GAY KID AND FAT CHICK

By Bo Burnham

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OVER BLACK:

A GAY KID (V.O.)
Are you okay?

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM. NIGHT

MAGGIE HIGGINS (17, obese and beautiful) lies on top of her bed in shorts and a hooded sweatshirt. Her laptop open on her chest. Instead of the sounds of her empty room, we hear a quiet conversation happening somewhere loud and crowded.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
I'm fine. Just something kind of shitty happened last night.

A GAY KID (V.O.)
Did the field hockey skanks prank call you again? I don't understand them. I thought prank calling stopped in the nineties. What are you gonna do next, girls? Throw my pager in the toilet?

MAGGIE (V.O.)
No, it wasn't them. Or, it might of been them, I don't know who it was.

ON MAGGIE'S LAPTOP'S SCREEN -- Maggie opens her facebook page. Her profile picture is of her posing sillily with a boy of similar age but much smaller size.

A GAY KID (V.O.)
What happened?

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Just someone sent me something.

A GAY KID (V.O.)
What'd it say?
(then)
You don't have to tell me.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
No, no, it's fine, I brought it up.

ON THE SCREEN: there's one message in Maggie's inbox. She clicks it.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
It was like a letter. Like a long carefully written letter.
(MORE)

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The first line was, “Dear fat chick, why are you so fucking fat?”

ON THE SCREEN - we see the first few lines of the message: DEAR FAT CHICK, HOW DID YOU GET SO FUCKING FAT? YOU MUST HAVE SUCKED YOUR MOTHER’S TITTIES DRY...

Maggie’s face loses color as she reads.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
It started with like two paragraphs of fat jokes.

A GAY KID (V.O.)
Jesus, Mags.

MAGGIE
And then it kept going. But it stopped trying to be funny.

ON THE SCREEN: another section reads: NO ONE WILL EVER FUCK YOU. FUCKING YOU WOULD BE LIKE FUCKING A...

MAGGIE (V.O.)
It was like “I feel bad for you that have to take showers with yourself.”

ON THE SCREEN: it continues: DO YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES WHEN YOU GET DRESSED? IF I WAS HALF YOUR SIZE I WOULD...

Tears run down Maggie’s face. Her face frozen, her eyes scanning the message furiously.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
And what was fucked up about it--

A GAY KID (V.O.)
Maggie, the whole thing is fucked up. Forget it. It was probably just some--

MAGGIE (V.O.)
What was fucked up was that it was like a full-length letter.

ON THE SCREEN: the message ends: YOU’RE FAT. YOU’RE GROSS. KILL YOURSELF. SINCERELY, EVERYBODY.

Maggie shuts her laptop and sobs into her hands.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
It was like an essay. Someone took a good two hours out of their night to write it. No one's ever spent two hours making me anything.

She walks over to a full-length mirror that has a picture of a 10 year-old Maggie taped in the corner. Maggie stares at her reflection.

A GAY KID (V.O.)
And you don't know who sent it?

Maggie starts taking off her clothes.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
The profile was made that night. No picture, no name. Nothing.

Maggie, now naked, raises her phone in front of her face and takes a picture. She looks at the photo for a few seconds, taking herself in.

A GAY KID (V.O.)
You should've called me. I would've come over.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
No, it's fine. I fell asleep right after I read it.

Maggie stares at the picture on her phone. Her battery dies. She sits on the side of her bed, still naked, her head hanging. She puts her phone down and walks away from her bed. *

A GAY KID (V.O.) *
Are you going to do something about it? *

Maggie arrives at a weight bench and barbell set up in the corner of her room. She lies down on the bench, naked, and lifts the heavily weighted barbell off of its support. *

MAGGIE (V.O.) *
I don't know what I can do. *

TIGHT ON MAGGIE'S FACE as she bench presses the massive weight. One time. Then again. And again. She grits her teeth. Underneath her dried tears, her face turns red. She benches faster. Harder. Angrier. *

INT. WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA. DAY

Maggie sits at an otherwise empty lunch table with the gay kid, ALEX (17, tiny and effeminate) the same boy from her profile picture. They continue their conversation.

ALEX
Well, whoever wrote that letter is a pussy. Like last year when someone wrote faggot on my history binder. It's like be a man and call me a faggot to my face.

A boy seated at the table behind Alex, turns around.

BOY
(to Alex, deadpanned)
Faggot.

ALEX
(not flinching, to Maggie)
You need to report it.

MAGGIE
To whom?

ALEX
I don't know. To the principal? To the government?

MAGGIE
I'm too tired to care anymore.

ALEX
Well, I'm not! I'm going to find out who did it and make them pay for it. If it's someone small, I'll beat the shit out of them. If it's someone big, I don't know, I'll like send them a video of me blowing their brother or something.

MAGGIE
It's fine. I'll be out of here in ten months. I just gotta wait it out.

Maggie looks at her phone.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Shit, I gotta go.

She gets up.

ALEX
Love you.

MAGGIE
Love you too.

Maggie leaves. Alex sits by himself. He scans the lunchroom: *

A SHORT GIRL and a TALL BOY standing in the lunch line holding hands.

A SKATER GIRL sitting next to a JOCK at a crowded table. The Skater Girl puts her head on the Jock's shoulder.

Couple after couple. Every different combination of boy and girl. Alex picks up his backpack and starts walking across the cafeteria towards the exit.

He passes NATHAN (17, lacrosse jersey, athletic and cute) putting ketchup on a cheeseburger at the condiments table. Alex passes him, stops, takes a deep breath, turns and approaches him.

ALEX
(clearly nervous)
Hey, Nathan.

NATHAN
Hey.

ALEX
I'm Alex. I sit behind you in-

NATHAN
Yeah, in Silva's class. That guy's such a tool.

ALEX
(so excited)
Yeah!

Alex laughs way too hard. Nathan's a little weirded out.

ALEX (CONT'D)
So...putting a little 'chup on your burg?

NATHAN
What?

ALEX
Ketchup on your burger.
You're...You're putting ketchup on your burger.

NATHAN
Yeah, it's uh...ketchup's good.

Nathan looks across the cafeteria to a TABLE FULL OF LACROSSE GUYS: they're watching Nathan and Alex's interaction, whispering things to each other and laughing. Alex spots them, his face drops.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
(embarrassed) *
See you around dude.

ALEX
Cool, dude.

Nathan walks back to his friends. Alex turns and exits the cafeteria.

EXT. WESTFIELD HIGH - FIELD HOCKEY FIELD. LATER

It's Westfield High versus Andover High. Hot young field hockey players scramble in their short plaid skirts and knee high socks at Mid-field. The girls swarm and tussle around the ball, looking much more attractive than athletic.

ON THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD, Maggie plays goalie, looking much more athletic than attractive. She's decked out in large clunky goalie gear -- helmet, mouthguard, glove, leg pads, arm pads.

IN THE STANDS: not much of an audience for a field hockey game. A few stray parents and boyfriends.

ON THE SIDELINES: someone in a large BEAVER COSTUME waves a flag that reads "WINSTON THE WESTFIELD BEAVER." The costume hangs loose on someone very small inside of it. The beaver dances to a boombox beside him that blares cheesy 80's dance music. His moves are very flashy and very fabulous.

IN THE STANDS -- a LOUD BRO heckles the beaver.

LOUD BRO
Beavers aren't supposed to do gay dances!

The small crowd laughs. The beaver stops the music and takes off his head. It's Alex.

ALEX
(to loud Bro)
Well, beavers aren't supposed to walk upright or have the ability to carry flags either.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to the crowd)
Would you people rather see a normal boring beaver or a fun dancing beaver?

VARIOUS CROWD
Normal beaver.

ALEX
Well, you don’t have a choice.

Alex puts the beaver head back on, starts the music again and dances harder.

ON THE FIELD: Suddenly, one of the cuter, blonder players from Andover breaks away from the pack and starts charging at Maggie with the ball. Maggie digs her heels it, slaps her stick across her chest and squats into position.

As the Andover player approaches, she dips to one side, then the other, and then slaps a shot at the goal. Maggie DIVES and makes an amazing glove save. She drops the ball and hits it down field to one of her teammates.

ON THE SIDELINES -- Alex cheers in the beaver costume.

ALEX (CONT’D)
(muffled through the beaver head)
Yay Maggie!!!

The REF whistles the end of the game and the Westfield girls cheer and form a celebratory huddle in the middle of the field.

Maggie hustles towards the circle of girls in her field hockey equipment, arriving just as the huddle breaks up and the girls head to the benches, leaving Maggie alone in the middle of the field.

ON THE SIDELINES: the other Westfield girls greet their parents and boyfriends.

As Maggie watches girl after girl be hugged and congratulated by each girl’s personal entourage, Maggie’s entourage comes skipping over in a baggy Beaver costume.

ALEX (CONT’D)
You are a fucking beast!

Maggie laughs and lights up instantly. Alex does a cartwheel, losing his beaver head in the process and transitions into a giant bear hug with his best friend.

ALEX (CONT'D)
That bitch came at you thinking she was gonna score and you were like, "Score? More like go fuck yours-

VOICE (O.S.)
Maggie!

COACH (40s, grey) approaches. He's cheery and a bit overweight.

COACH
Phenomenal stuff today, Maggie, phenomenal.

MAGGIE
Thanks, coach.

Alex coughs twice, loudly, looking for attention.

COACH
And lovely dancing today, Alex.

ALEX
(feigning surprise)
Awww coach!

COACH
Alright get some rest.

MAGGIE
Will do.

Coach leaves. Alex puts his beaver arm around Maggie.

ALEX
We killed it today.

INT. WESTFIELD HIGH - GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM. LATER

The cute field hockey players wander around the locker room wrapped in towels. The showers are running and steam fills most of the room.

ACROSS THE BATHROOM: Maggie comes out of one of the stalls clutching a towel, having changed into a purple one-piece bathing suit. She's visibly self-conscious.

She walks towards the group shower. As she sets her towel down on a wooden bench, BROOKE (18, pretty) steps out of the shower. She's wet and hot.

BROOKE
Marge, have you seen my purple parachute anywhere?

MAGGIE
Good one.

BROOKE
Oh, come on that was funny. I'm kidding! You gotta have a sense of humor about yourself, Maggie. Laughing makes you live longer.

Maggie walks past Brooke and into the shower.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Whoa, Marge look how cool and quiet you're being.
(to someone)
Linds, did you know Marge was a badass?

Lindsay (17, hot) dries herself off just behind Brooke.

LINDSAY
A fatass?

Brooke laughs hard.

BROOKE
Oh my god, Marge, did you hear what she thought I said?

Maggie stands under the shower faucet and closes her eyes.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR. LATER *

Maggie, still soaked from her shower, drives down a suburban road. The windows are down, allowing for the air to rush and whip around her. She's doesn't flinch. She dries off, choosing the cold autumn air in her car over a towel in front of her teammates. *

The sun, low in the sky, blares through her window, harsh and unwanted. She squints, uncomfortable. *

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM. NIGHT

Maggie lies on her bed in the dark. Her laptop on her chest. She's reading the "DEAR FAT CHICK MESSAGE" -- She reads for a few moments before the familiar sound of a new message in her inbox stops her. She clicks it, it's from DEREK TAMLIN, his profile picture is a picture of some mountains. It reads:

DEAR MAGGIE, I KNOW THIS IS PROBABLY REALLY AWKWARD BECAUSE WE'VE NEVER TALKED IN REAL LIFE. WE ACTUALLY DID LABS TOGETHER FRESHMAN YEAR. ANYWAYS, I WAS WRITING BECAUSE I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WERE GOING TO KYLE HAMILTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY ON FRIDAY. HE INVITED THE WHOLE GRADE SO I THINK I'M INVITED. IF YOU WENT MAYBE WE COULD TALK OR SOMETHING - DEREK

Maggie smiles, biting her lip. She responds:

DEAR DEREK, I DEFINITELY REMEMBER YOU. THOSE LABS WERE REALLY FUN. I'M DEFINITELY GOING TO KYLE'S BIRTHDAY. SEE YOU THERE! :) - MAGGIE.

Maggie presses send and closes her laptop, unable to wipe the smile off her face. She reaches over to her night-stand and grabs her phone. She sets an alarm for 7:00 AM and then clicks on her photo-album and starts scrolling through.

A picture of her and Alex. Another picture of her and Alex. A picture of her painted nails. A picture of some clouds she thought were pretty. And she stops at the naked picture she took the night before.

She stares at it one last time and deletes it.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR. THE NEXT MORNING

Maggie's speeding along suburban roads in her shitbox of a car. The clock reads 11:15.

MAGGIE
Shit, shit, shit, shit.

INT. WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL. LOBBY. MOMENTS LATER

Maggie races through the front door and darts in to the MAIN OFFICE.

INT. WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL. MAIN OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Maggie approaches the front desk where MRS. MARONELLI (60s, adorable) files papers.

MAGGIE
I'm late. My phone's been weird and the alarm didn't go off.

MRS. MARONELLI
Maggie...

Mrs. Maronelli looks at Maggie, pitying her for no apparent reason.

MAGGIE
I just need a late slip. I'm never late.

MRS. MARONELLI
It's fine, hun. You doing okay?

MAGGIE
What? Yeah, I'm fine. I just missed a test during first period. I can make it up.

MRS. MARONELLI
Just so you know, the principal is in a meeting right now regarding this whole incident. We're going to get to the bottom of this, okay? Everything's going to be fine.

MAGGIE
What are you talking about?

A nerdy FRESHMAN enters. He sees Maggie and his eyes go WIDE.

FRESHMAN
Maggie?

MAGGIE
Do I know you?

FRESHMAN
No. You don't. I'm just a big fan of your work.

MAGGIE
What work?

The freshman starts to laugh.

MRS. MARONELLI
(to the freshman)
Michael, you stop laughing right now.

Starting to panic, Maggie grabs her late slip and leaves.

INT. WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER

Maggie walks down the empty hallway. The bell RINGS and kids begin to pour in. Maggie's pace slows.

Slowly, everyone's focus shifts to Maggie as they notice her -- kid by kid, cliche by cliche. Maggie puts her head down, confused, terrified. A skinny GOTH KID notices her and nudges his friend.

GOTH KID
Looking good today, Maggie.

The kids around him laugh.

Maggie keeps walking. A group of FRESHMAN GIRLS points at her and whisper amongst themselves.

A FRECKLED GUY walks by her. When he notices her, he starts to die laughing.

Maggie turns to enter a CLASSROOM but before she does, a KID WITH GLASSES interrupts.

KID WITH GLASSES
Hey fat chick, check out my new background.

He turns his phone around. The background of his phone is HER NAKED PICTURE.

Maggie's face goes white. She turns and sprints down the hallway. We follow Maggie through a gauntlet of kids cheering and laughing as she passes them. In the distance, we see Alex appear from a doorway and run after her.

ALEX
Maggie!

We continue following Maggie down a narrow corridor. The sounds of kids fading behind her. Alex yells after her, catching up. Maggie bursts through a set of double doors and into--

INT. WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL. MUSIC DEPARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

Maggie weaves through a labyrinth of hallways with the sounds of different practice rooms swelling and fading as she passes them.

Some kid is playing a violin terribly in one room. Two kids play drums and electric guitar in another. A lone bass player. A girl singing opera. *
*

Alex catches up to her. She keeps moving. He follows.

ALEX
Maggie...Maggie, please talk to me.

MAGGIE
Alex, please...

Tears well up in her eyes.

ALEX
It’s going to be okay. I promise. We can transfer schools if you want. I’ll transfer to another school with you I swear to god.

Maggie starts to cry.

MAGGIE
I’m going to fucking kill myself.

ALEX
Maggie--

MAGGIE
Please stop, just leave me alone.

ALEX
Where are you going?

MAGGIE
I’m going home. I’m getting my stuff from the lockerroom.

ALEX
Maggie, please, you’re scaring me.

Maggie stops and turns to him.

MAGGIE
Alex! I said stop!

Alex stops. Maggie continues, alone, into--

INT. GYM LOBBY. CONTINOUS

STUDENT ATHLETES mill about near trophy cases. As Maggie passes, they all notice. She opens a side door and rushes through.

INT. WEIGHTROOM. CONTINUOUS

A few DUDES lift weight and a COUPLE GIRLS run on treadmills. * When Maggie walks through, everyone stops what they're doing and stares at her. Maggie continues on her way, pulling the back door open and into--

INT. BACK CORRIDOR. CONTINOUS

A sign on the wall points to the "GIRLS LOCKERROOM." Maggie follows the long corridor all the way down the locker room door. Maggie, breathing heavier, opens it.

INT. GIRLS LOCKERROOM. CONTINUOUS

Maggie enters the locker room only to stop when she hears the familiar voices of the field hockey team.

BROOKE (O.S.)
Oh my god, a mirror shot? Like some tacky porno myspace picture?

The group of girls laugh.

ANOTHER GIRL (O.S.)
What's scary is that she probably * took like twenty pictures and that * was the best one. *

BROOKE
She better not keep wearing swimsuits in the shower. It's like, "we've already seen everything, Marge. No need to--"

The sounds of the girls fade as we leave the locker room with Maggie.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR. CONTINOUS

The door shuts behind her. Maggie walks quickly back down the corridor. Shaking her head. Crying. Angry. Really fucking angry. But just as she grabs the door to the weightroom, something further down the corridor catches her eye.

Folded neatly on top of a cheap folding table is the BEAVER MASCOT UNIFORM. Maggie stares at it. The beaver head stares back. An evil smile frozen on its face.

INT. GIRLS LOCKERROOM. MOMENTS LATER

The lockerroom door is KICKED OPEN and a massive, furious beaver comes bounding in. The Beaver looks much different than it did on a tiny gay kid. The Beaver is now a massive, hulking monster. The Beaver comes around the corner to find the field hockey girls sitting around gossiping.

LINDSAY
What the f--

But before Lindsay can finish, The Beaver grabs her by the pony tail and SLAMS her face into a locker. The rest of the girls scream and scatter.

The Beaver catches A BLONDE GIRL by the ankle and drags her across the floor. The Beaver flips her over and the blonde girl screams, clutching her phone in her hands. The Beaver grabs the phone out of her hands.

BLONDE GIRL
Not my phone! PLEASE!

The Beaver slams the phone on the ground, smashing it into a million pieces.

The Beaver continues it's rampage. Beating the hell out of the girls -- throwing them into lockers, punches, kicks, headbutts. It's mayhem. Girls scream. The Beaver pulverizes. The same evil grin frozen on its face.

Then, the Beaver notices Brooke scamper into the group shower. The Beaver makes a bee line for it, rounding the corner to find Brooke cowering in the back corner of the shower.

The Beaver enters the shower and walks right up to Brooke, towering over her.

BROOKE
What do you want? Do you want money? Do you want to see my tits? Who the fuck are you?!

The Beaver turns the six shower heads on, one by one.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?!

Soaking wet, the Beaver leaves the group shower as it begins to fill up with steam. Brooke, soaking wet as well, sighs and then screams as the Beaver comes back holding a bright pink BACKPACK.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
No! Please, all my school stuff is in there. You can't. Please.

The Beaver walks into the shower and unzips the backpack. The steam is heavy now, making it difficult to see.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
PLEASE!

The Beaver takes out a Macbook Pro and holds it under a running shower head, destroying it.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
You're fucking sick, mister!

The Beaver throws the rest of the backpack to the ground and charges towards Brooke.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(bloody murder)
NO!!!!!

We move away from the shower, now billowing steam into the rest of the room. The steam is too thick for us to see what the Beaver is doing to Brooke, but the screams we hear give us a hint.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR. LATER

Maggie, soaking wet, speeds down a suburban road with the windows down. She's still wearing the beaver uniform but the head is off. She squints hard as the sun blares through her window. She puts the sun visor down, a shadow bisects her face and her eyes relax.

CUT TO:

FACEBOOK PAGES - VARIOUS

We fly from facebook page to facebook page. All anyone can talk about it is The Beaver.

One student posts, "SOMEONE DRESSED UP AS THE WESTFIELD BEAVER AND BEAT A BUNCH OF GIRLS UP. WUT?!?! LMAO!!!" We follow the comments down as people respond. One student: "it's not funny. a girl got her nose broke :("

Another student: "this is the crziest thing ive ever heard." Another student: "FEAR THE BEAV." Lindsay posts a picture of her with a black eye with the caption "Some dude dressed as a beaver did this to me! WORST DAY EVER!"

We follow the post down, seeing that it's been "liked" twenty times. People comment underneath. One girl: "Stay strong lindz!" Another person: "is this a joke? i feel like this is a joke."

We scan past dozens of posts and pictures. Some people find it hilarious. Some find it disgusting and terrible. Others are somewhere in between.

Everyone is talking about The Beaver.

INT. WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY. THE NEXT MORNING

Maggie walks down the hallway. No one looks at her. Everyone is talking about something else now.

She overhears a group of freshman talking as she passes them.

FRESHMAN #1
I heard he was like seven feet tall. And he sounded like James Earl Jones.

FRESHMAN #2
I heard he broke a wooden bat over his knee and then ate it. You know, like a beaver.

FRESHMAN #1
Beavers don't eat wood.

Maggie banks a left and heads into the classroom that she didn't enter the day before.

INT. CLASSROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Maggie sits in the back. Her mind racing. Brooke sits in the front row with two black eyes and her nose in a splint.

MR. ATCHISON (30s, earthy crunchy) enters. He puts his bag down on his desk at the head of the class.

MR. ATCHISON
Okay, guys let's settle down.

KYLIE (17, preppy) raises her hand.

MR. ATCHISON (CONT'D)
Yes, Kylie?

KYLIE
Mr. Atchison, I don't think it's really appropriate to do classwork in light of recent events.

MR. ATCHISON
Cool.
(then)
Open your textbooks to page fifty four...

BROOKE
Mr. Atchison, I don't...I don't have my textbook.

MR. ATCHISON
Right...Brooke just share with Marcus.

Brooke looks beside her to MARCUS (17, nerdy) who grins pervertedly at the idea.

Maggie watches her, feeling bad until Brooke looks back at Maggie and shoots her a look like "what the fuck are you looking at, fatass?"

INT. CAFETERIA. LATER

Maggie and Alex walk through the lunch line together. They grab trays. A long silence.

ALEX
I'm sorry about yesterday. I should've given you space.

MAGGIE
It's okay.

ALEX
I just want you to know that I love you so much and I hate whoever did this to you.

MAGGIE
I know. Thank you.

A MALE LUNCH LADY (60s) gives them each a scoop of mashed potatoes. Maggie grabs a chocolate milk and a slice of pizza and continues down the line. Alex watches her. A long silence.

ALEX
Now can I ask you a question?

MAGGIE
Sure.

ALEX
Did you do it?

MAGGIE
Did I leak my own naked picture, Alex? No.

ALEX
No. Not that.

Alex looks around to make sure no one is within earshot. *

ALEX (CONT'D) *
I mean, did you beat up those girls? *
(no answer, then)
You said you were going to the lockerroom. And it happened right after you told me that. So did you do it? Are you the beaver?

Maggie stares at him. Her look says enough. Alex's eyes go wide.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I KNEW IT!

Maggie shushes him as every kid around them turns and stares.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to every kid)
Privacy folks, heard of it?

The kids go back to doing whatever. Maggie walks over to utensils table with her large tray of food. Alex follows.

MAGGIE
I, I don't know what I- *

ALEX
(so excited)
You are such a fucking beast. You're the greatest thing that's ever happened.

MAGGIE
Alex.

ALEX
Sorry. I'll let you talk.

MAGGIE
I'm just feeling pretty guilty about--

ALEX
GUILTY? About what? Those skanks had it coming and you know it.

MAGGIE
I think I went a little overboard.

ALEX
No. Going overboard is tormenting a girl for three fucking years because she doesn't wear the same dress size as you. Fuck those girls.

Maggie and Alex finally arrive at their empty table and sit down across from one another.

MAGGIE
I just wish I hadn't done it.

ALEX
Really? Cause I haven't heard one person talking about your picture today.

Maggie ponders this. DEREK TAMLIN (17), the boy that messaged Maggie the previous night, walks by, carrying a lunch tray with two sloppy joes on it. He has long straight hair that covers his eyes and wears a baggy AC/DC t-shirt and jean shorts.

DEREK
Hey, Maggie.

Maggie does her best to smile. It's not easy.

MAGGIE
Hey.

DEREK
It's Derek. I messaged--

MAGGIE
Yeah, no, I remember. How are you?

DEREK
I'm good.

A long silence. Alex is watching the interaction, loving it.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I like your shirt.

MAGGIE
Oh...thanks. I like yours.

Derek looks down at his baggy t-shirt. He smiles, having never heard something like this from a girl before.

DEREK
Thanks! I only have like three shirts that I wear so I'm glad you like it. I need to wash it...Okay, bye.

Derek starts walking away.

MAGGIE
Bye.

DEREK
See you tonight at Kyle's?

MAGGIE
Oh, actually Derek--

Alex interjects.

ALEX
Actually, Derek, she is definitely going.

Maggie shoots a look to Alex but doesn't correct him.

DEREK
Oh...great! See you then, Maggie.

MAGGIE
See ya.

Derek walks away.

ALEX
(quiet, to himself)
Oh and Derek this is my best friend, Alex. I almost forgot to introduce him which would've been super awkward.

MAGGIE
Why'd you tell him I'm going to Kyle's?

ALEX
Cause you're going. You like him right?

MAGGIE
I don't know.

ALEX
You're going.

Alex smiles at her. Maggie can't help but smile back.

BOOOOOOP! The sound of the school's PA system. An older man speaks.

PA VOICE (O.S.)
Westfield Beavers this is Principal Richards. All fifth period classes are being cancelled in lieu of a last minute assembling in the auditorium. Thank you. *

Alex looks at Maggie. He's got a beaver's grin on his face.

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER

The entire student body waits for the assembly to start. In the middle of the crowd, Alex whispers to Maggie.

ALEX
You have to tell me everything. What did Brooke say? Did she cry? I hope she cried.

MAGGIE
(hushing up)
Alex, shut up.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS (50s) walks on to stage. The crowd quiets.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Good morning, students.

STUDENTS
Morning!/Hey!/Hello!/Boo!/(Fart noise)

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
For those of you who are unaware of yesterday's events--

RANDOM STUDENT
THE BEAV!!!

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
...Yesterday, someone dressed up as Winston the Westfield Beaver and assaulted a number of your fellow classmates.

IN THE CROWD: Alex nudges Maggie and smiles. Maggie mouths "STOP."

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS (CONT'D)
We, the administrators of the school, have contacted the local police department and are working with them to find the person responsible for this.
(a pause, then)
Now this crime may have been committed by some lunatic who wandered off the street and put on a beaver costume. If that's the case, the police will find him or her.

RANDOM BOY (O.S.)
Him!

RANDOM GIRL (O.S.)
Sexist!

RANDOM BOY
You're joking, right?!

PRINCIPAL
BUT! If the culprit walks these halls, if the culprit is currently sitting in this room, then I will find him or her, I will expel him or her immediately and I will turn him or her over to the police.

IN THE CROWD: Maggie has turned white. Alex puts a hand on her knee.

ALEX
(whispering)
You're fine.

ON STAGE:

PRINCIPAL
HOWEVER! If The Beaver is in this room, as I suspect, and chooses to come forward right now in front of the very classmates that he or she assaulted, his or her punishment will be greatly reduced.

IN THE CROWD: the students look around. No one's budging.

Maggie grips her chair and looks at Alex.

ALEX
Maggie...don't.

MAGGIE
I have to.

But just as Maggie moves, Alex stands up.

ALEX
I'M THE BEAVER!

Everyone looks at Alex. Principal Richards spots him and lets out a single chuckle.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Really, though. Whoever did this has til the end of the day to come forward. Go to class. Be safe, everyone.

Alex sits back down.

ALEX
That felt homophobic.

Maggie hangs her head. Alex looks purposefully into the distance.

ALEX (CONT'D)
We're gonna turn this school upside fucking down.

MAGGIE
No we're not.

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD. LATER

The Westfield girls scramble with another team. Brooke, dressed in school clothes and a field hockey jacket, sits on the sidelines, benched with her injuries. Maggie, decked in her goalie gear, dives and blocks a shot.

COACH
Atta girl, Maggie!

Coach looks back into the stands, checking in on A PREPPY WOMAN (40s) who takes notes, impressed. As 80's music begins to BLARE, the scout looks up, confused.

Alex dances near his boom box in his normal clothes. Alex's usual heckler pipes up.

LOUD BRO
If you don't have the costume just sit the fuck down!

Alex turns off the music.

ALEX
The beaver has been stolen, as you all know. But it's a non-issue because Winston the Westfield Beaver is a state of mind not a costume.

LOUD BRO
You're not our mascot if you're not in a beaver costume.

ALEX
Well, can't you just picture that I'm in a giant beaver?
(realizing what he said)
Shut up-- *

Alex puts the music back on and dances.

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD. A BIT LATER

The game ends. The Westfield girls form a celebratory huddle at mid-field. Maggie trudges straight to the sidelines from her goal. No longer trying to be included in a group that doesn't want her in the first place. As she reaches the bench, she hears Brooke talking to ANOTHER PLAYER (15).

BROOKE
They said The Beaver could get some legit time if I press charges.

Maggie pretends not to listen.

ANOTHER PLAYER
Are you going to?

BROOKE
Fuck yeah.

The huddle at midfield breaks and the girls run to the sidelines. Coach holds court.

COACH
Excellent game girls. Excellent. Get some rest this weekend. State tournament starts next week. And don't think I haven't heard about this big party tonight. Don't do anything stupid.

Maggie listens from the back of the huddle.

INT. ALEX'S CAR. NIGHT

Maggie sits shotgun in Alex's hybrid car.

MAGGIE
I'm so fucked.

ALEX
You're gonna be fine. No one's gonna say anything.

MAGGIE
What's funny is that two days ago, I was bummed out at the idea of having to wait out the rest of the year as a fat nobody.

ALEX
You're not a fat nobody.

MAGGIE
Not anymore. Now I'm a wanted, fat somebody.

ALEX
Stop it, you're fine.
(then)
And you look really pretty.

Maggie is dressed up and does.

MAGGIE
...Thanks.

EXT. KYLE'S HGUSE. NIGHT

Alex and Maggie pull up. The party is in full swing. Kids on the porch. Loud music. Alex and Maggie exit the car.

ALEX
Okay, before we go in, I have a little surprise for you that I think will cheer you up.

Alex's pops his trunk revealing the BEAVER COSTUME. It's been modified. Militarized.

MAGGIE
Where did you get that?

ALEX
It was in your car. I stole your keys at some point.
(then)
So, I've made a few modifications. Knee pads, elbow pads, steel plate in the forehead for headbutts. Also, this is huge, I added a voice-modifier inside the mouth so you can talk shit and no one will know it's you.

MAGGIE
What is this?

ALEX
This is The Beaver. This is what is going to strike fear in the hearts of all the douches and skanks of Westfield High. I've got it all planned out. We can talk about it later. I made a costume for me too and I think you're really gonna like it.

MAGGIE
Are you fucking kidding me?

ALEX
What?

MAGGIE
This isn't like a fun project for us, Alex. I could be going to jail because of that fucking beaver costume.

ALEX
No, you will not be going to jail because no one knows it was you because of this fucking beaver costume.

MAGGIE
So you want us to go around beating up people we don't like?

ALEX
Maggie, we have a chance to change things.

MAGGIE
Well, things have already changed for me, Alex. If you want to change things for you, then do it yourself.

Maggie storms into the house. Alex doesn't chase after her.

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - FOYER. NIGHT

Maggie steps inside. Immediately, it's too much. A hundred kids flirting and gossiping with each other. She turns to leave. Stops herself. She scans the room. People being drunk and rowdy and annoying. No one is looking at her. It's overwhelming but fine. We follow Maggie as she walks through the party. She passes two LACROSSE DUDES (17,18) *

LACROSSE BRO #1
NO FUCKING WAY! NO SHE DIDN'T.

LACROSSE BRO #2
Twice. TWICE.

LACROSSE BRO #1
Shut the fuck up. Twice?!

LACROSSE BRO #2
Twice.

LACROSSE BRO #1
Once is like, okay, that's cool. But twice is like... *

She continues. A PIERCED GIRL (16) passes her by her.

PIERCED GIRL
Courtney! Do you have my phone? Courtney! Courtney! Courtney!
(MORE)

PIERCED GIRL (CONT'D)
Court! Court! Courtney! Nevermind, I found it!

Maggie continues. A BROODY KID (17) flirts with a CUTE BLONDE (17) in a doorway.

BROODY KID
When I take photographs. It feels like I'm actually, like, taking them. Like there was this moment happening in the world and I just, like, took it.

CUTE BLONDE
(genuinely mesmerized)
Wow, weird...

Maggie passes them into--

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

A KEG sits in a sink full of ice. Kids mingle around the counter like awkward, pubescent bar patrons. Maggie watches a COUPLE kiss. They go at it for a few seconds and then walk through a SWINGING DOOR.

As the door swings back and forth, Maggie can catch glimpses of Derek in the corner of the adjacent room. He's alone, petting a cat that's climbed onto a bookshelf. Maggie smiles.

INT. FOYER. NIGHT

Alex enters through the door. A CRYING GIRL (18) followed by a TALL KID (18). They argue in the doorway. Alex watches.

CRYING GIRL
Really, Max? Really?! That's how you're gonna be?

TALL KID
How am I being?

CRYING GIRL
You're gonna just fucking text that shit?

TALL KID
She's my friend.

CRYING GIRL
If I texted some guy like that you'd lose your fucking shit.

TALL KID
I wouldn't!

They exit the house. Their argument fades as they walks away.

CRYING GIRL
You can be a real asshole sometimes.

TALL KID
You can be a really paranoid bitch all the time.

Alex looks around the room. No Maggie. He turns left into the a large room with a beer pong table.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CONTINOUS

Kids dance and play drinking games. Alex walks through. Past a loud game of beer pong with TWO CHICKS (17,17) on one end shouting, in that smiling fake mad way, at TWO GUYS (17,17) on the other end.

CHICK #1
That was in! That was going in! You fucking dicks.

CHICK #2
Cheaters! Cheaters! You guys fucking cheat!

GUY #1
What? Are you serious?!

CHICK #1
Dead serious. Dead. Fucking. Serious.

CHICK #2
Are YOU serious? Seriously, are YOU serious?!

Alex squeezes by them, but before he can pass into the kitchen, BRITTANY (17, cute) pulls Alex into a group of three girls.

BRITTANY
Hey! You're gay, right?

ALEX
I'm Alex.

BRITTANY
Oh, hey. You're gay though, right?

ALEX
Yes.

BRITTANY
Okay, well we were talking and we need a gay man's opinion on something.

Alex sighs.

INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT

Derek, sniffling, pets a CAT. Maggie approaches. He sees her, lights up, but doesn't stop petting the cat.

DEREK
You made it! Oh, wow, I'm so glad you're here. What's up?

MAGGIE
Hey, yeah, I'm glad I came here too...oh, and nothing much, you?

DEREK
Nothing.

A silence. Derek still petting the cat.

MAGGIE
What's its name?

DEREK
The cat's name? I don't know.

Maggie notices something.

MAGGIE
Are you okay? You look like you've been crying.

DEREK
What? Oh no, I'm allergic to cats.

MAGGIE
Oh.
(a long beat)
Why are you petting it then?

DEREK
I don't know. He seemed like he needed it.

MAGGIE
Well, that's nice of you.

Maggie starts to pet the cat.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(to the cat)
It's okay, sweetheart, it's okay. I know. It's loud in here.

Maggie and Derek's hands get awfully close but never touch as they pet the cat. They share a smile.

INT. MUDROOM. NIGHT

Alex approaches AARON (17) who is looking through a pile of coats on the floor.

ALEX
Aaron, have you seen Maggie?

AARON
(laughing) *
Yeah, someone sent me the picture yesterday.

ALEX
No, have you seen her here?

AARON
She's here?

Alex pushes past him and out the door.

EXT. PORCH. CONTINUOUS

Alex steps onto the porch. Two girls pass a bowl of weed back and forth. Alex walks over to the railing and leans on it. KYLE (18, cool) smokes a cigarette nearby. Nathan approaches Kyle.

NATHAN
Kyle! What's up, man? Didn't know you were coming.

KYLE
This is my house.

NATHAN
Oh shit. Cool. The house is killer.

KYLE
And it's my birthday party.

NATHAN
(shit)
Aw, Happy Birthday man.

Kyle, pissed, puts his cigarette in an empty beer can and walks back into his house. With Nathan now alone, Alex takes a deep breath and casually approaches.

ALEX
I didn't know whose house this was either.

Nathan laughs.

NATHAN
Yeah, that was awkward.

ALEX
Who still has birthday parties? I thought everyone stopped after sixteen.

NATHAN
Yeah...

Nathan's looks around as he talks to Alex. Making sure no one is noticing. He tries to casually cover his mouth with his hand as he speaks.

ALEX
So you play lacrosse, right?

NATHAN
Um...What?...Lacrosse, yeah I play lacrosse.

Alex notices what Nathan is doing--how embarrassed Nathan is * to be talking to him. It hurts.

ALEX
Alright, I'm going to head inside. See you--

NATHAN
Would you like wanna hang out sometime?

ALEX
...yeah, sure.

NATHAN
Cool.

Nathan walks quickly into the house, his head down. Alex is stunned. Through the window, he sees Maggie talking to Derek in the corner. Alex smiles in a way we haven't seen before.

INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT

Derek and Maggie talk in the corner. The cat gone now. Derek fiddles with his jacket zipper.

MAGGIE
I could never get on stage.

DEREK
It’s a lot easier when you keep your head down. Like my friend Luke is our lead singer and has to look at the crowd. I could never do that.

MAGGIE
I’d love to come see you guys play sometime.

DEREK
Seriously?

MAGGIE
Yeah!

DEREK
That’d be...wow...that’d be awesome.

A long silence.

DEREK (CONT’D)
Hey...I just wanted to say that your picture thing must have sucked. And I’m sorry that that sucked so bad.

MAGGIE
Yeah it sucked..

DEREK
And I never looked at it. Not that I didn’t want to. Or I mean--

MAGGIE
Thank you, Derek. That’s really sweet.

A silence.

DEREK
Stuff is hard.

MAGGIE
Yeah it is.

DEREK
I wish I knew how to make it better. Cause I'd tell you for sure. I don't know, it's all really confusing...

MAGGIE
Yeah it is.

DEREK
Cause I'm like...I've always been sort of a quiet person, you know? So when stuff happens to me that sucks, I usually just take it. Cause like, for me, doing something is a lot scarier than doing nothing. But I'm trying to work on that. It's not easy though.

Maggie let's this sink in.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I gotta go to the bathroom.

MAGGIE
Oh okay.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT

Alex weaves through partygoers, unable to wipe the smile off his face. Until a DRUNK ASSHOLE (17) spots Alex. The Drunk Dude starts doing his best impression of a gay guy.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
(with a lisp)
Heyyyy it's Alex. Oh my god, honey, it's, like sooo good to see you.

ALEX
That's funny.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
This isn't funny. This is the way I am, okay? That's really offensive.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT

Maggie walks up the stairs to find a LONG LINE OF KIDS leading to the bathroom. A TOUGH GUY turns to her.

TOUGH GUY
If you're looking for heavy metal, he's been in there for like ten minutes.

Maggie walks up to the bathroom door and knocks on it.

MAGGIE
Derek? It's Maggie. Are you okay?

DEREK (O.S.)
I'm fine! Don't come in here.

MAGGIE
Are you sick?

DEREK (O.S.)
I'm fine. Just don't come in here, please.

Maggie tries the door. It's unlocked. She opens it a crack.

DEREK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Maggie, please don't come in here!

MAGGIE
Are you on the toilet?

DEREK
No I'm not. Just, please-

MAGGIE
Derek, it's okay...

Maggie opens the door and walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

The walls of the bathroom are covered with hundreds of copies of MAGGIE'S NAKED PICTURE. Derek has spent the last ten minutes taking as many down as he could. Maggie goes white.

DEREK
I'm so sorry, Maggie. I don't know why they--

MAGGIE
Please leave, Derek.

DEREK
Maggie--

MAGGIE
Please!!!

Derek does as he's told. Maggie shuts the door behind him. She looks around the room with tears in her eyes. It must have taken hours to set the room up like this. She finds her own reflection in a mirror surrounded by pictures.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT

Alex walks down the hallway with the Drunk Asshole in pursuit.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
(doing his "gay" voice)
Don't walk away from me, bitch.

Alex turns and faces him.

ALEX
Can you please just stop? I'm asking you to stop.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
(in his regular voice)
What the fuck are you gonna do about it, faggot?

Maggie comes hustling down the nearby staircase. Just as she grabs the front door to exit, she sees Alex and the Drunk Asshole.

DRUNK ASSHOLE (CONT'D)
I asked you a question: what the fuck are you gonna do about it? Faggot?

Alex looks back at Maggie. The Drunk Dude notices.

DRUNK DUDE
(to Maggie)
Is this your little gay friend?

Maggie almost answers and then opens the front door and exits. Alex shakes his head, furious at his best friend for abandoning him.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
So, what are you gonna do, gay boy?

Alex turns.

ALEX
Are you doing this cause you want to suck my dick? Cause if you want to suck my dick just ask.

THWACK. The Drunk Asshole levels Alex with right hook, causing the kids around them to shut up and take notice.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
You calling me gay???

Alex is immediately terrified and apologetic.

ALEX
I'm sorry, no. Fuck. Just...please.

The Drunk Asshole pins Alex to the ground and raises his fist.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
You wanna see how not gay I am?

ALEX
No, no, please, come on--

DRUNK ASSHOLE
YOU WANNA SEE HOW NOT GAY I AM?!

BOOM! A loud sound and all the electricity goes out. It's dark and silent.

DRUNK DUDE
What the f--

The front door is KICKED IN by THE BEAVER. Kids notice and scream like hell. Alex sees the beaver and smiles, awe-struck. The Beaver stomps over to the Drunk Asshole.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
No fucking way.

The Beaver grabs him off of Alex and slams him into a table and lamp, destroying it and him. The Beaver continues down the hallway, the same path that Maggie took earlier. The beaver destroys everything and everyone in its path.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

The Beaver arrives in the kitchen. Kids freak out.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's the fucking beaver!!!

The Beaver grabs the keg out of the sink, hoists it over its head and throws it through a large window.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The Beaver walks calmly into the living room. Kids hide under tables and behind chairs. Doing their best to be quiet. The Beaver walks slowly, enjoying the hushed breaths of fear. Suddenly, a PREPPY KID (17) completely unaware of what's been happening, comes in from the other room.

PREPPY KID
(laughing)
Did anyone see the pictures in the bathroom? Wait, who turned out the--

The Beaver grabs the Preppy Kid by the shirt and slams him onto the beer pong table, snapping it in half upon impact.

INT. FOYER. NIGHT

The beaver walks midway up the staircase, stops, turns and addresses the terrified party.

THE BEAVER
ATTENTION!

The Beaver's voice is very high pitched from the voice-changer Alex added. It sounds like a furby on helium.

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Really? This is the voice he went with...whatever. ATTENTION MEMBERS OF WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL...

INT. VARIOUS ROOMS.

We check in on various kids in various hiding spots, listening to the beaver. The high voice carries throughout the house. It's creepy as shit.

THE BEAVER
For years, a handful of kids have ruled your school. They have had the best four years of their lives at the expense of others. They have done it without guilt and without consequence. But that time is over now. Justice will come to Westfield High. Those who hurt others will be hurt themselves. *
(MORE)

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)
The Beaver shows no mercy. The Beaver accepts no apologies. Fear the Beaver. That is all.

The loud CRACK of a whip.

VOICE (O.S.)
And I'm GOLD BITCH!!!

A tiny, golden person appears in the doorway, wearing a bright, metallic gold unitard and a gold cape, holding a golden bullwhip. He has large fake tits and a voluptuous ass.

On his head, a motorcycle helmet spray-painted gold. His voice-changer is quite deep and would be intimidating if it weren't changing a very effeminate voice. He sounds like Darth Vader the drag queen. He fabulously makes his way up the stairs and takes his place beside The Beaver.

GOLD BITCH
And Gold Bitch is gonna fuck ya'll UP, ya heard?!

THE BEAVER
"Gold Bitch"? Really?

GOLD BITCH
We're not having this conversation right now.

THE BEAVER
(to the party)
Okay. So, yes, in conclusion, fear The Beaver and fear The Gold Bitch.

GOLD BITCH
(to the party)
It's actually just "Gold Bitch" not "The Gold Bitch." But yeah, fucking like totally fear us and shit. Like for real, like if you're a dickhead you should be shitting in your little dickhead pants right now. Like, seriously, check your pants and if they're not full of shit, then--

THE BEAVER
(to Gold Bush)
They get it.

GOLD BITCH *
Sorry. *
(to the party) *
Fear us! *

THE BEAVER *
Fear us! *

The Beaver walks calmly down the stairs. Gold Bitch trots down the stairs like Fred Astaire. They exit out the front door. Gold Bitch takes his time in the doorway. *

GOLD BITCH *
Ya'll motherfuckers gonna get it.
Ya'll motherfuckers. Gonna. GET IT!

INT. ALEX'S CAR. NIGHT

Alex drives decked in his Gold Bitch uniform, helmet on his lap. Maggie sits in shotgun, Beaver head on her lap. *

MAGGIE
Holy shit!

ALEX
Oh my god. Oh my god.

MAGGIE
That was fucking insane. You were completely right, Alex. I'm not gonna let them win. I'm not gonna wait around anymore.

ALEX
Nathan Gamer asked me if I wanted to hang out.

A pause.

MAGGIE
What? Like "hang out" hang out?

ALEX
I think so.

MAGGIE
Alex!

ALEX
I mean, I don't know what it means but--

MAGGIE
Yes you do! Oh my god, so how'd he do it? *

ALEX
I don't know he just asked me.

MAGGIE
This is too much. Oh my god.

ALEX
I saw you talking to Derek.

MAGGIE
Yeah...he's really nice. Like really nice.

ALEX
And cute.

MAGGIE
Yeah. Totally.
(Maggie laughs, then)
He's in a band and I told him that I should come see them play sometime.

ALEX
Maggie! Oh my god, look at you! You should be his groupie. Just like be Derek's hot mess twenty-four-seven. *

Maggie laughs. Then stops and looks out the front window.

MAGGIE
I used Russell Davidson to break a table. * *

Alex bursts out laughing. Maggie can't help but join in.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Like I picked him and up and broke a table with him.

Alex and Maggie's laughing gradually dies out. A few beats of quiet. *

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
So what do we do now?

Alex looks at her and then puts on Gold Boy's golden helmet. His voice drops four octaves.

GOLD BITCH
Whatever the fuck we want.

Gold Bitch hits a button on the radio and some upbeat 80s dance music starts blasting. Maggie smiles and puts on her beaver head. The Beaver and Gold Bitch put down the windows and rock out as they speed down an empty street.

FACEBOOK PAGES - VARIOUS

With the 80s music still blasting, we fly past facebook pages.

One kid writes, “THE BEAVER STRIKES AGAIN!” We follow the comments down one girl writes, “this shit is nuts.” Another girl “This isn’t funny, kyle got a blackeye.” The comment under “Wut a pussy. I could take a fucking beaver anyday of the weak.”

Someone posts a GRAINY CELL PHONE VIDEO of The Beaver wreaking havoc at the party. Fifty likes under the video. A cell phone photo of Gold Bitch captioned “Am I the only one that thinks she’s hot as fuck???”

Dozens of posts. Hundreds. We read some: “THOSE GUYS ARE FUCKED! THE 5-0 is coming for their bitch asses” “i think THE B AND GB are fuckn awesome. hate all u wnt” and “WHO THE FUCK ARE THESE TWO????”

INT. LUNCHROOM. THE NEXT MORNING

Maggie and Alex sit together. Alex has a pen and paper in front of him. They stare off into space, thinking intensely.

ALEX
Oh, I got another! Billy Anders. He started a rumor that I stick scented markers up my ass. Okay, so that’s...
(reviewing the notebook)
One, two, three...that’s twelve people on my list so far...and...no one on yours. Gives us a good starting point though. How about we do Aaron first, then move--

MAGGIE
No, we both have to agree on them.

ALEX
Okay, fine. This is good. We need rules. Another rule is...another rule is no killing.

MAGGIE
What? Obviously.

ALEX
Another rule is no gang stuff. Like we stay out of all gang-related activites.

MAGGIE
Shouldn't be too hard.

ALEX
Oh and we should pepper in rules that are a little more light-hearted, you know? So it's like "Rule number three: no gangs. Rule number seven: just have fun out there!"

MAGGIE
Sure.

ALEX
Great. Let's get together tonight to finish up our hit lists.

MAGGIE
Okay. It might have to be late night if that's okay. I'm seeing Derek's band tonight.

ALEX
Already? Why didn't you tell me?! Mags!

MAGGIE
Is it too soon? Should I wait longer?

ALEX
Fuck no!

MAGGIE
...Are you gonna meet up with Nathan soon?

ALEX
I don't know...I was gonna let him make the move but you know what, screw it.

Alex takes out his phone and sends a text. He puts his phone down. He immediately regrets it.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I hope that wasn't stupid.

INT. STAIRWELL. LATER.

Alex sits on the stairs holding his phone. His leg is shaking. He's containing excitement. He texts something. He waits. Then his phone buzzes. Alex reads it. He pumps his fist and lets out a celebratory squeal. *

Alex, beaming, puts his phone in his pocket. He covers his face with his hands.

ALEX
(muffled)
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM. NIGHT

Maggie puts eye-liner on in the mirror.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. NIGHT

Alex, wet from the shower, rummages through the clothes in his closet.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM. NIGHT

Maggie squeezes into a pair of jeans.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Alex sprays cologne down the neck of his sweater.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM. NIGHT

Maggie, dressed for her date, stands in front of the same mirror that her naked picture was taken in front of. She adjusts her clothes, her hair. She smiles, liking what she sees. An old guy voice calls out to her.

VOICE (O.S.)
Maggie! Your friend is here!

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. NIGHT

Alex, looking very handsome, waits by his bedroom window. Outside, Nathan's car pulls up across the street from Alex's house. Alex takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. But just as Alex goes to get up, Nathan's car pulls away. Alex puts his head out the window.

ALEX
Nathan! Nathan!

Alex takes out his phone. He texts Nathan, "You had the right house. My house is the grey one across the street from where you just--" But before he can finish the text, a text from Nathan in that reads, "can't do tonight, sorry. Had more homework than I thought."

Alex puts his phone away. Sad but not surprised.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Maggie opens her front door. Derek is decked out in his heavy metal gear -- black eyeliner, black clothes, chains.

DEREK
Wow, you look really nice.

MAGGIE
Thanks. You too.

They share a smile.

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE. NIGHT

Maggie sits in a brightly lit and scarcely populated bookstore among an audience of a MIDDLE AGED MOTHER (40s) and a few YOUNG BROTHERS AND SISTERS (10-14).

A small stage is set up right between the "RELIGIOUS DETECTIVES" section and the "PARANORMAL ROMANCE" section.

On the stage is Derek's band. CHANCE (18, acne) on lead guitar, KSANDER (15, tiny) drums, LUKE (17, too tall) the lead singer and Derek on bass. A homemade sign above them reads "THE CLOTS" in bloody letters.

LUKE
Thank you for coming. We are The Clots.

The Clots burst into their first song. It's heavy, loud, and nonsense. Luke SCREAMS low unintelligble lyrics. *

We catch a few “bloods” and “satans” but his singing mostly sounds like cookie monster having an orgasm.

Maggie watches, smiling proud. Her eyes never leave Derek. Derek’s eyes never leave the floor. His hair covering his face as he rocks.

He lifts his head just long enough to check in on Maggie. As his eyes meet hers, he puts his head back down. But not before we see his cheeks start to go red and his mouth curl into a smile.

INT. ALEX’S ROOM. NIGHT *

Alex sits at his desk, staring at his laptop. On the screen, * Nathan’s facebook page is open. Alex scrolls through Nathan’s * pictures. One of him playing lacrosse. Another with his arm * around a girl. *

Alex stops at cute picture of Nathan leaning against a tree. * Nathan looks handsome, happy. Alex reads the comments * underneath. *

The first comment, from BROOKE GARDNER, “Looking good, Natey * ;).” Underneath that, JEFF VIVIAN writes “i saw him first * brooke!” Underneath that, Nathan himself responds, “hahahah * jeff you fag.” *

Alex shuts his laptop. He stares at nothing in particular. He * takes a deep breath. Another. Then, with sudden purpose, * opens his laptop again. *

He logs out of his facebook account. Clicks on “CREATE A NEW * FACEBOOK PROFILE.” Facebook asks Alex, “What is your name?” * He types his response: “THE BEAVER AND GOLD BITCH.” *

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE. NIGHT

Maggie, Derek and the band hang out in the parking lot. Everyone is aggressively awkward. Maggie checks her phone: an * alert for FIVE TEXTS MESSAGES FROM ALEX. She ignores it. *

LUKE
“Death Labyrinth” sounded pretty good tonight.

KSANDER
Yeah, Derek you really nailed that tempo chance.

Maggie smiles at Derek.

DEREK
Ha. Thanks, KSander...

CHANCE
I gotta get going. My fucking mom is such a fucking dick.

KSANDER
Yeah, I should get going too.

LUKE
Cool, practice tomorrow at lunch?

KSANDER
Cool.

CHANCE
For sure.

DEREK
Sounds good.

MAGGIE
I'm Maggie by the way.

LUKE
Hey.

KSANDER
Hi.

CHANCE
My name's Chance.

A long pause.

LUKE
Alright see you guys.

The band walk away, leaving Maggie and Derek alone.

DEREK
Sorry, I didn't introduce you.
That's so awkward. *

MAGGIE
No! All cool. All cool.

DEREK
They really like you. I can tell.

MAGGIE
Yeah, they're really cool.

DEREK *
Do you want to sit? *

Derek motions to a bench nearby. *

MAGGIE
Sure.

Maggie and Derek sit next to each other on the bench, their size doing all the otherwise awkward work of forcing them to sit close to each other. An awkward silence.

DEREK
I hope this doesn't sound weird, but you look like really pretty.

Derek laughs nervously through his nose. Maggie blushes.

MAGGIE
Thanks, Derek. You look really cool.

DEREK
(laughs again)
No way...

Another silence.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Do you remember back in Freshman Bio when we had to grow fungus in a petri dish?

MAGGIE
Of course! Ours was the best.

DEREK
Yeah, our fungus was like four times bigger than the next best group's fungus.

MAGGIE
Mr. Dupre said if there was something higher than an A plus, he would have given it to our fungus.

Derek and Maggie share a laugh.

DEREK
We made a pretty good team, right?

MAGGIE
I think we did.

DEREK
Cool. I think we did too.

Maggie smiles and stares at Derek. Derek stares forward.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Can I kiss you?

MAGGIE
Sure.

Derek leans in and kisses her. It's short and gentle. Maggie smiles. Derek is bright red.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Do you want to do something? Like see a movie?

DEREK
Like now?

MAGGIE
Yeah, I don't have to be home for a while.

DEREK
(containing excitement)
Wow...awesome. I don't either.

Maggie's phone BEEPS. She takes it out to shut it off.

MAGGIE
Sorry! I silenced this thing for the concert. My phone's been weird.

Another text from Alex. Maggie opens them. They read: "BEAVER EMERGENCY!" "COME OVER RIGHT NOW" "MAGS!" "MAGS! COME OVER!" "!!!!" "MAGGGGSSSS"

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Shit.

DEREK
What? Do you have to go?

MAGGIE
Um...Yes. Sorry. It's an emergency. But it's not a big deal.

DEREK
Okay.

MAGGIE
Like everything's fine and you're great. And it's nothing. But I have to go.

DEREK
Yeah, that's cool. It wasn't something I did, right?

MAGGIE
No, no, not at all.

DEREK
No, I knew that.

MAGGIE
Great. Thanks for tonight.

DEREK
Thanks for coming.

Maggie leans in, not knowing whether to kiss him again or not, she just gives him a hug. It's awkward. She walks toward the parking lot and then turns.

MAGGIE
You drove me.

DEREK
Right, right.

Derek walks towards her.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Maggie bursts through the door. Alex is sitting at his desk. *

ALEX
What took you so long?

MAGGIE
Derek had to drive me home and then I had to drive here.

ALEX
Why didn't he just drop you off here?

MAGGIE
Cause I didn't want him thinking that I cut our date short so I could hang out with my gay best friend!

ALEX
That's fair. *

MAGGIE
How was your thing with Nathan?

ALEX
I don't want to talk about it.

MAGGIE
What happened?

ALEX
I'm changing the subject. Maggie, I texted you six times. And don't act like you didn't see them, I know how often you check your phone. We need to make another rule: if one of us texts the other with a Beaver slash Gold Bitch emergency, the other must stop what they're doing immediately and go and meet the other one. No exceptions.

MAGGIE
Fine. But we have to stop calling it Beaver slash Gold Bitch stuff. We should text in code.

ALEX
(thinking)
Right...but it should be badass. So like I'll text you, "Yo M, a new batch of shit just came in."

MAGGIE
It shouldn't sound like a drug deal, Alex. It should sound casual.

ALEX
Right. Oh! How about 90's boy band. Like, "I think 98 degrees might be getting back together."

MAGGIE
Sure, whatever.

ALEX
Have to be true boy bands though. If any of them play instruments, it's not technically a boy band.

MAGGIE
Okay.

ALEX
And R&B groups don't count. You know I love me some Boyz II Men but if I hear one more person call them a boy band, I'm will go--

MAGGIE
Alex, for fuck's sake. Is this why you made me rush over?!

ALEX
No.
(then)
I found The Beaver and Gold Bitch's next target.

MAGGIE
Alex, I thought we agreed that we have to agree on these things. I didn't know half the kids on your list--

ALEX
It's not someone from my list. Don't get mad, but I may have made a facebook page for The Beaver and Gold Bitch and friended most of Westfield High.

Alex, smiling, opens his laptop, revealing The Beaver and Gold Bitch's facebook page. The profile picture is just LARGE GOLD TEXT ON A BROWN BACKGROUND THAT READS, "THE BEAVER AND GOLD BITCH." Dozens of wall posts by students.

MAGGIE
What?! Are you kidding me??

ALEX
It's fine. I used a fake email. No one will know--

MAGGIE
Why did you make us a facebook page?!

ALEX
It was fun, I don't know! And I needed to get my mind off of what happened with Nathan.

MAGGIE
What happened with Nathan?

ALEX
I don't want to talk about it. But yeah, the page got flooded with comments. Some compliments, some death threats. But then this happened.

Alex clicks on the page's inbox and opens a message from CODY DRUSCHEL (15, small with curly hair).

ALEX (CONT'D)
Read it.

MAGGIE
(reading)
Dear Beaver and Gold Bitch, I know you guys do your own thing, but I was wondering if you took requests--
(stops reading)
Requests, Alex?! We're not taking hits from people. This is our thing. I'm not--

ALEX
Just keep reading.

Maggie is annoyed but reluctantly continues.

MAGGIE
...I know you guys do your own thing, but I was wondering if you took requests. See I'm on the Archery team because...

Maggie's slowly transforms into Cody's voice as Alex's bedroom slowly transforms into--

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. FLASHBACK

Cody shoots arrows with the THREE OTHER MEMBERS of the Archery team.

CODY (V.O.)
...because it's the only team that doesn't make cuts and my mom says I need more exercise. I suck at archery. And the other three guys are dicks. Their names are Michael Whitney...

Close on MICHAEL WINTEY (17, douche, short blonde hair).

CODY (V.O.)
Andrew Buckley...

Close on ANDREW BUCKLEY (16, douche, spiked hair)

CODY (V.O.)
And Rich McNeely. *

Close on RICH MCNEELY (17, douche, perfect hair) *

INT. CABIN. FLASHBACK

The three teammates and Cody sit by an fireplace. The three talk. Cody doesn't try to participate.

CODY (V.O.)
So, two weeks ago our coach rented a cabin for us for the weekend with the archery budget. I knew they wish'd that I hadn't come. I did too. But my mom said I needed to spend time with kids my age.

INT. CABIN. SHOWER. FLASHBACK

Cody washes his long curly hair.

CODY (V.O.)
I was just trying to wait the weekend out. But then they did it.

He takes his shampoo-filled hands out of his hair and smells them. He gags. He takes his bottle of shampoo, unscrews the cap, and pours it onto the floor of the shower. It flows out in disgusting and inconsistent milky streaks. *

CODY (V.O.)
They jizzed in my shampoo.

INT. CLASSROOM. FLASHBACK

Cody sits in the last row. His beautiful head of curly hair now completely shaven.

CODY (V.O.)
All three of them will be drinking behind the school fieldhouse from ten to twelve tonight. If it's not too much trouble, I'd really appreciate it if you bashed their heads in.

Maggie's voice fades back in.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. NIGHT

MAGGIE
(reading)
"Thanks. Cody."
(she stops)
Jesus, Christ.

ALEX
Right?

Maggie thinks long and hard. Then looks at Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)
This kid needs us.

Maggie looks back at the computer.

MAGGIE
Okay.

ALEX
Fuck yes!

MAGGIE
But this is a one time thing. We're not hitmen.

ALEX
Obviously not. We're heroes. Heroes that don't take requests except for this one time because it's maybe the worst thing that's ever happened.

MAGGIE
Right.

Alex looks at Maggie. She looks back.

ALEX
Then let's suit the fuck up.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

-- Maggie slaps on protective knee and elbow pads.

-- Alex slaps on a large pair of rubber breasts and a bra. He fastens the bra behind back.

-- Maggie ties her hair into a pony tail. *

-- Alex slips two large fake butt cheeks into his underwear. *

-- Maggie climbs into the body of The Beaver. The suit is bulky and heavy. *

-- Alex squeezes into Gold Bitch's unitard. Maggie zips it for him the back. *

-- The Beaver and Gold Bitch, now in full get up, look at one another. *

-- TIGHT ON a tiny gold hand and a giant beaver's paw doing a FIST POUND. *

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE. NIGHT *

The Beaver and Gold Bitch strut in SLOW MOTION toward's Alex's car. *

EXT. STREET. NIGHT *

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a sedan pulls up to a red light. He looks at the car in the lane beside him. *

Inside of the car beside him, The Beaver and Gold Boy stare straight ahead. The man stares at them. *

Then, in perfect unison, The Beaver and Gold Boy slowly turn their heads towards the middle-aged man. The man's eyes widen. *

The light turns green and The Beaver and Gold Boy speed off. The man doesn't move. *

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT. NIGHT *

The Beaver and Gold Bitch walk casually away from Alex's car. They chat with their ridiculously high-pitched and low-pitched voices. *

THE BEAVER *
Nathan stood you up? That really sucks. *

GOLD BITCH *
Like I saw him pull up. And then he just leaves. *

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D) *
I mean he's closeted. He's gonna be completely unreliable.

THE BEAVER
Yeah, like so he has all the power and you just have to wait for him to be ready.

GOLD BITCH *
Exactly! This is why being gay and dating is impossible in high school.

They walk around the outside of the school.

THE BEAVER
Being fat and dating isn't the easiest thing either.

GOLD BITCH *
Yeah, but I'm much more gay than you are fat.

THE BEAVER
No way. I'm way fatter than you are gay.

GOLD BITCH *
No, cause you're not that fat. And even if you were, you might not be fat in five years. I'm super gay and will be super gay until I'm super dead.

The beaver laughs. We hear the sounds of three rowdy kids. It's coming from behind a LARGE BARN tucked against the woods behind the school. Gold Bitch and The Beaver give each other * a nod and run towards the barn.

EXT. BARN. NIGHT

Rich, Andrew and Michael, with their douchey haircuts, sit on lawn chair, empty beer cans scattered around them.

ANDREW
I'd do it. Just fucking put a paper bag over her head.

Rich and Michael laugh.

MICHAEL
Okay, what about Hannah Gunsworth?

ANDREW
Ew! Dude, no.

MICHAEL
Fuckkkk no. Why would you even ask ask that?

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We're just naming girls. Come on, we were having fun--

GOLD BITCH (O.S.) *
Well, well, well what do we have here.

Gold Bitch and The Beaver step out from the darkness. The three boys see and them and pick up their BOWS AND ARROWS. *

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D) *
Oh fuck!

BEAVER
SHIT!

Gold Bitch and The Beaver run back into the dark as the boys fire their ARROWS. Two miss but one hits Gold Bitch DIRECTLY IN THE HEAD. It doesn't go in deep but it sticks. * *

GOLD BITCH *
I've been shot in the head with an arrow! I have been shot in my fucking head with a fucking arrow!

The Beaver grabs Gold Bitch and ducks behind a tree in the dark. The boys reload. *

RICH
Come get us, you fucking weirdos!

Gold Bitch and the Beaver whisper behind the tree. *

GOLD BITCH *
Why is this happening?

THE BEAVER
Because they're on the fucking archery team.

GOLD BITCH *
Right. Yeah, we should've seen this coming.

THE BEAVER
Are you okay?

Alex tries to pull the arrow out. It doesn't move.

GOLD BITCH *
I'm fine. What's our plan?

THE BEAVER
Our plan is to get the fuck out of here before we are killed with arrows.

GOLD BITCH *
I'll distract them. You do the rest.

THE BEAVER
What? No.

But Gold Bitch is already running back to the light. *

THE BEAVER (CONT'D) *
Jesus fuck-- *

Gold Bitch sprints across the field as the boys take aim at him. Gold Bitch does a series of cartwheels. Rich and Michael shoot and miss. Andrew doesn't fire his arrow.

ANDREW
This is really weird, right?

WHAM! Andrew is leveled by the Beaver. MICHAEL scrambles to reload but is PUNCHED IN THE STOMACH by the Beaver and falls to the ground. Michael drops his bow, surrendering.

MICHAEL
Let's talk this out, okay? Mr. Beaver, please. Maybe we can--

WHACK! Michael is knocked out by a flying punch from Gold Bitch, who immediately yelps and holds his hurt hand. *

GOLD BOY
Ow! Ow! Gold Bitch knows no pain but ow! Ow! *

INT. BARN. NIGHT

A dark barn, strewn with gym equipment, illuminated by a single hanging light bulb. Rich, Michael and Andrew sit on metal folding chairs with their arms bound to their sides and their bodies bound to their chairs with colorful jump ropes. *

Gold Bitch, with the arrow still stuck in his helmet, paces in front of them. The Beaver stands off to the side with the three bows slung over its shoulder. *

GOLD BITCH *
Good evening, boys.

RICH
Fuck off.

ANDREW
(worried)
Rich!

GOLD BITCH *
Looks like we got ourselves a tough guy.

Gold Bitch gets right in Rich's face. Helmet to nose. He speaks calmly, slowly. *

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D) *
Are you a tough guy, Rich? Do you drink protein shakes and lift barbells? I bet you chew sunflower seeds. I bet you think that's cool. It's not cool, Rich. Sunflower seeds are stupid.

THE BEAVER
Okay, Gold Bitch, let's get to the point. *

GOLD BITCH *
The Beaver and I whoop the asses of those who take pleasure in the misfortune of others. And since we whooped your asses, that must mean that you three do just that. Is this accurate?

ANDREW
Look, whatever this is about, we can fix it.

GOLD BITCH *
You jizzed in Cody Druschel's shampoo.

Rich, the least scared, bursts out laughing. Andrew and Michael can't help but join in. Gold Bitch grabs Michael by the shirt. *

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D) *
You think this is funny motherfucker?

Michael stops laughing. Rich doesn't.

MICHAEL
No.

GOLD BITCH *
Then why'd you do it to him?

RICH
Cause Cody's a little faggot.

Gold Bitch goes silent. He slowly turns to Rich. *

GOLD BITCH *
What did you say?

RICH
I said, Cody's a little faggot. And that's why we came in his shampoo. Because he's a little faggot.

THE BEAVER
(tsk, tsk, tsk) *
Oh, rich, rich, rich... *

Gold Bitch reaches down the front of his unitard and removes * his fake breasts. The rubber boobs bounce as they hit the * floor. Gold Bitch gets right in Rich's face. *

MICHAEL *
What the fuck? *

ANDREW *
I hate how weird this is. *

GOLD BOY
You know, Richard, people call me a faggot from time to time.

RICH
You don't say.

GOLD BITCH *
Yeah. They've been doing it for a * while. I was called a faggot on a field trip in fourth grade. That was the first time. I remember that. And then I got called faggot again six months later. In fifth grade, I got called faggot seven times. Seven. After that I stopped counting. I got called faggot on the bus. I got called faggot behind my back.
(MORE)

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D)
And then on my fourteenth birthday, my dad grabbed me by the throat, slammed me against the wall and called me...wanna guess what he called me?

RICH
(getting scared)
Faggot?

GOLD BITCH *
Ding, ding, ding. Very good.

Gold Bitch walks over to a small black bag in the corner. *

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D) *
So I don't like being called faggot very much. And I'm guessing Cody Druschel doesn't like being called faggot that much either.

Gold Bitch grabs the bag and walks back to Rich. *

RICH
(terrified)
What are you doing?

GOLD BITCH *
And I'm certain that Cody, faggot or not, hated having the DNA of such an ignorant fuck ejaculated into his shampoo bottle.

Gold Bitch pulls a pair of HAIR CLIPPERS out of the bag. * Rich, with his beautiful, douchey haircut, screams.

RICH
NO! Just beat me up! Please! PLEASE!

GOLD BITCH *
Who's the faggot now, Rich?!

RICH
I am!

GOLD BITCH *
Wrong!

Gold Bitch shaves off Rich's left eyebrow. Rich screams. *

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D) *
Who is the faggot now, Rich?!

RICH
I DON'T KNOW!

GOLD BITCH *
Wrong!

Right eyebrow now. Gone. Rich screams. Cries.

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D) *
It's me! I'm still the faggot,
Rich! It was a trick question!

Gold Bitch starts massacring Rich's hair with the clippers. *
Beautiful locks of well-shampooed hair fall to the barn floor. The buzzing of the hair clippers can't drown out the screams. *

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. THE NEXT DAY *

Maggie and Alex talk by their lockers. *

ALEX *
Well, that was fun. *

MAGGIE *
I don't know... *

ALEX *
"I don't know"? What is this "I don't know"? *

MAGGIE *
I don't know if we're doing the right thing here. *

ALEX *
Are you kidding me? Look at Rich over there. *

ACROSS THE HALLWAY: Rich, with a cleanly-shaven head, meekly puts books into his locker. *

ALEX (CONT'D) *
That right there is a solved problem. Yesterday, he was a sociopath. Now, I probably couldn't get him to call me a faggot if I tried. Watch: *
(shouting) *
Hey, Rich! You look like G.I.Jane! *

MAGGIE *
SHH, Alex, stop! *

ALEX
You need to open your eyes, Maggie. Look around. There are a lot of kids here that feel the same way that we feel. They want the same things that we want. They just don't have a way of getting it.

Maggie looks around. Taking in each person that passes.

ALEX (CONT'D)
But we can give it to them. What we're doing isn't wrong. Not doing it would be wrong.

Maggie's eyes lock on a SHY GIRL (16) standing by the water fountain. Alex notices that Maggie is watching her.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Who's that?

MAGGIE
I don't know.

The shy girl goes to use the water fountain but a CUTE GIRL (17) butts in and starts drinking from it. The shy girl backs off awkwardly, apologizing profusely for no reason.

Maggie sees this.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You're right.

ALEX
Fuck yeah I am.

As the cute girl leaves the water fountain, the shy girl finally takes her drink.

THE SHY GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
Dear Gold Bitch and The Beaver...

<u>START OF MONTAGE:</u>

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB. FLASHBACK

The shy girl sits alone, playing with a Bunsen Burner.

THE SHY GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
...my name is Beth Shapiro and I've been getting shit from the same two girls since freshman year.

A few tables up. STEPHANIE (16) looks back at Beth. Stephanie then whispers to the girl sitting beside her, AMBER (16). They both laugh.

BETH (V.O.)
Last month, they started a rumor that I have a penis. I don't.

INT. BOILER ROOM. DAY

The Beaver has both Stephanie and Amber pinned to the floor. Gold Bitch is hitting both of them in their faces with a large rubber penis. We can tell the girls are screaming but we hear nothing but Beth's voice. *

BETH (V.O.)
Their names are Stephanie King and Amber Santapio. I heard what you did for Cody Druschel. If you could do the same for me I'd really appreciate it.

Gold Bitch stops the flogging for a second. Then starts again. *

A BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
Dear Beav and Gold Bitch... *

EXT. SCHOOL. COURTYARD. FLASHBACK

Evan Ma (16) sits in his wheelchair, doing homework.

EVAN (V.O.)
I'm a big fan. My name is Evan Ma.

INT. SCHOOL. HALLWAY. FLASHBACK

Kevin rolls down the hall. TREVOR BRAGDEN (17, short) sneaks up behind him.

EVAN (V.O.)
This one kid, Trevor Bragden, always fucks with me.

Trevor shoves a ruler in the spokes of Evan's wheelchair, jamming it. Evan stops. Trevor continues down the hall.

EVAN (V.O.)
He calls me Stephen Hawkings. Even though I tell him not to and also tell him that it's Stephen HawkING not Stephen HawkINGS. Not that Trevor cares.

EXT. SOME PARKING LOT. NIGHT

Trevor Bragdon texts and walks, head down.

EVAN (V.O.)
My life would be so much easier if this one prick would just leave me alone. Please do this for me. I'm begging you.

Trevor, eyes still on his phone, arrives at his car and goes to grab the handle. He grabs too high. That's weird. He looks up. His face drops. The WHEELS ON HIS CAR ARE GONE.

A DIFFERENT GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
Dear Mr. Beaver and Mrs. Bitch... *

Evan covers his mouth. The Beaver and Gold Bitch appear * behind him.

INT. CLASSROOM. FLASHBACK.

Another girl, DEBORAH HOLLINS (18, very tall), sits in a desk that's a little too small for her.

DEBORAH (V.O.)
I'm Deborah Hollins. Lea Vitale told the rest of the girl's basketball team that I use five tampons at a time because I'm a giant and I have a giant vagina.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM. DAY

Gold Bitch puts a quarter into a tampon vending machine on * the wall. He removes a tampon, unwraps it and walks over to the Beaver, who has LEA VITALE (17) trapped in its arms. Lea's mouth is stuffed with twenty tampons.

DEBORAH (V.O.)
Please teach that bitch a lesson.

Lea watches, terrified as Gold Bitch crams one more tampon in * her mouth.

A DIFFERENT BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
Dear Beaver and--

ANOTHER BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
Dear Golden Girl and Beaver thing-- *

A DIFFERENT GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
To whoever the fuck this really is... *

INT. BLACKBOX THEATRE. FLASHBACK

A THEATRE KID (16) sits in the corner against a mirror.

THEATRE KID (V.O.)
My name is Adrian Thompson--

INT. CAFETERIA. FLASHBACK

A CUTE BLONDE GIRL gets a salad. She's been crying.

CUTE BLONDE GIRL (V.O.)
I'm Cindy Millican--

EXT. TRACK. FLASHBACK.

A SHORT FAT KID jogs on the track sweating, as his classmates pass him.

SHORT FAT KID (V.O.)
My name's Joey Karlson-Grey--

A LOW VOICED BOY (V.O.)
Dear Beaver and GB--

INT. DEREK'S CAR. NIGHT

Maggie get's into the car and kisses Derek on the cheek.

SOME GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
The two of them have thrown eggs at me on like four separate occasions.

Maggie gets a text. She rolls her eyes. She apologizes to Derek profusely and leaves his car. Derek watches her leave and sighs.

INT. MUSIC PRACTICE ROOM. DAY

The Beaver is slamming SOME BOY's head onto a snare drum.

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
He said if I play drums then I must be a lesbian.

ANOTHER BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
She does it everyday. She says the same things everyday. Please help me. *

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD. DAY

A field hockey game is underway. SOME OTHER GIRL IS PLAYING GOALIE. An OPPONENT charges her and scores.

A GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
I know you might not have time for this, but I was wondering if...

On the sidelines, Coach breathes heavily, frustrated.

The disembodied voices start building in density. Dozens, no hundreds of high school testimonies collide and crescendo. We move under the bleachers, where The Beaver and Gold Bitch * chase A GUY AND A GIRL that wear matching track suits.

A DIFFERENT BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
You guys are my last hope--

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY *

Maggie and Alex walk down the hallway in slow-motion. They * walk with a confidence we haven't seen before. *

A DIFFERENT BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
I just know if you guys did something, they'd stop--

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
I don't know what else to do.

ANOTHER BOY'S VOICE (V.O.) *
Thank you so much for doing this. *
Thank you. *

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD. DAY *

Back under the bleachers, Gold Bitch catches up to the track- * suited couple and trips them. They fall to the ground. The * Beaver arrives and stands over them, ready to pulverize.

A DIFFERENT GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
You guys are my heroes.

END OF MONTAGE.

A GENTLE MAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
There are four different types of bullying.

INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY

The auditorium is packed with kids. On stage, MR. SENATE (50, gentle, moustache) holds court. A PowerPoint presentation on bullying is playing behind him. The current slide reads: "5 TYPES OF BULLYING."

MR. SENATE
There is physical bullying.

Mr. Senate presses a clicker in his hand and the next slide pops up. It reads: "PHYSICAL BULLYING" and has a cheesy cartoon of someone being beaten up. Some sideways italicized * font reads: "what, fisticuffs??" The whole presentation * wreaks of the 1980s.

MR. SENATE (CONT'D)
Physical bullying can be punching or kicking or shoving. Can anyone give me an example of physical bullying?
(he scans the crowd)
Yes, you.

KID IN THE CROWD
Forcing someone to have sex with you.

MR. SENATE
Okay, well that's rape which isn't really bullying per se but I think you get the idea. There's also verbal bullying.

Next slide reads: "VERBAL BULLYING" and a picture of a mouth.

MR. SENATE (CONT'D)
Anyone want to give an example of verbal bullying?

RANDOM KID (O.S.)
You're bald and ugly!

ANOTHER KID (O.S.)
You have a gay moustache!

MR. SENATE
Okay, good. Thank you--

DIFFERENT KID (V.O.)
I bet your moustache tickles your boyfriend's balls!

MR. SENATE
The third type of bullying is social bullying. *

New slide: "SOCIAL BULLYING" cartoon of cliches of kids.

MR. SENATE (CONT'D)
This form of bullying can manifest itself in excluding one of your peers from a dodgeball game or perhaps ignoring them at an ice cream social or sock hop...And * finally, there is Cyber Bullying.

New slide: "CYBER BULLYING" picture of an original Macintosh.

MR. SENATE (CONT'D)
Now Cyber Bullying is the newest form of bullying. And it's turned out to be the most dangerous as well. Does anyone know why it's so dangerous?
(scans the room)
Yes, you in the red shirt.

GIRL IN RED SHIRT
Because it's cyber?

MR. SENATE
No...It's most dangerous because it's often anonymous. And when people can remain anonymous, they tend to do things that they wouldn't be able to do in real life.

In the back row, Maggie sits with Alex, listening carefully.

MR. SENATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's a lack of accountability and a lack of consequence in this new form of bullying. But if we can work together to communicate better with each other, maybe we can put a stop to it. How's that sound? *

Maggie looks down.

INT. HALLWAY. LATER

Maggie arrives at her locker. A few lockers down, Brooke is loading books into her backpack. Maggie spots her and gives the locker beside Brooke's a LOUD PUNCH. *

Brooke jumps, startled. *

BROOKE *
Really funny, Marge. *

Brooke gathers her things. She's on the verge of tears, having been on edge of a while now. *

Maggie, satisfied, turns to her locker and opens it. She grabs a thick textbook. She's just about to shut the locker when her eyes spot something else. *

A neatly folded piece of lined paper with "MAGGIE" written on the outside with some hand-drawn hearts around the name. Maggie smiles. She grabs the note and opens it. It reads, simply, "I've seen your tits." *

VOICE (O.S.)
Maggie.

MAGGIE
What?!

Maggie whips around, furious, to find Principal Richards.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Can I see you in my office?

MAGGIE
...sure. I mean, yes, of course.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER

Principal Richards enters and sits at his desk, followed by Maggie who sits in the lone chair across from it.

A silence. Maggie is terrified.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Let's talk about this picture of yours.

MAGGIE
(phew)
Okay...

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
How'd it get around the school?

MAGGIE
I don't know.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Did you send this picture to your boyfriend? That's how most of this stuff starts.

MAGGIE
I didn't send it to him, no.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Okay.
(then)
Well, how do you want me to proceed with this, Maggie? I'll leave it alone if you want it left alone, or I can try to crack this thing for you. I got a lot on my plate right now with this fucking beaver thing. Excuse my language.

MAGGIE
You can just leave it alone.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Alright. Well, when I catch The Beaver and all this settles down, I'll check back in with you. How does that sound?

MAGGIE
Perfect.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Good...And your coach mentioned that you've missed a few games the last couple weeks.

MAGGIE
Yeah, that's just...These last few weeks have been...

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Say no more. Totally understandable.

MAGGIE
Thanks.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Get going.

Maggie gets up. As she reaches the door:

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS (CONT'D)
Who do you think it is?

MAGGIE
Who?

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
The Beaver.

MAGGIE
Oh...I have no idea.

Maggie leaves. Principal Richards watches her.

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD. LATER

We cut between a series of beautiful saves by Maggie at the goal. She's better than ever. The game ends. The scoreboard reads "HOME: 5 VISITORS: 0." A shutout. A perfect game for Maggie.

The girls run to the sideline. Maggie smiles and waves to someone in the bleachers.

In the bleachers, Derek sits by himself and waves back. On the ground below, Alex does the robot next to his boombox. He gives Maggie a robot wave. She laughs and robot waves back.

Maggie opens a bottle of water and pours it down her back. Brooke, still injured and benched, watches her. *

MAGGIE
(cocky, sarcastic)
Nice game today, Brooke.

BROOKE
Eat a dick, Marge.

MAGGIE
Aw, will you teach me?

Brooke shakes her head. Annoyed, hurt. Coach approaches with the COLLEGE SCOUT from before.

COACH
Maggie! I want to introduce you to someone.

The scout steps forward.

COACH (CONT'D)
Maggie this is Deborah Brislin from Syracuse.

DEBORAH
So good to meet you.

MAGGIE
You too.

DEBORAH
Very impressive stuff. Really unbelievable.

MAGGIE
Thank you.

DEBORAH
Your instincts out there are spot on. I'd love to talk to you sometime about what your plans are for next year.

MAGGIE
That'd be amazing.

DEBORAH
Great. I'll be in touch.

Deborah walks away. Maggie is thrilled. Coach waits until Deborah is out of earshot.

COACH
Maggie, I can't guarantee it, but I'd bet you're looking at a full boat from her if you want it. But the people at the college level value commitment more than anything. Now you've missed four practices and three games in the last--

MAGGIE
It won't happen again. I promise.

COACH
Good.

Coach smiles. Maggie smiles back, but not fully.

EXT. FAST FOOD PLACE. LATER

Maggie and Alex eat fast food in Maggie's parked car.

MAGGIE
We need to stop doing this.

ALEX
Speak for yourself. I'm eating this shit until it kills me.

MAGGIE
No, I meant...well yes we need to stop eating fast food too but I'm not being the beaver anymore. *

ALEX
What? No way! We're heroes. Heroes don't stop being heroes.

MAGGIE
Richards called me into his office this morning.

ALEX
What?! Why?

MAGGIE
It's fine. He doesn't know anything. But he will if we keep doing this. You know, I may be looking at a field hockey scholarship somewhere.

ALEX
What's that supposed to mean? You think I don't have shit to lose by doing this? I thought we both agreed that this was worth the risk.

MAGGIE
And I want to be able to hang out with Derek more. We barely get to see each other.
(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
And when we do, two hours in I get texted N'SYNC lyrics and ditch him.

ALEX
(getting it)
Okay. I'm sorry. If you want to take a *break*. A. BREAK. Then that's fine.

MAGGIE
Thank you.

Maggie smiles. Alex does his best to smile back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
And that stupid Halloween dance is coming up in a couple weeks. And I know we usually dress up together--

ALEX
Dress up with Derek.

MAGGIE
Thanks. Come with us, though.

ALEX
For sure.

They eat in silence.

MAGGIE
Any updates with Nathan?

ALEX
No.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Alex enters through the front door and hangs his backpack up. He sits down on the couch next to his brother DENNIS (23, sweatpants, shithead). Antique Roadshow plays on the TV.

ALEX
Hey, Dennis.

DENNIS
Yo, when'd you get home?

ALEX
Just now.

DENNIS
Word.

They watch TV for a bit.

ALEX
Can I ask you something?

DENNIS
What about?

ALEX
It’s...Well, it’s...

DENNIS
Is it about gay stuff?

ALEX
No, Dennis, it’s not about gay stuff.

DENNIS
Not that I care, you know I don’t care. I just don’t know shit about gay stuff that’s all.

ALEX
Never mind.

DENNIS
No, no, ask it.

ALEX
Okay...so picture that you liked a girl...

DENNIS
All I’m picturing is you liking a guy.

ALEX
Forget about me.

DENNIS
But that’s what this is about, right?

ALEX
No! It’s not about me! I just wanted to get my brother’s opinion on something. Just once. And then never ask him for anything again.

DENNIS
Okay, Jesus.

Alex collects himself and continues, calmly.

ALEX
So...just picture that you liked a girl. And she liked you back. Or you thought she did. But then, all of a sudden, she started acting really weird. Like not talking to you anymore and stuff.

DENNIS
Okay...

ALEX
What would you do?

DENNIS
I'd wait a few days, she's probably just on her period.

ALEX
Cool.

Alex leans back and closes his eyes.

EXT. BATTING CAGES. NIGHT

Derek is whiffing at softballs in a helmet too small for him. Maggie watches on. He swings and misses.

MAGGIE
That was good. Just keep your eye on it.

DEREK
You're a lot better at this than me.

MAGGIE
Well I've played it a lot. I would suck if we are at like the electric bass cages.

DEREK
Ha. Ha. Ha. Yeah.

Derek whiffs again.

MAGGIE
Hey, sorry that I've been so flaky lately.

DEREK
It's fine. You're busy. I've been busy too.

He hasn't been.

MAGGIE
Yeah...I won't be anymore.

Derek whiffs.

DEREK
Do you want to be my girlfriend?

MAGGIE
What?

Derek turns to her. A softball floats by him.

DEREK
Do you...I mean...would you...

MAGGIE
Yeah. That'd be awesome.

DEREK
Awesome.

Derek smiles and returns to the batter's box. He grits his teeth, digs in, swings hard, and whiffs again. Maggie smiles.

INT. DEREK'S ROOM. NIGHT

Heavy metal posters line the wall. A shelf full of figurines. Dirty clothes. Empty soda cans.

DEREK
I've never had a girl in my room before. Well my mom, obviously. And my cousin is a girl and she's been in my room.

MAGGIE
I like it. It's a cool room.

Maggie walks over to a shelf full of weirdly shaped multicolored things.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What are these?

DEREK
Oh, those are puzzles. Like Rubik's cube things.

MAGGIE
Can you do them?

DEREK
Yeah.

Derek walks over and grabs one that's a shiny, scrambled pyramid. He grabs and starts twisting it, moving the tiny triangles until each of the four sides are all the same color. He gives it to her.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I solved it. That's it solved.

MAGGIE
That's so cool.

DEREK
Thanks.

Maggie does her best to casually walk over to the bed. She stands beside it. Derek follows her.

MAGGIE
So...what do you want to do?

DEREK
I don't know. What do you wanna do?

MAGGIE
I don't know.

DEREK
Can I kiss you?

MAGGIE
Sure.

Derek kisses her. It turns into making out. Maggie grabs Derek's shirt.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Can I take this off?

DEREK
Yeah.

Maggie takes off Derek's shirt.

MAGGIE
Should I turn off the lights?

DEREK
If you want to.

Maggie doesn't. She unbuttons her blouse and takes it off. They start making out again, Derek shirtless and Maggie in a black bra. Derek reaches behind Maggie's back and starts to undo the strap.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Is this okay?

MAGGIE
Yes.

Maggie's bra comes off. Derek stares at her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(nervous)
...what?

DEREK
You're just...You're really beautiful.

MUSIC STARTS: *

Maggie smiles, finally comfortable. They start making out again. They fall onto the bed and things start getting heavier.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. NIGHT *

A night stand with a box of tissues and a bottle of hand lotion. Alex's arm appears and he squirts of dollop of lotion onto his hand. *

We drift over to Alex, propped up in his bed with his lower half underneath the covers. *

INT. DEREK'S ROOM. NIGHT *

Derek is lying on top of Maggie, kissing her. His hair falls clumsily onto her face. She tries to blow it out of the way. It's awkward. *

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. NIGHT *

Alex's face winces with pleasure. His arm jackhammering under the covers. He closes his eyes. *

INT. DEREK'S ROOM. NIGHT *

Derek kisses Maggie's neck, his hair now tied neatly in a ponytail with a pink hair elastic that is clearly Maggie's. Maggie's breathes heavily. Derek starts to kiss lower and lower, disappearing as Maggie's eyes close. *

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. NIGHT *

Alex is beating it hard. He's struggling. He opens his eyes. Then closes then again. Then opens them. He scoots under the covers so that he's lying flat on his back, head on a pillow. *

He turns his head and stares at the adjacent wall. On the wall, a large poster of Zachary Quinto as Spock. It's just his large Spock face. Alex stares it. Spock stares back. *

INT. DEREK'S ROOM. NIGHT *

Derek and Maggie are face to face. They might be having sex. They might just be dry humping. Whatever it is, Maggie loving it. She bites her lip. She moans. And then something happens that makes her eyes roll into the back of her head. *

INT. ALEX'S ROOM. NIGHT *

Alex grits his teeth. No pleasure on his face. His hand stops moving. He shakes his head, confused, angry. In a fit of rage, he grabs the lotion and hurls it across the room. *

It explodes against the wall, splattering lotion all over Spock's face. *

<u>MUSIC ENDS:</u> *

INT. DEREK'S ROOM. LATER *

Derek's solved pyramid puzzle sits on his floor -- half of it shining in the brightly lit room, the other half covered by Maggie's large discarded blouse. *

We drift up from it to Maggie and Derek, back in their clothes, lying in bed together. Maggie rests her head on Derek's chest. She's happy, different. *

DEREK
You know, you can, like, tell me stuff.

MAGGIE
What do you mean?

DEREK
I mean like, if you're upset or something. Or something's bothering you. You can tell me cause I'm your boyfriend.

MAGGIE
Thanks, I will.

She kisses his cheek. A silence.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Why do you think it took so long for us to find to each other?

DEREK
I don't know. I've liked you for a while.

MAGGIE
Really?

DEREK
Yeah.

MAGGIE
How long?

DEREK
Like a couple years.

MAGGIE
A couple *years*??

DEREK
Yeah, it's just...it's hard for me to put myself out there or whatever. My dad always says that I should because not doing it is worse than doing it and screwing up.

MAGGIE
Yeah. He's right, probably.

DEREK
It’s weird. When high school started, I tried to. Like I really tried to talk to people and make new friends for like three months and then this really stupid shitty thing happened and I just stopped trying. It’s fine though. I found friends. And now I have you, so...

MAGGIE
What happened?

DEREK
Oh no, it’s stupid. No one like died or anything. I tried out for a the lacrosse team because I thought it’d be a good way to meet people. And then like during the tryouts this kid made fun of me literally the whole time. And he would do it in front of all the other kids. And he would make them all laugh. Like hard. And at first it was just annoying, but then he kept going. And the more he did it, the more everything he said sounded right. And then, I don’t know, it stuck with me I guess.

Maggie looks at Derek, tears in her eyes. Furious for him.

MAGGIE
He wasn’t right.

DEREK
Oh no, I know.

MAGGIE
Who was the kid?

DEREK
It’s really wasn’t a big deal.

MAGGIE
Who was it?

DEREK
...Nathan Gamer? Do you know him?

Maggie does. She stares at the ceiling.

MAGGIE
No.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY

The hallway churns with tired teenagers. Alex wades through. He walks slower than usual. The usual brightness in his eyes, gone. A CUTE GIRL walks up to him.

CUTE GIRL
Oh my god, Alex, did you see the boots Alyssa was wearing today?

ALEX
No, I didn't.

Alex keeps walking. The cute girl walks away from him.

CUTE GIRL
Check them out and report back!

Alex arrives at his locker and opens it. He takes a deep breath and sticks his head inside. He isn't looking for anything. He's just giving himself a break. Then, a tap on the shoulder and a whisper:

VOICE (V.O.)
Meet me in the janitor's closet downstairs.

ALEX
What?

Alex takes his head out of his locker and sees Nathan walking away from him.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Oh my god. Oh my god.

Alex slams his locker shut and casually speed walks after him.

INT. SCHOOL DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Alex walks down the hallway - his mind moving much faster than his feet. He arrives at a door. He stops. He breathes. He opens it and walks inside.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET.

Alex arrives in the tiny Janitor closet. Nathan grabs Alex and kisses him. It's a good one. Nathan pulls away.

NATHAN
Look, things aren't as easy for me as they are for you.

ALEX
Things aren't easy for me.

NATHAN
I don't know how to do this stuff.

ALEX
I don't either.

They start kissing again. Hard.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY.

The janitor's closet door is shut. The door knob jiggles. The door opens a crack and then closes. It opens again just wide enough for Nathan to slip through. He quickly walks away.

The door shuts. After ten seconds, Alex emerges, containing a lifetime supply of joy. He walks calmly in the opposite direction. We follow him through a set of double doors.

INT. GYM LOBBY. CONTINOUS

Alex weaves through a gym class that was just dismissed. He opens a door by a trophy case and walks inside. *

INT. GYM SUPPLY ROOM. CONTINOUS

Alex enters and locks the door behind him. There's shelves of various gym equipment lining the walls. Alex walks to the middle of the room and undresses.

Then, wearing nothing but high white socks and shiny gold underwear Alex walks over to the adjacent wall and grabs his mascot BOOMBOX off a shelf.

He places it on the floor and hits play. It begins to blast George Harrison's "I GOT MY MIND SET ON YOU." And Alex finally lets his joy loose in the form of the most gloriously flamboyant dance of all time.

He's free. He's happy. He's dancing like his father hoped he never would.

INT. STUDY ROOM.

We still hear nothing but George Harrison. Nathan reads in a small empty room. He's having a difficult time concentrating. Just as he starts to smile, a large furry beaver's paw grabs the back of his head and SLAMS it into the table in front of him.

INT. GYM SUPPLY ROOM.

Alex dances harder. Happier. He's using the whole space. Mouthing and miming the words. Twirls, kicks, dramatic arm gestures.

INT. STUDY ROOM.

The Beaver throws Nathan against the wall. Nathan falls to the floor. He puts his hands up. He's pleading. But we can't hear him.

INT. GYM SUPPLY ROOM.

Alex is now incorporating aerobic ribbons into his dance. More kicks. More twirls. A split. A spin on the ground. He's sweating but he's not stopping.

INT. STUDY ROOM.

The Beaver holds Nathan against the wall by his shirt collar. The Beaver is saying something. Nathan is shouting "Okay, okay, okay, okay." The Beaver lets go of him and leaves.

INT. GYM SUPPLY ROOM.

The song comes to an end. Alex strikes a pose. He's smiling, catching his breath. He turns off the boombox and starts getting dressed.

INT. GYM LOBBY.

Alex exits the supply closet fully clothed. A group of GYM KIDS are talking loudly.

GYM KID #1
Are fucking serious?! When??

GYM KID #2
Just now. D texted me and said the Beaver ran right past him.

Alex hears this.

INT. ALEX'S CAR. LATER

Alex speeds down the road, furious. He's calling someone.

ALEX
Hey. Why the fuck haven't you picked up your phone?!
(beat)
No! No I won't calm down.
(beat)
Come outside. I'm outside.

He hangs up and parks outside of Maggie's house. He gets out. Maggie comes out of her house and walks towards Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK, MAGGIE?!

MAGGIE
I can explain.

ALEX
Please do.

MAGGIE
Nathan's a fucking asshole. He bullied Derek and Derek wanted The Beaver to take care of it so I did.

ALEX
Weren't you fucking taking a break?!

MAGGIE
Nathan deserved it so I did it. We can't make exceptions for people.

ALEX
And why didn't you run this by me?

MAGGIE
There wasn't enough time.

ALEX
No, fuck you! You knew you were doing something fucked up so you didn't tell me about it. Did you think I wasn't going to find out?!

MAGGIE
I didn't think you'd really care! Nathan was a prick to you.

ALEX
MAGGIE, YOU DON'T EVEN...
(Alex gathers himself)
What did Nathan do?

MAGGIE
Freshman year, Derek was--

ALEX
Freshman year?

MAGGIE
Yeah.

ALEX
FRESHMAN YEAR?! Nathan did something three years ago and you beat the shit out of him for it???

MAGGIE
It doesn't--

ALEX
Some closeted gay kid did something shitty THREE YEARS AGO and you fucking jumped him??? Are you serious, Maggie?!

MAGGIE
Well, three years later it's still affecting Derek enough for him to--

ALEX
I bet Nathan didn't sneak up on Derek when he was reading a book and beat the fuck out of him! Jesus Christ, Maggie. I hope you have fun fighting all of your sad boyfriend's battles for him. *

Maggie doesn't respond.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Are we done? Great.

Alex gets in his car and drives off.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR. LATER

Maggie pulls up in front of Derek's house. She stares out the windshield. She thinks, shakes her head.

As Derek arrives at her car, Maggie notices PART OF THE BEAVER COSTUME poking out from beneath a sweatshirt in the backseat. She scrambles to cover it as Derek enters the car.

He doesn't notice the costume. But he does notice Maggie's panic.

DEREK
Are you okay?

MAGGIE
Yeah, I'm fine.

She's not.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE. NIGHT

Maggie and Derek hold hands and browse the candy bar shelf. Maggie's thoughts clearly somewhere else.

DEREK
I like Hundred Grand bars. But you gotta freeze 'em first.

MAGGIE
Yeah, they're good.

DEREK
Are you okay?

MAGGIE
Yeah, I'm fine.

DEREK
Okay.
(beat)
Then, can I ask you something?

MAGGIE
Sure.

DEREK
And I won't be mad if the answer's yes.

MAGGIE
(getting nervous)
Okay.

DEREK
Did you...

MAGGIE
Did I what?

DEREK
Did you ask the Beaver to beat up Nathan?

MAGGIE
Uh, no.

DEREK
Just cause there's a rumor going around that I asked the Beaver to do it. Apparently the Beaver said stuff to him about me... *

Maggie freezes.

MAGGIE
Yeah, actually, I'm sorry, Derek, I need to tell you something. *

Maggie takes a deep breath.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I didn't ask the Beaver to beat up Nathan...I...
(a deep breath)
I am the beaver.

Derek laughs. Maggie doesn't. Derek's face drops.

DEREK
Wait, are you serious?

VOICE (O.S.)
EVERYONE GET THE FUCK DOWN THIS IS A ROBBERY!!!!

A familiar, an impossibly familiar high-pitched voice rings through the convenience store. Maggie turns to see THE BEAVER waiving a 9MM PISTOL in the air.

Well not The Beaver, it's A Beaver. The beaver suit is slightly different. And the voice changer sounds slightly off. This is a FAKE BEAVER. A copycat. Maggie is frozen. Derek pulls her to the ground.

DEREK
Maggie get down!

FAKE BEAVER
Anyone moves and I blow your FUCKING HEAD OFF!

The Fake Beaver walks over to the counter and points the gun into the YOUNG EMPLOYEE's face.

FAKE BEAVER (CONT'D)
Empty the fucking register. No coins! *

By the candy bars, Maggie is freaking out.

MAGGIE
Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit.

The Beaver hears this and makes a bee line for her.

FAKE BEAVER
What'd you say fat chick?!

DEREK
Hey! Don't--

The Beaver points his gun at Derek.

FAKE BEAVER
Don't what? DON'T WHAT?! *

The Beaver laughs and runs back to the register. He grabs the money and heads for the door, snatches a box of BEEF JERKY and disappears into the night.

DEREK
(to Maggie)
You okay?

She's very not.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE. MOMENTS LATER

Flashing blue and red lights. Officers file in and out of the store, now a crime scene. Just beside the door, Maggie and Derek are being questioned by OFFICER KAY (40s, strapping).

OFFICER KAY
So just to review here, he was about six foot two, buck teeth, bushy tail. Brandished a weapon. Threatened both of you.

DEREK
That's right, Officer.

OFFICER KAY
You two go to Westfield High, correct?

DEREK
Yes, Officer.

OFFICER KAY
So you're obviously familiar with this whole Beaver shit show.

DEREK
Yes we are.

MAGGIE
And my full name is Maggie Higgins. H-I-G-G-I-N-S.

The Officer writes it down. Derek looks at her, confused.

OFFICER KAY
Thank you, Maggie. Alright kids, stay safe.

The officer walks away.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR. MOMENTS LATER

MAGGIE
Oh my god. Oh my god.

DEREK
Maggie what's going on?

MAGGIE
(to herself)
They'll never suspect me. They can't. The police have me as a witness. That fucking psycho saved my life.

DEREK
So, are you the Beaver or not?

MAGGIE
I am...or I was.

Maggie laughs.

DEREK
Is this funny?

MAGGIE
No, no. It’s just...oh my god.

DEREK
Some dude points a gun in my face and you’re happy about it?

MAGGIE
No, of course not!

DEREK
Well, that’s what it sounds like.

MAGGIE
No, Derek, look. I became the Beaver so I could punish all the kids who treat people like us like shit. It’s not my fault that some idiot wanted to put on a beaver costume and rob a place.

DEREK
It’s completely your fault!

Maggie is taken back by Derek’s first sign of aggression.

DEREK (CONT’D)
I can’t believe it was you. You beat up all those kids. I thought you were better than that. You told me you were better than that. *

MAGGIE
You don’t understand.

DEREK
So that’s why you would ditch me randomly when we hung out? Cause you had to go assault people?

MAGGIE
I didn’t assault--

DEREK
Nathan Gamer has two black eyes because of you!

MAGGIE
Nathan Gamer has two black eyes because he fucking deserved it!
(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
It not my fault that you're not brave enough to stick up for yourself.

Derek looks at Maggie. Tears in his eyes.

DEREK
Let me out of the car please.

MAGGIE
Derek...

DEREK
Stop the car and let me out of it.

Maggie stops the car. Derek gets out. *

MAGGIE *
Derek, I'll stop being The Beaver. *
If you want me to stop, I'll stop. *

Derek turns. *

DEREK *
I want to break up. *

MAGGIE *
...Okay. *

Derek walks away. Maggie watches him, tears welling in her eyes. * *

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM. NIGHT

On Maggie's laptop's screen: an article in the local paper about the convenience store robbery, headline: BEAVER ROBS. Maggie scans the page.

She's been crying. One line reads: "Maggie Higgins, a senior at Westfield High, was one of the unlucky customers." The perfect sentence in black and white. Proof of her innocence.

Maggie opens another tab in her browser. It's her facebook page. She opens her messages and clicks through pages of messages from Alex and Derek.

She clicks on the anonymous one. The one that started everything. "Dear fat chick..." She reads it. Abusing herself. Making herself angry.

She logs out her personal account and logs into the "THE BEAVER AND GOLD BITCH" account. *

She clicks on accounts setting. She changes the name from "THE BEAVER AND GOLD BITCH" to simply "THE BEAVER." *

She clicks on the tab from the local newspaper and copies the URL. She then posts the link, the evidence of her innocence, onto The Beaver's wall. She captions it with: "WORKING SOLO NOW. STILL TAKING REQUESTS."

She stares at the screen.

A BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
Dear Beaver...

START OF MONTAGE:

INT. HISTORY CLASS. FLASHBACK

The boy is DANNY (16, skinny), who stares ravenously at BECCA CARLI (16, cute) from the back of the classroom.

DANNY (V.O.)
...this girl Becca Carli has been a bitch to me for a few years now.

Danny throws a piece of paper at the back of Becca's head. * She turns around and he's flicking his tongue through a peace sign, miming like he's eating pussy. She turns away, disgusted.

DANNY (V.O.)
Make that bitch pay.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT. DAY

The Beaver punches Becca hard in the stomach. She falls to the ground.

AN ANNOYING GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
Um, okay, so, Beaver?

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD. FLASHBACK

The annoying girl is LIZ (17), who walks with her head down, texting.

LIZ (V.O.)
So this guy Mikey D'Amico totally like destroyed my property. Which I'm pretty sure is a felony.

Mikey D'Amico (17, overweight) bumps into Liz by accident. She drops her phone and it smashes. Mikey apologizes profusely while Liz berates him. We hear nothing but Liz's voice.

LIZ (V.O.)
So, yeah, please teach him that, like, crime doesn't pay.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

The Beaver chases Mikey between bookshelves. He's fucking terrifed.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Maggie walks down the hall.

GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
Beaver, could you do me a solid?

She takes in all the people around her. There's a BOY WITH A BLACK EYE. Another GIRL has her arm in a sling.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
This kid is such an asshole. If you knew him...

A BOY wearing a homemade "THE BEAVER IS MY HERO" t-shirt is being escorted to the principal's office by a SECURITY GUARD.

ANOTHER BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
He wouldn't trade pens with me. Can you believe that? Beat the fuck out of him, Beaver!

Maggie walks further. She locks eyes with Derek who is by his locker. He turns away from her, disgusted.

GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Beaver, please--

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The Beaver walks towards a boy in a parked car.

SOME BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
This is my third request, but...

Just as the Beaver arrives at the car, the beaver stops, noticing something.

Across the street, another copycat Beaver breaks into someone's car by smashing the window with a crowbar.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE. NIGHT

Alex kisses Nathan in his car. Alex gets out alone and walks towards the store while texting.

A FAMILIAR GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
Dear Beaver, this isn't very easy for me to do because I'm usually pretty tough.

Alex looks up. He stops, horrified. The store is being raided by SIX PEOPLE IN BEAVER OUTFITS. This shit is out of control.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR. NIGHT

Maggie drives in the Beaver costume.

A FAMILIAR GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
But yeah this girl has made me feel like shit the last few weeks. You actually broke my nose like a month ago. And I totally hate you for that. But I hate this girl more. Her name is Maggie Higgins.

The Beaver takes off her head. Maggie stares and drives.

A FAMILIAR GIRL'S VOICE
Whatever you can do to her would be appreciated.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Alex stares at a flyer on the wall for HALLOWEEN DANCE. It reads: HALLOWEEN DANCE FRIDAY. SINGLE TICKETS: 10 DOLLARS. COUPLES TICKET: 15 DOLLARS. BUY THEM NOW AT THE FRONT OFFICE. Alex looks at the poster, then over at Nathan who is standing by his locker. Alex approaches him and puts a hand on his back. Nathan flinches hard.

ALEX
Hey.

Nathan looks around, paranoid.

NATHAN
You can’t do that.

ALEX
I know, sorry.

NATHAN
No, like, ever. Really. You shouldn’t be standing here.

ALEX
Will I ever be able to act like your boyfriend in public?

NATHAN
You’re not my boyfriend.

Nathan spots something.

NATHAN (CONT’D)
Leave. Walk away right now. Please. Please, I’m begging you.

Alex sees Nathan’s lacrosse buddies walking towards him.

ALEX
Okay.

NATHAN
I’ll call you.

Alex walks away, defeated.

INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY

Principal Richards stands on stage. The auditorium is packed.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS *
Settle down, everyone... *

LOUD KID (O.S.)
How many of these things are we gonna have?!

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
We will keeping having them until the Beaver is caught.

LOUD KID (O.S.)
Awesome! I’m missing chemistry *
right now.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Please shut up.
(to the whole group)
As many of you know, the Halloween dance is tomorrow night. Normal rules apply, no drinking, no drugs, no grinding. But one more rule has been added. If anyone, if ANYONE, shows up in a Beaver costume -- I don't care if it's as a joke or whatever -- they will be arrested on the spot. Is that clear?

STUDENTS
Yes.

In the crowd: Alex looks across the room at Maggie.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Is that clear???

STUDENTS
YES!

INT. CAFETERIA. LATER

Maggie sits alone at the empty lunch table, eating a sandwich. Alex approaches.

ALEX
Can I sit?

MAGGIE
(taken aback)
...sure.

Alex sits with a lunch tray. They both eat in silence. Then:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I beat up Nathan.

ALEX
Thank you.

More eating. More silence.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I read that article about the robbery.

MAGGIE
Yeah.

ALEX
Looks like you've got things figured out.

MAGGIE
I guess.

Eating, silence.

ALEX
What's your plan here, Maggie? Like, when do you plan on stopping?

Maggie tries to hold back tears but can't. Upon seeing her cry, the awkwardness disappears and Alex hops over to her side of the table and rubs her back. Best friends again.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Mags...

MAGGIE
Derek and I broke up.

ALEX
That sucks.

MAGGIE *
I ruin everything. I'm such a * fucking idiot. *

ALEX *
Maggie... *

Maggie takes a deep breath. *

MAGGIE *
I sent the picture. *

ALEX *
What? *

MAGGIE *
The naked picture. I sent it. *

Alex is speechless, trying to comprehend what he's hearing. * Maggie takes out her phone. *

MAGGIE (CONT'D) *
(so angry) *
It was my stupid fucking phone. A * couple weeks ago, Derek got a * random picture from me that I never * sent him. *

ALEX
(getting it)
Oh, Mags...

MAGGIE
So after that happened, I looked at my outbox and there the naked picture was. I sent it to five fucking people without knowing it.

Maggie SLAMS her cell phone onto the table.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(starting to cry again)
I'm such a fucking idiot, Alex. I fucking suck so much.

ALEX
No you don't, Mags.

MAGGIE
And like, now there are Beavers robbing stores and breaking into people's houses.

ALEX
That's not your fault.

MAGGIE
It is, Alex.

ALEX
Well...then, it's my fault too.

Maggie hangs her head.

MAGGIE
What do I do?

They sit in silence.

INT. MUSIC DEPARTMENT. LATER

Maggie walks down the halls with the sounds of practicing rooms swelling and fading as she passes them. The sound of a steady electric bass becomes louder and louder as Maggie stops in front of a practice room door and opens it.

Derek's inside. He sees her and stops playing.

MAGGIE
Hey.

DEREK
Hey.

MAGGIE
Derek, I'm so sorry.

DEREK
That's...

MAGGIE
I'm not expecting you to forgive me, I don't deserve that. I just wanted to let you know that I'm going to give myself up.

DEREK
What?

MAGGIE
I'm going to come forward. If the beaver has a face and a name, no one can hide behind it anymore. I can stop it.

DEREK
Don't.

MAGGIE
I have to.

DEREK
No, you don't have to. Please don't. Just stop being the beaver.

They look at each other. Maggie turns to leave.

MAGGIE
And Derek, I do think you're brave.

DEREK
It's okay...I'm not.

Derek goes back to playing his bass. Maggie leaves.

INT. GYMNASIUM. NIGHT

The gym is decorated for the HALLOWEEN DANCE. Kids in costumes dance and mingle. A boy in a MOOSE COSTUME is stopped at the entrance by THREE POLICE OFFICERS.

MOOSE
But I'm a moose!

POLICE OFFICER
We aren't taking any chances. Lose it. *

By the blood and eye-ball punch, Alex, dressed as a mime, texts someone. He looks around and spots Nathan across the room.

Nathan, looking uncomfortable, dressed as a Native American, has his arm around Brooke, his date, who is dressed like a slutty plumber. Alex fumes and texts Maggie: "Are you coming to this thing? Please tell me you are because it sucks and I need you here"

INT. GYMNASIUM. LATER

Alex dances by himself to a slow song. He's incorporating a lot of classic mime moves into it. Her spots Nathan across the dance floor, slow dancing with Brooke. He's had enough. He walks over.

When Nathan spots him, he pretends not to see him. Alex is three feet away and waving his arms. Brooke stops dancing and turns to Alex.

BROOKE
What the fuck?

Alex points to Nathan and then points to himself. He then mimes making out with someone. He then points to Nathan, makes a heart with his hands and then points to himself.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

ALEX
Nathan's gay!

People around notice. Nathan stares at Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What's your plan here, Nathan? To stay in the closet until you're 40 or something?

NATHAN
I'm not a fucking faggot, okay?

ALEX
Oh, you're not?!

NATHAN
No! I'm not!

Nathan raises his fist and charges towards Alex. But before Nathan reaches him, something stops him dead in his tracks. Other kids notice and scream. Alex turns to find the Beaver walking towards the middle of the dance floor with its hands above its head. The music stops.

THE BEAVER
I'm giving myself up.

The Beaver drops to its knees and puts its hands behind its head. Some guy dressed as a ZOMBIE charges towards the Beaver and pushes it over.

ZOMBIE
You beat up my fucking girlfriend!

A COWBOY and a FEMALE CONSTRUCTION WORKER join in. People are beating the fuck out of the Beaver. Alex screams, runs towards the Beaver and lays on top of it, protecting it.

ALEX
Leave her alone!!! Stop it! STOP IT!!!!

The three police officers arrive and break up the fight. Officer Kay brings the Beaver to its feet and handcuffs its hands behind its back. Alex refuses to move.

OFFICER KAY
Back off, buddy.

ALEX
I'm Gold Bitch. We're a team. *

OFFICER KAY
What's a Gold Bitch? *

VOICE (O.S.)
Alex!

Alex turns. It's Maggie. She dressed in a large, homemade, cardboard, multicolored pyramid costume. She's dressed as one of Derek's puzzles.

ALEX
MAGGIE!...What the fuck are you wearing?

Officer Kay takes off the Beaver's head. It's Derek. His nose is bleeding.

MAGGIE
No! Derek...

Maggie rushes towards him but the police block her.

DEREK
(so happy)
You're a puzzle. Did you make that yourself?

MAGGIE
(to the police)
He's not The Beaver!
(to Derek)
Derek, why are you doing this??

DEREK
Cause I'm brave.

Derek, beaver from the neck down, smiles as the police lead him through a gauntlet of heckles. No one's a fan of the Beaver anymore. Maggie struggles through the crowd, Alex behind her.

EXT. SCHOOL. NIGHT

The cops lead Derek out of the school toward a cop car. The entire school is following them. Throwing trash and screaming obscenities. The cops and Derek arrive at the car, but Maggie appears and blocks them from getting inside.

OFFICER KAY
Young lady, you need to move.

MAGGIE
He didn't do anything. I'm the one you want.

OFFICER KAY
That's funny.

MAGGIE
No, I'm the beaver. I swear to God. EVERYONE, I AM THE BEAVER.

The swarm of students, quiets, intrigued by what's going on. A random kid pipes up.

RANDOM KID
No, I'm the beaver!

ANOTHER KID
I'm the beaver!

SOME OTHER KID *
We're ALL the Beaver! *

MAGGIE
No, shut the fuck up! I am the Beaver!

The students laugh. Maggie points at someone.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Carly Shapiro!

CARLY SHAPIRO (18) is dressed like a fairy.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I dunked your head in a vat of pickle juice.

CARLY SHAPIRO
Everyone knows that story. Doesn't prove anything fattie!

MAGGIE
You farted when I punched you in the stomach.

It's true. Carly is horrified.

CARLY SHAPIRO
Yeah, right...

MAGGIE
Anthony Teft!

ANTHONY TEFT (17) is dressed like a light bulb. He's terrified.

ANTHONY TEFT
No way I got my ass kicked by some fat chick!

MAGGIE
You said if I let you go, that your girlfriend would suck my--

ANTHONY TEFT
She's the beaver!

ANTHONY'S GIRLFRIEND (17), dressed as a light switch, looks at him, disgusted.

OFFICER KAY
Okay, whatever, I'll arrest you too. *

Maggie gets handcuffed as well. Alex steps forward. Nathan watches from the back of the mob.

ALEX
And I'm Gold Bitch. *

OFFICER KAY
Who?

ALEX
Really? Beaver and Gold Bitch? I *
was her accomplice. *

MAGGIE
No he wasn't.

ALEX
Yes, I was. And I can prove it. The *
tits are in my car. *

OFFICER KAY
Jesus fucking Christ. Just cuff *
him, please.

Alex is put in cuffs too. He looks at Maggie and, somehow, smiles.

VOICE (O.S.)
Alex!

It's Nathan, coming through the crowd. He walks straight towards Alex, who flinches, expecting the worst. Nathan grabs Alex's face and kisses him. Maggie's eyes go wide. The students are shocked. Alex and Nathan break apart. *

ALEX *
Thank you.

Nathan can't bring himself to smile. Derek, Maggie and Alex * are loaded into the back of the cop car. As jeers and debris fly towards them from the mob of students, Maggie rests his head on Derek's shoulder. Derek smiles. The car pulls away.

As the car disappears down the road, the crowd settles down. What was once a loud mob focused on The Beaver is now a silent jury focused on Nathan. Nathan scans the crowd, taking one last look at the kids he's grown up with.

He turns away and walks toward the parking lot.

FADE TO BLACK:

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS (OVER BLACK)
You thought your life was ruined.
It wasn't.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. DAYS LATER

Principal Richards talks to Maggie. Alex sits in the chair beside her. Officer Kay stands in the back.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
When your picture was circulated, I felt terrible for you, Maggie. I did. When that happened, I knew that you were going to be in for a rough year. And you knew that too. But what you didn't know, is that that year would pass. And that the next one would come and be different. And then another year would pass. And then next one would come and be different still. In ten years of working with high schoolers, *that misunderstanding* has done the most damage. It's hopelessness. Hopelessness and short-sightedness. Your life wasn't ruined when that picture spread. It wasn't. But now it may be. You thought you had nothing to lose, right?...You did. You had a scholarship, that's gone. You had a clean record, that's gone...Being the victim of bullying or ridicule is terrible and is unfortunate, but retaliating in the way you did is cowardly. And shameful. You two were never heroes. You hurt your classmates. You scared them. You solved nothing. Do you understand that?

MAGGIE
Yes. We're sorry.

ALEX
Yes.

ALEX
Yes, we've very sorry.

They are.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Now, Officer Kay and I have been talking a lot this week, trying to figure out how to deal with this. It's a bit of a mess because the hundreds of requests in your facebook message logs incriminates four-fifths of the student body.
(MORE)

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS (CONT'D)
So I’m guessing many charges will be dropped because almost every incident’s victim was another incident’s conspirator. Jesus Christ. Anyway, my guess is you two will spend your summer doing community service. You may spend a week or two in juvenile detention, I don’t know. That’s not my decision.

ALEX
Okay.

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Now, for my decision. You are expelled for the rest of the year. All grades you have received in these first few months of your senior year will be forfeited. You will return to school next September if you wish to graduate the following spring.

Maggie and Alex are stunned.

MAGGIE
We have to do another year of high school?

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS
Correct.

Maggie looks at Alex.

ALEX
Maybe they’ll let us stay in juvie.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK: 10 MONTHS LATER

INT. CAFETERIA. DAY

Maggie and Alex sit at the empty table eating trayed lunches.

ALEX
His name is Victor.

MAGGIE
Oooo Victor. Hot.

ALEX
He’s studying to be a psychologist.

MAGGIE
Hot!

ALEX
Yeah, his profile picture is super cute. Not getting ahead of myself, though.

MAGGIE
I am! I’m already planning your guys’ double date with me and Derek.

ALEX
Yes. Perfect.

They eat for a bit. Alex winces at a bite of carrots.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Ugh. Only ten more months of eating hot lunches off of trays.

MAGGIE
Yeah...but only ten more months of eating hot lunches off of trays across from me.

Alex smiles. Maggie smiles back.

MAGGIE (CONT’D)
This year’s going to be good. *

A TALL KID (17) passes. *

TALL KID
Nice shirt, fat chick.

He walks away. Maggie watches him. Her smile fades. She grits her teeth. She has the eyes of a beaver. *

ALEX
Maggie...

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.