T. hide. They nod encouragingly. Do it!

NICK
I'm breaking up with you!

A CHEER from the bush as Nick makes a RUN for it!

ALEX (V.O.)
I started to think we could
actually pull this off... almost.

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - LATER

Rosie stands on stage stuttering at the mic.

ROSIE
Cu-- cu--- I can't! I want to!! But
I can't do it! It's like my body is
rejecting my mind!

ALEX
Just think of it like the word
Runt, but with a C. Ready and--

ROSIE

You don't get it. I barely speak up in class! Sister Jo calls me Sarah and I don't even correct her.

ALEX

This is about so much more than just a word, Rosie. It's about finding your voice and owning it!

(to Maddie T.)

Maddie! You never shut up. Can you teach Rosie how to assert herself?

Maddie T. smirks. She salutes Alex and tosses an arm around Rosie, wandering away. Alex winds through rehearsals. Everyone is in the groove! Pat talks to the Chung Twins.

PAT

That twin smash move was sick! Can you come to Ice Hockey practice tomorrow and teach it to the team?

Jordan and McKenzie nod enthusiastically. Alex continues her rounds, passing Evelyn and Nick.

EVELYN

Alex! We had an idea to open the show with a robot from the future finding the play and trying to make sense of antiquated gender norms and--

ALEX

Say no more, I love it. Talk to MK about what props you'll need.

Evelyn and Nick circle up with Mary-Kate, excitedly sharing ideas. There is real synergy happening here!

Alex points at Margaret-Mary, rehearsing with Teresa.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Double M! How's the hickey?

Margaret-Mary playfully displays her hickey-free neck with a thumbs up. Teresa pulls Alex aside.

TERESA

I actually had a question...

ALEX

No, Teresa, you won't go to hell for jerking off.

TERESA

No this time it's actually... about
my roommate. Magnolia.

Alex rolls her eyes.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I know. But she needs help. She's
having some weird stuff happening.
And I know you'd know what to do.
(trying to convince Alex)
What would Eve Ensler Do?

ALEX

Marry Dylan McDermott's dad and
lowkey retire?

Teresa stares at her, waiting. Alex sighs, caving.

INT. CHAPEL - CONFESSORIAL - NIGHT

A quiet church at night. The door creaks as Alex walks into
one side of the confessional and sits down. We see the
outline of a person through the screen. Magnolia.

ALEX

Alright! The Priest is in, hit me
with your sins.

MAGNOLIA

Bless me, Father for I have sinned--

ALEX

I was kidding.

MAGNOLIA

I know, I just don't want to be
smitten. Smitten?

ALEX

No one knows. So what's up?

MAGNOLIA

I'm having issues down... there.

Alex waits for her to go on. Magnolia sighs, nervous.

MAGNOLIA (CONT'D)

I hooked up with Bunk last week and
I feel really weird. I'm on birth
control, but we didn't use any...
protection.

(MORE)

MAGNOLIA (CONT'D)
 It burns when I pee and I'm
 spotting a lot and I'm freaking
 out... Am I dying?

ALEX
 It sounds like the clap. My friend
 Izzy's older sister had it like
 four times. Totally treatable with
 anti-B's. I bet there's a Planned
 Parenthood in St. Paul?

MAGNOLIA
 ...Volleyball has an away game
 there next week.

ALEX
 Great, I'll call ahead for you and
 explain. They'll hook you up. You
 should be back to normal in no time.

Magnolia breathes a HUGE sigh of relief.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 ...But next time, use a condom. And
 if Bunk whines about it, tell him
 I'll kick his ass.

Magnolia laughs and smiles.

MAGNOLIA
 Never heard that in confession
 before. Thanks Alex... really.

ALEX
 No problem... Magnolia. But that
 will be 100 Hail Marys.

CHURCH - Alex walks out, alone in the darkened church. On a mantle above the door it reads: *Love your enemies and bless them that curse you* - Matthew 5:44. Alex scoffs at its situational accuracy. She looks at a nearby Jesus statue.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 A little on the nose, dontcha think?

She looks up at the mural of Heaven painted on the ceiling.

ALEX (V.O.)
 Maybe it was my protagonist
 complex, or the strange aura an
 empty church gives off at night,
 but I suddenly wondered if my Mom
 could see me right now. And if she
 could... would she be proud?

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DIFFERENT DAY

A sign hangs on the stage that reads: THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES.

Alex looks down at her Mom's copy of the play. There's a scrap of paper ripped from a textbook on the Meisner technique attached to the inside jacket. She looks up to see students in pairs, repeating the word *vagina* back and forth to each other.

ALEX

The Meisner technique is all about repetition. You're all saying *Vagina*. But what are you *really* saying? Listen to your partner!

Alex walks around surveying the pairs. Jordan sits across from Maddie T., Reggie sits across from Mary-Kate.

REGGIE

(flirty)

Vagina...

MARY-KATE

(read: I'm gay)

Vagina.

Pat catches Alex's eye. He holds up a ruler, as if to knight her-

PAT

Vagina!

Alex smiles, then moves on. But Pat catches up to her.

PAT (CONT'D)

I said *Vagina* but what I *really* meant was... this is going great!

ALEX

Right? Even Rosie is killing it.

Alex gestures at Rosie, sitting alone on a stool.

ROSIE

Come on, Rosie. Let's do this thing. You got this.

(she closes her eyes)

C-word. I've reclaimed it. C-word. I really like it. C-Word. Just listen to it.

Pat leans over to Alex, a little nervous:

PAT

So I wanted to ask you--

But Alex puts a "shhh" finger up. She points at Rosie, who takes a deep breath. Alex's eyes light up, here it is--

ROSIE
Ca... ca... Cuuuun--

When Teresa comes running up the aisle--

TERESA
We've got a Code Cassie!

OUTSIDE THE THEATER - Cassie smirks, thinking she's caught them and BURSTS through the door to find--

The stage is cleared except for Alex and Mary-Kate.

ALEX
(folksy accent)
Look at that moon! Potato weather
for sure.

MARY-KATE
(ham-fisted)
That's good news for... our town.

ALEX
...Oh hi Cassie! Didn't see you
there! Welcome to Grover's Corner.

Alex nods at the sign, which a moment ago read THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES but is flipped around to read GROVER'S CORNER.

CASSIE
I know you're up to something!

Cassie grunts in frustration and stomps out. Once the door closes, everyone cracks up. Alex makes eye contact with Pat, accidentally sharing a smile.

EXT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DAY

Everyone floods onto the quad still laughing, smiling, having a great time. Pat catches up with Alex.

PAT
Potato weather? That was so good.

Father Hughes spots Alex, curiously.

FATHER HUGHES
Ms. Heck. Seems like you're making
the most of your punishment.

Alex stifles a laugh, trying to sober up.

ALEX

Yeah. Our Town is actually much more... exciting, than I expected.

PAT

I'm learning a lot.

Father Hughes smiles and leaves, then Pat and Alex crack up. Between laughs Pat eyes Alex--

PAT (CONT'D)

Haha... hey... are you avoiding me?

ALEX

(guilty)

...No. I'm just-- You know I'm getting expelled, right?

PAT

Sure, but before you do... the Hockey Team throws a big Halloween party every year and, I was wondering if you wanted to go... with me.

ALEX

No. Way.

PAT

Oh! Um, okay...

But Alex isn't listening. She looking at a POSTER:

Campus Ministry Presents: St. Mary's First Annual All Night Prayer-a-thon. November 1st in the Chapel.

Alex RIPS it off the wall and charges across the quad then shouts over her shoulder to Pat.

ALEX

Oh and... I'll think about it!

EXT. ST. MARY'S QUAD - OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - DAY

Cassie holds a tip jar at the Campus Ministry booth.

CASSIE

Help send rosaries to women in prison!

Alex marches up and SLAMS down the flyer.

ALEX

What's this?

CASSIE

Campus Ministry's First Annual All Night Prayer-a-thon. Duh.

ALEX

But it's on November 1st. Also known as the night of *my* show.

CASSIE

Oh, is it? Must have slipped my mind. And I was so looking forward to attending "Our Town".

Cassie uses air quotes. Alex stares her down, then laughs.

ALEX

As if anyone would pick praying over theater.

CASSIE

You're probably right... *unless* Sister Jo was giving *extra credit*.

Alex's face drops.

ALEX

Oh, it's on.

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Alex lounges on her bed, hunched over a piece of paper.

ALEX

What do you think about this?
"Choose Our Town, not their Town."

Mary-Kate is hunched over her own piece of paper.

MARY-KATE

Too soft. Cassie's offering extra credit. What are you offering?

(beat)

What do you think about *this*? "Dear Christine. I'm sorry I never responded. To be honest I wasn't ready. But I am now."

ALEX

Too dull. You're winning a girl's heart!

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

You need to explain your metamorphosis. Society restrained you but you're breaking free! You were blind but now you see! Better yet, invite her to the show. That's a perfect way to show her how far you've come.

MARY-KATE

Speaking of winning a girl's heart... I think you should go with Pat. To the Halloween party.

ALEX

Ugh. Why?

MARY-KATE

Because he's cute and sweet and... you like him. Which I only know because of how hard you're trying NOT to like him.

(before Alex can interject)

You're getting expelled, I know. At which point you'll get a divorce, and fight over custody of-- oh wait.

Mary-Kate smirks, using Alex's own argument against her.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

Just cuz you're leaving doesn't mean you can't have fun on the way out.

Mary-Kate shrugs and goes back to her letter.

ALEX

(putting on airs)

Mary-Kate Lovejoy, I believe you're trying to corrupt me!

Suddenly, a thought occurs to Alex as we SMASH TO:

EXT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DAY

Cassie's All Night Prayer-A-Thon Poster hangs on the theater door. Right next to it is a NEW POSTER that reads:

WWJD? BOYCOTT OUR TOWN! It will corrupt your soul and should not be allowed to be performed at St. Mary's! #RESIST

Two ST. MARY'S GIRLS pause to look at it.

PONYTAIL

This sounded boring... but now we have to go.

Alex smiles and walks past them into--

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The cast warms up as Alex makes a beeline to Pat.

ALEX

I accept your invitation to the Halloween party.

She turns on her heels before Pat can say anything. He grins goofily behind her. Teresa and Rosie OOOH and AWWW playfully.

Alex's smile turns into a grin and we cut to:

INT. ST. BRIGID'S HALL - LATER

Alex wears the same goofy grin. Izzy's on the line. Duh.

IZZY (ON THE PHONE)

A hockey player? Babe, that's so tragic. You need to get back to your real people.

ALEX

I am! I'm just having a little fun along the way. Like, last week I booked a girl an appointment at Planned Parenthood! In Minnesota! Shit is getting *crazy* here. How's SF?

IZZY

Good! I'm just on my way to meet Melody downtown. She has an in at City Hall and we're getting approval to do Planet Punk.

Alex balks, like she's just been slapped in the face.

ALEX

...But that's literally our thing.

IZZY (ON THE PHONE)

Well... you should totally come! If you get expelled or whatever. Oh and you better hurry because my mom went to Brandi's hot yoga class yesterday and could've sworn she saw a ring...

The color drains from Alex's face. A lump in her throat.

ALEX
Wait um... seriously? A ring like--

IZZY (ON THE PHONE)
Sorry Alex, gotta go!

CLICK. Alex is stunned. After a beat she picks up the phone and desperately redials, fighting tears. It rings...

ALEX
Come on Dad, pick up...

It keeps ringing... until finally a WOMAN answers.

BRANDI (ON THE PHONE)
Hello?

Alex slams the phone down. She looks like a bucket of ice water has just been dumped all over her. On Alex's grimace:

ALEX (V.O.)
What was I even *thinking*? Who cares if I counseled a few people on their sex life or stuck it to Cassie Cassidy? Letting a frickin' boy distract me? I was being lulled into submission. And if I didn't get out soon, there would be nothing left for me in San Fransisco.

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - DAY

Rosie stands at the microphone, stuttering.

ROSIE
Cu... cu... cun...

ALEX
CUT!

Alex stomps on stage, pissed beyond reason.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Rosie! The show's this weekend! Get it together!

She looks out at the crowd, which is sparser than usual.

ALEX (CONT'D)
And where is everyone?

MARGARET MARY

...Evelyn had to quit. She's failing Sister Jo's class and needs the Prayer-a-Thon for extra credit.

JORDAN

And Pat's probably at hockey. They had a last minute practice.

ALEX

Great. Just great. Anyone else want to sabotage my show?!

Everyone's silent until...

MADDIE T.

Can we go get ready for Halloween?

Over Alex's angry face, a SCREAM fills the screen.

WOMAN (PRE-LAP)

AHHHHHHHHHHH!

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Invasion of the Body Snatchers plays on Mary-Kate's laptop as Mary-Kate stands in front of the mirror dressed as BOB ROSS.

Alex sulks on her bed in khaki shorts and a pink button up.

MARY-KATE

Hey, it's going to okay. I'll talk to Evelyn, I'm sure she can sneak away for a bit.

Alex doesn't respond. Mary-Kate drops an ENVELOPE on Alex's bed.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

By the way, I stopped by the mailroom, and I saw this in your box. From your dad.

Alex nods and absentmindedly tucks the letter away. Mary-Kate looks at Alex expectantly.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

And... I sent it.

ALEX

...What?

MARY-KATE

The letter. To Christine. I invited
her to the show.

ALEX

Oh... That's really great.

MARY-KATE

I just hope she actually comes...
I'm going to officially ask her
out. I'm sick of hiding.

ALEX

Then my work here is done. How will
your parents take it?

MARY-KATE

Probably better than Father Jeff.
But that's future Mary-Kate's
problem. Baby steps.

Mary-Kate slips on a Bob Ross wig and frowns.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

Who are you supposed to be?

ALEX

Laura Dern in Jurassic Park. I
wanted to be Beetlejuice Winona but
Pat loves dinosaurs, I guess?

MARY-KATE

(suggestively)

Couple's costume, huh?

ALEX

I regret this already.

Alex sighs and takes down the Planet Punk flier and moodily
stuffs it in her mom's cigar box. She snaps it shut.

Just then the door flings open--

PAT

Who's ready for H-E-double Hockey
Sticks?

Pat leaps into the room dressed like Beetlejuice. Alex
immediately becomes flabbergasted.

ALEX

I thought we were doing Jurassic Park?

PAT
But you wanted Beetlejuice.

ALEX
So you just rolled over?

Pat frowns, not exactly sure what he walked into, so he pivots to Mary-Kate.

PAT
Bob Ross, nice! Is Reg going as a happy little cloud?

But before Mary-Kate can respond, Alex snaps, thoughtlessly.

ALEX
She's not with Reggie. She's gay.

Everyone freezes. Alex gapes. It just slipped out.

MARY-KATE
Wow... screw you.

ALEX
What, no! It was an accident. And it's just Pat. He doesn't care...
(offering weakly)
You said you wanted baby steps.

MARY-KATE
Yeah, for me to take them, not you.

Alex tries to hide her guilt, shrugging it off.

ALEX
Come on! Everyone in SF is gay.
Sometimes I forget it's a secret.

MARY-KATE
How woke of you.

Mary-Kate climbs into bed, and rolls over to face the wall.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
You know, I'm not feeling so well.
You guys should go without me.

Alex starts to say something but Pat shakes his head at her.

ALEX (V.O.)
Mary-Kate had every right to tell me to go to hell. But I think we both knew I was going somewhere much worse...

INT. A PITCH BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

We hear the sound of a lighter failing to light.

VOICE
Come on, seriously?

Then FWOOSH! A tiki torch lights on fire. Another one lights off that until a circle of torches have been lit revealing:

Three figures in black hooded robes, face a small crowd. Some real Illuminati shit. The Hooded Figure in the center tries to put on a deep, ominous voice, but it clearly belongs to:

BUNK THOMPSON
By the power vested in me by the
Almighty Reed Larson, I now command
you to... PARTY!

EXT. BUILDING 113 - NIGHT

An abandoned wood cabin in the woods, well away from campus, lights up with neon lights and muffled music.

INT. BUILDING 113 - CONTINUOUS

Lava lamps and Christmas tree lights illuminate the building. HELL is spelled out by hockey sticks taped to the walls.

Hoods down, we now see Bunk Thompson, Gordy, and Peter O'Brien do a round of shots. The party is PACKED and POPPING. A BOY and a GIRL both dressed as NUNS make out in the corner.

Alex and Pat sit on a grody couch in their mismatched costumes.

PAT
So do you want to talk about--

ALEX
Nope. What is this place?

PAT
The old Woodshop. It closed in the 80's after a kid lost four fingers to a bird house. The priests look the other way since--

ALEX
You're the Hockey Team. Yeah. I get it. Starting to see a pattern with the hockey team and bent rules.

PAT

If it means we can have this party
it's not all bad!

ALEX

Spoken like a true conformist.

Pat looks down. Alex looks at Pat, realizing her intensity level is too high. But before she can say anything--

BUNK THOMPSON

Heck? I thought you were too anti-establishment for a Hockey party.

Pat and Alex turn to look at Bunk, annoyed at the intrusion.

ALEX

Bunk, still drinking grape juice?

A few laughs. Bunk frowns.

BUNK THOMPSON

Uh, with vodka in it! Speaking of, Patty, I need a refill.

Bunk holds out his cup to Pat, who grabs it and dutifully gets Bunk a refill, even if he isn't happy about it.

ALEX

Seriously? Are you ever going to stand up to him?

PAT

(shrugging it off)
It doesn't matter.

ALEX

Like rehearsals didn't matter?

PAT

...What?

ALEX

You skipped today.

PAT

I had last minute practice, we have a big game coming up and-- can we just talk about this later?

ALEX

No! I want to talk about this now!

Their squabble is starting to attract attention. Benji Liu, dressed like a hockey referee, blows a whistle.

BENJI

Wow! Yellow card on the lovebirds!
Take it outside, folks.

EXT. ST. JOE'S GROVE - NIGHT

Alex stomps away into the woods. Pat chases after her.

PAT

What's wrong?

ALEX

I can't do this.

PAT

Do what? What is "this"?

Alex doesn't respond.

PAT (CONT'D)

We had that awesome night in the tunnels and you've been avoiding me ever since--

ALEX

I told you, I've been busy.

PAT

Bullshit! You're just scared! You're trying so hard to hate this place that you're afraid to like me. But I don't care because... I like you.

Alex is speechless, she can't help but melt.

PAT (CONT'D)

I *really* like you. And I've been trying to tell you all month.

Pat walks over to her and this time Alex doesn't run. Their faces are inches apart. They can feel each other's breath.

ALEX

Pat, I'm getting expelled tomorrow.

PAT

I know but... what if you didn't?

Pat smiles, hopeful, but Alex jerks away.

ALEX

Is *that* why you skipped rehearsal?
So I wouldn't get expelled?

PAT

I skipped because I'm not on a
theater scholarship.

ALEX

I think that's just an excuse so
you don't have to stand up to Bunk.

Now it's Pat's turn to get angry.

PAT

An excuse?! Alex, if I don't play
hockey, I can't stay. My parents
can't afford this place. Sorry I
don't have the luxury to be rebel
against every little stupid thing!

ALEX

You don't push back on *anything*.
I've ignored you for weeks and
you've barely said a word!

PAT

You push back on *everything*! I'm
telling you I like you and you're
even pushing back on that!

ALEX

Then why are you here? Huh? You
don't even know me.

Pat softens, trying to get things back on track.

PAT

I know you sometimes can come off as
abrasive but it's because you feel
like a million things at once. And I
know you want to change the world but
also get overwhelmed at all that
pressure. Like last week when you
cried into a ham and cheese Hot
Pocket because you felt bad for the
pigs but you didn't stop eating
because you *love* Hot Pockets.

ALEX

I was vegan for a whole summer! It
gave me chronic exhaustion, okay?

PAT

I also know you try to blame this place for your problems but that you might be just as miserable back in San Francisco.

Pat reaches a hand towards Alex but she jerks away.

PAT (CONT'D)

Come on! I'm trying to help!

ALEX

Great. Thank you for this *helpful* conversation.

Alex storms away. Pat calls after her, now frustrated.

PAT

You're not the only person in the entire world who has feelings!

ALEX

Yeah, your feelings have been made VERY clear. Lucky for you, after tomorrow you'll never have to see me again!

Alex rounds the corner. Pat doesn't follow.

INT. THE TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Barbra Streisand's *The Way We Were* plays as Alex makes her way through the tunnels back to campus, her costume totally askew.

ALEX (V.O.)

Pat was right about everything. I was selfish and afraid. But let's face it, if Barbra and Robert couldn't make it, we never stood a chance.

Alex stops in front of her Mom's name carved in the wall.

ALEX

I know you loved this place Mom, but... maybe I'm just not like you.

Alex touches the carving, trying to reach through time and space for answers. She keeps winding through the maze.

Her eyes teary, not looking where she's going, she stubs her toe on a pipe. She bites her lip, holding back a SCREAM.

Then. Fuck it. She SCREAMS, for real this time.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CAMPUS - NIGHT

Alex crawls out of the second grate, only to come face to face with: SISTER JO. In her pajamas, a holier than thou grin twisting on her face.

SISTER JO
Ms. Heck. What a surprise.

Alex stares blankly, completely exhausted.

ALEX
Either expel me, Sister, or leave me alone.

Alex keeps walking. Sister Jo stares after her in shock.

INT. ST. BRIGID'S HALL - NIGHT

Alex clutches the phone, sucking back tears.

IZZY
(answering machine)
Yo! This is Izzy! I'm probably out changing the world but since you're here, kick back, vote in midterms and keep it vicious...ly vegan!

ALEX
Hey Iz-- Um... Better grab some Adderall because it's time for Operation GTFO.
(wipes away tears)
Even if I get expelled tomorrow, I could really use a friendly face.
I'm just... really alone and... just please, be here? Okay? I need you.

BEEEEEEEP!

EXT. ST. MARY'S CAMPUS - MORNING

The first snow of the year tears through campus. Kids SLED down the hill on trays from the dining hall. Snowball fights abound. It's a boarding school fantasy... for most people.

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex is in bed. She looks across the room. Mary-Kate is gone.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was the morning of the show. At last. My judgement day. But I didn't feel excited, I felt empty. I didn't think things could get worse but...

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Alex runs into church late. All eyes on her.

ALEX (V.O.)

Life finds a way.

Sister Jo glowers at her and ushers her into the last pew, which just happens to be right next to... PAT. Alex and Pat both flush, avoiding eye contact at all costs.

FATHER HUGHES

(saying mass)

...Let us offer each other the Sign of Peace.

The Hockey team looks at them expectantly, stifling a laugh.

Alex and Pat both stare forward as they reach sideways to shake hands. Wanting to die inside.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Church ends, and Alex is the first one out. Pat is a few steps behind her, he waves a BULLETIN as an excuse to talk to her.

PAT

Alex wait! You forgot your... bulletin.

Pat slumps. Bunk and some Hockey Cronies walk past laughing.

BUNK

Slick move, Patty.

INT. DETENTION - LATER

Alex reaches into her backpack and pulls out a squished pack of Ho-Ho's, tossing one to Sister Francis.

SISTER FRANCIS
These have seen better days.

ALEX
Haven't we all.

Sister Francis pulls out the deck of cards, shuffling.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Sorry Sister, I'm not in the mood.

SISTER FRANCIS
I believe I'm the one running this
detention, Heck. And I'm calling...
Five Card Stud.

Sister Francis deals the cards. Alex begrudgingly comes over.

SISTER FRANCIS (CONT'D)
You seem deep into teenage ennui.

ALEX
I'm just sad because this is our
last detention together. After the
show tonight I'm hopping into a
beat-up Outback and driving back to
San Fran at last so I can finally
breathe again.

Sister Francis arches an eyebrow.

SISTER FRANCIS
Uh huh, and what if you don't?

ALEX
Don't what?

SISTER FRANCIS
Breathe any better in California?

This thought briefly haunts Alex but she shakes it off.

ALEX
Anywhere is better than here.
(beat)
Read it and weep, Sister.

Alex lays down two pair. But Sister Francis reveals a flush.

SISTER FRANCIS
Sorry kid, the house always wins.

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Alex takes a suitcase out from under her bed, tossing some random clothes in. Her side of the room is a pigsty.

She picks up her Dad's letter. Alex scoffs. She's about to throw it away, but hesitates and puts it in her jacket pocket.

ALEX (V.O.)
I was ready to leave this literal
and metaphorical mess behind.

She looks over at Mary-Kate's side of the room. It's empty.

INT. ST. BRIGID'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

Alex calls Izzy, a packed suitcase by her feet.

IZZY
(answering machine)
... Keep it vicious...ly vegan!

ALEX
Iz! It's Alex. Just checking in to make sure you're on your way, I haven't heard from you and the show is in like an hour. Hurry, okay? I don't want to be here anymore.

Alex hangs up and spots Magnolia and Ciara.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey! Have you guys seen Mary-Kate?

MAGNOLIA
Uh oh. Did you guys have a lovers' quarrel?

Ciara laughs, but Alex scoffs.

ALEX
How would you like it if I started rumors about you, huh? And I could.
(a pointed look)
High school is hard enough without being SO mean to each other.

Ciara laughs at Alex but Magnolia doesn't. She feels bad.

MAGNOLIA
Sorry, Alex.

ALEX
Don't tell me, tell Mary-Kate.

Alex marches on, her suitcase trailing behind her.

ALEX (V.O.)
The irony of telling someone else
to apologize to Mary-Kate was not
lost on me. But I had a job to do.

EXT. ST. MARY'S QUAD - DAY

KIDS play in the snow around her, but Alex looks miserable.
She lugs her suitcase across the quad towards the theater.

She spots Cassie, opening the doors to the chapel and setting
up a sign to her All Night Prayer-A-Thon. Alex stares it
down, she shouts over.

ALEX
You're going down, Cassie. We're
giving out king sized candy bars!

CASSIE
We're giving out extra credit!

ALEX
Okay well, we're offering freedom!

CASSIE
And we're saving SOULS!

ALEX
We're--

CASSIE
WE'RE GETTING A PRIEST FROM KUALA
LUMPUR TO LEAD US IN THE ROSARY!!!!

Cassie voice echos out into the snow. Everyone stops what
they're doing to look. Woah.

ALEX (PRE-LAP)
Okay people, huddle up!

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - LATER

Alex struts into the middle of the circle, a clip board in
her hand, determination on her face.

ALEX

It's game day! Rosie, we need you handing out candy bars at the door for some light bribery, and we need stage crew for finish touches on-- you guessed it-- the stage. And--

MADDIE T.

Where are Pat and Mary-Kate?

ALEX

Oh well... I think they're out.

The group gasps, but Alex plows ahead.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's showbiz for ya! But what does it mean for us? I'll be taking Pat's role in the opener. Maddie-- can you learn Mary-Kate's Happy Vagina Fact Interlude? And McKenzie, I need you to take's Pat's role in Smell List.

MCKENZIE

...Is it a lot of lines?

ALEX

It's just a list of words your vag could smell like. If you forget a line say literally any shellfish and you're good.

Alex juts her hand into the middle of the circle. Everyone puts their hand in.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hey, we worked really hard this semester and I just wanted to say... thank you. It's been an honor serving with you.

(beat)

Vaginas on three, okay? One, two--

EVERYONE

VAGINAS!

The almighty curse word echoes over as we SMASH TO:

EXT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - EVENING

Snow falls through the light from the street lamps and a SMALL CROWD forms outside the theater under a huge "OUR TOWN" banner. Alex cups her hands, shouting into the night.

ALEX

Our Town! One night only! Open your minds and hearts to art! And to candy! Free with a ticket.

Rosie hands out candy bars to everyone in line.

ROSIE

Thank you for attending...

Across the way, Cassie narrows her eyes at Alex. She shouts in front of her own sign, with her own modest crowd.

CASSIE

Don't rot your teeth, save your soul! And earn extra credit!

Father Hughes looks between the two events.

FATHER HUGHES

It's nice to see our students so... passionate.

Father Hughes steps towards Our Town. As does Sister Jo.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)

Sister Jo, I thought you'd be at the Prayer-a-thon across the quad.

SISTER JO

Of course, Father. But we have all night to pray... and I just love Thornton Wilder.

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Alex hustles backstage. Everyone rushes to and fro with last minute preparations. Alex hides her nerves with excitement.

ALEX

We've got a great crowd, people! We have Cassie beat by a mile!

Alex notices Evelyn putting on her costume.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Evelyn? I thought you had to be at the Prayer-a-Thon?

EVELYN

I told Cassie I had cramps. I couldn't miss this.

Alex can't help but deeply smile at her ragtag band of misfits. Even if it was missing a few key people.

ALEX
Rosie! Any sign of Mary-Kate?

Rosie shakes her head.

ROSIE
I saw her out by the bus stop. Looked like she was waiting for someone.

Alex weakly nods. She knows Mary-Kate isn't coming.

ALEX (V.O.)
I know I messed up but I can't believe Mary-Kate stood me up. And she wasn't the only person missing.

There are a few dozen other people there. Not too bad. She searches the audience. A seat reserved for Izzy is empty.

ALEX
Come on Iz.

ROSIE
One minute to curtain!

Alex nods, trying to put on a brave face. But it's hard.

ALEX (V.O.)
I set out to do something St. Mary's had never seen before. But after weeks of daydreaming about going out in a blaze of glory, now I just wanted to get it over with.

The theater darkens. A weak mix of applause and laughter scatters across the crowd. A spotlight cuts the stage illuminating the sign: GROVER'S CORNER.

Then Evelyn, on Heelies, glides into the light, dressed like a robot-alien (read: a lot of tinfoil).

EVELYN
Welcome to Our Town. The year is 2221. Thanks to the carelessness of humans in the 21st century, trees are gone. As are fossil fuels, cows, and cable TV.

Evelyn skates in a circle before freezing in a new pose.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

My name is Vulva-tron. A robot-human hybrid programed to not experience shame or embarrassment.

A few giggles from the crowd. Sister Jo sits up to attention in her seat. Loudly whispering to Father Hughes.

SISTER JO
This is NOT Our Town.

Hughes shushes her. Wanting to see where this goes.

EVELYN

And it is on this sweltering hot day, like every other day thanks to global warming, that I found it...

SLAM! Alex's Mom's copy of the VAGINA MONOLOGUES drops from the rafters, landing at Evelyn's feet. She picks it up, turning it over like a foreign object.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
A text from another time... When words were taboo... gender roles rigid... and the mere suggestion of female anatomy... shocking.

A CRASH of thunder, and a BLINK of lightning as Evelyn glides off stage, flipping the sign on the way to: THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES. A light murmur scatters across the crowd.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN - Jordan shakes a sheet of metal for thunder and Margaret-Mary blinks the lights for lightning.

Alex, Maddie T., and Rosie sit on stools center stage.

ALEX
This is it.

Alex looks at Maddie T. and Rosie. Wishing they were Pat and Mary-Kate. Then all three girls hang their heads down as--

SWOOSH! The curtains open! Here we go!

Head down, Alex tries to steal a peak at the crowd, but the stage lights blind her. Rosie takes a dramatic beat, then lifts her head. Deadpan.

ROSIE
I bet you're worried...

Another dramatic beat. Maddie T. lifts her head.

MADDIE T.
We were worried...

A breath. Finally Alex lifts her head.

ALEX
We were all worried... about--

WHAM! Before Alex can get the first "Vagina" out, the theater doors BLOW OPEN! Gordy runs in, cupping his hands to yell--

GORDY
POND MAYHEM!!!!!!!

Everything is still for a beat then...

The theater devolves into absolute chaos. Cheers of joy as STUDENTS sprint for the door. Father Hughes tries to get everyone to calm down but it's too late. It's pandemonium!

FATHER HUGHES
Everyone! Please! Orderly, please!

Alex watches in shock as the theater empties.

ALEX
What? No! Wait! They can't do that!

Hughes turns towards Alex.

FATHER HUGHES
My office, tomorrow, Ms. Heck.

ALEX
No but-- there is no tomorrow!

But Father Hughes is already out the door. The theater rapidly empties out save for a few stragglers and the Vagina Monologues crew, who all wander onto the stage in a daze.

ROSIE
They can't do this!

ALEX
They just did.

JORDAN
That's total bullshit! They can't just cancel our show because they want to play hockey.

MCKENZIE
Maybe we can round everyone up and start again?

Some of the crew nods, ready to act on the idea. They look to their fearless leader but Alex has nothing left for them.

ALEX

What's the point? You guys should get out of here. Go have fun.

MADDIE T.

That's it? You're just going to give up? But you're Alex Heck, you fight everything.

ALEX

Yeah... and that's worked out so well for me.

Maddie T. shakes her head and hops off the stage. The rest of the cast and crew tentatively follow. Rosie lingers a moment.

ROSIE

What are you going to do?

ALEX

I don't know. Burn down the school?

Rosie looks at her with shock and horror.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, Rosie! Go.

Alex stares out at the empty theater... until, behind her:

VOICE (O.S.)

Do you know where Mary-Kate is?

Alex turns to see a GIRL she doesn't recognize. A sudden GUST of air blows her scent towards Alex. Alex perks up.

ALEX

Bath and Body Works Warm Vanilla Sugar... you must be Christine! You actually came!

CHRISTINE nods. She's cute. She wears a basketball hoodie and a nervous expression.

CHRISTINE

Uh... yeah. I should've let her know, but my parents would have killed me. So I snuck out.

Alex is feeling a lot of emotions right now.

ALEX
That's really brave.

Christine is deeply confused, unsure what she walked into.

CHRISTINE
Uh, thanks? So... who are you?

ALEX
I'm Alex. Mary-Kate's best--
roommate. I'm her roommate. But...
I don't know where she is.

Alex looks down.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I usually do, but we had a fight.
I'm selfish and I pushed her away.
I push everyone away! I mean, look!

Alex gestures to the empty theater.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm pretty good at what I do, right?

Alex laughs bitterly. Christine officially feels uncomfortable.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I wish she was here. I
wish I could tell her how fucking
sorry I am.

MARY-KATE (O.S.)
Fiddlesticks.

Alex turns around to see, Mary-Kate. Her eyes flick nervously
at Christine, butterflies in her stomach. But first to Alex:

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
Apology accepted.

Mary-Kate turns to Christine.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
You actually came...

CHRISTINE
Live a little, right?

Mary-Kate and Christine are making some serious googly eyes
at each other. Alex looks between them with a sad smile.

ALEX
Looks like I'm the third wheel.

Mary-Kate remembers that Alex is there.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I said I'd get you a date, MK.
Looks like my work here is done.

MARY-KATE
I'm sorry about the show, Alex. I mean, I was really mad at you, but I was planning on showing up.

CHRISTINE
That's really cool you guys were putting on a secret show...

Christine smiles at Mary-Kate. Mary-Kate blushes.

ALEX
It would have been. But hey, at least someone got a happy ending.

Alex hops off the stage.

MARY-KATE
Wait Alex! Where are you going? Don't you want to protest Pond Mayhem? Spray paint a statue? Fight back?

ALEX
I'm sick of fighting. I just want to go home.

CROWD (PRE-LAP)
(disappointment)
OHHHHHH!

EXT. THE POND - NIGHT

A crowd forms around a rag tag game of pond hockey. The boys play in t-shirt and pads. The energy is infectious. Gordy passes the puck across the pond to Bunk Thompson who SLAPS it in the goal! Bunk and Gordy slide on their butts across the ice paddling their sticks like kayak oars in celebration.

Everyone has a blast. Everyone except Pat. Reggie skates by.

REGGIE
Dude, relax. I'm sure Alex is fine.
I thought you were mad at her?

PAT
I am but... we canceled her show.

REGGIE

No, *mother nature* canceled her show. Pond Mayhem is always the first snow of the year!

PAT

Last year they postponed it because Gordy had mono.

REGGIE

...So?

PAT

So I could've told Bunk to postpone!

Pat hits the snow hard with his hockey stick.

REGGIE

Come on. I bet Alex is handling it in a really mature way.

EXT. ST. MARY'S QUAD - NIGHT

The snowstorm has turned the campus into an arctic tundra. Low visibility. Howling winds. And one incredibly aggravated Alex Heck trudging through it with nothing but her burning rage to keep her warm.

ALEX (V.O.)

My show was canceled. Pat hated me. Mary-Kate had someone else.

Alex lugs her suitcase and backpack to the front of the quad facing the school entrance.

ALEX (V.O.)

I'd always had a million reasons to leave. But for the first time, I had no reason left to stay. And it made me feel lonelier than ever.

She perches on top of her suitcase and waits, shivering.

ALEX

(reassuring herself.)

Izzy will show up and take me back to civilization and this will all be a bad dream.

She waits in lonely silence. Cheers echo from the hockey game twist the knife. But she keeps her eyes on the road.

Finally headlights shine through the trees. Alex breathes a sigh of relief and stands up, expectantly.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Thank god.

The lights FLASH across Alex face. We see her tired eyes, her desperate smile, so ready for all of this to be over... But the lights flash past her and continue down the road. Leaving her alone in the dark.

Alex can't help but start to cry. She been sucking back tears the entire year but this time she's no longer fighting.

And that's when she sees it... Across the quad, through the falling snow, a small light bobs towards her. Closer and closer... Alex squints, getting her hopes up.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Izzy?

Through the mist of the snowy night... emerges Cassie Cassidy.

CASSIE
There you are!

Alex slumps in disappointment, she tries to hide her tears.

ALEX
Cassie, please not right now--

CASSIE
The hall phone was ringing off the hook, so I picked it up. Some girl named Izzy is trying to reach you.

ALEX
Did she say she was almost here?
Because I'm freezing my ass off.

CASSIE
... She's not coming. She's in San Francisco.

Alex looks at Cassie, hopeless. She lets out a hollow laugh. All of her worst fears confirmed.

ALEX
So I'm actually trapped here.

Alex stares blankly a beat, pressure welling up in her. Then--

ALEX (CONT'D)
FUUUCK THE HOOKEYYY TEAAAM!

Alex SCREAMS out into the cold night air. Her voice quickly disappearing into the wind. Alex pants, catching her breath. Cassie looks at her calmly.

CASSIE
Do you have a lighter?

ALEX
...What?

Cassie tucks a hand through her sleeve, and seamlessly removes her bra. Classic locker room move.

ALEX (CONT'D)
...What are you doing?

CASSIE
What does it look like I'm doing?
I'm burning my bra. In protest.

Cassie struggles to untangle herself and thrusts out her bra. Alex looks at her in shock.

ALEX
...Protest of what?

CASSIE
Your show wasn't the only thing canceled tonight. I worked really hard on the Prayer-a-thon. And everyone left. Even the nuns. I know everyone thinks I'm just this narc Jesus freak but... I have feelings too. And... I'm MAD!

ALEX
...Are you a hallucination of my hypothermic brain?

CASSIE
No. Just a girl who's been pushed to the edge.

Alex pulls out her lighter and *CLICK!* Sets her bra ablaze.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Your turn.

Cassie stares, waiting. So Alex shimmies out of her bra, with more ease than Cassie and holds it out limply, but for the first time Alex seems at a total loss.

ALEX

What's the point? Being mad won't fix my friendships or stop my dad from remarrying, or bring my mom back.

(beat)

I try not to think about her too much, because then I remember that she was a real person, and that means she's really gone. And I miss her. And being at St. Mary's means I have to miss her all the time.

A tear rolls down Alex's cheek when *CLICK!* Cassie lights her bra on fire. They both stare into the flame.

CASSIE

My mom's dead too.

(off Alex's shocked face)

Car accident. Two years ago. That's why I got so into Campus Ministry. To feel closer to her, I guess.

Alex looks at Cassie like she's seeing her for the first time.

ALEX

I found my mom's old copy of the Vagina Monologues and it felt like we were connecting across space and time ... but maybe it was just a library book she put her name on and never even read.

CASSIE

If she was *your* mom, she read it.

They share a smile.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Praying helps me. I know you probably think it's stupid to talk to an invisible person but...

ALEX

Nah, I get it. I pray to Satan. It started as a bit but now... it's kind of comforting.

Cassie looks at Alex. Is she serious?

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm joking!

They both start laughing and can't stop. Alex looks at Cassie.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm sorry if I've been shitty to you.

CASSIE
I haven't been the nicest either.
My dad says I have an intense and
unyielding personality.

ALEX
I can identify.

Alex and Cassie look at their burning bras.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You know feminists burning their
bras was a myth created by men to
make women look hysterical.

CASSIE
That makes sense... this is really
impractical.

Alex kicks open her suitcase, dumps out her clothes, and
tosses the burning bras in, like a makeshift trashcan fire.

Alex and Cassie stand next to each other in silence, staring
at the flame safely smoldering in the suitcase.

ALEX (V.O.)
I was promised a night of female
rage... but I really didn't expect
it to be with St. Cassie. And maybe
it was just the heat from my
burning bra, but I suddenly felt...
warm. Like maybe I wasn't so alone.

Alex tosses more of her clothes into the fire, building the
flame. Cassie pulls her orange patrol vest out.

ALEX
No way...

CASSIE
Viva la revolución.

Cassie tosses it into the fire. It sends up SPARKS, which are
visible from down the hill at--

EXT. THE POND - CONTINUOUS

Reggie slides across the ice on his stomach, knocking the
puck over to Pat. SLAPSHOT and... he SCORES! The crowd goes
wild. Bunk shouts to the crowd.

BUNK
Smell that?!

The crowd plays into the call and response, having a blast. Except the Vagina Monologue crew, who sulk on the sidelines.

Pat notices and sheepishly skates over to them. Evelyn crosses her arms.

EVELYN
Thanks for the heads up, Pat. NOT.
Do you have any idea how long it takes to get in Vulvatron makeup?

JORDAN
Did our alliance between field and ice mean nothing to you?

ROSIE
I was actually... really looking forward to performing.

PAT
Look, I'm really sorry. It snowed and Bunk insisted and--
(trying to laugh)
I thought you'd at least protest the game. But I don't see Alex.

Pat searches the crowd hopefully but--

MCKENZIE
Oh, Alex just gave up. I think this place finally broke her.

Pat looks at the faces of his friends and fellow thespians. That's it. He hops on the ice and skates over and grabs Benji Lui's whistle and BLOWS IT. Stopping the game.

PAT
Pond Mayhem's over!

BUNK THOMPSON
What are you doing? We're mid-game!

PAT
You canceled the show and I think it's bullshit!

BUNK THOMPSON
Woah, Patty--

PAT

Stop calling me Patty and stop pushing me around! It's not cool! Just because I'm on a scholarship doesn't mean you get to tell me what to do! It sucks and makes me feel shitty and I'm sick of it!

Bunk is confused by Pat's outburst.

BUNK THOMPSON

Bro... I didn't know you felt so strongly.

PAT

Well, I do. I feel very strongly.

Everyone's staring at them. A long beat.

BUNK THOMPSON

Well in that case...

Pat braces for it, but instead, Bunk throws his arm around Pat.

BUNK THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Everyone back to the theater! Get your asses back to the seats! We're about to enjoy some performing arts!

The crowd CHEERS!

EXT. ST. MARY'S QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Cassie hang out around the suitcase. When--

MARY-KATE (O.S.)

What are you doing?!

Mary-Kate and Christine emerge through the snow. Alex offers a weak smile.

ALEX

Just exercising some feminist rage.

CASSIE

Want to join? Just throw your bra in the suitcase and say whatever you're mad about.

When suddenly, a HORDE of people coming RUNNING up the hill.

ROSIE

Don't do it!!!!

ALEX

Do what? What's happening?

JORDAN

You're not burning down the school?

Jordan realizes that's not what's going on.

ALEX

What's going on? What happened to Pond Mayhem?

PAT (O.S.)

It's canceled!

Pat pushes through the crowd.

PAT (CONT'D)

We're going back to watch the show.

ALEX

... What?!

PAT

The hockey team shouldn't have called Pond Mayhem tonight. I shouldn't have let them. You worked really hard--

(to Cassie)

You both did. I'm sorry. But I'm done just going with the flow. Some things are worth rebelling against!

Alex melts into a smile.

ALEX

No, I'm sorry! I've been pushing against everything because I've been too afraid but... Goddammit!

Pat, I like you!

(deep breath)

There! Was that so hard?

Pat smiles and GOES FOR IT! Pulls her into a full dip kiss. It's passionate, and sweaty, and deeply 17.

The crowd cheers! Even the hockey team. They break apart, catching their breath, smiling.

PAT

So? Ready to put on a show?

Alex looks at the crowd of people and thinks a moment.

ALEX

You know... I'm suddenly not in
such a rush to leave. Maybe tonight
we can just... have fun?

Alex looks to the Vagina Monologues cast, who smile back at her in agreement. Rosie clears her throat and shouts--

ROSIE
LET'S PARTY!

Pat takes off his shirt and throws it in the suitcase. The crowd goes WILD. Suddenly, Reggie bursts into the crowd.

REGGIE
Wait! I have a romantic gesture
too! Mary-Kate Lovejoy?

Reggie searches for Mary-Kate in the crowd, who is trying to shrink until she no longer exists. The crowd parts for her anyway, Christine standing behind her.

MARY-KATE
Reggie... please...

Reggie nervously addresses her anyway.

REGGIE
I know we've only been on one date
but, will you walk the pond with me?

The crowd waits with baited breath. Mary-Kate blushes. In the smallest voice possible:

MARY-KATE
Reggie. No. I'm sorry. I really
like you... as a friend.

Mary-Kate takes a deep breath, confidence building within her. She locks eyes with Alex and smiles, then steps aside to reveal: Christine.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)
This is Christine... my girlfriend.
(turning to Christine)
I mean... if you want to.

CHRISTINE
I didn't take an overnight bus from
Wisconsin to be just friends.

Mary-Kate can't help herself, she goes in for the KISS!

The crowd goes EVEN WILDER than they did for Alex and Pat! Mary-Kate turns to them like she has Hulk-strength.

MARY-KATE

That's right, people! I'm gay! And this is my girlfriend! And I don't care if we're at a Catholic school in Minnesota you just have to... deal with it!

Mary-Kate struggles out of her sports bra. The whole crowd watches, waiting to see what happens next. She finally gets it off and SPIKES it into the suitcase. It sparks! A pop of fire! A beat then...

REGGIE

WOOOOO!

Reggie smiles and CHEERS! The whole crowd follows! Gordy perfectly harnesses the crowd's energy with two simple words:

GORDY

Snowball fight!!!

A snowball fight begins in earnest. Alex, Pat, Mary-Kate and Christine duck behind a snow bank giggling.

Magnolia shuffles up to Mary-Kate and Christine. Alex stands with them protectively.

MAGNOLIA

Um, Mary-Kate? I'm really sorry for calling you Bees. I'm not actually a homophobe... I'm just a bitch.

Magnolia says this *really* seriously. Mary-Kate stifles a smile.

MARY-KATE

Well Magnolia, we're all on a journey of self awareness. But I'm still legally obligated to do this.

Mary-Kate picks up a snowball and WHAM! Throws it at Magnolia. They all join in the snowball fight. Alex can't help but smile.

Alex feels something in her pocket and pulls out her Dad's letter. Mary-Kate walks over and loops her arm around Alex.

MARY-KATE (CONT'D)

What's that?

ALEX

From my dad. "Alex - sending you away was the hardest thing I've ever done. But I wanted you and your mom to have a shared experience. Something that just belonged the two of you. Something special. I hope you're able to find that."

Alex sits with that, looking out at the snowball fight in front of her. The picturesque campus of St. Mary's.

ALEX (CONT'D)

... I think I did.

Alex feels something else in the envelope. She pulls out a PHOTO of her Mom standing in front of the pond. Wearing her uniform with attitude. Just like Alex.

Alex holds up the photo, matching it seamlessly to the background. As if she really is just across the pond.

For the first time, Alex can picture her Mom at St. Mary's.

But then... An ember floats into the air, carried across the quad with whatever the opposite of divine intervention is.

And that's when Alex sees it, reflected in the photo... a growing flame behind her.

The statue of the Virgin Mary... on FIRE.

ALEX (V.O.)

And as I watched St. Mary literally burn to the ground, I realized I had finally achieved my goal.

Alex looks around at the slow motion faces of her friends, their smiles illuminated by the burning bras as they realize one by one what's happening.

ALEX (V.O.)

I, Alex Heck, would be expelled. The only problem? I didn't want to leave.

St. Mary goes up in a blaze of glory as we MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FATHER HUGHES'S OFFICE - DAY

A tear runs down Mary's stained glass cheek as the snow melts in the brutal mid-day sun. Alex stares at it like an unholly sign of doom as she sits, waiting for her sentencing.

Father Hughes looks out at the now SCORCHED statue of Mary.

FATHER HUGHES
I think I preferred the graffiti.

He sits down at his desk with a sigh and stares down Alex for a long, hard beat until he finally opens his mouth to speak--

ALEX
Can I say something first? I know it doesn't look great, but I actually didn't do it on purpose. But that doesn't mean anything. Right. What am I trying to say?

Father Hughes doesn't change his expression. Alex collects herself, choosing her words carefully.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I was sent here because a woman I barely knew liked it here. And so I funneled a lot of frustration into this place. I judged it, and mocked it, tried to leave it. I thought St. Mary's was boring and backwards... and it kind of is!

Father Hughes braces himself for whatever's coming next.

ALEX (CONT'D)
St. Mary's has problems! For starters, We need to decentralize the Hockey team's power and legalize the word vagina. But... and I know the fire hurts my case but basically what I'm saying is...

Alex takes a deep breath, almost blurting out--

ALEX (CONT'D)
Some problems are worth solving! What if I belong here? San Fransisco doesn't need another rebel, but maybe St. Mary's does! And... maybe this rebel needs St. Mary's.

Alex stares at Father Hughes, out of breath.

FATHER HUGHES
Are you done?

ALEX

Yes-- no! I just want to say that no one else present was at all responsible for what happened. I know some kids are on scholarship and I just really don't want anyone penalized but me.

(beat)

Okay now I'm done.

Alex sits down. The last bit of hope draining from her body.

FATHER HUGHES

Thank you for sharing Alex, but I've already made up my mind.

A light KNOCK on the DOOR. Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

The folder you asked for, Father.

Phyllis hands Father Hughes a THICK stack of paper. Alex shrinks in her chair at the sight of it. Phyllis gives Alex a sneer on her way out and for the first time, Alex doesn't have the energy to return the sentiment.

Father Hughes taps the documents on his desk to even them out. Each tap echoing in Alex's soul.

ALEX

Just rip the bandaids already.

FATHER HUGHES

Well Alex, after burning down the Statue of the Virgin Mary that has been at our school for six decades, I'm afraid I have no choice but to--

Alex closes her eyes, bracing for impact.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)

Force you to spearhead the new statue fundraiser.

Alex opens one eye, waiting for the next to shoe to drop. But... nothing. She sits up in confusion.

ALEX

But... what about expulsion?
Indictment? ... Eternal damnation!?

FATHER HUGHES

Once again, I'm sorry to disappoint you.

Alex jumps up, adrenaline coursing through her veins.

ALEX
Are you serious? It's a miracle!

FATHER HUGHES
It's not a miracle. It's a
testament to your new found sense
of community.

He holds up the stack of papers. He flips through.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)
Letters from your peers vouching for
the fact that it was an accident.
I'm impressed, they come from every
corner of student population.

He turns one around with the clearly signed name of CASSIE CASSIDY. Hughes smiles, as if this is exactly what he wanted.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)
I agree that not everything is
perfect here. That's why we need
passionate students like you. I was
hoping, if given a reason, you'd
use that passion to ignite the
school. I just didn't mean for it
to be so literal.

ALEX
I promise to get you a new statue.

FATHER HUGHES
I'll make sure of it. This time I
plan to personally oversee you,
considering your spotty track
record with the rules.

ALEX
I totally deserve that.
(then, sincere)
Thank you, Father Hughes.

They share a smile. Alex stands to leave, but--

FATHER HUGHES
"Give voice to what you know to be
true, and do not be afraid of being
disliked or exiled."

ALEX
Is that Thornton Wilder?

Father Hughes smiles, a twinkle in his eye--

FATHER HUGHES
 Eve Ensler. Just for the record,
 Alex, you're still not doing
 anything we haven't seen before.

ALEX
 You're telling me another student
 put on a secret production of the
 Vagina Monologues at St. Mary's?

FATHER HUGHES
 Something like that... And you
 remind me a lot of her.

Alex stares at him curiously.

Hughes walks to his book shelf and pulls out the 1996 year book, flipping to the Club section, and specifically to a picture of a STUDENT sitting on a stool on stage.

The caption reads: **AMBER OAKLEY '96, THE V*G*N* MONOLOGUES.**

Alex stares in shock, at a loss for words.

FATHER HUGHES (CONT'D)
 It was heavily edited but... it was
 a hit. Much to the chagrin of
 Josephine Martin. You may know her
 better as Sister Jo.

He flips the page to show a YOUNG GIRL protesting the show.

ALEX
 (truly touched)
 ...My mom and I share the same
 mortal enemy?!

Even Father Hughes can't help but smile.

FATHER HUGHES
 That's one way to look at it.

Alex stares at the photo of her mom, filled with warmth, and disbelief, and love.

ALEX (V.O.)
 Dear Satan. It's Alex again. I
 don't know what Hell's like, but if
 it's anything like Minnesota... it
 can't be that bad.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

QUAD - Alex lugs a bucket of cleaning supplies through campus.

ALEX (V.O.)

I mean, sure, there are still things
that are backwards and repressed...

Cassie Cassidy stands with a handful of students and a megaphone under a sign: "TAKE THE CHASTITY CHALLENGE!"

CASSIE

Pledge yourself to Jesus today! Free
rings for the first ten sign ups!

Alex shouts over to the STUDENTS in line.

ALEX

Or just get laid and save yourself
the trouble!

Alex smirks at Cassie, who rolls her eyes. Almost playfully.

CASSIE

Heathen!

MARGARET-MARY (O.S.)

Narc!

Alex turns to see Margaret-Mary and Teresa set up in a STUDENT HEALTH CLINIC booth next to Cassie.

ALEX (V.O.)

But now I realize that I'm not the
only one who feels that way.

TERESA

Peer-run health clinic! No questions
asked! Got an STD? Come and see me!

Alex smiles and salutes Teresa and Margaret-Mary. She picks up her bucket and lugs it over to the Fountain to start cleaning, when suddenly, she feels eyes on her.

She looks up and waves to Father Hughes in his office window.

ALEX (V.O.)

And after some hard labor, I even
got some privileges back.

ALEX AND MARY KATE'S ROOM - Alex holds up her un-confiscated iPhone like Rafiki holds up baby Simba. She Facetimes with her DAD, showing him her room. Brandi pokes into the frame.

ALEX (V.O.)

My Dad and I are trying to be better about talking about our feelings. I was even making an effort with Brandi.

Alex holds up a YOGA MAT to the camera and grimaces a smile.

ALEX

And thanks for the yoga mat Brandi. You shouldn't have... *really*.

BRANDI

That's not all I got you. Say namaste to your new baby sister!

Brandi turns to the side to reveal a BABY BUMP. Alex DROPS her phone in shock.

TUNNEL - Pat holds a flashlight up as Alex carves her name into the wall, right next to her Mom's.

ALEX (V.O.)

Even though I still missed art and culture, thanks to St. Mary's I've never felt closer to Amber Oakley '96.

(beat)

Or to Pat Riley.

Alex finishes and steps back towards Pat, leaning into him. Suddenly a light shines down the tunnel, searching.

Alex and Pat make a run for it! Holding hands tight.

ALEX (V.O.)

But I still shot him down when he asked me to walk the pond. Because it's archaic. And I had a prior commitment.

THE POND - Alex extends a hand. Mary-Kate takes it. They take a step and set off to officially Walk the Pond.

ALEX

Well, this is thrilling.

MARY-KATE

It really *is* a nice tradition.

ALEX

Sure Christine won't be jealous?

MARY-KATE

We have other things we like to do together...

Mary-Kate smiles suggestively. Alex whacks her.

ALEX

Scandalous!! And your parents?

MARY-KATE

They're coming around... It'll take a bit but, they really do just want me to be happy.

ALEX

That's the theme for the rest of the year. Be happy. Lay low. Go with the flow.

MARY-KATE

Alex Heck laying low? Right. When hell freezes over.

They share a smile.

ALEX (V.O.)

Okay well, *my* version of laying low.

EXT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - NIGHT

The snow has turned to ice. A sign outside says "ST. MARY'S PRESENTS THEIR VERY OWN, MODERN, EDITED VAGINA MONOLOGUES" and "all proceeds go towards a new statue of Mary!"

ALEX (V.O.)

Tonight I'm putting on a new show in the style of Eve Ensler but from the spirit of St. Mary's.

INT. ST. MARY'S THEATER - NIGHT

The curtains open to reveal Alex, standing alone.

ALEX

I bet you're worried... I know I was worried... I was worried about how a Bay Area Liberal was going to survive at Catholic Boarding school in the middle of nowhere.

Warm laughter scatters across the crowd. Laughing with Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

This show is about me and my
Vagina's wild time in the Midwest.
The lessons I've learned. The bras
I burned. The unlikely friends I
made along the way. And how
somewhere, in the middle of all the
chaos. It became my home.

The crowd applauds. Alex motions for Rosie to come on stage.
Then Alex leans back into the mic, truly savoring whatever
she's about to say.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Oh, and lastly, how we reclaimed
the word...

Alex looks over at Rosie next to her. Together they lean into
the mic and say--

ALEX (CONT'D)

Cunt.

ROSIE

Cunt.

A collective gasp swells up as we--

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.