

GAY KID AND FAT CHICK

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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 else. \*

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 and my mixtapes 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, still 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.

\*

ALEX

It's crazy to think we're going to be in college this time next year.

\*  
\*  
\*

MAGGIE

I know.

\*  
\*

ALEX

In less than twelve months, I'm going to have a fucking dorm and a beard and a boyfriend.

MAGGIE

You could have a boyfriend before that.

ALEX

Funny.

MAGGIE

I'm serious.

ALEX

Oh, you're serious?? Well in, that case.

(raising his voice)

Everyone! You need to immediately start accepting me for who I am because Maggie is serious!

SOME KID (O.S.)

Shut the fuck up!

Maggie smiles, shakes her head, then checks her phone.

MAGGIE

I gotta go.

Maggie 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.

(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 in, 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 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, cliché by cliché. 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. CONTINUOUS

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. CONTINUOUS

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. CONTINUOUS

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  
ponytail 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 assembly 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 me 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 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. \*

\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

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!  
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. CONTINUOUS

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, sniffing, 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. 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 (she?) 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 Bitch)

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 activities.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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 four: 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 unintelligible 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 a 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 uncomfortable 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 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 more 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 his back.

-- Maggie ties her hair into a ponytail.

-- 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 towards 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 and creepily 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.

(MORE)

GOLD BITCH (CONT'D)

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 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, Rich, 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. 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, douche 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 did 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

Word about what we did for Cody has been spreading. We've gotten nine new requests already!

MAGGIE

Alex, we agreed this was just a one time thing.

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... \*

START OF MONTAGE: \*

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 for 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

(pew)

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. 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). Antiques 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 a 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 jack-hammering 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 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 them 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 at 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's 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.

MUSIC ENDS.

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.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

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. CONTINUOUS

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. CONTINUOUS

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 you 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! 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 ROBBS. 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 terrified.

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 keep 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 your boyfriend. \*

ALEX  
He's not...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 \*  
I fuck everything up. 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 sneaks a drink from a sports bottle, winces, and then disappears under a large WEREWOLF MASK. He wears werewolf hands and a ripped plaid shirt and jeans.

\*

\*

\*

His date, Brooke, dressed like a slutty plumber, appears beside him and rubs his back. 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

(getting annoyed)  
I'm sorry, you're 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, the werewolf, coming through the crowd. He walks straight towards Alex, who flinches, expecting the worst. Nathan removes his mask. He grabs Alex's face with his hairy werewolf hand 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.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL RICHARDS (CONT'D)

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. 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.