

EASY "A"

by

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First Draft
August 3, 2008

C/O PARADIGM TALENT AGENCY
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IN DARKNESS:

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

FADE IN:

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

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

OLIVE
Let the record show that I, Olive
Penderghast, being of sound mind,
ample breast size and the
occasional corny knock knock joke,
do enter this video blog into
evidence in the case against me.
Because I'm being judged by a jury
of my peers, I will attempt to
insert 'like' and 'totally' into my
confession as much as possible. So
here it goes... I confess I'm, in
no small part, to blame for the
vociferous gossip that has turned
my Varsity letter scarlet, but -
for anyone hoping that the sizzling
details of my sordid past will
provide you with a reason to lock
the door and make love to a dollop
of your sister's moisturizing
lotion - you'll be gravely
disappointed.

(Beat.)

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

(Beat.)

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

(Beat.)

Like, totally.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

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

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON

Name three.

Olive starts to say something, but Rhiannon interrupts her.

RHIANNON (CONT'D)

Besides Clooney. Too easy.

OLIVE

Shouldn't that alone be enough?

RHIANNON

Fine. That's one. Number two?

OLIVE

(Thinking)

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

RHIANNON

Who's that?

OLIVE

Superman. From way back. He was hot.

RHIANNON

No way. Teddy bear.

OLIVE

Bullshit. Ben Affleck played him in that movie!

RHIANNON

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

(MORE)

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

OLIVE
 George Stephanopolous.

RHIANNON
 What are you? Fifty?

OLIVE
 (Thinking hard)
 George...

RHIANNON
 Bush? Yeah. He's one hot mutherfucker. Just face it. There's no such thing as a sexy George.

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

RHIANNON
 Fine. Don't come. I hate you.

Rhiannon folds her arms and pouts.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive continues to narrate into her webcam.

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

INT. THE ABERNATHY LIVING ROOM

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

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

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

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

We float upwards to -

INT. RHIANNON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhiannon is on the phone, agitated.

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

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olive is on the other end of the phone conversation.

We INTERCUT between the two sides.

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

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

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

EXT. WOODS - LAST YEAR - NIGHT

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

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

There is an excruciatingly long and painful silence.

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Abernathy titters again. Rhiannon rolls her eyes.

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

INT. RHIANNON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rhiannon is getting increasingly angrier at her friend.

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

She quickly catches her faux pas and stops talking.

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

RHIANNON
Quick. Hurry and make up a lie.

OLIVE
I have a date.

RHIANNON
Liar.

OLIVE
 (Lying)
 No. I do.

RHIANNON
 With who?

OLIVE
 You don't know him.

RHIANNON
 And neither do you, you selfish
 bitch!

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

RHIANNON
 What's his name then?

OLIVE
 (Waxing cute)
 Who? My brother?

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

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE
 I'm not proud of this. Less about
 the lie and more about the
 unoriginality of it. Okay, have
 you guys ever watched 'The Brady
 Bunch'? Of course you haven't.
 You're busy watching fake people
 pretend to be real on MTV. That's
 why I knew I could get away with
 it. See, there was this episode
 where Jan - the awkward middle
 child - made up a boyfriend to
 assuage the ridicule of her snatchy
 sister who had just stolen the
 heart of the boy that Jan loved.
 The name of her imaginary boyfriend
 was --

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

OLIVE
(Into the phone)
George Glass.

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

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

Although still skeptical, she seems a tad more mollified.

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

OLIVE
Deal.

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

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

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

To her webcam --

OLIVE

(Through the proverbial
clenched teeth)

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

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

In her bedroom, Olive --

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

KEN NORDINE (V.O.)

*Olive.
Poor thing.*

-- paints her toenails Jungle Red.

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

*Sits and thinks
that it's drab.
Sure does.
Sits and sits and sits and sits and
thinks
about it's olive drab drab.*

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

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

*Doesn't know
that it is about to be named
'Color of the Year,'
by those with the nose for the new.
By the passionate few.
Yeah...*

-- reads TEEN PEOPLE magazine.

KEN NORDINE (CONT'D)

*Olive is definitely in.
Everything
that can possibly mean
(MORE)*

KEN NORDINE (CONT'D)

anything!
Anywhere!
At least for a year.

-- dances some more.

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

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

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

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

To the webcam --

OLIVE

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

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

OLIVE

It was nothing short of perfection.

RHIANNON
 Details, bitch. Wait, first I need
 a scope of reference. Who would
 play him in the movie of your life?

OLIVE
 Ryan Gosling, definitely.

RHIANNON
 That works. Spill.

OLIVE
 He was charming. A real gentleman.

RHIANNON
 Are you going to see him again?

OLIVE
 Probably not. It was just one of
 those weekends.

RHIANNON
 The whole weekend?

OLIVE
 Yeah.

Rhiannon suddenly stops and twirls Olive to face her.

RHIANNON
 Wait a minute. You didn't...

OLIVE
 No, of course not.

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

Pedestrian students stop in their tracks to stare at them.

OLIVE
 I did not.

RHIANNON
 YES YOU DID, YOU LYING FUCKING
 WHORE!

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

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

RHIANNON (CONT'D)

I know you did it! I know you let him put it inside you, so just TELL ME!

OLIVE

I'm not that kind of girl.

RHIANNON

The kind that does it or the kind that does it like a fucking porn star and then doesn't have the balls to talk about it?

Rhi drags her into the --

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

RHIANNON

I want every perverted detail.
NOW, bitch.

Pressured, Olive lies.

OLIVE

Okay. Fine. We did it.

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

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

BACK TO:

OLIVE (CONT'D)

It was... Normal. Nothing freaky.
It was sweet. HE was sweet.

RHIANNON

Was he big? Did it hurt?

OLIVE

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

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

RHIANNON

What the fuck are you looking at,
Marianne?

MARIANNE

Nothing. Just a couple of admitted
whores.

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

OLIVE

So, how was *your* weekend?

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

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

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

MR. ABERNATHY

Wienie, Rhi?

Rhi snorts in contempt of her father and his wienie.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE

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

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - LAST YEAR

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

OLIVE (V.O.)

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

Marianne aggressively shoves her literature into passing students faces.

INT. GYM - LAST YEAR

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

MASCOT

Blue Devils! Blue Devils! Blue Devils!

The crowd goes wild.

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

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

MARIANNE

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

The scared student takes her pamphlet and runs away.

OLIVE (V.O.)
 Now, thankfully, we're the much
 less intimidating --

INT. GYM - LAST YEAR - MONTHS LATER

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

OLIVE (V.O.)
 Meerkat.

MASCOT
 Go meerkats! Go meerkats!

He can't seem to get himself or the student body as excited - with the exception of Marianne and Nina, in the stands applauding proudly.

The school band is playing 'GOLDFINGER.'

Across the gym, Olive sits with Rhiannon.

RHIANNON
 What the fuck is a meerkat anyway?

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

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

OLIVE
 School spirit.

RHIANNON
 Yeah. That's it.

OLIVE

Even dressed as a meerkat, I still fantasize about him.

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE

Communists.

Rhiannon laughs.

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON

True.

(Beat.)

Yeah, I'd totally fuck Meerkat Todd.

They both get lost in the thought.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE

So, of course, immediately I knew that the little white lie I told to my then-best-friend in the ladies room would come back to bite me on the ass. However, even I - who my fourth grade teacher stated on my report card 'has an imagination that should be quickly expunged' - had no idea how quickly this article of fiction would spread. So, now we move on to Part Two: The Accelerated Velocity of Terminological Inexactitude.

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

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

OLIVE

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

Nina, reluctantly, gives them a moment alone.

MARIANNE

(Exasperated)

What?

OLIVE

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

MARIANNE

Olive - that's your name, right?

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

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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

OLIVE

(Jokingly)

Who? The guidance counselor?

MARIANNE

(Icily)

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

OLIVE

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

Olive looks over and sees that Nina is talking to a group of GUYS, who are looking at Olive, intrigued.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
 (Sotto voce)
 Damn it.

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

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

She turns on her heels and leaves Olive behind.

OLIVE
 (To herself)
 Did I just get saved?

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

GUY IN HALL
 Hey Olive. How's it going?

Without stopping --

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

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

Battling her frustration, she goes to class.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Olive eats dinner with her family.

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

Olive and her folks get along really well.

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

They all nod at her.

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

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

OLIVE
It's nothing. Just the rumor mill.

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

OLIVE
Seriously, it's nothing.

They continue to eat.

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

OLIVE
Why? He never comes home.

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

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

ROSEMARY
Sorry, hon.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

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

She takes a deep breath.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

(Feigning discomfort)

-- edible items.

(With mock emotion)

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

(Snapping back)

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

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

She's kind of digging it.

OLIVE (V.O.)

So, while I would never have classified myself as a wallflower, I was now the center of attention and who doesn't love that? Jeez, if I'd known that losing my virginity would create such a new persona for myself, I'd have lied about it back in eighth grade. Eighth grade sucked. I did get my first kiss back then, however. It was gross and kind of turned me off to the whole my-tongue-in-other-people's-mouths thing. Not to mention, the even-worse other-people's-tongues-in-MY-mouth thing. Seriously, folks. Who invented kissing? Why is everyone so dead-set on sticking their body parts in other people's orifices? If there's a hole on a person, rest assured, somebody wants to stick something of theirs in it.

INT. CLOSET

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

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

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

EIGHTH GRADE KID
Just give me a second, okay?

Olive presses a button and her watch illuminates.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE
According to my watch, you have 382 of them.

EIGHTH GRADE KID
How do you do that?

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE
What?

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

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

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

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

EIGHTH GRADE KID
That's what they say.

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

EIGHTH GRADE KID
Is it that obvious?

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE
Painfully so.

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

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

They both laugh.

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

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

The kid smiles warmly and gratefully at her.

EIGHTH GRADE KID
Thanks, Olive.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE
Don't mention it.

EIGHTH GRADE KID
No. *YOU* don't mention it.

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

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

There's a long silence.

EIGHTH GRADE KID
I'm really interested in politics.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE
Oh yeah?

EIGHTH GRADE KID
Totally.

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE
Well,... Uh.... Cool.

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

PRETEEN KID (O.S.)
Ewwwww. Hunter Neblett just puked
all over the dining room.

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

EIGHTH GRADE KID
Thank God.

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

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

EIGHTH GRADE OLIVE (CONT'D)
Real fast - and you can tell me the
truth. It's not because I'm --

The kid smiles.

EIGHTH GRADE KID
No. You're very pretty.

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

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

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

They make out.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

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

OLIVE

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

(Beat.)

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

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

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

OLIVE (V.O.)

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

(Beat.)

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

(Pause.)

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

MR. GRIFFIN

Alright, so thoughts?

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

NINA

I think Hester Prynne was - excuse my language - a *whore*.

MR. GRIFFIN

You don't see her as a victim?

NINA

Why should I? She brought it on herself.

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

OLIVE

Excuse me?

NINA

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

OLIVE

Perhaps you should GET a wardrobe,
you *twat!*

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

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

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

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

INT. FRONT OFFICE - BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Olive sits with her arms crossed outside of the Principal's office. She clenches a note in her fist.

Marianne, who's an office aid, has a smirk on her face as she watches Olive squirm. She slams her fist down on the stapler, repetitively.

Finally --

MARIANNE

Seems as if someone's on a downward
spiral.

OLIVE

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

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

OLIVE
 Wow, that's even bigger than your
 ass.

MARIANNE
 (Coldly)
 You're going to hell.

OLIVE
 (Growing weary of this
 banter)
 As long as you won't be there...

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

Neither says anything for a few moments.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
 I hope you at least had the good
 sense to wear a condom.

OLIVE
 Why? Your parents didn't.

MARIANNE
 You know, you're just like --

The principal's door opens and Marianne quickly shuts up and continues her work.

TWO KIDS emerge. One, obviously, a bully; the other, obviously, the bullied. The BULLIED kid is holding a BLOODIED TISSUE up to his nose. He and Olive exchange meaningful glances.

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

INT. PRINCIPAL GIBBONS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS
 I don't know you.

She thrusts her hand out.

OLIVE
Olive Penderghast.

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

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

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

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS
This is foul.

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

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

OLIVE
(Smiling)
Touché.

As serious as a heart attack...

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

She starts to say something --

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

She relents, but stares him squarely in the eyes.

OLIVE

I always do. Are we finished?

He gestures to the door.

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS

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

OLIVE

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

PRINCIPAL GIBBONS

(Frighteningly serious)

Get out of my office now.

She quickly runs out of his office.

EXT. BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

RHIANNON

Please tell me the rumors are true.

OLIVE

Yes, I'm a big whore.

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE

It's not *entirely* true.

(Beat.)

Look, there's something I need to tell you.

Rhiannon ignores her sincere attempt to confess.

RHIANNON

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

(MORE)

RHIANNON (CONT'D)

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

OLIVE

(Frustrated)

Never mind.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I want a car.

RHIANNON

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

They get into her car.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

OLIVE

I got sent to the Principal today.

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

DILL

What did you do?

OLIVE

I used inappropriate language in English class. But we're reading a book that I, personally, deem wildly inappropriate for my age group, so I felt that it was *actually* quite apropos.

ROSEMARY

(More curious than angry)

What did you say?

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

OLIVE

Let's just say it was an inappropriate word.

DILL
What did it start with?

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

DILL
I meant what *letter* did it start
with?

OLIVE
Oh. Yeah. T.

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

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

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Was it -- ?

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

OLIVE
I don't even know what that means.

ROSEMARY
Yeah. Neither do I.

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

DILL
Okay. Noun, adjective or verb?

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

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

OLIVE
I can't. Too weird.

Excited by the prospect --

ROSEMARY
Oo! Oo! Spell it with your peas!

OLIVE
Now, *THAT'S* a challenge.

She begins maneuvering her peas around the plate.

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

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

DILL (CONT'D)
Is there something you want to tell
us, kiddo?

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

GINGER
(Desperate for attention)
I got a B plus on my spelling test
today.

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

ROSEMARY
Good, sweetheart.

Rosemary figures it out as Olive is assembling the A.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Oh, I know what it is!

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

GINGER
(Glancing at Olive's
plate)
What's a twat?

Olive quickly scrapes the peas into a pile.

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

ROSEMARY
(Whispering into Ginger's
ear)
It's not a good word.
(MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(To Olive)

So, what was the principal like?

OLIVE

The male equivalent.

ROSEMARY

Of what?

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

DILL

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

OLIVE

(Genuinely curious)

What would my punishment have been otherwise?

DILL

I dunno. To bed without supper?

OLIVE

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

DILL

(Thinking hard)

Uhhhh. This grounding thing seems to be taking the country by storm. No phone, TV or... Or....

OLIVE

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

DILL

Fine. I'd take away your --

OLIVE

Books? Computer?

DILL

Yes! You're computer!

OLIVE

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

DILL

(Smiling warmly)
I guess then I'm lucky this isn't a
regular occurrence.

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

OLIVE

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

DILL

I love you.
(Whispering in her ear)
And I'm sure that girl was acting
like exactly what you called her.

OLIVE

(Whispering back)
You have no idea.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

She retreats upstairs.

GINGER

How come you guys never get mad at
her?

ROSEMARY

Because, pumpkin, of our three
darling children, we love her best.
(Erupting into laughter)
Just kidding! Now eat your dinner.

Dill chuckles, but Ginger is not amused.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE

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

She smiles slyly into her camera.

INT. ROOM 704 - DAY

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

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

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

OLIVE

Are these detention sessions often unchaperoned?

BULLIED KID

I don't think we pose a flight risk.

OLIVE

I see.

Olive laughs to herself.

BULLIED KID

What?

OLIVE

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

BULLIED KID

I was afraid you were going to bring that up.

OLIVE

So, how have you been, Brandon?

BRANDON

(Dryly)

I have been fantastic.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

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

OLIVE

Yikes.

BRANDON

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

OLIVE

Maybe your vandal is marvelling at your versatility?

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

BRANDON

But, of course, *I'm* in detention.

OLIVE

Why?

BRANDON

Because Gibbons is a homophobe.
(Beat.)
And I called him a facist.

OLIVE

So, the rumors are true, huh?

BRANDON

(Incredulous)
Have you ever *met* me?

OLIVE

No. I meant about Gibbons being a facist.

He laughs.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I kind of guessed it that night with the whole kissing thing. The way you ran away. I remember thinking to myself, '*this isn't the first time this kid's going to go bursting out of the closet.*'

BRANDON

Gold star for you, Nancy Drew.

There's a brief silence between them.

OLIVE

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

BRANDON

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

Ignoring his cynicism --

OLIVE

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

BRANDON

That'll be the day.

(Beat.)

Judging from the new look you're sporting, I'm not the only one in a transformative stage. 'Sup with the whore couture?

OLIVE

(Proudly)

Haven't you heard? I'm the new school slut!

BRANDON

As a matter of fact I did hear that. I heard you banged a guy twice your age.

OLIVE

No way. He's a freshman in college.

BRANDON

Also heard he gave you crabs.

OLIVE

Ewww. People suck.

BRANDON
Tell me about it.

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

BRANDON
So, you started the rumor?

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

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

OLIVE
(Offended)
Excuse me?

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

OLIVE
Did I say I wanted to be like them?

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

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

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

OLIVE

Calm down, Adolph. There's a vein popping out of your neck. I'm simply suggesting that maybe these kids we call peers have got the right idea. Maybe Bridget Schumacher isn't as hippy-dippy as she pretends to be. Maybe that's just the label she's put on herself to avoid having to bathe as often as society deems necessary. Or take Marianne Bryant. It's convenient for her to *act* like a stuck-up Jesus-freak.

(Thinking about this)

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

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

BRANDON

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

OLIVE

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

(Beat.)

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

BRANDON

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

OLIVE

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

She smiles sinisterly at him.

BRANDON

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

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

OLIVE
How am I doing?

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

OLIVE
Not bad. For a fag.

BRANDON
I prefer the term 'turd burglar.'

They both break character and return to being themselves.

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

BRANDON
But you know that we would never do
that.

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

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

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

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON (O.S.)

Ewww. Who said that?

OLIVE

You know that Brandon kid?

RHIANNON (O.S.)

From your seedy pre-pubescent closet romp?

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON (O.S.)

Nobody talks to him.

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON (O.S.)

He's gay.

OLIVE

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

A call beeps in on the other line.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Shit. Hold on.

She clicks over.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Hello?

BRANDON (O.S.)

Olive?

OLIVE

(Singsong)
Unfortunately so.

BRANDON

It's Brandon.

OLIVE
Speak of the devil...

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

OLIVE
(Intrigued)
Okay. Yeah. Sure.

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

Olive clicks over to Rhiannon.

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

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

OLIVE
That's so mean.

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

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

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

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

Olive is stoked by her idea.

INT. FOYER - PENDERGHAST HOME - NIGHT

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

BRANDON
Hi. Is there an Olive here?

ROSEMARY
(Feigning confusion)
There's a whole jar of them in the fridge.

BRANDON
Sorry, I must have gotten the address wrong.

ROSEMARY
Just kidding! Come on in.

Brandon walks in and Rosemary shouts --

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

Brandon's eyes bulge and Olive descends the staircase.

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

Olive grabs Brandon by the hand and leads him upstairs to --

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She closes the door behind them.

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

She gestures for him to sit down.

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

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

She looks at him, strangely.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 I mean, like -- Do you want to be
 my girlfriend?

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

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

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

BRANDON
 You're not really my type either.

OLIVE
 I should say not.

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

OLIVE
 You're serious.

He nervously nods.

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

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

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

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

(Considers this)

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

BRANDON

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

OLIVE

Now, you're cooking with gas.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

BRANDON

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

OLIVE

You are on crack.

BRANDON

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

OLIVE

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

BRANDON

Who would believe me?
(Growing increasingly desperate)

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

(Beat.)

(MORE)

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

OLIVE
(Gently)
I just don't think it would work.

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

OLIVE
I don't want your money.

BRANDON
I insist.

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

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

She sees tears forming in his eyes.

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

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

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

BRANDON
I can't believe you're doing this.

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

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

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

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

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

INT. BOSTIC HOUSE - NIGHT

A TEEN PARTY rages. DRUNK KIDS abound.

Olive, looking like a million-fuckin'-bucks, prances into the
 party with Brandon, who's looking pretty snazzy himself.
 They appear drunk and are falling all over each other.

People stare in complete amazement at a.) Their appearance
 and b.) That they're even together in the first place.

You'd never guess that this was anything less than an A-LIST
 TEEN COUPLE, ripped from the pages of Teen People.

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

MELANIE
 Hey Olive!
 (Weirded out)
 Hi Brandon.

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

MELANIE
 Well, glad you could make it.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Brandon was in the middle of
telling me this funny thing. Is
there a quiet room we can go to
where he can finish telling me --

(Hiccup)

-- About his thing? That's funny?

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

MELANIE

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

OLIVE

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

She gives her a drunken punch on the shoulder.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

(Loudly; to all)

Hey everybody!

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

MELANIE

(Shocked; Mouthing to a
guest)

What the fuck?!

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

BULLY

Was that Olive with *Brandon*?

MELANIE

I know! Right?

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

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

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

OLIVE
 (Whispering)
 Draw the shades.

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

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

She leans over and whispers in his ear --

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sure enough, it seems as if most of the party is listening at the door - falling all over each other to hear. Nearest to the door is the bully, who is pleasantly surprised by the noise inside.

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BRANDON
 (Whispering)
 Are you sure you're a virgin?

OLIVE
 (Whispering sternly)
 Of course I am!
 (Loudly)
 Oh, fuck me! Fuck me! Don't stop
 fucking me!

Brandon suppresses a laugh.

INT. GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Olive is disheveling herself. Brandon musses up his hair.

OLIVE
 Hold on.

She unbuttons Brandon's shirt and rebuttons it incorrectly.

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

BRANDON
 Thanks Olive.

He kisses her on the cheek and she smiles.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

Olive finds Melanie pretending not to be interested in her.

OLIVE
Is there a -- ?

MELANIE
Back entrance is through the
kitchen.

OLIVE
Thanks.

She begins her walk of shame down the corridor into the --

INT. KITCHEN

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

MEERKAT TODD
(Politely)
Sorry.

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

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

OLIVE
Hi Todd.

Obviously oblivious to the demonstration that just occurred --

MEERKAT TODD
How's it going?

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

MEERKAT TODD
Can I get you a beer?

OLIVE

That rhymed.

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

(Ashamed of herself)

I should probably go.

She rushes off.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE

It was truly my Cindy Mancini moment.

(Melodramatically reenacting)

'You! Even Bobby thinks we went out. Great, huh? Ha! All of you thought we were a couple. What a joke!... Ronald Miller paid me 1,000 bucks to pretend I liked him. What a deal, huh? \$1,000 to go out with him for a month. This guy. Oh, God. He bought me. And he bought all of you. He was sick and tired of being a nobody. Yeah, and he said that all of you guys would worship him if we went out. And I didn't believe that. I was, like, no way! And he was right! No, leave me alone. He was right. Our little plan worked, didn't it, Ronald? The dance. That stupid dance! What a bunch of followers you guys are. I mean, at least I got... At least I got paid.'

(Sincerely; as herself)

'Can't Buy Me Love' is one of the best movies ever made. Hands down. You guys should totally watch it if you haven't already. Or even if you have. Seriously fine filmmaking.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

OLIVE
 (To the television)
 Oh, Cindy Mancini. It could have
 been a lot worse. Trust me.

Her mom comes in with a nicely-wrapped gift.

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

Indicating an empty space on the floor --

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

ROSEMARY
 He seems like a nice boy... Gay...

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

Rosemary puts the gift on the floor.

ROSEMARY
 I dated a homosexual in high
 school.

OLIVE
 We're not dating, Mom.

ROSEMARY
 I just wanted to tell you that if
 you want to date a gay boy, it
 might be hard on your father and I,
 at first. But we love you no
 matter what the sexual orientation
 of your opposite-sex partner.

Rosemary leaves, chuckling at her own joke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OLIVE
Rhi?

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

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

INT. MALL - DAY

Rhiannon, clutching an enormous Diet Coke, plods through the mall with an intensity reserved for girls who just found out their best friend had her sophomore sexual exploit and didn't bother to tell them.

RHIANNON

I have many questions, obviously.

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO LOCATIONS:

OLIVE

(Playfully)

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

RHIANNON

Now is not the time to be cute.

OLIVE

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

(With her best Jackie-O voice)

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

RHIANNON

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

Olive sighs as she slumps into her pillows.

OLIVE

Is that what people are saying happened?

RHIANNON

That's what EVERYONE is saying.

OLIVE

Then I guess it's true.

RHIANNON

Does this mean you guys are *dating*?

OLIVE

God no.

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

RHIANNON

Just because you lost your virginity doesn't mean you can go around screwing everybody!

OLIVE

(Off-put)

Uh, thanks Mom. Good talk.

RHIANNON

You're getting a reputation.

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE

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

RHIANNON

Look, baby, I call a spade a spade.

Entering the red zone --

OLIVE

First off, that's racist. Secondly, fuck you! How dare you? I was Laura Ingalls to your Lady Chatterly and, now all of a sudden, YOU feel the need to warn ME that I'M making a fool of *myself*? There are a lot of children who will never again experience Family Pizza Night because of you. So, why don't you jump off your high horse and splash around in the gutter where you belong.

RHIANNON

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

OLIVE

And you're a *jealous virgin*.

RHIANNON

Oh yeah. I totally want to lose my virginity to one of --

(As if it was a disease)

-- *your brother's friends* and then be the first for a fairy, while everyone listens outside! What is wrong with you? Does sex mean anything to you?

OLIVE

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

She slams the phone down into the cradle and seethes.

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

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

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into her webcam --

OLIVE

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

BACK TO:

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olive - visibly upset - is cutting something, meticulously, out of RED FABRIC. In fact, she has yards of red fabric draped across her lap.

When she finishes the shape, she tosses it behind her and begins another one.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Olive sews these red scraps to her clothes. When she finishes one piece, as before, she tosses it behind her and grabs another item from the crumpled wardrobe on her floor.

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

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

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Clad in sunglasses, fuck-me-boots and looking like a bona fide porn star, Olive struts down the halls of her school. Sewn across her larger and pushed up breasts is

A FIERY RED 'A'

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

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

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

Up ahead, Rhiannon is yakking with a semi-attractive guy named ANSON (17). She catches sight of Olive and her jaw drops.

Olive sidles up to Anson, much to Rhiannon's chagrin.

OLIVE
Hey, Anson.

ANSON
(Nervous)
Hi.

OLIVE
(Breathy and aping Marilyn
Monroe)
I just realized the funniest thing.
My name is an anagram for 'I
love...'

ANSON
(Stuttering)
What's an anagram?

OLIVE
Look it up, big boy.

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

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH LINE - LATER

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

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

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

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

EVAN

Hey Olive.

OLIVE

Hi Evan.

EVAN

Can I talk to you for a second?

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

EVAN (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

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

OLIVE

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

EVAN

No, he told me *the truth*.

She's pissed. She silently seethes.

EVAN (CONT'D)

And I was just hoping that maybe you could do the same for me?

OLIVE

(Through clenched teeth)

Walk away, Evan.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

RUN away, Evan.

EVAN
I can pay you, too.

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

EVAN
(Excited at the prospect)
Can you do it in front of everyone?

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

EVAN (CONT'D)
I don't need your permission, you know.

She turns around and gives him a look of death. He can't look at her.

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

OLIVE
Are you threatening me?

EVAN
I'll give you \$500.

OLIVE
You're repugnant.

EVAN
(Indicating his body)
That's the problem.

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

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

EVAN

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

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

OLIVE

(Correcting him)
It's *fraw-TAHZH*, dumbass.

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

EVAN

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

OLIVE

I was too drunk to remember.

EVAN

Three minutes.

OLIVE

Two.

He extends his hand.

EVAN

Deal.

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

OLIVE

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

EVAN

Really? Do you want to go on a date?

With zero vitriol --

OLIVE
Not now, I don't.

Sad for him, she walks away.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

OLIVE
Evan, if you're watching this - shame on you. I hope you never treat another girl the way you treated me or you will die alone, wishing it was because you're fat. And since we're playing the shame game... While I appreciate the sentiment, Lewis, a pretend hand job should have warranted a little more than a hundred dollars worth of AMC Movie Passes. They had an expiration date AND were only able to be used for movies that had been running for two weeks. But even that's better than Tyler Jennings, who gave me a ten percent off coupon to Bath and Body Works. Seriously. A fucking coupon. Is that how good my imaginary blow job was to you? Huh? Is chivalry dead? I want John Cusack holding a boombox outside my window. I want Richard Gere climbing up my fire escape with the limo waiting downstairs. I want to ride off on a lawnmower with Patrick Dempsey. Although, I'm ashamed to admit I'd prefer him to look like he looks now. What woman wouldn't? But no. I get to save two fifty on a bottle of Juniper Breeze Hand Lotion. Maybe chivalry isn't dead, but it's in a coma and the prognosis isn't good.

(Beat.)

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

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

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

OLIVE
You wanted to see me?

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

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

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

OLIVE
Accessorizing?

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

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

MR. GRIFFIN
I'm hearing things.

She takes a deep breath.

OLIVE
The rumors are true. I am, in fact, considering becoming an existentialist.

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

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

MR. GRIFFIN
I guess it wouldn't matter so much if I didn't like you. You're a great girl and I happen to think that all of

(MORE)

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 (Indicating her outfit)
 'this' is just an act. I'm just
 curious why you're doing it.

Olive drops her defenses and gets real.

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

MR. GRIFFIN
 I just don't want to see this
 (He searches for the word)
damage you.

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

Mr. Griffin smiles at her.

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

OLIVE
 (Smiling; innocently)
 You know I won't tell.

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

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

Pretending to know who she is --

MRS. GRIFFIN
 Hi! How are you?

OLIVE
 (Pointing to the 'A')
 A is for Awesome.

Olive disappears into the empty halls.

MRS. GRIFFIN

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

MR. GRIFFIN

That doesn't surprise me.

MRS. GRIFFIN

I'm the guidance counselor. I should know all of the students. Especially the ones dressed like *that*.

He kisses her.

MR. GRIFFIN

She's just going through a phase.

(He gets an idea)

Hey, do you think you could talk to her? Maybe you could get her to -- I dunno -

MRS. GRIFFIN

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

MR. GRIFFIN

'Fraid so.

MRS. GRIFFIN

Oh, this'll be good. That snotty office aid has been bitching about her incessantly.

MR. GRIFFIN

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

MRS. GRIFFIN

What are you making for dinner tonight?

MR. GRIFFIN

Is it my turn?

MRS. GRIFFIN

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

MR. GRIFFIN

Don't have too much fun.

MRS. GRIFFIN

I never do.

He kisses her.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

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

MARIANNE

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

They all smile, say 'AMEN' and open their eyes.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Guys. We have a problem.

NINA

Amen to THAT.

MARIANNE

Olive Penderghast. We need to pray for her, but we also need to get rid of her. I'm sure, by now, you've all heard about what happened at Melanie Bostic's party.

CHRISTIAN KID #1

I was there. I heard the whole thing.

Marianne eyes him, suspiciously.

MARIANNE

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

KURT

(Sheepishly)
Sorry.

MARIANNE

See, herein lies the problem: She's doing these tasteless, immoral acts in plain view of the entire student body.

(MORE)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

She's in direct opposition to everything we're trying to do for this school, which is make it a wholesome learning environment and a place where our children will one day flourish the way that we are.

(Beat.)

She was sent to the Principal's office last week --

NINA

(Interrupting)

She called me a really hurtful name.

MARIANNE

-- and I tried to witness to her, but she's defiant to any sort of help.

She tears up.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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

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

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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

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

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. This is so stupid.

MICAH

No, it's not, Marianne.

She wipes her tears away.

MARIANNE

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

(MORE)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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

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

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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

(Looking to Micah)

Until our love is proven holy in His eyes.

ALL

We promise.

MARIANNE

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

They all squeeze hands and Marianne manages a smile.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

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

EXT. PARKING LOT - BARBARA BUSH HIGH - DAY

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

INT. FRONT OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Olive is sitting in the office, dressed just as slutty as the day before. A RED "A" sewn onto her top.

Marianne is behind the desk, sharpening pencils. After each one, she observes the point with a scary satisfaction.

They exchange a few hateful glances at each other.

Mrs. Griffin pokes her head out of her office.

MRS. GRIFFIN

Hey Olive. Wanna come in?

Olive, in no mood for this, drags herself up dramatically and follows Mrs. Griffin into --

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

MRS. GRIFFIN

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

(Beat.)

There's been some concern from faculty members.

OLIVE

(Correcting her)

Your husband.

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

MRS. GRIFFIN

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

OLIVE

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

MRS. GRIFFIN

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

OLIVE

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

MRS. GRIFFIN

Yes.

OLIVE

(Confessional)

I watch 'American Idol.' Do NOT tell anyone.

Mrs. Griffin rolls her eyes.

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

MRS. GRIFFIN
Don't you, though?

Olive assesses this statement from her.

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

She winks at her.

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

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

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Propho-tastic!

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

OLIVE
Puritanical and oppressive?

MRS. GRIFFIN
Conservative.

Olive sees that Mrs. Griffin is genuinely concerned.

OLIVE
I don't need those.

MRS. GRIFFIN
 (Sternly)
 But you do.

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

OLIVE
 Thank you.

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

Mrs. Griffin smiles at Olive as she leaves.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

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

OLIVE
 You're up, hoss.

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

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

OLIVE
 (To Marianne)
 Let me guess: drugs.

Marianne gives her a 'go away' look.

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

Marianne begins crying.

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

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
 (Whispered)
divorce!

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

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

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

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

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

Into Olive's shoulder --

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

OLIVE
 Yeah. Everything's going to be okay.

Marianne pulls away and wipes tears from her eyes.

MARIANNE
 Why are you being so nice to me?

OLIVE
 Isn't that what we're supposed to do? Hey, it's *your* boss's rules.

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

MARIANNE
 I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry for everything I said.
 (MORE)

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

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

OLIVE
 Absolutely.

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

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

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

OLIVE (V.O.)
 But then I unwittingly gave her boyfriend a venereal disease...

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

It's the slap heard 'round the school.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

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

OLIVE (V.O.)
 ...And caused the break-up of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin...

MRS. GRIFFIN
 (Snapping)
 What?! What do you want?

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

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 Just go!

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

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

EXT. BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

EXPEL OLIVE!

EXODUS 20:14

SCHOOLS ARE FOR LEARNING, NOT FOR WHORING

OLIVE PENDERGHAST IS A WHORE

Rhi is among them, as riled up as any.

OLIVE (V.O.)

So, I guess I shouldn't be too shocked that these people wanted my diseased, home-wrecking ass out of there.

The scene is a maelstrom of anger and piety.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive laughs.

OLIVE

The funny thing is: the whole time this shit was going down - people calling me something I knew wasn't true, my best friend included - I couldn't help but think how *I* could have come up with better signs. No one even bothered to use alliteration or, God forbid, irony - not even a single acronym - and that seems a lot more unforgivable than *my* sins.

INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

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

She takes a deep breath and enters.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

She sits down and begins to talk to the screen.

OLIVE

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

(Beat.)

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

(Beat.)

I'm lying. I may have caused the end of a marriage. I thought, in my own perverse way, that I could help it. I mean, in my defense, I am merely an adolescent. I should never have been propositioned in the way I was propositioned by an adult. But then again, I should never have consented. It was just that a lot of people had been asking me to do things and I thought it was okay, because it wasn't real.

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

It was make-believe and no one was getting hurt. But a lot of people hate me now. I kind of hate me, too.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I could be wrong, but aren't you supposed to say something or ask me questions. Tell me to say 'Hail Marys'? Hello?

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh, come on!

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

EXT. CATHEDRAL PARKING LOT - DAY

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

EXT. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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

The lady smiles, acknowledging Olive.

OLIVE

Hi. I was wondering if the minister was around.

RECEPTIONIST

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

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

OLIVE
Actually, that would be fantastic!

RECEPTIONIST
Can I tell him what this is
regarding?

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

The receptionist joyfully snatches up the phone.

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

She listens and then hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
(Pointing to an office)
You can go right in.

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

She winks at the receptionist and enters --

INT. ASSOCIATE PASTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON
Hello there, young lady. My name
is Don.

He extends his hand, which she shakes politely.

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON (CONT'D)
How can I help you today?

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

(MORE)

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

Don seems taken aback by the question.

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

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

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

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

ASSOCIATE PASTOR DON
 I'm sorry, ma'am, I -- What did you
 say your name was?

At that moment, Olive looks at his desk and sees a FRAMED
 FAMILY PHOTO. Smiling big are Associate Pastor Don, his
 wife, A WOMAN WITH A SMILE THE SIZE OF MONTANA and his lovely
 daughter --

MARIANNE BRYANT.

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

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

Backing up toward the door.

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

She bolts from his office.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive speaks into her webcam --

OLIVE

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

(Beat.)

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

INT. BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

OLIVE (V.O.)

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

Marianne can't seem to break the embrace and Olive just goes with it.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

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

OLIVE (V.O.)

She wrote me a note in first period.

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

Marianne looks back and Olive gives her the thumbs up.

Across the room, Rhi sees this exchange and sneers.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - LATER

Marianne is working with her partner, Evan. She turns to Olive behind them and makes a gagging signal behind his back and laughs silently.

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

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

INT. HOME EC CLASSROOM - LATER

Olive sees Marianne come into class, tear-streaked. She runs over to Olive and again throws her arms around her.

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

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

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

OLIVE
He'll be okay.

MARIANNE
(Tears glistening in her
eyes)
Really?

Olive guides Marianne's head back to her shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

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

MICAH
It hurts so bad.

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

DOCTOR
Chlamydia.

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

MICAH'S MOTHER

How did you get chlamydia? Who
have you been sleeping with? Tell
me! TELL ME!

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

MICAH

Olive! Olive Penderghast!

His mother's face fills with satisfaction.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Micah's mother is on her cell phone.

MICAH'S MOTHER

(Angrily)

Olive Penderghast.

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

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

She picks up the phone and dials a number. She is,
animatedly, talking to the person on the other end of the
line, while Olive narrates.

OLIVE (V.O.)

Fourth period was when Marianne had
office duty. Her duties included
typing, stapling, filing and --

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

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

OLIVE (V.O.)

-- answering the phones.

MARIANNE

CHLAMYDIA!!

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

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

She hears a slam and then a dial tone.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

MRS. GRIFFIN
Are you okay, hon?

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

MARIANNE
THAT --

But her long string of profanities is muffled by the long ringing of the school bell. Mrs. Griffin is taken aback by Marianne's umbrage.

As we saw before --

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)
(Clutching her face)
MutherFUCKer!

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

RHIANNON
My sentiments exactly...

OLIVE
(Snidely)
Oh, grow up!

But Rhi keeps on walking.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

There's a dial tone.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

As we saw before --

MRS. GRIFFIN
 (Snapping)
 What?! What do you want?

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

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 Just go!

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

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

-- and then feels awkward.

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

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

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

Olive looks at her, quizzically.

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 (Sotto voce)
 I fucked up. I fucking fucked up SO fucking bad. I'm a fucking.... Fuck.

OLIVE
 Don't get me wrong. *I* love it, but I don't think you're supposed to use those words around a student.

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

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

OLIVE

You and -- Oh my God. I'm not judging you or anything, but *oh my God*.

(Switching gears)

Wait. What does that have to do with me?

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

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

My guidance counselor, who had only days before armed me with a latex bulletproof vest, told me that she had chlamydia and that she had been screwing around with her office aide's boyfriend under the guise of divorce counseling. She confided in me that she and her husband - my favorite teacher - were having marital problems, that they hadn't slept together in months. She assured me that she had never meant for anything to happen with Micah. She confessed to me how when she was a child she always dreamt of being Maria Von Trapp, not Mary Kay Letourneau. Micah had panicked and used me as a scapegoat - to save her job and her marriage. She assured me that she would make sure everyone knew the truth and apologized.

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

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

And I bought it.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

MRS. GRIFFIN

No you haven't.

Olive looks at her, puzzled by her knowledge.

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

She begins to weep.

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

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

Mrs. Griffin grabs Olive and cries on her.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
 And it's not really my place to say
 this, but I figure after the
 conversation we just had, I can
 speak candidly. Your husband is
 HOT and while the male adolescent
 can fuck like a bunny... who really
 wants to fuck a bunny? If I was
 you, I'd go home and seduce him and
 pretend this never happened.

Olive strokes her guidance counselor's hair.

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

OLIVE
 (Maternally)
 No, you keep them.

She strokes her hair.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into the webcam --

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

(Whimsically)

My boyfriend.

(She gets lost in the
thought)

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

EXT. PLAYGROUND - YEARS BEFORE

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

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

OLIVE (V.O.)

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

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

Rhiannon and Olive high five each other.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

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

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

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

ANSON

Hey Olive.

Olive smiles sweetly at him.

ANSON (CONT'D)

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

OLIVE

(Suspicious)

What did you have in mind?

ANSON

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

OLIVE

(Coyly)

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

ANSON

Unequivocally.

OLIVE

(Impressed)

Nice. Yeah. I'll have dinner with you.

Olive walks off

INT. RED LOBSTER - NIGHT

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

OLIVE

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

ANSON

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

OLIVE

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

ANSON

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

OLIVE

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

ANSON

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

OLIVE

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Yum!

The server leaves them and Olive digs in. Anson is feeling nauseous and can't touch his.

From across the restaurant, a PARADE OF SERVERS enters from the back, enthusiastically clapping and holding a cupcake.

Leading the brigade is Meerkat Todd, who's wearing a RED FOAM LOBSTER HAT.

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

MEERKAT TODD
I don't know but I've been told!

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

He leads them through to another part of the restaurant.

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

MEERKAT TODD
Marguerite is getting old!

PARADE OF SERVERS
Marguerite is getting old!

They land at the table of the birthday girl. Olive cranes her neck to see --

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

OLIVE
Shit!

MEERKAT TODD
The best thing is her dessert is free!

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

MEERKAT TODD
The worst thing is I sing off-key!

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

Olive is visibly squirming in her seat.

MEERKAT TODD
Sound off!

PARADE OF SERVERS

Happy!

MEERKAT TODD

Sound off!

PARADE OF SERVERS

Birthday!

MEERKAT TODD

Sound off!

PARADE OF SERVERS

Happy birthday to you!

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

ANSON

What's wrong?

OLIVE

Rhiannon's over there.

ANSON

So?

OLIVE

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

ANSON

So?

OLIVE

Well, she's my best friend.

ANSON

I thought you two weren't speaking.

OLIVE

We're not, but it doesn't mean I should be out with you.

ANSON

Then why are you?

OLIVE

I don't know. You asked me out?

ANSON

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

OLIVE
She can't see us.

ANSON
(Disappointed)
Do you want me to get the check?

OLIVE
(Touched)
Would you mind?

He gestures for the server who appears.

ANSON
Could we get our check?

SERVER
(Confused)
Is everything okay?

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

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

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

She pulls it out and hands it to the waitress, who leaves.

ANSON
But *I* asked *you* out.

OLIVE
And I ruined it, so let me bear the financial brunt.
(Beat.)
I'm so sorry about this. But she really likes you.

ANSON
She and I just don't have much in common.

OLIVE
And you and I do?

ANSON

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

OLIVE

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

ANSON

Haven't you?

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

ANSON (CONT'D)

Kidding!

OLIVE

Yeah, about that --

The server reappears with the check.

SERVER

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

OLIVE

Keep it. Tip.

The sever smiles and leaves them again.

ANSON

Let's get out of here.

They duck out of the booth trying to keep their heads down, but Olive can't resist the urge to look up and see if Rhiannon sees them.

She does.

Olive and Rhiannon make eye contact. Whereas, Olive looks remorseful, Rhiannon looks like she's just been stabbed in the back -- which she has.

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

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

Olive's face is painted with guilt. She feels like shit, but doesn't want to externalize it.

Anson puts his hand on her knee.

ANSON

I have something for you.

Olive manages a smile. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a \$500 GIFT CERTIFICATE to ANTHROPOLOGIE and hands it to her.

Olive is disappointed, but tries not to show it.

OLIVE

Oh. I didn't realize --

Snapping out of her guilt.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Okay. So, what did we "do" on this date?

ANSON

Whatever \$500 gets me.

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

OLIVE

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

ANSON

We can go wherever you want, but I think it would be kind of hot here.

He takes off his shirt.

OLIVE

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

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

ANSON

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

OLIVE

No thanks.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

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

MEERKAT TODD

Hey Olive!

OLIVE

Hey Todd.

MEERKAT TODD

What are you doing here?

OLIVE

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

MEERKAT TODD

(Laughing at her oddness)
You want a ride somewhere?

OLIVE

Nah. I'm fine.

MEERKAT TODD

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

Tears begin to glisten in Olive's eyes.

OLIVE

She's not my friend anymore.

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

I/E. MEERKAT TODD'S CAR - NIGHT

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

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

MEERKAT TODD

You wanna talk about it?

OLIVE

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

MEERKAT TODD

Huh?

OLIVE

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

MEERKAT TODD

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

OLIVE

Why not?

MEERKAT TODD

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

She stops crying.

OLIVE

Who told you?

MEERKAT TODD

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

She smiles through her tears.

OLIVE

You remember that?

MEERKAT TODD

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

OLIVE

And look how *he* turned out.

MEERKAT TODD

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

OLIVE

(Laughing)

Yeah? Who was?

MEERKAT TODD

Your friend. Rhiannon.

Olive's laughter turns to rage.

OLIVE

What!?

MEERKAT TODD

Yeah. About a year later. It sucked.

OLIVE

(Blurting it out)

She knew how I felt about you!

MEERKAT TODD

How do you feel about me?

OLIVE

(Ignoring him)

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

MEERKAT TODD

Wait. How do you feel about me?

OLIVE

(Aggressively defensive)

Felt! I said FELT!

MEERKAT TODD

(Disappointed)

Oh.

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

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

There's an awkward moment between them.

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

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

OLIVE
 No. Not tonight. I don't want you
 to kiss me when mascara's running
 down my cheek or some shithead has
 forced his tongue down my throat
 only a half-hour ago. I've wanted
 to kiss you since the eighth grade,
 but I want it to be perfect. And
 right now, my life's a mess. I
 need to get it under control before
 I drag you into it.

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

He holds out his hand and she takes it.

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

MEERKAT TODD
 Okay.

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

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Into her webcam --

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

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

The truth needed to be told and I knew I had to go the one person who could help me. The one person I could count on to set the story straight. Brandon. I'd helped him and, even though it would destroy his new reputation for being a stud, I knew he would help me.

INT. HALLS OF BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

GOSSIPY GIRL

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

We spin around to see Olive's stunned reaction.

OLIVE

(To herself)

My apologies to Mark Twain.

GOSSIPY GIRL

Huh?

The reality of the situation begins to weigh on her.

OLIVE

Nothing.

Defeated, Olive makes her way through the crowded halls.

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

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

INT. STUFFY OLD HOUSE IN MISSISSIPPI - DAY

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

OLIVE (V.O.)
 No telephone, no television, no
 computer, no internet and - most
 importantly - no diseased sexual
 partners.

Micah settles in for a very long visit.

INT. UNDER THE BLEACHERS - GYM - DAY

Where they had previously met, Olive pleads with Evan.

OLIVE (V.O.)
 I went to everyone I'd helped and
 begged them to say it wasn't true.

EVAN
 No way. I gave you money.

OLIVE
 Please, Evan.

He walks off, leaving her alone.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

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

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

OLIVE
 (Pissed as hell)
 Or I could just tell everyone THE
 TRUTH.

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

OLIVE

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

MRS. GRIFFIN

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

They're locked in a Mexican standoff.

MRS. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

You can go now.

Furious, Olive throws the door open and exits.

INT. MR. GRIFFIN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Griffin is erasing the blackboard, when Olive storms into
the room.

OLIVE

Your wife has chlamydia and she's
been sleeping with a student and
she gave it to him and now she's
trying to blame me.

Shocked, Mr. Griffin drops the eraser.

MR. GRIFFIN

What?

The gravity of what she's just done sinks in and she
stumbles.

OLIVE

I -- I'm sorry. I --

Not knowing what to say, she runs from his classroom.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Olive is mirthless, as she proceeds with her story.

OLIVE

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

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

And that's something I'll have to live with for the rest of my life. With my words, even though they were true, I ended a marriage. No kid should have to be burdened with that.

She contemplates this.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

As we saw before, Olive sits and plays 'CONNECT FOUR' with Mr. Griffin, at his desk. Both are looking beaten down and very depressed and their minds are on everything but the game.

Mr. Griffin puts his hand on Olive's.

MR. GRIFFIN

It's not your fault.

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

CUT TO:

THE JENGA SET-UP

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

CUT TO:

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

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

OLIVE

I'm so sorry.

MR. GRIFFIN

No. It's not your fault.

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

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

OLIVE
Me too. Where are you going?

MR. GRIFFIN
Not sure yet. Away from her.

OLIVE
Can I come?

They share one last, pained smile and he leaves.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Hearfelt, into the webcam --

OLIVE
Mr. Griffin, if you ever see this,
just know - I was wrong to tell you
that. In that way. At all. I
don't know. I shouldn't have done
it. I don't feel bad for lying for
your wife. But I hate myself for
telling you the truth. I'm so
sorry.

She wipes away a tear, pulls herself together.

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

EXT. BARBARA BUSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

As we saw before --

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

EXPEL OLIVE!

EXODUS 20:14

SCHOOLS ARE FOR LEARNING, NOT FOR WHORING

OLIVE PENDERGHAST IS A WHORE

Rhi is among them, as riled up as any.

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

OLIVE

Oh fuck me.

Things have gotten WAY too out of hand.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

OLIVE

So, now everyone who knows the truth is either gone or won't fess up. The Cross Your Legs Club is demanding my head. And the messed up thing is that I wouldn't put it past Gibbons to expel me.

ROSEMARY

I had a similar situation when I was your age.

OLIVE

(In disbelief)

Everyone called you a whore?

ROSEMARY

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

Olive gives her a suspicious look.

OLIVE

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

ROSEMARY

(Earnestly)

No, it's true. I slept with a whole bunch of people.

OLIVE

Mom!

ROSEMARY

Well! It was a different time.

OLIVE

Ewww!

ROSEMARY

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

OLIVE

Why are you telling me this?

ROSEMARY

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

OLIVE

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

ROSEMARY

Wanna bet? It was her mother.

OLIVE

Wait, what?

ROSEMARY

Yep. Don Bryant and I got caught in a very compromising position in the locker room during a basketball game.

OLIVE

That's disgusting! *He's* disgusting!

ROSEMARY

He wasn't back then. He was actually pretty handsome. All I'm saying is that MAYBE the reason that Bryant girl is going after you is because her mother told her about me.

OLIVE

So, the sins of the mother are revisited on the daughter.

ROSEMARY

There's something else you should know. This is hard to say but -- Don Bryant is your father. Marianne is your sister.

Olive turns white.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

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

Olive punches her mother on the arm, who's laughing hysterically.

OLIVE

I hate you so much right now. Can't you see I'm a mess!

ROSEMARY

No, you're not, Olive. You're wonderful. And you're going to handle this the same way that I did. With an incontrovertible sense of humor.

They embrace and Olive gets an idea.

OLIVE

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

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

INT. GYM - DAY

We join a pep rally, already in progress.

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

In the stands, Rhi sits with Marianne and Nina.

MARIANNE

So, Olive wasn't at school today.

She extends her palms to Nina and Rhi, who both slap them. Marianne puts her arm around Rhi.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you're with *us* now.

RHIANNON

Me too. You guys fucking rock.

MARIANNE

We don't say that word, Rhiannon.

NINA

(Helpfully)

Just say 'effing' instead. We
effing rock.

Marianne nods in agreement, however Rhi is confused.

RHIANNON

But isn't that just implying the
same word?

MARIANNE

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

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

The song ends and there's a drum roll.

RHIANNON

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

Marianne puts her hand firmly on Rhi's knee.

MARIANNE

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

Rhi puts her head down.

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

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

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

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

OLIVE

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

BLUE DEVIL TODD! The crowd goes wild.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

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

She walks over to a couple of HORN PLAYERS, and runs her fingers seductively over their (uh) *instruments*.

The crowd goes wild - some appalled, but most enthused.

Olive sashays through the crowd as the MALE TEENS scream and stuff money down her bodice.

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

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

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

There are audible gasps, but excitement nonetheless.

Gibbons angrily storms over and takes the microphone.

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

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

She plods out, triumphantly.

INT. OLIVE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

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

OLIVE

And here you all are. Waiting
outside the closet door for me to
kiss Todd, listening to me pretend
to have sex with Brandon, paying me
to lie for you, calling probably
the last virgin in school a whore.
Guys. Seriously.

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

James' 'LAID' begins to play.

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

(Shouting down)

Who told you that I loved this
song?

MEERKAT TODD

(Shouting up)

I guessed.

OLIVE

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

MEERKAT TODD

Fuck them. They've had enough of
you. Well, *figuratively* speaking.
I borrowed my neighbor's John
Deere. Come down here.

OLIVE

That rhymed.

MEERKAT TODD

Intentionally.

OLIVE

Be right down.

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

We see her through the lens.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

That's Todd. Not that I owe any of you any more confessions, but I'm really in love with him. And I *am* going to lose my virginity to him. I'm not sure when. It could happen five minutes from now or tonight or six months from now or maybe on our wedding night, but the really amazing thing is that it's nobody's business.

(As an afterthought)

Like, totally.

She turns the camera off.

EXT. THE PENDERGHAST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

FADE OUT.

OVER THE END CREDITS...

EXT. GYM - NIGHT

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

MONTAGE

We see, from the perspective of their computer screens, various reactions to Olive's webcast --

-- A proud Brandon watches from a hotel room. A MUSCULAR BLACK GUY in a towel comes up behind him and kisses his neck.

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

-- Mrs. Griffin watches with the face of a person who's been found out and who's days are numbered. They are.

-- Rhi seems contemplative. Maybe it's because she's been in love with Olive since grade school. Duh.

-- Evan, the fat kid, is doing jumping jacks while watching.

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

MELANIE

(Satisfied)

Told you guys. Pay up.

-- Marianne feels regret. But a little bit impressed.

-- Mr. Griffin is proud of her.

-- Micah watches in his dark bedroom.

MICAH'S GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)

Micah? What are you doing in there?

(Sternly)

You had better not be on the internet.

-- Rosemary and Dill are too busy making out to watch.

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

ANSON

(To himself)

I thought she was going to take her clothes off.

EXT. THE PENDERGHAST HOUSE - HOURS LATER

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

FADE OUT.