

# HEATHERS

Pilot: "What's My Damage?"

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First Network Revision  
January 4, 2010

TEASER/ACT ONE

1

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

1

We open on LUSH GREEN TREETOPS swaying in a light breeze. Pink Martini's haunting version of "Que Sera Sera" plays as we pan down to an old-fashioned ROADSIDE SIGN that reads:

*"WELCOME TO SHERWOOD - THE SMALL TOWN WITH A BIG HEART!"*

We push in on the sign and bend around behind it to reveal its rickety and rotting wooden structure - cobwebs, a bird's nest, an improbably placed beer can. A little bird flits into frame and lands in the nest just as a MAN'S BODY DROPS INTO FRAME, A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK. HE'S HANGING FROM THE SIGN. WE CANNOT SEE HIS FACE. His dead body sways in the breeze.

\*

\*

Title card: HEATHERS

As the title fades, a chyron appears: *"TWO WEEKS EARLIER."*

THE SOUND shifts from score to source - a crappy car radio plays Johnny Thunders' punk version of "Que Sera Sera."

VERONICA (V.O.)

They say only an idiot returns to  
the scene of the crime.

CLOSE ON: A ruled notebook page. A lovely manicured hand writes the words *"returns to the scene of the crime."*

\*

THE NOTEBOOK IS THE SOURCE OF THE V.O.

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

I guess I'm an idiot.

Pull back to reveal...

2

INT. U-HAUL TRUCK - DUSK

2

VERONICA SAWYER (38), the owner of that lovely hand and savvy voice, scribbles in the notebook as her daughter BECKY SAWYER (16) drives. They are a pair of "sullen beauties," their dark hair and dark eyes glimmering with intelligence and wit. They ride in the kind of comfortable silence that can only be cultivated over thousands of shared miles.

\*

\*

They pass the *"WELCOME TO SHERWOOD"* sign. Becky notes it with a smirk.

BECKY

Well, we made it to Cowtown. I can  
feel my pulse quickening already.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

(then)

What are you going to report on here? "Bribery Scandal in Local Chili Cook-off?"

VERONICA

It's Sherwood, Becky, not Mayberry. Every place has its dirt. Just gotta know where to look.

Veronica takes a sip of her Slurpee. What follows is a favorite old routine from the Sawyer Family vaudeville.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Goddamn. Will somebody please tell me why I drink these things?

BECKY

(almost cracking up)  
Because you're an idiot.

VERONICA

Oh, yeah. That's right.

Veronica smiles, takes another slurp and returns to her writing. Push in on THE NOTEBOOK. We see her begin a sentence with the word "*Secrets*" as we...

\*

CUT TO:

3

EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

3

Veronica and Becky have just parked the U-Haul. Veronica unloads a box as Becky stares up at the big stone house.

BECKY

It looks haunted.

VERONICA

Easy on the drama, little mama. It's not haunted, it's inherited. Your grandmother and grandfather left us this place and it's gonna be our port in the storm.

BECKY

Our little house on the prairie?

Veronica puts down the box she's holding.

VERONICA

Okay Becks, I'm calling a sarcasm moratorium. Reality check: we're broke. Beyond broke.

(MORE)

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Sherwood is the only place where I could pull off getting a job and living rent free. Silver lining? You could fit our last apartment into the living room of this place, okay? It's the Midwest, the heartland - learn it, live it, love it!

BECKY

Om shanti, mommy. It's okay, I know you're doing the best you can. But...

(she can't resist)

...if it's so great here, why did you leave after high school, never come back and never bring me here, ever? Hmm?

She's got Veronica on that one. \*

VERONICA

Just give it a chance, Beck. \*

BECKY

I always do. \*

Becky smiles gamely, picks up a box and heads toward the house. Veronica takes in the sight of her daughter heading toward the old house and LOOKS A LITTLE HAUNTED HERSELF. \*

4 INT. SAWYER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 4 \*

A smattering of old furniture remains from Veronica's parents. Veronica and Becky enter with the last of the boxes. \*

BECKY

Hey, mom, can I have that in my room? \*

She points to a beautiful old CEDAR CHEST. Veronica walks briskly to the chest and dusts it off with her hand, but we can also see her discreetly CHECK TO SEE IF IT'S LOCKED. \*

VERONICA

This old thing? Sure. \*

Becky grabs an end and tries to lift it - no way. \*

BECKY

Jesu! Feels like there's a body in there. \*

Veronica makes a show of trying to open the cedar chest. \*

VERONICA  
 Locked. Bodies will have to stay  
 buried for awhile.

BECKY  
 We could try to find the key.

VERONICA  
 Or we could make microwave popcorn.

Becky nods - "Much better idea" - and heads into the kitchen.  
 Veronica looks like she just dodged a bullet.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CAR/EXT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT MORNING

5

Veronica and Becky are idling in front of Westerburg High.

VERONICA  
 Say it with me now.

BECKY  
 We're really still doing this?

VERONICA  
 Hell, yes. And...

BECKY  
 (over it)  
 ...don't be a clone. It's  
 more important to be smart  
 than to be popular.

VERONICA  
 (ritually)  
 ...don't be a clone. It's  
 more important to be smart  
 than to be popular.

BECKY  
 Bye!

WE STAY ON BECKY as she exits the car and watches Veronica  
 drive away. Becky sighs heavily and leans against a tree,  
 watching from a distance as students file into the building.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Focus, Becky. Focus.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a pill bottle and  
 empties its contents into her open palm - two pills left.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
 Craptastic.

She downs a pill, takes a breath and heads toward school. We  
 push in on her hand STUFFING THE PILL BOTTLE INTO HER PURSE.

CUT TO:

6

INT. SHERWOOD UNION OFFICE - DAY

6

Veronica's hand PULLING A PACK OF TIC TACS OUT OF HER PURSE. She sits with her editor, TOM THATCHER (40). Tom possesses Kennedy good looks and Clooney-esque cool. \*

VERONICA \*

Tom, I really appreciate this opportunity, but I want to be straight with you --

TOM

I know, resumes out everywhere, you're gone as soon as one of the biggies comes calling. I get it. I'll be happy to have you as long as I can. If the Boston Globes of the world are shedding talent like you, I'd be an idiot not to take advantage. Who knows? Maybe you'll like it here. \*

They hold eye contact for a beat - is he flirting? Tom's phone starts ringing, breaking the mood. \*

TOM (CONT'D)

So, I'm putting you right to work. City Hall. Mayor Jolly, profile for the Sunday edition, okay?

VERONICA

Okay, boss.

Tom steps into his office to answer the phone. Veronica smiles - she likes this guy. She gets up and WALKS BRISKLY OUT THE DOOR as we...

CUT TO:

7

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

7

BECKY WALKING BRISKLY THROUGH THE CLASSROOM DOOR. She puts her books down on a desk in the front row just as another pile of books hits the same desk.

LITTLE MISS PERFECT

I'm sorry. This is my seat.

Pan up to reveal LITTLE MISS PERFECT (16) - perfect blonde coif, perfectly crisp white blouse and perfectly pleated tartan skirt. She's smiling at Becky, but it's hostile.

BECKY

All yours. Enjoy.

More amused than offended, Becky turns, takes the next desk.

HEATHER MCNAMARA  
Welcome to Beginning Spanish. Me  
llamo Seniorita McNamara.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (38) struts in, blonde, sexy and wearing a cheerleader's uniform. Becky raises an eyebrow at her garb. \*

HEATHER MCNAMARA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, just had practice. No time  
to change.

Heather begins passing out worksheets. A LATINO BOY (16) raises his hand and speaks in fluent Spanish (*subtitled*).

LATINO BOY  
(*Excuse me, but I think I'm in the  
wrong class.*)

Becky raises her hand and speaks in fluent Spanish, too.

BECKY  
(*Me, too. I think I'm supposed to  
be in Spanish 3.*)

HEATHER MCNAMARA  
(flustered)  
I'm sorry. Que?

Little Miss Perfect speaks to Becky in fluent Spanish.

LITTLE MISS PERFECT  
(*You speak Spanish - big deal.  
Just know this: I was the  
valedictorian in middle school and  
I will be the valedictorian here,  
so take your fat little brain and  
back off, Becky.*)

Becky's eyes go wide - who IS this psycho?

HEATHER MCNAMARA  
(panicked)  
Can we all just speak English,  
please? Ingles, por favor!

BECKY  
How do you know my name?

Little Miss Perfect just smiles smugly. We push in on Miss Perfect's desk and see a folder there - "*Becky Sawyer - official transcript.*" How the hell did she get THAT?

Becky wanders the empty halls and stumbles upon a very sexy boy-girl couple making out. It's hot. She stops and stares for a beat. The boy, REED (17), opens his eyes mid-kiss, spots Becky and stares back at her, checking her out. The girl - let's call her ALT GIRL (16) - opens her eyes, sees Becky and breaks away from the kiss.

ALT GIRL  
(casual, sincere)  
Care to join us?

Now we get a good look at Alt Girl. She radiates sex and confidence, has blunt-cut black hair to match her black wardrobe that is accessorized with tattoos and piercings.

BECKY  
(flustered)  
Oh, I'm sorry...

ALT GIRL  
Don't be. I like to watch, too.  
(to boy)  
We're done here, Reed. Go.

She pushes Reed aside and he obeys, smiling at Becky as he walks away. Becky and Alt Girl stare each other down. It's electric. Are they going to fight? Make out? Make friends?

ALT GIRL (CONT'D)  
So. Are you lost, little girl?

Becky senses that she's being challenged in some way and she stands her ground confidently, casually.

BECKY  
Not lost, confused. I'm pretty sure I just got kicked out of Spanish class for speaking Spanish.

Alt Girl smiles - this one's cool.

ALT GIRL  
Senorita McNamara?

BECKY  
Si. Correcto.

ALT GIRL  
Cheerleading coach - permanent brain damage.  
(extends her hand)  
I'm Ashley.



Becky smiles. Friends it is.

9

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Veronica arrives at the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Sawyer? The mayor's expecting you. Go right in.

Veronica opens the door and stops short, shocked.

VERONICA

Oh my god!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

You flatter, Veronica. I'm not god, just the mayor.

Reverse to reveal HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (38) sitting behind a big oak desk and smiling. \*

VERONICA (V.O.)

It's alive. The Frankenbitch.

Heather approaches Veronica slowly, Jaws-like. Her look is very Sarah Palin - the up-do, the Kawasaki glasses, red jacket, tight skirt and Naughty Monkey heels.

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

The sadistic beast that ruled the school now runs the whole damn town.

Now they're face to face. It's tense for a beat, then...

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Oh my god, you look great!

VERONICA

Oh my god, you look great!

They half-hug and air kiss. Veronica is still trying to get her bearings back.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Wow! So! How did Heather Duke become Mayor Jolly?

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

(correcting)

Duke-Jolly. Married and hyphenating - the polling data said is was the strongest choice. But Heather Duke-Jolly is such a mouthful.

(MORE)

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)  
I'm trying to get everyone to call  
me HDJ. Like JFK, but cuter.

\*

VERONICA  
Totally.

She gives Veronica a quick once-over.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
Praise god, Veronica, the years  
have treated you well!

VERONICA  
(ironically)  
Yeah, praise the lord!

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
(nodding, sincerely)  
Blessed be his name. Have a seat.

Veronica does, relieved that her sarcasm didn't register.

VERONICA  
I'm actually here on business.

\*

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
I know. Your editor called me.

She reaches across her desk, hands Veronica a manila folder.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)  
I had my communications department  
type up a transcript of our  
interview.

VERONICA  
Transcript? I'm sorry, we haven't  
done the interview yet.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
(rolling her eyes)  
We could do the dance if you want,  
Veronica, but I thought I'd save  
you the trouble. I had my official  
photographer take some glam shots,  
too.

Veronica flips through the folder to find several glossy  
photos of Heather in rather kittenish poses.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't give you anything but  
quotes in a can, anyway.

VERONICA  
Journalism as dictation. That's  
beautiful.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
Don't pout, Veronica. It's called  
message discipline - hello.

Heather dials her phone, heads toward the door.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)  
Gives us more time to catch up.  
Heather's still in town, too. I'm  
calling her right now. We're all  
having lunch. \*

Off Veronica's rueful smile we...

CUT TO:

10 EXT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - DAY 10

Becky and Ashley (Alt Girl) cut class and smoke.

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL  
Let me be your Welcome Wagon.  
There's a back-to-school party  
Thursday night in the field behind  
Home Depot.

Becky gives her a look - "A field? Really?" Ashley gets it.

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL (CONT'D)  
I know, tragic. All I can promise  
you is bad beer and hot boys. Meet  
me there?

BECKY  
I've been looking for an excuse to  
wear that ball gown. Sure, why  
not?

LITTLE MISS PERFECT (O.C.)  
Nasty little habit, girls.

Becky sees Little Miss Perfect and blanches.

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL  
Ashley. This is Becky. \*

Little Miss Perfect takes a cigarette from Ashley/Alt Girl.

BECKY  
We've met. \*

LITTLE MISS PERFECT  
Yeah, sorry about the dust-up in  
Espanol.

\*

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL  
(laughing)  
Wait, did she threaten you not to  
get better grades than her?

BECKY  
In fluent Spanish. Too fluent for  
Spanish 1, I'd say.

LITTLE MISS PERFECT  
(shrugs)  
It's a guaranteed A. School is a  
blood sport, slackers. I'll text  
your asses from Harvard someday.

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL  
Nerd!

LITTLE MISS PERFECT  
Slut!

They make faces at each other and crack up.

BECKY  
Hold up...you two are friends?

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL	LITTLE MISS PERFECT
Yep.	Yep.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
And you're both named Ashley?

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL  
Affirmative.

BECKY  
Wow, that is...

LITTLE MISS PERFECT/ASHLEY  
Ridiculous? We know.

And they crack up again. BECKY BREAKS INTO A SMILE as we...

CUT TO:

11 INT. SHERWOOD MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY

11

VERONICA, MISERABLE, sits at a table with Heather Duke-Jolly  
as a waiter drops off two Diet Cokes.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
 This is the VIP section. My idea.

VERONICA  
 Brilliant.

We pull back to reveal that they sit in an area circumscribed by red velvet ropes in the midst of a typical food court.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
 So! Veronica! Twenty years! Give me the vitals: Married? Kids?

She whips out a BlackBerry and begins to peck away.

VERONICA  
 It's just me and my daughter.

HDJ looks up from her BlackBerry with disapproval.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
 Oh. So you're a single mom.

\*  
 \*

VERONICA  
 God, don't say it like that, Heather. It's not a disease.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
 It is. It's a social disease.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (O.C.)  
 Sorry I'm late!

Heather McNamara - the Beginning Spanish Teacher/Cheerleading Coach - hustles in and interrupts the rising tension. She sees Veronica and gasps. A beat of recognition, then...

\*  
 \*

HEATHER MCNAMARA (CONT'D)                                  VERONICA  
 Oh my god, you look great!                                  Oh my god, you look great!

They half-hug and air kiss. Heather McNamara takes a seat and they begin to catch up. The Heathers are excited, but Veronica looks thoughtful as she sips her Diet Coke.

VERONICA (V.O.)  
 It was my nightmare high school reunion in the flesh.

HEATHER MCNAMARA  
 ...so, I'm divorced, but dating a TON. So that's good.

HDJ rolls her eyes. The waiter arrives.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (CONT'D)  
Hi! I'll have the cheeseburger.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
Heather. A cheeseburger? Really?

HEATHER MCNAMARA  
(defensive, pathetic)  
Without the bun. No fries.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
They're your hips.

VERONICA  
Heather!  
(to Heather McNamara)  
You look great, Heather.

\*

VERONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Being that close to the past felt  
dangerous. And it was.

A LOUD POP rings out in the food court. A BEEFY GUY in a bad suit comes out of nowhere and TACKLES HDJ LIKE THE SECRET SERVICE protecting the president. Veronica and Heather McNamara hit the deck. Another BEEFY GUY runs toward the source of the POP and we see that it was the result of a huge glass jar of pickles falling from the Bain's Deli shelf and shattering all over the faux-marble floor.

BEEFY GUY #1  
All clear.

BEEFY GUY #1 helps HDJ to her feet and they step aside to confer for a moment. Veronica and Heather McNamara get up from under the table.

VERONICA  
Who the hell were those guys?

HEATHER MCNAMARA  
Heather's bodyguards.

VERONICA  
Are you serious?

HEATHER MCNAMARA  
Oh, yeah. They've been with her  
since she got elected mayor. 24/7.

Heather McNamara bites her lip and makes sure that HDJ is out of earshot. She leans in toward Veronica.

HEATHER MCNAMARA (CONT'D)  
I hate to gossip, but Heather  
thinks someone wants to kill her.

Veronica's eyes go wide. Before she can respond, HDJ returns.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
Sorry about that, girls. Politics.

She flags down the waiter.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)  
We'll have three fruit salads with  
cottage cheese and three Diet  
Cokes.

She takes a seat as if nothing has happened and smiles at  
Veronica. Veronica smiles back awkwardly as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO12 EXT. FINN-CLEMENS HOUSE - NIGHT

12

Veronica and Becky make their way through the front yard toward the porch steps.

BECKY

So, dinner with the Cleavers tonight.  
Won't be an epic, will it?

\*  
\*

VERONICA

I doubt it. Big plans?

BECKY

Don't sound so surprised. As a matter of fact, I've managed to make some friends and get invited to a party later. All without damaging my academic standing.

\*

Veronica can see that Becky is happy and it warms her. They reach the porch and Veronica rings the doorbell as we...

\*

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. FINN-CLEMENS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

13

Dinner is finished. Veronica and Becky sit with THE FINN-CLEMENS FAMILY - BETTY (38), all Midwestern sweetness and light; her husband, JIM (40), a tweedy, bearded African-American man and their son, SID (16), a skinny, nerdy kid rocking a fairly hip half-fro.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

VERONICA

That was great, Betty. Thank you.

BETTY

(modest)  
I just followed the recipe.  
(then, cheery)  
Dessert is raw date balls. No sugar added, just agave nectar.

Sid catches Becky's eye and makes a subtle face a la "this is my life, kill me now." Becky stifles a laugh.

\*

JIM

You cooked it, we clean it. C'mon, Sid.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jim and Sid begin to clear the table as Betty pulls a HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK from a nearby shelf.

\*  
\*



BETTY  
 Hey, Becky! Your mom ever show you  
 our yearbook? \*

BECKY (excited) VERONICA (not pleased)  
 No! Good god, no! \*

Becky and Betty begin to page through the yearbook.  
 Veronica, VISIBLY UNCOMFORTABLE, hovers behind them. \*

BETTY (CONT'D)  
 There's your mom! \*

CLOSE ON: A photograph of YOUNG VERONICA and three trendily-  
 attired women with classic '80s hair. \*

BECKY  
 Oh my god, these were your friends? \*

VERONICA  
 Were. Past tense. Very tense. \*

Becky studies the caption: "*Veronica Sawyer, Heather  
 Chandler, Heather Duke and Heather McNamara - too cool for  
 school!*" \*

BECKY  
 And they were all named Heather?  
 Okay, that is ridiculous! \*

VERONICA  
 Oh, you don't know the half of it. \*

Becky flips to another page and her smile fades. \*

BECKY  
 Oh my god, that's a Heather! \*

CLOSE ON: A "memorial page" dedicated to Heather Chandler and  
 two other students who committed suicide. \*

BECKY (CONT'D)  
 Your friend killed herself? Why  
 didn't you ever tell me that? \*

Becky touches Veronica's hand - it's a sweet, loving gesture. \*

BECKY (CONT'D)  
 "One rule: no secrets." Quoting  
 you. \*

VERONICA  
 My bad, Becks. \*

Veronica continues to stare at the memorial page, inert. \*  
 Becky turns the page, tries to lighten the mood. \*

BECKY \*  
 Where are the pictures of you two? \*

BETTY \*  
 We were more middle-school friends. \*

Veronica looks to Betty who just continues to stare at the \*  
 yearbook - there's some uncomfortable history here. \*

BECKY \*  
 (off the page) \*  
 Who's this little hottie? \*

VERONICA SHUDDERS. We see that Becky is pointing to a \*  
 photograph of a darkly handsome boy with a rebellious smirk \*  
 and a raised eyebrow - JASON DEAN. \*

VERONICA \*  
 Just some guy who thought he was \*  
 cool. \*

SHE CLOSSES THE YEARBOOK ABRUPTLY and hands it back to Betty. \*  
 They exchange a knowing look. Sid and Jim re-enter with \*  
 dessert. \*

BETTY \*  
 Sid, why don't you and Becky take \*  
 your dessert downstairs? \*

VERONICA \*  
 Yeah, you can get Becky up to speed \*  
 on all things Westerburg. \*

JIM \*  
 Uh, oh. They're clearing the area \*  
 for girl talk. \*

BETTY \*  
 Guilty! Go grade some papers or \*  
 something, you. \*

Jim smiles, takes his dessert and goes into the study. Sid \*  
 leads Becky toward the stairs. Becky looks over her shoulder \*  
 at Veronica - "not too late." Veronica nods - "understood."

14

INT. FINN-CLEMENS HOUSE - SID'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

14

A nerd's lair - lots of comic books and action figures. Sid \*  
 reaches into his mini-fridge and pulls out two Cokes. \*

SID  
Beverage?

BECKY  
Sure, thanks.

Becky opens the can, takes a sip and spits it out.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Uh, this is beer, bud!

SID  
(smiling)  
Belgian. Made by Trappist monks.  
You like?

Becky looks at Sid, surprised and impressed. She takes another sip.

BECKY  
Now that I know what to expect,  
yes. Where did you get Belgian  
beer in a Coke can?

SID  
Are you familiar with the World  
Wide Web?

Sid nods toward his state-of-the-art computer setup.

15

INT. FINN-CLEMENS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

15

Veronica and Betty sip coffee at the table.

BETTY  
Bodyguards? Really?

VERONICA  
Two big ones. She's either totally  
paranoid or corrupt enough to have  
some serious enemies. Heather Mac  
seems to know more than she should  
and, bless her heart, she still has  
a motor on her mouth. There's a  
story there and if I'm going to get  
it I need to stay close.

BETTY  
So you're going to follow them?

VERONICA  
No. I'm going to hold my nose and  
pretend to re-friend them.

BETTY

Oh, I don't know, Ronnie. Be careful. You know those girls. They're evil.

VERONICA

Betty, please. I've exposed mob kingpins and drug cartels. I think I can handle a couple of ex-cheerleaders. It'll be like going undercover, just with a lot of mall time.

Veronica pops a date ball in her mouth and wiggles her eyebrows. Betty frowns.

BETTY

(a touch pathetic)  
Okay, just don't forget about little ol' me.

VERONICA

Betty! C'mon! I won't blow you off again. I've changed.

BETTY

(joking, kind of)  
No one changes. We're all doomed to be our 17-year-old selves forever.

Veronica shakes her head - "don't be ridiculous."

16

INT. FINN-CLEMENS HOUSE - SID'S ROOM - SAME TIME

16

Sid and Becky are on to their second "Coke" each and are much more relaxed.

BECKY

Let's see, some of them I'm too young to remember properly, but...Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Philly, Sacramento, Denver...Austin was cool...Minneapolis was freezing...

SID

So you guys are like a rock band.

BECKY

Traveling circus is more like it.  
(then)  
And then we were in Boston for 3 years, which is an eternity for us.  
(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

And so I spent the first two years  
in my typical mode.

SID

Which is?

BECKY

Oh, you know, hang out with my mom -  
which isn't terrible, by the way -  
study my ass off, avoid making  
friends because I'll be gone by  
prom. But year 3 rolls around and I  
let my guard down, make some  
friends, have some fun. And then  
BAM, my mom gets downsized.

\*  
\*

SID

Corporate bastards. Well, maybe  
you and The Ringmaster will settle  
down here for awhile.

BECKY

Doubtful. Sherwood's a stopgap.  
My mom's too ambitious to be here  
long.

Becky's sadness fills a brief silence - it's a flicker of  
intimacy. Sid is cool with it, but Becky breaks the mood.

BECKY (CONT'D)

So, Webmaster, any chance you could  
get me some Ritalin on the  
Internet?

VERONICA (O.C.)

Time to motorola, Becks.

Betty and Veronica appear in the doorway.

BETTY

(re: Coke cans)

All that sugar. You'll be up all  
night, Sid.

SID

I'll manage, mom.

VERONICA

Did you invite Sid to the party?

Becky shoots Veronica a look - "you didn't just say that."

BECKY  
 (sputtering)  
 I, uh, I don't know if I'm allowed  
 to bring people, mom.

SID  
 (bailing Becky out)  
 It's okay. I don't really do the  
 whole high school thing.

VERONICA  
 Smart kid.

Veronica smiles - she likes Sid. Becky gives him a sheepish grin as she heads out. Sid watches her leave with a touch of longing. The door closes and we...

CUE MUSIC: "Kiss Off" by the Violent Femmes.

SMASH CUT TO:

17

EXT. FIELD BEHIND HOME DEPOT - LATER

17

It's a shitkicker's ball. About a hundred kids party in the clearing. A bonfire lights the action. THE KEG sits in front of a RUSTED-OUT TRACTOR that serves as the centerpiece and the social divide. To the right are the pretty and the popular, the jocks and the cheerleaders. To the left are the alts, Goths, stoners and skaters.

REVERSE ON: BECKY taking in the scene from a distance. She breathes in the crisp, smoky air, steels herself with a wry smile and heads toward...

THE KEG - Becky pours herself a beer, turns to her left and sees a SHY GOTH GIRL.

BECKY  
 (warm, complimentary)  
 Look at you, Siouxsie Sioux. Man,  
 if I had the stones, I'd totally  
 wear a corset like that. Where did  
 you get it?

Shy Goth Girl's face breaks into a smile.

GOTH GIRL  
 I had to go into Cleveland.

BECKY  
 You deserve a beer for that.

Becky hands her the beer and turns to pour herself another, but a TALL JOCK in a LeBron James jersey is holding the tap.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hey, don't Bogart the tap, Big Man.

The Tall Jock can't help but laugh at Becky's spunk.

ANGLE ON: Little Miss Perfect/Ashley, Alt Girl/Ashley and Reed watch Becky from a distance. THEY'RE STUDYING HER.

ALT GIRL/ASHLEY

Our girl is mixing species.

ANGLE ON: Becky, still at the keg, HOLDING COURT with the Shy Goth Girl, the Tall Jock and a few other kids, too.

TALL JOCK

Alright, nice to meet you guys.  
Becky and Ingrid, right?

BECKY

Right on, Josh. Thanks for the  
expert tap work.

TALL JOCK (JOSH) hands Becky a beer and heads off.

SHY GOTH GIRL (INGRID)

Wow. I've never talked to anyone  
from the other side of the tractor  
before.

Becky surveys the scene, registers the "tractor divide" and shakes her head in disgust.

BECKY

Are you serious? What is this,  
Selma 1965? I'm surprised there  
aren't separate-but-equal kegs.  
This town is weak.

\*

Reed taps Becky on the shoulder.

REED

Hey, Becky. I'm Reed.

BECKY

Ah, yes - the one attached to  
Ashley's face. Where is she, by  
the way? I'm supposed to meet her.

\*

REED

Ashley sent me over to get you.  
We're hanging in the VIP section.  
Wanna come?

BECKY

This place has a champagne room?  
This I gotta see.

She follows him through the crowd. \*

18

INT. SAWYER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

Veronica unpacks a cardboard box marked "Veronica - office stuff." She pulls out a small metal lockbox. She opens the lockbox, removes some PAPERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS. \*

VERONICA (V.O.) \*

Betty's wrong. People change. \*  
I've changed. Hell, I want no part \*  
of my 17-year-old self. \*

Veronica looks at an old candid PHOTO OF HER WITH THE HEATHERS holding croquet mallets and smiling. \*

VERONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D) \*

Any good memories I have of 17 are \*  
eclipsed by two facts. \*

Now she examines a yellowed newspaper clipping - AN OBITUARY FOR HEATHER CHANDLER: "PROM QUEEN, 17, COMMITS SUICIDE." \*

VERONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D) \*

My best friend became my enemy and \*  
I watched her die. \*

She pulls out another clipping - AN OBITUARY FOR JASON DEAN THE HEADLINE READS "WESTERBURG BOY, 18, TAKES HIS OWN LIFE." \*

VERONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D) \*

And my boyfriend turned out to be a \*  
psycho killer. Qu'est que c'est. \*

She abruptly puts the photos and papers back in the lockbox, pulls out a key and OPENS THE CEDAR CHEST. She places the lockbox in the cedar chest, shuts it and LOCKS IT. \*

CUT TO: \*

19

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

19

Becky and Reed have been walking awhile. \*

BECKY \*

Uh, where is this VIP room, Reed?  
Iowa?

REED

Relax. We're here.



A SMALL CLEARING behind a cluster of trees. There's an old mattress and a six-pack of Bud next to it.

BECKY  
Where's Ashley?

REED  
She's around. \*

BECKY  
There's no one around. Let's get back to the party.

Reed steps toward Becky with a sly smile.

REED  
You're the party.

He moves in to kiss Becky who starts to walk away.

BECKY  
Oh, I don't think so, chief.

He grabs her wrist and pulls her toward the mattress.

REED  
Whoa, hold up. C'mon, I saw the way you looked at me in the hall when I was with Ashley. I saw you. \*

Becky stops struggling, turns to Reed, smiles coquettishly. \*

BECKY  
Yeah, we did kind of have a moment there, didn't we? \*

They smile at each other - it's getting kind of hot. Reed pulls Becky in close, whispers in her ear. \*

REED  
Yeah. Now, relax. I don't bite. \*

BECKY  
(whispering in his ear)  
I do. \*

SHE BITES HIS EAR, KNEES HIM IN THE BALLS and takes off. Reed writhes on the ground in pain as Becky sprints toward the lights in the parking lot and we... \*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20

EXT. MUSEUM FRONT STEPS - MORNING

20 \*

HDJ is getting her makeup retouched by an assistant when Veronica approaches carrying two large iced mochas.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Hey, stalker.  
(re: mochas)  
No you didn't.

VERONICA

Fat-free, sugar-free.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Love it! What's up? I'm at work.

VERONICA

Me, too. That transcript your people put together was aces, but I just wanted to hang out and get some more texture for the story.

A RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN in jeans and a flannel shirt approaches HDJ from behind and KISSES HER on the cheek.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Oooh! Well, here's a little texture for ya. Veronica, meet my husband, the talented Mr. Jolly.

BILL JOLLY (40) smiles and extends his hand to Veronica.

BILL JOLLY

Bill Jolly, nice to meet you.  
(to HDJ)  
I actually have to run. Greg and I are doing an overnight at the cabin.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

What are you boys killing this time?

BILL JOLLY

Quail. Just wanted to kiss you before I go.

Bill and HDJ kiss - there's clearly a lot of affection there. Bill walks away and HDJ CHECKS OUT HIS ASS AS HE GOES.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

I'm so blessed.

VERONICA

He seems like a really nice guy.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

He's a very successful contractor.  
Met him in church, FYI. Come with  
some Sunday and I'll hook you up.

(then)

Ooh, gotta roll - showtime.

A group of PEOPLE IN WHEELCHAIRS have assembled for the photo-op.

VERONICA

(needling)

Wow, Heather. If I'm not mistaken,  
you used to call handicapped people  
"Darwin's roadkill." To their  
faces. Now you're doing a photo-op  
with them? I'm impressed.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

(pissed)

People change, Veronica.

(then, sly)

They can't walk, but they  
definitely vote.

Veronica shakes her head as HDJ heads toward the crowd,  
greeting them with genuine grace and charm.

TOM (O.C.)

She's good, right?

Tom Thatcher sidles up behind Veronica holding a camera.

TOM (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

VERONICA

Following a lead. You?

TOM

(holds up camera)

Budget limitations. I'm your  
editor-in-chief and staff  
photographer. What lead?

VERONICA

Don't you find it suspicious that  
your mayor requires a round-the-  
clock security detail?

TOM

I do indeed. I knew if I put you in a room with Queen Heather you'd start raking the muck. With a good reporter there's no such thing as a puff piece.

VERONICA

So the fashion spread was-

TOM

A gambit, a Trojan horse.

VERONICA

You know she's dirty.

TOM

I should. I ran against her last year and she beat me like a drum.

VERONICA

Really? You tried changing teams?

TOM

Temporary insanity, excess of idealism. I blame Obama. Anyway, I'm back where I belong, fighting the good fight. But I can't go after Heather myself or I just look like a sore loser - which I am, by the way. So, good - you keep digging and we'll compare notes later. Dinner tonight.

Veronica smiles and hesitates - "where's this going?"

TOM (CONT'D)

Working dinner. It'll be terrible, I promise.

VERONICA

Fine.

TOM

It's a date.

(off her look)

An appointment. Okay, I've got eyes on Heather. You go do some legwork, exhume the bodies, bring me the bones.

Tom heads off and Veronica watches him go, smitten. Tom turns back and Veronica quickly turns to leave, hoping he didn't catch her looking.

21

EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

21

Veronica is about to get into her car as a van comes to a screeching halt. Veronica observes a man get out of the van, open the side door and pull out a wheelchair. HE GETS INTO THE WHEELCHAIR AND HURRIEDLY WHEELS TOWARD THE MUSEUM.

VERONICA

Hey! Stop!

PHONY WHEELCHAIR MAN sees Veronica and starts wheeling faster. She runs after him - a brief, absurd chase.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Stop! Police!

Now the guy stops and Veronica confronts him, quickly flashing an old press pass that passes for a badge. Veronica plays the hard-ass cop to the hilt.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I couldn't help but notice your condition came on rather suddenly. What's the story, bud?

(off his silence)

Fine. We'll just take your statement down at headquarters and figure it all out there.

She reaches into her bag with purpose. She's bluffing. What's she going to pull out? A gun? Handcuffs? Lipstick?

PHONY WHEELCHAIR MAN

Gimme a break officer. I'm late.

VERONICA

Getting later. Talk. Late for what?

PHONY WHEELCHAIR MAN

The picture. If I'm not in it I don't get paid. You heard about the recession?

VERONICA

Plenty. Anything for a buck, huh? Who's paying?

(off his hesitation)

Take your time. My partner's on his way and he'll be happy to make the wheelchair a necessity for you.

PHONY WHEELCHAIR MAN  
 Alright, okay. I'm supposed to go  
 see a guy at BBD Construction.

VERONICA  
 Thanks, pal. Smile pretty for the  
 picture.

Phony wheels off in a rush. Veronica pulls her phone out and  
 heads to her car.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Totally should have been a cop.

We push in on her phone - she Googles "BBD Construction."

22

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

22

\*

Becky eats alone. Sid slides in next to her.

SID  
 May I?

BECKY  
 Please do. About the other night--

SID  
 Don't mention it. Can I get your e-  
 mail? I've got a lead on that  
 thing you asked about.

BECKY  
 Oh, brilliant. Yes, my cupboard is  
 bare and PSATs are right around the  
 corner. Thank you.

Becky scribbles her e-mail on one of Sid's notebooks as a  
 HIPSTER KID puts his tray down next to her.

HIPSTER KID  
 (lewd)  
 So, do you think you can fit me in?  
 (then)  
 To your busy schedule.

Becky looks at him like he has two heads.

BECKY  
 Very funny. I mean "pathetic."  
 Don't quit your day job, kid.

HIPSTER KID  
Don't play coy. I hear you're quite the snake charmer.

BECKY  
You're a pig. \*

HIPSTER KID  
And you're a ho. Made for each other. Just sayin'.

He walks away, leaving Becky stunned - WTF?!

BECKY  
Wow, that was aggressively lame.

Sid grimaces, sighs and pulls out his phone. \*

SID  
I'd brace myself for more of the same. I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but you're viral.

He hands her his phone and as she reads the screen, Becky's face goes hot with anger and humiliation. \*

23

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

23

Veronica walks up to a trailer marked "BBD Construction" and knocks on the door.

VERONICA (V.O.)  
It's always the little things that crack open the big stories. A bungled break-in led to Watergate. Getting to the bottom of that phony photo-op might lead me to Heathergate. First step always - follow the money.

The door opens revealing the imposing frame of BIG BUD DEAN (60). Veronica recognizes him. Her heart skips a beat.

BIG BUD DEAN  
You the reporter?

VERONICA  
Yes, uh. Mr. Dean, right? \*

BIG BUD DEAN  
You can call me Big Bud. My foreman said you wanted to talk about the Dial-a-Ride program.

VERONICA

Yes-

BIG BUD DEAN

Well, we're proud to be in partnership with the mayor's office to provide this vital service to our differently-abled fellow citizens. How's that? We done?

He starts to move back into the trailer.

VERONICA

I'm Veronica Sawyer, Mr. Dean. I dated your son in high school.

That stops him. Big Bud narrows his eyes, scrutinizing Veronica's face. She meets his gaze, her composure regained.

BIG BUD DEAN

Veronica, right. I remember you. Terrible influence on JD.

VERONICA

I seem to remember it being the other way around. Nevertheless, can you tell me why you're paying people to pretend to be in wheelchairs?

BIG BUD DEAN

(smiles, amused)

I have no idea what you're talking about. Stay out of my business, Veronica Sawyer.

(leaning in, quietly)

It's the healthy choice.

VERONICA

Did you just threaten me?

BIG BUD DEAN

Just offering some friendly advice.

VERONICA

Well, thanks for that.

Veronica turns to leave and we see that her composure was all an act - she's spooked.

24

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

24

Reed, one ear bandaged, stands near his locker when he's struck in the back with a flying iPhone. It's Becky's.

\*



BECKY

So attempted date rape wasn't enough, huh? You had to spread around your bullshit bravado about what a tasty lay I am?! And on your pathetic Twitter account?

Becky begins to punch him. She's losing it. A MALE TEACHER (30s) walks by and sees the altercation. He's about to intervene when he sees THE ASHLEYS rolling up from the other end of the hall. THEY WAVE HIM OFF AND HE OBEYS. The Ashleys then grab Becky and FORCEFULLY PULL HER OFF OF REED.

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL

Dial it down, Tyson.

She holds Becky back as Reed stands up, dusts himself off.

REED

You should have just hooked up with me. Would've been a good time.

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL

You're pretty, but you talk way too much. Come along, Reed.

SHE GRABS HIM BY HIS BANDAGED EAR, pulls him around the corner. Little Miss Perfect glares at Becky.

ASHLEY/LITTLE MISS PERFECT

You try to hook a sister up...

BECKY

That wasn't a hook up. That was a pimp out.

ASHLEY/LITTLE MISS PERFECT

Drama queen.

She shakes her head and leaves Becky quivering with anger.

25 INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - SAME TIME 25

Ashley/Alt Girl takes Reed's phone and starts typing.

REED

I don't get it. First you guys hijack my Twitter and say I nailed her. Now you're Tweeting that I didn't nail her. I'm confused.

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL

That's how we like you. Just do as your told and keep your mouth shut.

REED

Well, I want my money back. Your little ho didn't put out. And she really messed up my ear.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ASHLEY/ALT GIRL

No refunds, but I'll give you store credit. Pick out a cheerleader.

\*  
\*  
\*

She finishes typing and flips the phone back to Reed.

\*

26

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

26

It's a cozy little spot. Veronica and Tom sit at a table tucked away in the corner, bottle of red wine halfway gone.

TOM

So you've discovered the unholy alliance between HDJ and BBD. He bankrolled Heather's campaign.

VERONICA

By funneling 250 grand in donations through his employees.

\*

TOM

Somebody's been doing some research.

\*

VERONICA

It's the oldest story in the book - kickbacks and quid pro quo. HDJ steers all development of city-owned land to Big Bud. He gets rich.

\*

TOM

How does Heather get rich?

VERONICA

Guess who Big Bud subcontracts all of the carpentry to?

TOM

("of course")  
Bill Jolly. Perfect.  
(then)  
Okay, I want some documentation and at least one on-the-record source before we publish anything.

VERONICA

I'll get it. But that's only half of the story. Why the bodyguards?  
(MORE)

VERONICA (CONT'D)

We know who her friends are, but  
what about her enemies?

TOM

You're the star reporter.

VERONICA

I'll keep digging.

TOM

Great. So are we done? I thought  
this was a date.

Veronica cracks up - he totally caught her off guard.

VERONICA

Is this why you hired me? To  
sexually harass me?

TOM

Yes. \*

Tom gives her a smile that's like a dare. Veronica smiles  
back, "double-dare", as we... \*

SMASH CUT TO: \*

27 INT. TOM THATCHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 27 \*

The camera follows a trail of hastily tossed clothing and  
undergarments until we find TOM AND VERONICA VIGOROUSLY  
COPULATING ON THE SOFA. \*

28 INT. TOM THATCHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 28 \*

Veronica and Tom sit a little less than half-dressed at his  
kitchen table and eat pie directly from the tin. \*

VERONICA

This is so reckless.

TOM

It's just pie. \*

VERONICA

No, sleeping with my boss. You.  
Boss. Reckless.

TOM

I'm not going to fire you. I'm  
barely paying you.

VERONICA

I have a daughter, Tom. \*

TOM

Who is no doubt beautiful and intelligent. What else? Is the dad in the picture? What's your story?

\*  
\*

Veronica considers the question for a beat, then...

VERONICA

My story is, I've got a corrupt small town mayor with her own JC Penney Secret Service. She's paranoid, she's mixed up with a shady guy named "Big Bud" and they're paying people to pretend to be in wheelchairs. I'll publish it here first, but I've got to believe that I'm sitting on the greatest Vanity Fair article ever.

Tom nods - he gets it.

TOM

Heathergate is your ticket out. Fair enough, not a problem.

\*  
\*

VERONICA

We should just -

\*  
\*

TOM

-continue to have a lot of sex while we can.

\*  
\*

VERONICA

With no strings attached.

TOM

With no strings attached.

\*

They look at each other - "Okay, this could be a lot of fun."

\*

TOM (CONT'D)

For the record, I feel used, both professionally and sexually.

\*

VERONICA

Poor, poor, Tom.

She leans in and starts to make out with Tom as we...

FADE OUT.

\*

END OF ACT THREE

\*

ACT FOUR

\*

29

EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

29

\*

Becky sets out trays of food as Veronica pounds croquet wickets into the ground with a mallet.

BECKY

Mom, why are we throwing a party for the Heathers? I thought you hated them.

Veronica looks at the mallet in her hand, wishing she could tell Becky the real reason. Instead, she bullshits.

VERONICA

I don't hate them. I just wouldn't choose them as friends now. It'll be fun. Or, at the very least, interesting. Like a really good nature documentary.

BECKY

The Heathers in their natural habitat. Nice.  
(then, insinuating)  
By the way, what time did you get in last night, starlet?

VERONICA

(evasive)  
Late. I had a work thing.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (O.C.)

You can start the party now.

Becky and Veronica turn and spot THE HEATHERS AND THE ASHLEYS STRUTTING UP THE LAWN TOGETHER. Veronica goes to greet them as Becky hangs back, frozen in shock and anger.

\*

VERONICA

Hey! Croquet and pate anyone?

HEATHER MCNAMARA

No way!

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Love it!

\*

Half-hugs, air kisses. Then...

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Veronica, this is my daughter, Ashley.

\*

Little Miss Perfect - hereafter known as ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY or ADJ - gives Veronica an aggressively fake smile.

HEATHER MCNAMARA  
And this is my daughter, Ashley.

Alt Girl - hereafter known as ASHLEY MCNAMARA or AshMac -  
smiles ironically and nods.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
They're besties.

Veronica nods, taking this in.

VERONICA  
That's beautiful. This is Becky.

Veronica turns and sees that BECKY IS STILL IN THE SAME SPOT.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
(to Veronica, hushed)  
Is she slow?

Veronica shoots HDJ a look - "Did you really just say that?" \*  
Becky snaps to and approaches the Ashleys, simmering. \*

BECKY \*  
We've met. \*

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY \*  
Quel surprise, right? \*

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY \*  
Fast friends. Of course. \*

HEATHER MCNAMARA \*  
Oh my god, look! It's like mini us! \*

VERONICA \*  
Yeah. Deja voodoo. \*

Veronica looks a little nauseous - this might just be her \*  
worst nightmare. She takes a deep breath and forcibly perks \*  
up. \*

VERONICA (CONT'D) \*  
Alright people, refine your strokes \*  
and I'll be right back. Becky, host. \*

She hands out mallets, takes the women's bags and heads into \*  
the house. HDJ heads for the wickets. \*

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
I'm red!

Becky offers Heather McNamara a drink.

BECKY

Perrier?

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Thank you. Wait, you were in my class, weren't you?

BECKY

Briefly. I'm in Spanish 3 now.

HEATHER MCNAMARA

Right! Honest to goodness, sweetie, I thought you were a Mexican.

AshMac glides by and whispers in Becky's ear.

ASHLEY MCNAMARA

Like I said, permanent brain damage.

The Heathers practice croquet as Becky follows the Ashleys to a table off to the side where they're sampling the pate. \*

BECKY \*

Listen, bitches- \*

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY \*

The gracious hostess! Simmer down - we come in peace. \*

She hands Becky her phone to read. \*

ASHLEY MCNAMARA \*

We beat the gory details out of Reed. Totally unacceptable behavior. So we pulled down his punk-ass Tweet and made him put out this retraction/apology. And, for good measure, we just Tweeted this about him. \*

She shows Becky her phone. Becky starts to laugh. \*

BECKY \*

Oh, that is harsh. \*

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY \*

Harsh is what we do. Everybody in school follows us. Your reputation will be sterling by Monday. \*

BECKY \*

Thank you. Really. \*

ASHLEY/LITTLE MISS PERFECT  
 (shrugging)  
 It's what friends do for each  
 other.  
 (then, to AshMac)  
 Shall we school her now?

ASHLEY MCNAMARA  
 Let's do.

30      INT. SAWYER HOUSE - DEN - SAME TIME      30

Veronica pulls HDJ's BlackBerry out of her purse. She clicks on her "Inbox" and types in a search for "Big Bud Dean." The search yields "No matches found for 'Big Bud Dean.'"

VERONICA  
 Dammit.

She begins rifling HDJ's purse, pulls out Kleenex, a compact and a HOLY BIBLE. She opens the Bible and finds that IT'S A HOLLOW BOOK FILLED WITH A LARGE STACK OF CASH.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
 Praise the Lord.

31      EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - LAWN - SAME TIME      31

The Ashleys casually nibble pate as they school Becky.

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY  
 We've consolidated the cliques at  
 Westerburg into two mega-cliques.  
 I've got The Insiders - the pretty,  
 the popular, the jocks, the  
 cheerleaders and the overachievers.

ASHLEY MCNAMARA  
 I've got the alts, Goths, skaters  
 and stoners. The Outsiders.

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY  
 I'm Coke. She's Pepsi. It's a  
 corporate model.

BECKY  
 What about the people who don't  
 fall into one of your little  
 categories?

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY  
 The Stragglers? Who cares?



ASHLEY MCNAMARA

(to ADJ)

Now, I know she's a smarty-pants,  
but Becky feels more alt-ish to me.  
And I could use a solid #2.

\*  
\*

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY

No way. She's honors and AP across  
the board. She belongs to me.

BECKY

Excuse me?

\*

HDJ approaches, croquet mallet in hand and taps Becky.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Hey, where's your mom? I'm ready  
to kick her ass back to the 80s.

32

INT. SAWYER HOUSE - DEN - SAME TIME

32

\*

Veronica is about to place the Bible back in the purse when  
SHE NOTICES GOLD LETTERING EMBOSSED ON ITS BACK COVER -  
"CHURCH OF THE HOLY PROPHET, 1229 COUNTY LINE ROAD, SHERWOOD,  
OH." She whips out her notebook and copies down the address  
when she hears FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING - SHIT! Panicked, she  
stuffs her notebook into HDJ's purse and grips the Bible.  
She quickly realizes her mistake and swaps the Bible for her  
notebook just as BECKY APPEARS.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BECKY

Again with the notebook. You're  
getting compulsive, mom.

VERONICA

Could be. What's up?

BECKY

Natives are getting restless. They  
want to play croquet and they're  
out for blood.

VERONICA

Let the games begin.

\*

33

EXT. SAWYER HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

33

MONTAGE: The Croquet Game

Veronica and Heather McNamara play for fun. Becky and AshMac  
play ironically. HDJ and ADJ play for blood. Bill Jolly  
arrives on the scene as the brief montage ends.

BILL JOLLY  
 Sorry I'm late. Who's winning?

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
 I am.

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY  
 I am.

Veronica notices HDJ's BODYGUARDS eating pate as their eyes scan the horizon.

VERONICA  
 So, Bill, those guys ever get a day off? You do Christmas with them?

BILL JOLLY  
 (laughing)  
 I know, I know.

VERONICA  
 Seriously, who are they protecting her from?

BILL JOLLY  
 Honestly? No one. But they make her feel safe and important, so I don't say anything.  
 (sighs, then)  
 We've got a big anniversary trip to Cleveland next weekend. Got her tickets to Wicked, fancy hotel, the whole deal. And I put my foot down - they're not coming. I told her, I'll be the bodyguard.

HDJ wraps her arms around Bill's waist from behind and laughs.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
 You? Bodyguard? Don't kid yourself, Billy boy. Huntin' don't make you a man. The animals don't got guns.

Bill is clearly embarrassed and emasculated.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)  
 (abruptly)  
 Oooh! Gotta go. Killing time.

She steps up to her ball and carefully lines up a shot.

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY  
 Don't choke, mother.

HDJ is the image of concentration as she strikes the ball. It caroms off ADJ's ball and improbably passes through the wicket. HDJ walks up to ADJ and looks her square in the eye.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

I am immune to mind games, Ashley.  
Now congratulate me.

She holds out her hand to shake. ADJ slaps it. HDJ quickly grabs her wrist and forces her to shake hands.

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY

("fuck you")  
Congratulations.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

("fuck you harder")  
Thank you.

Awkward silence. Bill steps into the breach, the peacemaker.

BILL JOLLY

We should get going, right girls? \*

VERONICA

(eagerly) \*  
Beautiful. I'll grab your bags. \*

Veronica heads toward the house. The Ashleys step to Becky. \*

ASHLEY MCNAMARA

So think about which way you want \*  
to go - Insider or Outsider. \*

BECKY

Oh, I get a choice? I think I'll \*  
put in with the Stragglers, thanks. \*

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY

Don't get it twisted. You're not \*  
being recruited, you're being \*  
drafted. We rule the school, \*  
kiddie pool. And you owe us now. \*

The adults are now within earshot, so the Ashleys abruptly turn on their fake charm.

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)

So, bye! See you on Monday! \*

Veronica arrives with the handbags and hugs the Heathers and Bill goodbye. \*

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
Great pate. But work on your game,  
Veronica. I expect more of a  
challenge next time.

VERONICA  
It's on, champ.

As their guests walk away Veronica puts her arm around Becky.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
Well, that was fun.

Becky looks up at her mom - "You cannot be serious."  
Veronica returns the gaze - "I'm not."

34 INT. SAWYER HOUSE - BECKY'S ROOM - LATER

34

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Sid's e-mail to Becky contains only a  
link. Becky clicks it and lands on a Craigslist ad for  
"Ritalin - no scrip necessary."

VERONICA (O.C.)  
Knock knock.

Becky quickly pulls up a homework document on her screen.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
I spy makeup. Where you headed?

BECKY  
Out with my friends.

VERONICA  
The Ashleys?

BECKY  
I've fulfilled my Ashley quota for  
the day.

Veronica wants to jump for joy, but keeps it together.

VERONICA  
Okay, babe. Don't stay out too  
long. I have to work late tonight.

Veronica kisses her on the cheek and leaves. Becky pulls the  
Ritalin info back up on her screen.

CUT TO:

35      EXT. RAMSHACKLE VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT      35      \*

A car idles across the street. Push in to reveal ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY PEERING OUT THE WINDOW. Reverse to reveal BECKY WALKING UP THE FRONT STEPS. Becky double-checks her iPhone to see if she's in the right place and knocks.

36      INT. RAMSHACKLE VICTORIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS      36

Becky stands nervously in the foyer as a cute, scruffy COLLEGE GUY shuts the door and begins to climb the staircase.

COLLEGE GUY

Ritalin, right? Come on up. We're just finishing up with these other dudes.

Becky follows him to the second floor where she sees BILL JOLLY AND ANOTHER MAN EMERGING FROM A ROOM WITH A BAGGIE OF WHITE CRYSTALS. Bill sees Becky and panics.      \*  
\*  
\*

BILL JOLLY      \*

(menacing)      \*

Listen to me. You will not tell a soul about this. Because if you do, I will make things very, very bad for you.

A hand pats Bill on the arm, momentarily startling him. The hand belongs to SID FINN-CLEMENS - HE'S THE DEALER.      \*  
\*

SID

(calm but firm)

Stop it. You're afraid and you don't have to be. Everything will be cool because Becky is very cool. And we can trust her. Right, Becky?

He turns to Becky and locks eyes with her. It's electric - there's both a seduction and a threat embedded in the question. Becky nods, a little scared, a little turned on.

BECKY

I'm cool.

SID

I knew it.

(then)

Good night, gents.

It's a command to leave. Bill and his cohort comply wordlessly - this kid has some serious juice. Sid turns back to Becky and smiles mischievously.

SID (CONT'D)

Welcome to my world. Now let's get  
you some performance enhancers.  
PSATs are right around the corner.

He politely gestures for her to "step into his office."  
Becky studies his face for a moment and then breaks into a  
smile - this guy is a little bit dangerous and she likes it.

37      EXT. 1229 COUNTY LINE ROAD - LATER      37      \*

It's a small storefront in a NEAR ABANDONED STRIP MALL. The      \*  
only sign of the "Church of the Holy Prophet" is a worn      \*  
cross, hanging slightly askew. Veronica parks and heads to      \*  
the door - it's locked.      \*

VERONICA (V.O.)

Sorry, god.      \*

She uses a small tool to pick the lock and enters...      \*

38      INT. 1229 COUNTY LINE ROAD - CONTINUOUS      38      \*

It's more bunker than church. The glow of Veronica's iPhone      \*  
reveals a desk, filing cabinets and a cot. The last      \*  
remaining vestige of the church is a small BOOKCASE OF      \*  
BIBLES. Veronica begins to pull them off the shelf - THEY'RE      \*  
ALL HOLLOW. She goes to the desk and finds construction      \*  
blueprints labeled "BBD CONSTRUCTION."      \*

VERONICA

Paydirt. This is where the bodies      \*  
are buried.      \*

Just as Veronica is about to search the filing cabinets, she      \*  
hears THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS, KEYS RATTLING, VOICES - SHIT!      \*  
Veronica shuts the drawer and ducks into the bathroom as BIG      \*  
BUD DEAN ENTERS WITH BILL JOLLY.

BIG BUD DEAN

What's the goddamn emergency, Bill?      \*

BILL JOLLY

I want to do it tonight. I'll kill      \*  
Heather myself. Let's just do it.      \*

ON VERONICA cowering next to the toilet, heart racing. Her  
eyes cast about, looking for an exit that isn't there as  
we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

39

INT. 1229 COUNTY LINE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

39 \*

Big Bud sits behind his desk. Bill paces the room, agitated.

BIG BUD DEAN

This is not the kind of job you  
rush, Billy boy. And, trust me,  
you want it handled by  
professionals.

BILL JOLLY

I don't care. Just move it up.  
Have them come here and do it this  
week. I can't live like this  
anymore.

BIG BUD DEAN

You're high. Sit your ass down and  
listen to me.

Bill does.

BIG BUD DEAN (CONT'D)

We do this right. In Cleveland.  
No bodyguards to deal with, my  
friend is gonna make it look like  
an accident. I've worked with him  
before and he's an artist. You'll  
be a widower before you know it.

Bill nods, struggling to contain his fidgeting.

BIG BUD DEAN (CONT'D)

We have a nice solution. Don't  
become part of the problem, Billy.

(then)

Are we done?

\*

BILL JOLLY

We're done.

Big Bud gets up to leave and Bill follows him out.

ON VERONICA biting her lip, holding her breath. We hear the  
door shut. Veronica exhales and we...

CUT TO:

40

INT. SAWYER HOUSE - FOYER - LATER

40

Becky has her iPod earplugs in as she takes off her coat and hangs it up in the closet. She doesn't hear Veronica enter right behind her and they bump into each other.

VERONICA  
Oh my god!

BECKY  
Oh my god!

They're both clearly on edge, but trying to hide it. Becky takes out her earplugs.

BECKY  
How was your night out?

VERONICA  
Boring. You?

BECKY  
Snoring. Get me out of this sleepy little town.

VERONICA  
Workin' on it, sweetie.  
(then)  
Wanna stay up too late and watch a random Sandra Bullock movie?

BECKY  
I'm too tired. Good night, mom.

She kisses Veronica on the cheek and heads upstairs.

VERONICA  
(calling after her)  
You're right. We'd just hate ourselves in the morning.

But Becky is already in her room, door shut. Veronica looks up the staircase, concerned and a little bit hurt.

41

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - LADIES ROOM - MORNING

41

Becky pops a Ritalin in a stall, flushes the toilet to cover her tracks and exits the stall. She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror, likes what she sees, exits, and...

42

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

42

...she practically plows into Sid.

BECKY  
Hey.



SID

Hey.

An electric beat. Their shared secret hangs in the air.

SID (CONT'D)

So, can I buy you lunch in the caf  
later?

(off her hesitation)

It's got a Michelin star.

Becky smiles - looks like it's on between them, but...

PA ANNOUNCEMENT

*Becky Sawyer, please come to the  
main office. Becky Sawyer.*

SID

(teasing)

So you're the one who TP'd the  
principal's car.

BECKY

(flirty)

Busted.

She rolls her eyes playfully and heads toward the office.

43

INT. SHERWOOD UNION OFFICE - DAY

43

Veronica walks into Tom's office. He's on the phone. \*

VERONICA \*

Breaking news. \*

Tom holds up a finger - "Wait one second" - then gestures for  
Veronica to come closer. She does and he cops a subtle feel  
on her leg. Veronica smiles and glances down at Tom's desk  
where SHE SEES A CHURCH OF THE HOLY PROPHET BIBLE - WTF? Tom  
hangs up the phone. \*

TOM \*

Okay, lay it on me. \*

Veronica is at a loss. Should she hold out on Tom? \*

VERONICA \*

So, Heather. Making progress. \*

Her phone rings, bailing her out. She answers quickly. \*

VERONICA (CONT'D) \*

Hello? Yes, this is she.

She listens for a beat and her face goes white.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
Okay, thank you. I'll be right  
there.

She hangs up and starts out the door in a hurry. \*

TOM  
What's wrong?

VERONICA  
It's my daughter.

She slams the door behind her as we....

CUT TO:

44 INT. SHERWOOD POLICE HEADQUARTERS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 44

Veronica, agitated, blows through the front door in a rush  
and is surprised to find...

VERONICA  
Heather?

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
I came down as soon as I heard.

VERONICA  
(cagey)  
Heard what?

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
About Becky. C'mon, Veronica, I'm  
the mayor. I'm in the loop, hello.

VERONICA  
Dammit Heather, can you please just  
stay out of my shit?

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
What's your damage, Veronica? I  
came to help. I told the cops to  
treat her like family or heads  
roll. And she's fine, by the way.

Veronica sighs, chastened. No use hiding.

VERONICA  
They told me it was prescription  
drugs.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

(nodding)

Possession. She was busted on an anonymous tip verified by a craigslist exchange. But it's taken care of.

She hands Veronica a slip of paper.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)

I had my doctor cook this up on the fly. Hang on to it. Her record is clean and no one has to know.

Veronica looks at the paper - it's a BACK-DATED PRESCRIPTION FOR RITALIN made out to Becky Sawyer.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)

This will be between us.

(then)

You know how to keep a secret, don't you, Veronica?

Veronica holds her gaze for a beat.

VERONICA

Yes.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Good. Just get her back to school before people start asking questions.

HDJ starts to leave.

VERONICA

Heather, wait -

HDJ turns and Veronica weighs whether or not to tell her about the assassination plot, but before she can speak...

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY

Don't mention it. It's what friends do for each other.

HDJ exits as a POLICEMAN escorts Becky into the room.

POLICEMAN

Mrs. Sawyer? Sorry about the mix-up. You have a good day.

Becky looks at her mom, mortified. Veronica shakes her head.

45

INT. CAR - DAY

45

Veronica drives, beside herself with anger. Becky stares straight ahead.

VERONICA

Drugs? My god, Becky, do not make me get all afterschool special on your ass.

BECKY

It's just Ritalin.

VERONICA

Purchased from a drug dealer. Hello, you got arrested. When did this start?

BECKY

Since Boston Latin, the B in Bio last year. And it helped. It helps me with school.

VERONICA

First off, it's illegal. Second, you don't have ADD. You don't need brain steroids. You're too smart to cheat.

Becky is tired of being told she's smart. Something snaps and she goes to war.

BECKY

Oh, please do not lecture me on integrity. You're the one who bitches about how horrible your friends are and then you throw them a frickin' garden party!

VERONICA

At least I'm honest with you about it, I talk about it. You've been a vault since we got here. You say you're going out with friends - friends I've never met, by the way - and you buy drugs?! One rule, Beck - no secrets!

BECKY

No secrets? That's hilarious! What about you? What are you always writing about in that notebook? "Dear Diary, tonight I screwed my boss again." Awesome!

VERONICA  
 (thunderstruck)  
 Becky!

BECKY  
 Oh my god, it's so obvious. You're  
 "working late" here in sleepy  
 Sherwood. On what? Being bored  
 and horny? Please, just don't give  
 me the no secrets crap. Only  
 someone with a truckload of secrets  
 has to compulsively write in a  
 diary.

VERONICA  
 (pushing back)  
 It's not a diary. It's a notebook.  
 It's my work. I need to take  
 notes. And trust me, my life is a  
 lot more boring than you seem to  
 imagine.

Becky senses she's struck a nerve, decides to call her bluff.

BECKY  
 Then let me read them. I want to  
 read your notebooks. No secrets,  
 right?

It's a punch to Veronica's gut. A silence hangs in the air  
 as Veronica pulls up in front of Westerburg and parks.

VERONICA  
 (quietly)  
 Becky, some things are  
 just...personal.

BECKY  
 Yeah, that's what I thought. Well  
 I have a bunch of stuff that I'm  
 going to keep "personal", okay?  
 Let's just add that to our list of  
 bullshit rules - "some things are  
 just personal."

Becky gets out of the car and slams the door. Veronica's  
 face says it all - "Fuck, I'm losing her."

Veronica enters in a rush holding her notebook. She heads  
 straight to the cedar chest and unlocks it.

VERONICA (V.O.)  
 Becky can never read this. Some  
 things are personal.

VERONICA'S POV: She looks into the cedar chest and we see  
 PILES AND PILES OF IDENTICAL BLACK NOTEBOOKS. Veronica  
 tosses her notebook onto the pile next to that SMALL METAL  
 LOCKBOX.

VERONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Some things are criminal.

Veronica opens up the lockbox and places the PHONY RITALIN  
 SCRIP inside. Then she pulls out A PHOTO AND PIECE OF  
 PARCHMENT.

VERONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And some secrets are worth taking  
 to the grave.

CLOSE ON: The parchment - it's BECKY'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE.  
 THE FATHER IS LISTED AS JASON DEAN. Veronica flips to the  
 photograph. IT'S A SHOT OF HER AND JD ON A COLLEGE CAMPUS,  
 TIME-STAMPED 7/19/94 - HE'S STILL ALIVE. \*  
 \*

CUT TO:

47

INT. WESTERBURG HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

47

Becky stands at her locker when...

ASHLEY MCNAMARA  
 Knock, knock.

It's the Ashleys - great.

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY  
 Welcome back from genpop. I told  
 my mom to make sure nobody shivved  
 you.

BECKY  
 (stunned)  
 What are you talking about?

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY  
 Ritalin is so 2009. I'm all about  
 Adderall. Taste the difference.

She hands Becky a small, pink, heart-shaped PILL BOX.

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)  
 Next time you buy your study aids  
 from me - friends and family rate.  
 (MORE)

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY (CONT'D)  
 And tell Sid the Squid to stick to  
 the college crowd and I'll continue  
 to service the under-18  
 demographic. Or we go to war.

ASHLEY MCNAMARA  
 And then tell him goodbye. You're  
 done with him. \*

BECKY  
 Don't tell me what to do. You  
 don't control me. \*

ASHLEY DUKE-JOLLY  
 Yes, we do. You just don't know it  
 yet. Look, we can totally be  
 friends. We'll have your back and  
 we'll make you a star. You just  
 need to know how things run here. \*

They walk away, leaving Becky reeling. She takes a breath to  
 gather herself, turns and SID IS STANDING THERE. \*

SID  
 I see you've made acquaintance with  
 the Ash-holes.  
 (then)  
 So, what did the lords of  
 discipline want with you? Corporal  
 punishment? Anything kinky?

Becky is overwhelmed. She needs to buy herself some time.

BECKY  
 No, it was my mom. She wants to  
 have lunch with me today. I'll  
 catch you later.

She closes her locker and walks away. Sid watches her go.  
 He can tell something's wrong and he's not happy about it.

48

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

48

Veronica approaches HDJ's door carrying two iced mochas.

VERONICA (V.O.)  
 Phony friend or real friend,  
 corrupt or clean, Heather did me a  
 solid and I owed her a sincere  
 thank you. Plus, I had to find a  
 way to tell her to bring those  
 bodyguards to Cleveland.

The reception desk is empty. Veronica pushes open the door.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
 Madame Mayor, I thought you might  
 enjoy a fat-free fake shake to  
 enhance your afternoon.

VERONICA'S POV: HDJ sits at her desk, CRYING HYSTERICALLY as  
 the receptionist and bodyguards try to console her.

HEATHER DUKE-JOLLY  
 (through tears)  
 Oh, thank god you're here. It's  
 Bill. He's dead. He...hung  
 himself.

Veronica drops the mochas and runs to hug Heather. We hear  
 the opening strains of Sly & the Family Stone's plaintive  
 version of "Que Sera Sera" as we...

CUT TO:

49 EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - ROADSIDE SIGN - SAME TIME 49

Sirens now illuminate the HANGING BODY we saw in the opening.  
 A policeman climbs a ladder and turns the body, revealing  
 BILL JOLLY'S LIFELESS FACE.

VERONICA (V.O.)  
 She was crying for a man who wanted  
 her dead, but I'd have to be a real  
 hard-hearted bee-otch not to feel  
 for her right now.

The policeman slices the rope and THE BODY FALLS OUT OF FRAME  
 as we..

CUT TO:

50 INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME 50

Veronica holds a sobbing Heather close.

VERONICA (V.O.)  
 There's a story here. I need to  
 write it. I'm just afraid to find  
 out how it ends.

We push in on Veronica's conflicted countenance, hold, and...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE