

EUPHORIA

"PILOT"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD - SOMETIME

A BRIGHT, BUZZING FLUORESCENT LIGHT. All the sounds of hospital fuss.

THE CAMERA tilts down and dollies in fast between the legs of a WOMAN giving birth and -

INT. WOMB - CONTINUOUS

A fetus. A fetus like any other. Okay, a person. A BABY. A baby in the middle of a fucking nightmare, as it curls up, bracing itself to be torn from the comfort of its home.

RUE (V.O.)

I was once happy. Content. Sloshing around in my own private, primordial pool. Then one day, for reasons beyond my control, I was repeatedly crushed, over and over, by the cruel cervix of my mother, Leslie.

WE SEE and FEEL each CONTRACTION as it bears down on sweet BABY RUE. Each time she's squeezed, her body shudders as if shot with a taser gun. Over and over and over, until something gives way and...

WE ENTER:

INT. BIRTH CANAL - CONTINUOUS

This is a sordid journey, as Baby Rue makes her bone crushing descent through the dark labyrinth of her mother.

SFX: Crunching, faint echoes, sloshing waters, suction, a faint scream from outside, bizarre radio waves...

A PIN OF LIGHT as we go rushing toward it, like a subway train out of hell.

RUE (V.O.)

I put up a good fight, but I lost. For the first time, but not the last.

The growing SOUND of a rumbling, ground shaking wave as the LIGHT grows bigger, whiter, brighter...

QUICK DISSOLVE:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - A SUNNY, CLOUDLESS DAY

As Flight 175 United Airlines silently crashes into the North Tower. [ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE]

WE WATCH the plume of smoke, fire, and debris rain down the side of the building.

RUE (V.O.)

I was born three days after 9/11.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SOMETIME

BABY RUE, seconds old, her body covered in blood and birth slime, is lifted towards CAMERA. Her lungs fill with air, and her eyes blink open.

POV thru the foggy eyes of NEW RUE: A TV SET, mounted on the wall:

George W. Bush, standing atop Ground Zero, bullhorn in hand.

SLOW ZOOM IN on RUE'S face.

GEORGE W. BUSH

I can hear you!

SLOW ZOOM in on TV SET.

GEORGE W. BUSH (CONT'D)

I can hear you! The rest of the world hears you, and the people who knocked these buildings down will hear all of us soon.

As the RESCUE WORKERS begin to chant:

RESCUE WORKERS

USA! USA! USA! USA! USA! USA! USA!

CU on the face of Baby Rue, transfixed by the speech and the patriotic chants.

A BEAT. She begins to wail with terror.

Suddenly, A NIPPLE is shoved in her mouth. She sucks. And in an instant her eyes roll back in a drug-like haze.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

RUE (V.O.)

My mother and father spent two days in the hospital, holding me under the soft glow of the television, watching those towers fall over, and over, and over again. Until the feelings of grief and the chills of horror gave way to numbness.

The TELEVISION clicks off. Plunging us into -

BLACK:

RUE (V.O.)

And then, without warning, a white suburban American middle class childhood.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

AS THE CAMERA DOLLIES IN on a THERAPIST, hands clasped, a gentle smile.

THERAPIST

I would say she's suffering from--

REVERSE. DOLLY IN ON 4 y/o Rue, striped pajamas, squeezed between two large bodies that we can only assume are her parents.

RUE (V.O.)

I wasn't physically abused.

THERAPIST

Attention Deficit Disorder.

RUE (V.O.)

Never had a shortage of clean water...

THERAPIST

Obsessive Compulsive Disorder.

RUE (V.O.)

Wasn't molested by a family member.

THERAPIST

General Anxiety Disorder.

RUE (V.O.)
 And up until that point, hadn't
 experienced any more trauma than
 anybody else.

THERAPIST
 And possibly Bipolar Disorder.
 (a hesitant beat)
 But she's a little young to tell.

A soft gasp of tears from LESLIE, as Rue looks up,
 unconcerned.

RUE (V.O.)
 So explain this shit to me--

CUT TO:

ECU: A MONDAY / TUESDAY / WEDNESDAY (ET AL) PILL BOX
 RAPID CUTS. 3 multi-colored pills are dropped in each day.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

CAMERA WHIPS UP AND DOLLIES IN QUICK on Rue's mother LESLIE,
 as she sits in front of her coffee and Kashi. She slides the
 pill box across the table.

And leans in.

LESLIE
 It's just the way your brain was
 hard-wired. It's no big deal,
 plenty of great, intelligent,
 funny, interesting, and creative
 people have struggled with the same
 things you struggle with.

CLOSE ON 10 y/o Rue, chubby, pale, with braces. And upon
 closer inspection, she seems completely fucking catatonic.

RUE
 (robotically)
 Like who?

LESLIE
 Lots of people you like.

RUE
 But who?

LESLIE
Well, um...

CUT TO:

RAPID MONTAGE OF FAMOUS PEOPLE WITH MENTAL ILLNESSES.

LESLIE (V.O.)
Vincent Van Gogh.

- We see VAN GOGH, 37, stands in a wheat field and shoots himself in the chest.

LESLIE (V.O.)
Sylvia Plath.

- We see the oven flame go on as SYLVIA blows it out and then takes a deep breath, inhaling the gas.

LESLIE (V.O.)
Or even Fiona Apple.

- We see FIONA onstage at the MTV AWARDS in 1997:

FIONA APPLE
What I want to say is, um,
everybody out there that's
watching, everybody that's watching
this world, this world is bullshit.

BACK TO LESLIE at the kitchen table across from catatonic Rue

LESLIE
(cheerfully)
And your favorite, Britney Spears.

- We see the FAMOUS FOOTAGE OF BRITNEY SPEARS in a barber shop, getting her head shaved. With smeared mascara, Britney turns and looks directly into CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. SIXTH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

11 y/o Rue sits in class, still awkward and chubby and medicated the fuck out.

RUE (V.O.)
I don't remember much between the
ages of 8 and 12. Just that the
world moved fast and my brain moved
slow.

(MORE)

RUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And every now and then, if I
 focused too closely on the way I
 breathed...

All sound is drowned out, except for Rue's breath.

RUE (V.O.)
 I'd die.

It starts to become shorter. More clipped. Until she begins to hyperventilate. Gasping. She falls from her desk. Her hair spilling out against the gray-white linoleum. She blinks.

The strobing fluorescents begin to shift from white to cyan to magenta. Until a brown paper bag is placed against her mouth and the soft voice of a teacher whispers -

SOFT VOICED TEACHER
 Just breathe. 1...2...3...

CLOSE ON: The paper bag as it inflates and deflates.

ANGLE ON: Rue's eyes as she looks up to see a circle of gawking classmates forming. They begin to film her on the low.

RUE (V.O.)
 It's not that my medication wasn't
 working properly. It's that I had
 yet to discover it's full
 potential.

CUT TO:

ECU: ON A LITTLE BLUE KLONOPIN FRAMED AGAINST THE VAST
 EXPANSE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

JUMP CUT: As it explodes into a fine powder.

INT. RUE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FROM ABOVE: Rue, now 17 years old, sits cross legged in bed. She looks up at CAMERA. Winks. AND CAMERA DROPS WITH HER as snorts the crushed Klonopin off her solar system themed computer case.

WE HOLD ON HER FACE as the benzo's take effect.

SLAM CUT:

INT. RUE'S IPHOTO LIBRARY - YEARS AND YEARS

We rapidly scroll through her iPhoto library. Years of memories. From soccer games to birthday parties to her family. Sleepovers with best friends. Dance routines. Selfies. Makeup. School.

RUE (V.O.)

I got my first dick pic at the age of 9. I hadn't even held a boy's hand.

And WE HOLD on a messy haired teenage boy with his arm slung around her.

RUE (V.O.)

I had my first kiss at the age of 12 with a boy I didn't really like, but I just wanted to get it over with.

A few more quick photos of said boy and we're back to rapidly scanning through her life. Growing up. Drinking a bottle of wine. More selfies. Sleepless nights. A growing restlessness.

RUE (V.O.)

Two months later some egg on Twitter threatened to BTK me, which would have been whatever, but the night before I watched the Jaycee Dugard primetime dateline special, and the combo sent me spiraling into persistent night terrors for two months.

The photos become more sexual, more obsessive, more focused on how she looks. Pushing her boobs together in a mirror. Her ass propped up against a sink.

RUE (V.O.)

But I'm buoyant and bounced back and gave four hand jobs in eighth grade, two blow jobs in ninth, one of which I was emotionally coerced into -

AND LIKE MACHINE GUN FIRE. WE CYCLE THROUGH HER PHOTOS. Her lips. Her mouth. More makeup. More disaffected. Present. Skirts. Shorts. Bras. Panties. The gap between her legs. The side of her face that looks best. Her stomach from the front, the side, standing, laying down, relaxed and sucked in.

BACK TO REAL LIFE: Rue turns to CAMERA. Gives us the middle finger.

RUE (V.O.)
Yo Mark. Go fuck yourself

INT. RUE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ANGLE ON: Rue as she does her makeup: *k-pop puppy eyes, aegyo sal*, dashes of glitter and bold lipstick.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Rue exits a stall, checks her nose for traces of powder.
 Drops her sunglasses.

RUE (V.O.)
 And at some point you make a choice
 about who you are and what you
 want.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS - DAY

Rue walks down the hallways with a druggy sway.

RUE (V.O.)
 Every mistake, every mis-step,
 every dumb decision or dumb fuck.
 You own it and wear it like a badge
 of honor cause the internet is
 forever, and trolls keep receipts.

INT. RUE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The CAMERA screen of an iPhone.

RUE (V.O.)
 So you create your own confidence.

As RUE holds it at a distance and slowly comes into focus.
 She's sitting on her knees, her back arched, wearing a sheer
 pastel pink bra, with little side eye emoji patches sewn on.

RUE (V.O.)
 You piece it together. Out of empty
 memes, and hashtags, and central
 nervous system depressants... and you
 hold your head high 'cause every
 girl's a queen and every boy
 a potential like...

The CAMERA flickers as it takes a photo. WE CONTINUE TO FOLLOW HER IPHONE SCREEN AS SHE SHIFTS TO ANOTHER ANGLE. ANOTHER PHOTO. ANOTHER PHOTO. ANOTHER ANGLE.

We FREEZE FRAME on one as she FaceTunes it. Blur effects. Softens her skin. Widens her eyes. Covers pimples. And uploads it to Tumblr. Caption: **Portrait of a young slut as an artist. lol.**

RUE (V.O.)
... and every day a fucking drag.

INT. RUE'S HOUSE - MORNING

As WE FOLLOW RUE through her house into the kitchen where her little sister GEORGIA "GIA", 13, picks at her eggs and toast while LESLIE, 40s, argues with her insurance company on the phone -

LESLIE (ON PHONE)
They said the facility was in our network, how could it suddenly be out of network? This feels like extortion -

GIA
(looking at her phone)
Did you see the video of that beauty queen who got acid thrown in her face?

RUE
No.

GIA
It's pretty fucked up.

Rue looks at her food, disinterested.

RUE
Mom, do you have any tampons?

LESLIE
(to Rue)
In my bathroom. Under the sink.

Rue walks back into her mothers bathroom. A beat. She peers back toward the kitchen. And then... coughs loudly as she opens the medicine cabinet. Pulls out a prescription bottle.

RUE (V.O.)

- And thank you to all the suburban mothers out there for the unending supply of xanny bars...

RAPID CUTS (x5) as we see RUE cough loudly and open different medicine cabinets in different bathrooms in different houses.

As she steals a few pills from various bottles.

RUE (V.O.)

- because I get it... Life is cruel and aimless and there's no way I could've made it through school or life or losing my virginity without dimming the proverbial lights.

INT. RANDO FUCKBOI'S PARENTS LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON: Rue's drugged out face as some RANDO FUCKBOI thrusts and grunts and gives it his best shot.

TY DOLLA \$iGN plays out of his shitty iPhone speaker.

RUE (V.O.)

And no matter what the fuck tumblr says, life is not a Nicholas Sparks novel, and being a teenager is a lot of things... but romantic? I don't fucking think so.

ON RUE and RANDO FUCKBOI laying on the cold tile of his parents' laundry room.

He turns to Rue.

RANDO FUCKBOI

Did you cum?

A long, long beat.

RUE

...Yeah.

RANDO FUCKBOI

Forreal?

RUE

...Yeah.

RANDO FUCKBOI

For real, for real?

RUE

...Yeah.

RANDO FUCKBOI

Like hard?

RUE

...Yeah.

He smiles. Pleased with himself.

RANDO FUCKBOI

Werd. You look like you came hard.

Rue ekes out a druggy smile.

INT. RUE'S MOTHERS BATHROOM - MORNING

She pockets a few xanny bars, puts the bottle back and flushes the toilet to mask the sound of the cabinet closing.

And heads back to the kitchen -

RUE

Let's go, Gia.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - MORNING

FROM BEHIND: Rue holds GIA'S hand as they walk down the street together.

RUE (V.O.)

And I know it all may seem sad, but guess what? I didn't build this system, nor did I fuck it up.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING

Rue and Gia walk down the aisle of a school bus and sit in the back. The bus takes off as the streets bend behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

The ALARM RINGS. As the students perform a lockdown drill (in the event of an active shooting). The lights are flipped off. The door is locked.

The windows blocked out with foam-core. And the students huddle in a group in the corner of the classroom.

RUE (V.O.)

I just showed up one day without a map or a compass or, to be honest, anyone capable of giving one iota of good fucking advice.

As WE PUSH IN on RUE. Some JOCK sitting next to her turns his phone toward her... It's a looping gif of Sasha Grey getting facefucked.

He sticks his tongue in his cheek and winks at RUE who ignores him and looks back toward CAMERA as we PUSH INTO CLOSEUP.

RUE (V.O.)

But maybe I'm just in a mood... So here's a cute video of me learning how to hula-hoop.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY (12 YEARS AGO)

A HOME MOVIE, shot by RUE'S FATHER on an old DVR camera of Rue at the age of five trying to hula hoop in the backyard.

She keeps trying and failing and giggling as her Dad laughs off camera.

She looks up at her Dad, hand on her hips.

YOUNG RUE

I give up.

RUE'S FATHER

C'mon Rue, don't give up. You can do it.

She tries again and fails...

YOUNG RUE

I give up.

RUE'S FATHER

Don't give up, Rue.

Fails. And we JUMP CUT as she fails and he encourages her again and again.

RUE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

You can do it, Rue.

Until finally she succeeds. They both erupt in cheers as her Dad lifts her into the sky, YOUNG RUE'S eyes filling with tears - as she flies amongst the clouds.

RUE (V.O.)
And if that didn't cheer you up,
here's me at a funeral.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

DOLLY ACROSS a LINE OF FORLORN CHEERLEADERS as we LAND ON a GIANT 6' x 5' WREATHED PHOTO of a SMILING JOCK propped up on the 50 yard line.

This is NATE JACOBS.

NATE'S MOTHER speaks into a microphone, flanked by the cheer squad.

ANGLE ON: RUE, sitting in the bleachers amongst the whole town watching.

RUE (V.O.)
Last week, Nate Jacobs, star
quarterback of the football team,
was found dead in a cornfield off
Route 38...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROUTE 38 - DAY (THE WEEK BEFORE)

As the wind blows through the crops. We see TWO COPS step into frame and peer down at a bloody and disfigured corpse.

COP
Good God.

SHERIFF
Is that Nate Jacobs?

COP
Beats the holy hell outta me.

SHERIFF
Look at the monogram.

COP
(peers closer)
Good God.

SHERIFF

Coach Barnes ain't gonna like this
turn of events.

BACK TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The memorial service, where Rue still watches.

RUE (V.O.)

Don't feel bad, Nate Jacobs was a
part time alcoholic, part time
groper, full time fucking asshole.

(a beat)

And if I'm going to be entirely
honest... I'm the one who killed him.

Rue puts in her headphones, "Waste of Time," by MØ plays. As
the cheerleaders begin to do an in memoriam routine for the
slain quarterback.

The head cheerleader, MADISON, 17, grief-stricken goes
through the motions of her routine, mascara running down her
face.

Rue slips under the stands as the CAMERA rises above the
bleachers and we see Rue walking away.

SLAM CUT:

TITLE CARD: **EUPHORIA**

BLACK.

SUPER: **FOUR MONTHS EARLIER**

RUE (V.O.)

It all started when Jules moved to
town.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

WE OPEN HIGH, rushing down the suburban streets of East
Highland as CAMERA DROPS DOWN on a girl riding her bike.

This is JULES, 17, trans, wearing a long white dress with a
red Japanese ribbon tie. It whips in the wind behind her.

SHE ROUNDS A CORNER as we continue through the endless sprawl
of the suburbs - a mix of single story and two story homes.

This is basically the world from every John Hughes movie, but after thirty years of Reaganomics it's kinda lost it's idyllic charm. This is a cough syrup and Ritalin town with meth on the outskirts, and no family is just coasting.

RUE (V.O.)

I didn't know her yet but I had definitely heard about her. Not in that "ohmigod there's some new, edgy transgirl in town" way but more like...

INT. DELI/GAS STATION - DAY

FEZCO, 21, unkempt with sweet eyes and a blank stare you only get after attempting to eat a sheet of acid over the course of one summer:

FEZCO

(monotone)

There's some new, like edgy transgirl in town.

REVERSE ON: RUE standing at the counter, looking at FEZCO man the register.

RUE

So?

FEZCO

I don't know. She came in yesterday all Sailor Moon and shit and I thought, she looks like someone Rue would get along with...

RUE (V.O.)

Which was sorta like a dead on observation for Fezco who's not normally revolving in the same direction as planet earth. Granted it wasn't Sailor Moon we'd bond over...

CUT TO:

INT. MCKAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

WE HEAR the rumblings of a fight as WE PUSH THRU the mad chaos of an end of summer house party. To find NATE, 18, the star quarterback, shirtless, wasted, and agro as fuck... He's yelling out:

NATE

If someone doesn't speak up, this
bitch is gonna get fucked up!

He turns to JULES, standing in the kitchen, against the wall, in a crop top, skirt, torn fishnets and a pink wig. She looks over at the counter and sees a kitchen knife laying next to a cut up lime.

NATE (CONT'D)

Looks like you're all on your own.

Jules tries to walk away but Nate grabs her and throws her back toward the wall -

RUE (V.O.)

It was the fact that she pulled a
motherfucking kitchen knife on Nate
Jacobs.

As Jules immediately REACHES OVER AND GRABS THE KITCHEN KNIFE.

The party erupts in pandemonium. SCREAMS. SHOUTS.

AS WE FREEZE FRAME on JULES, mascara smeared, pink wig flying, kitchen knife in hand -

RUE (V.O.)

But anyway, whatever...

FEZCO (PRELAP)

Yo Rue... you planning on paying
for those Trolli's?

BACK TO:

INT. DELI/GAS STATION - DAY

A beat. She smiles. Shakes her head no.

FEZCO

No, seriously, you have to pay for
those. We got a security camera
while you were gone.

They both look up at the SECURITY CAMERA.

POV OF FOOTAGE. As Rue holds up a middle finger.

She turns back and reaches into her jacket and lays both packs of Trolli Sour Worms on the counter.

FEZCO (CONT'D)

When'd you get back? I thought I'd never see you again.

RUE

Few weeks ago.

FEZCO

(hesitantly)

And how you feeling?

RUE

Ever since I gave my life over to my lord and savior, Jesus Christ, things have been really good.

A long beat.

RUE (CONT'D)

I'm fucking with you, Fez. I'm still the same misanthropic whore you've always known.

FEZCO

What's that mean?

RUE

That I hate mankind. And I'm a whore.

FEZCO

You don't hate mankind.

RUE

That's true. But I hate you for not disagreeing with the whore part.

FEZCO

Well, you've had a long life.

She laughs.

RUE

By the way...

(beat)

Is Ashtray in the back?

FEZCO

For real, Rue?

RUE

For real.

He shakes his head, frustrated.

RUE (CONT'D)

C'mon Fezco, the world is coming to an end and I haven't even graduated high school.

Rue smiles sweetly at him. He relents...

FEZCO

You still gotta pay for those Trolli's...

RUE

Spot me.

INT. DELI TRASH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW Rue as she enters the trash room in the back.

Sitting at a small desk is ASHER "ASHTRAY," Fezco's 14 year old business partner. He wears a thin gold chain.

He's dead eyed and humorless, bagging up pills and powders. He looks up at Rue.

ASHTRAY

I thought you were dead.

RUE

And I thought you had Asperger's until I learned you were just a prick.

ASHTRAY

I do have Asperger's.

RUE

But you're still a prick.

ASHTRAY

This a fickle industry. Y'all come and go. No hard feelings but I'm just tryna stack enough cash to pay off my mom's mortgage and buy a yacht.

He looks up.

ASHTRAY (CONT'D)

So what you want?

They stare at each other for a beat.

JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: ONE PILL AFTER ANOTHER BEING BAGGED UP.

Three OC 20s, three 20s of Adderall, a gram of Molly.

He hands her the baggies and she hands him the cash.

ASHTRAY

You sure you don't wanna try
nothing new?

RUE

Like what?

ASHTRAY

2C-T-2, 2C-T-7, 5-MeO-DIPT.

RUE

I have zero fuckin' idea what
you're talking about.

ASHTRAY

Doesn't matter. But this shit...

He holds out a capsule filled with pale pink crystals.

ASHTRAY (CONT'D)

...is fucking lit.

RUE

What is it?

ASHTRAY

N-diisopropyl-5-methoxytryptamine.

A beat. Rue stares blankly at him.

WE JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

LOOKING UP: Two streetlights on opposite sides of the frame.

ASHTRAY (V.O.)

It's a fast acting psychedelic.

The SLOW MOTION SOUND of them burning out. As they shift to a
ROSE GOLD COLOR.

ANGLE ON: Rue and Jules as they both fly into FRAME on
separate swings at 72fps.

ASHTRAY (V.O.)
 Got some similarities to LSD but
 with like, key differences. Not as
 visual and shit but def a sense
 distorter.

The sounds of the swing set chains, laughter, the wind
 rushing against their faces.

ASHTRAY (V.O.)
 Lotta auditory hallucinations,
 kinda like playing a record at half
 speed. And your body goes limp, not
 some K-Hole wooden puppet
 bullshit...

As they both JUMP OFF the SWING SETS into the AIR. They move
 in ULTRA SLOW-MOTION.

ASHTRAY (V.O.)
 But more that zero gravity tip you
 get from good DMT.

SUPERIMPOSE: The world behind them, rapidly animates in that
 (90's Anime - ACTIVATED! Style)

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DELI TRASH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On Ashtray:

ASHTRAY
 I don't know. Shit's blowing up in
 Tampa. And mad people like to fuck
 on it.

RUE
 (a long beat)
 Okay.

He gives her two pills.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As Rue pushes out the back door -

CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK ON NATE JACOBS, 18, and McKAY, 19, in
 the distance loading a keg into the back of McKay's truck.

McKay is massive, built to play offensive tackle. He's not particularly intelligent or articulate but there's a kindness to him.

RUE (V.O.)

In truth, I didn't have much of an issue with Nate until that night. I mean, I never liked him.

Nate is leaner, in the way quarterbacks are, and full of himself, in the way quarterbacks are.

RUE (V.O.)

And once during the freshman formal, he tried to finger me on the dance floor without my permission. But like, that's America.

They start up the truck, and as they pass Rue.

RUE (V.O.)

And if they were throwing an end of summer party. Of course, I'd fucking go.

Nate hangs out the window:

NATE

(yelling)

I'd do it for Rue!

He "Hunger Games" salutes her. WE TRACK WITH THEM IN THE CAR as they peel out of the parking lot.

INT. MCKAY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

McKay drives and Nate sits shotgun.

NATE

I'm telling you bro... We're about to blow this shit out. The whole fucking world's gonna be talking about how McKay threw the grimeiest motherfucking banger of the summer.

MCKAY

I'm just nervous cause my mom's got like real OCD. She'll notice like the smallest scratch, or like if the dishes are in the wrong order.

NATE

Stop being such a faggot. This is like your last hurrah. Go out like a motherfucking G.

MCKAY

You think people are excited?

NATE

Fuck yeah, dude. People are hyped af.

McKay smiles, feeling good.

NATE (CONT'D)

Plus, I'mma get savage tonight.

MCKAY

But isn't Maddy coming?

NATE

I don't give a fuck. She broke up with me. I'm a free motherfucking man. And if she wants to come then I'mma make her pay.

MCKAY

Dude...

NATE

Forreal. And I'm not fucking with no basic bitches or some thottie in a prom dress. I'mma straight seek out the hottest piece of pussy in that room and I'mma fucking slay that bitch. And trust me bro... I'mma make that shit known.

As they drive, they see JULES, 17, riding her bike home. She's in her same white dress as when we first met her.

NATE (CONT'D)

Yo, what the fuck is that?

MCKAY

Some girl on a bike.

NATE

What are you retarded? That's a dude.

MCKAY

Really?

NATE

Yeah.

MCKAY

Damn.

A beat. They watch her.

NATE

Ride up on this bitch.

MCKAY

Nah c'mon.

NATE

Ride the fuck up.

MCKAY

No, dude. I don't want to accidentally hurt him.

NATE

(snaps)

What are you a fucking pussy?
C'mon, have some fucking fun.

McKay hesitates as Nate steps over the center console and presses his foot on top of McKay's on the gas pedal. The truck roars and lurches forward.

Jules panics, veering off the side of the road and crashes her bike.

Nate bursts into laughter as McKay turns to him, frightened.

MCKAY

Yo dude, you're a real asshole.

Nate continues to laugh.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD, SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

WE STAY with JULES where she's crashed. She's rattled. She picks herself up, dirtied and bruised. She looks down at a scrape across her hip. She winces as she touches it.

RUE (V.O.)

Jules moved from the city to the suburbs after her mom and dad got divorced.

She begins to walk her bike down the street.

INT. JULES' HOME - LATER

Jules enters. There's no one home. She goes to kitchen cabinet and pulls out a bottle of Hydrogen Peroxide.

RUE (V.O.)
 She doesn't really like to talk
 about it but dads almost never get
 full custody so some shit
 definitely went down.

INT. JULES' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She sits in her bedroom and cleans her scrape. The walls are adorned with fashion editorials and anime cut outs...

RUE (V.O.)
 She went to like three weeks of
 summer school with Kat, who failed
 intro to visual arts.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMER SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

KAT, 16, overweight, sharp and witty sits in the back left and Jules sits in the back right.

WE SEE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE SCREEN their text messages to one another as their teacher MR. MARTIN (who's completely silhouetted by the classroom projector) blah blah blahs in the background.

KAT [**Gun to ur head would u fuck Mr. Martin**]
 JULES [**hmmmm**]
 KAT [**omg ur actually debating this?**]

CLOSE ON: MR. MARTIN, still completely silhouetted as he continues to babble on.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPLETELY SPARSE ROOM - SOMETIME

Rue talks basically to CAMERA.

RUE
 Now think of all the teachers
 you've ever had and then rank them
 in order of who you'd want to fuck.
 (a beat;
 (MORE)

RUE (CONT'D)
 she lets that sink in)
 Mr. Martin is whoever in your
 imagination is second to last.

BACK TO:

INT. JULES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jules finishes cleaning her scrape.

Gets a text from KAT: **You wanna go to McKays party tn?**

JULES: **Fuck no those assholes just ran me off the road**

KAT: **That sucks. Sry.**

Jules closes out iMessage and opens **SCRUFF**.

She looks through her recent matches. A litany of mostly faceless men with super gross come-ons: *P&P? I wanna ruin you. How bigs your cock? U a twink or a real ts? U functional?* **BLOCK. BLOCK. BLOCK. BLOCK. BLOCK.**

And then a faceless older man in a business suit from the neck down. His profile reads: **Top only / Dominant Daddy / Sweet and Gentle / I'm a sucker for twinks and femboys**

She looks at the other photos. He's shirtless. Fit. Another one of his hand down his briefs. We can make out the shape of his cock.

She taps his profile. And then a NEW MESSAGE from him.

Jules' heart races.

She opens it: **My god, you're perfect and beautiful and how I do I meet you for a drink?**

Jules pauses... debates it. Takes a deep breath. He writes her another message: **...tonight?**

She closes SCRUFF and texts KAT: **So u for sure going to McKays?**

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

KAT lays on MADISON'S bed watching her get dressed. MADISON'S in nothing but her underwear looking in the mirror.

MADISON
 Do you think my areoles are weird?

KAT

No.

MADISON

But like the edges though?

KAT

No. They're fine.

MADISON

Fine like they're kind of weird or fine like nobody but me would ever notice what I notice?

Their other friend, BB, does her makeup at a vanity table.

BB

Fine like shut the fuck up, Maddie.

Kat responds to Jules text. [yeah] She gets up and starts to fix her hair and makeup. Maddy tries on a top, takes it off.

MADISON

Ugh, I'm disgusting. I literally look disgusting.

Kat looks at Maddy's waif like figure -

KAT

You're trippin, bitch. You need to like snap the fuck out of this post-breakup pity party because a) you're hot af and b) Nate's a fucking loser.

MADISON

He's not a loser. He's a dick.

KAT

All dicks are losers.

BB

Look bottom line, you need to walk into this party tonight like your pussy costs a million dollars.

MADISON

For real, I'd settle for 50 grand.

They all laugh.

KAT
Y'all got high standards. I'd settle for like 4 corona lights and non-rapey affection.

A beat.

BB
That's kinda depressing.

KAT
Everything's depressing, BB. Even the things you find uplifting.

MADISON
Ugh, Nate just like totally broke down my confidence. You know when someone just constantly criticizes like everything about you?

BB
That's like, every guy.

KAT
You just need to catch a dick and forget your troubles girl.

MADISON
(to Kat)
You just need to catch a dick.

KAT
Oh I haven't even told you my plan but it's amazing. I am going to get fucking wasted tonight and then hunt down the most susceptible bruh bruh I can find, and knock his ass up in the bushes.

Maddy laughs. BB turns to her sharply:

BB
(to Kat)
Remind me again how many guys you've fucked? Oh, and catfishing doesn't count.

We watch as KAT wilts inside. Maddy notices and turns to BB:

MADISON
(to BB)
Can you not be a cunt for like 15 seconds?

A knock on the door, Maddy's Dad, TED, 40s, pokes his head in-

TED
C'mon girls. Dinner's ready--

MADISON
Dad, stop being a pervert. We're
literally like all naked.

He closes the door quickly.

EXT. RUE'S HOUSE - EVENING

As Rue rides up, she sees her mom's car parked out front.

RUE
Fuck.

Rue locks up her bike against a tree and enters her house -

INT. RUE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Rue enters WE FIND LESLIE, waiting for her in the kitchen.

LESLIE
Where were you?

RUE
(a beat)
I went to eat.

LESLIE
I don't trust you, Rue.

RUE
What do you want me to say?

LESLIE
I want to drug test you.

RUE
Well, unfortunately I just peed.

Rue walks down the hall toward her bedroom as Leslie follows. She slams the door behind her. ANGLE ON: GIA watching from down the hall.

INT. RUE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rue falls onto the bed.

LESLIE (O.C.)
 (through the door)
 Do not slam your door.

RUE
 It was an accident!

LESLIE (O.C.)
 Well, you're not leaving this house
 until you take a drug test!

RUE
 Whatever. I've got nothing to hide!

Rue waits a beat as she listens to her mom walk away.

RUE (V.O.)
 Now, there's a few ways to beat a
 drug test. The first is simple:
 Stop doing drugs. But if you're in
 a bind and totally fucked, you got
 a few options. Some better than
 others.

SLAM CUT TO:

RAPID CUTS:

RUE (V.O.)
 Option one.

- QUICK DOLLY IN on RUE shoplifting a bottle of extended
 release NIACIN.

RUE (V.O.)
 Niacin. It's a B vitamin that, like
 breaks down fat and chemicals or
 whatever. And if you take a lot of
 it, like two thousand milligrams
 and -

- RUE CHUGGING A GALLON OF WATER

RUE (V.O.)
 - chug a few gallons of water. You
 can flush your system in two to
 three days. The only problem is, it
 has a few side effects -

- CAMERA ROTATES AND FALLS AS RUE COLLAPSES IN HER BEDROOM.
 HER SKIN FLUSHES RED and she STRUGGLES TO BREATHE.

RUE (V.O.)
Skin flushing. Extreme Dizziness.
Vomiting. Rapid heartbeat and -

WE HEAR HER HEART BEAT RAPIDLY

RUE (V.O.)
Sometimes death. I don't recommend
it, nor does any legit drug site on
the internet.

INT. RUE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RUE (V.O.)
Option Two. Synthetic Urine.

Rue is online. A website that sells synthetic urine with a heating powder. She clicks PURCHASE.

The price comes up \$89.99 + Tax + S&H.

RUE (V.O.)
Yeah fucking right.

She clicks cancel.

INT. RUE'S BEDROOM - EVENING (RIGHT NOW)

Rue lays in bed, trying to think of how to get the fuck out of this situation.

RUE (V.O.)
Option Three. Get a non-drug-addict
friend to piss for you.

She gets up. Opens her window. And climbs out.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - EVENING

Rue runs as fast as she can through the suburbs.

RUE (V.O.)
The only problem is most over the counter home drug testing kits come with heat sensor strips that detect the temperature of your urine. And if your parents watch you pee, you can't do the sink trick.

- RUE runs a sealed container of pee under hot water.

RUE (V.O.)
So you gotta get it fresh.

I/E. LEXI'S HOUSE - EVENING

Lexi, 16, sweet with glasses, answers:

RUE
I need a favor from you.

LEXI
I'm in the middle of dinner.

RUE
Like for real, Lexi.

As they enter -

RUE (V.O.)
The side effects of this option?

CUT TO:

INT. LEXI'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rue stands awkwardly in front of Lexi's family eating dinner.

LEXI (O.C.)
I'll be right back with that
eyeliner, Rue.

Lexi's Mother SUZE, 40s, half-drunk and fueled by bored malice looks at Rue.

SUZE
So Rue, how was rehab?

RUE
It was really, really good.

SUZE
How long have you been back?

RUE
Four days.

As Lexi comes back from the bathroom, Rue puts her hand behind her back. Lexi covertly gives her a bottle of Ocean Mist nasal spray. And then in front of Suze, in the other hand, she gives her some eyeliner.

Rue smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. RUE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

- CLOSE ON RUE'S LEGS as she hikes up her skirt.

- She places the bottle of nasal spray on her inner thigh, tip down and uses masking tape to secure it in place.

- She looks in the mirror. The hem of her skirt hides it. She opens her bedroom door.

RUE
(yells out)
Mom, I have to pee!

CUT TO:

LESLIE hands her a sterilized cup as she follows Rue to the bathroom. Rue looks at her with a smile.

RUE (CONT'D)
I wish we could do this in a way that wasn't a total invasion of my privacy.

LESLIE
Well you gave up your right to privacy after your overdose.

RUE
That was a mistake.

LESLIE
Don't be flip, Rue. It was the most frightening thing a mother could witness.

Rue motions for Leslie to turn around. She does. Rue puts the cup below her and begins to clench her thighs together, squeezing the bottle.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Not to mention Gia. Who absolutely idolizes you.

RUE
I know, Mom.

LESLIE
To have her find you unconscious -

We HOLD ON RUE as she starts to tear up.

RUE
(her voice cracks)
Mom, please don't do this...

CUT TO:

INT. RUE'S HOUSE - DAY (BEGINNING OF SUMMER)

CAMERA HOLDS ON Rue's little sister Gia as she stands at the end of the hallway. A strange inhuman sound coming from Rue's bedroom.

GIA
Rue?

No answer. Gia hesitantly walks toward Rue's bedroom. The sound gets a little clearer. A depressed gurgling. Like trying to breathe through a wet cloth.

GIA (CONT'D)
Rue?

We see GIA's hands clench the hem of her shorts, anxiously. As she pushes open Rue's bedroom door to see:

RUE, unconscious, on the floor, splayed out in a pool of urine. She's cyanotic. Her skin a faint bluish color.

And we realize the strange gurgling sound is her breathing stomach acid back into her lungs.

BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE HOLD ON Rue's face as her tears begin to fall.

RUE (V.O.)
I know a lot of you probably hate
me right now. And I get it.

She looks down at the cup of pee. A long beat. She hands it to her Mother.

RUE (V.O.)
If I could be a different person, I
promise you I would.
(beat)
(MORE)

RUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Not because I want it, but because
 they do. And therein lies the
 catch.

As Leslie takes the test strip and plunges it into the cup.
 Rue turns to her Mom.

RUE
 I'm sorry for slamming the door
 earlier.

LESLIE
 It's okay. I forgive you.

A beat. Rue gives her Mom a hug and starts to walk away.

ECU as the test strip comes back for all substances:
 NEGATIVE. NEGATIVE. NEGATIVE. NEGATIVE.

CUT TO:

INT. JULES' ROOM - EVENING

Jules opens a fresh needle. Plunges it into a bottle of anti-
 androgen (**or w/e Hormone Replacement Therapy she'd be on**)
 Gets the air out. Squeezes her thigh and sticks it in.

CLOSE: AS WE SEE the plunger depress and we -

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JULES' ROOM - NIGHT

MONTAGE of JULES GETTING READY. Shaves. She does her makeup.
 Eyeliner. Her nails. Puts on torn fishnets. A skirt. A
 cropped tee.

She grabs her backpack and passes through the -

LIVING ROOM, where her DAD sits on the couch watching TV,
 drinking a beer.

JULES' DAD
 Where you going?

JULES
 I don't know, out to a party.

He looks at her.

JULES' DAD

Are you sure you wanna go out
dressed like that?

JULES

Why?

JULES' DAD

It's just a new school, y'know.
Listen, I don't care how you wanna
dress, it's just, your old school
was more open to that kinda stuff.
This is kind of a conservative
town, y'know.

JULES

I know.

A beat.

JULES' DAD

Well, for what it's worth, you look
nice.

JULES

Thanks, Dad.

She puts on her headphones presses PLAY as she walks out of
the house.

EXT. JULES' HOUSE - NIGHT

She reaches into her backpack and pulls out a PINK WIG. She
puts it on as she grabs her bike and begins to ride through
the streets listening to music.

RUE (V.O.)

Jules told me later what had
happened...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEST WESTERN MOTEL - NIGHT

Jules, stands in the parking lot outside a grungy Best
Western on the outskirts of town.

In the distance, the room where she's supposed to meet her
hookup. The light is on. A shadow paces back & forth inside.

She looks at her phone. Texts the guy:
 [i'm nervous]
 [don't be]
 [promise ur not a serial killer? lol]
 [haha promise]

She stands there unsure. The man texts a picture: [a bottle of champagne and two glasses]

RUE (V.O.)
 And looking back on it. She probably would have been better off just going to McKay's. But...

Jules takes a deep breath and WE FOLLOW HER as she starts to walk towards the motel. She knocks.

FROM THE SIDE WE SEE the door open as the light spills out on Jules' face.

A beat.

OLDER MAN'S VOICE
 Come in.

As Jules passes through, the door closes behind her.

WIDE SHOT DOLLYING IN: From across the parking lot of the illuminated window. Two silhouettes moving around the room, circling each other.

CUT TO:

INT. MCKAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA WHIPS FROM NATE TO MCKAY AND A GROUP OF OTHER JOCKS as they each pound back a shot of liquor - One after another. CLACK. CLACK. CLACK.

SLAM CUT:

ON NATE, shirtless:

NATE
 Cassie's a whore. Fact.

The other guys start cracking up. As CAMERA WHIPS from face to face of guys while they pre-game and talk shit.

MCKAY
 Nah dude. She's cool. She's not like that.

NATE
Have you seen her slut pages?

MCKAY
No.

JOCKY BRO
They're wild yo. She's like a
downright freak.

McKay's little brother, Skylar, 14, shirtless, backwards hat:

SKYLAR
Cassie's on the slut pages? I gotta
see this shit.

MCKAY
What are you even doing outta your
room?

NATE
Cut the kid some slack. No one's
coming 'til ten.

MCKAY
All I'm saying is I think you'd dig
Cassie.

NATE
Mckay, bro. She's a whore. Like
through and through. I'm just tryna
look out for you, fam.

MCKAY
I don't know what she's done, or
whatever, but she's cool. And like
smart. She also like loves cars.
You'd like her. She knows a lot
about cars...

SKYLAR
Dude's got mad feelings.

JOCKY BRO
For real. McKay's about to start a
pinterest.

NATE
You don't know what she's done...?

He stares down McKay, who looks at him blankly.

NATE (CONT'D)

Aight bro... Let's take a trip to
the land of shame.

Nate pulls up the SLUT PAGES on his phone (a private online inventory of nudes of girls that guys upload without their permission to share amongst each other.)

As MCKAY throws back a shot nervously and we revolve from
FACE TO FACE in anticipation...

RUE (V.O.)

Here's the fucking thing that
pisses me off about the world...

INT. SPARSE ROOM - SOMETIME

Rue basically talks to CAMERA.

RUE

Like every time someone's shit gets
leaked, whether it's J Law or
Leslie Jones, the whole world's
like "if you don't want it out
there, don't take nudes in the
first place." I'm sorry. I know
your generation relied on flowers
and father's permission, but it's
2018, and unless you're Amish,
nudes are the currency of love. So
stop shaming us. Shame the assholes
who create password protected
online directories of naked
underage girls.

HARD CUT TO:

REVOLVING STILL PHOTOS from their town's SLUT PAGES of one
girl, CASSIE, 18.

RAPID CUTS: Posing in her bedroom mirror. Naked. Legs spread.
Her hand covering her vagina. Pushing her breasts together.
Making a goofy smiling face. SNAPCHAT CAPTIONS: I [heart} u.
Miss you. Feeling sexy lol.

RUE (V.O.)

Cassie's actually super sweet. You
remember like... from earlier -

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LEXI'S HOUSE - EVENING (LIKE 5 MINUTES AGO)

CASSIE sits at the table with her mom, SUZE.

CASSIE
Rue-Rue pebbles.

RUE
How you been?

Cassie shrugs whatever.

SUZE
She's just being coy. She has a
boyfriend she's head over heels
for.

CASSIE
Mom, stop being retarded. He's not
my boyfriend.

SUZE
Oooohkay. Then who was that
handsome young man who came over
for dinner last night?

CASSIE
Ohmigod, Mom.

Suze winks at Rue and then without missing a beat -

SUZE
So Rue, how was rehab...

CASSIE
(to her Mom)
You're the actual worst.

As CAMERA WHIPS AROUND -

RUE (V.O.)
But anyway back to this bullshit...

SLAM BACK TO:

NATE, grinning:

NATE
And the Oscar goes to -

CUT TO:

CASSIE'S SLUT PAGES. A GRAINY VIDEO, taken from the POV of an iSight camera of someone we don't recognize having sex with Cassie. It's unclear if Cassie knows she's being filmed.

GUY IN VIDEO

You like it when I'm fucking rough with you?

CASSIE

Yessss... Pleeeeeassse.

BACK TO:

NATE AND THE OTHER GUYS CRACKING UP.

NATE

You want my advice? Fuck her like the whore she is. Throw her ass out. And never tell a soul.

McKay sinks before the group.

RUE (V.O.)

It's obvious that Nate got in McKay's head because Cassie told Lexi, and Lexi told me, that the night of the party -

CUT TO:

INT. MCKAY'S PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the middle of the madness and chaos of the party, Cassie sits on the kitchen counter. McKay stands close, looking at her -

CASSIE

What?

MCKAY

Nothing.

CASSIE

Why are you staring me at like that?

MCKAY

I'm sorry, I just sorta spaced out.

Cassie smiles.

MCKAY (CONT'D)

Was I being weird?

CASSIE
No. You were being cute.

A beat.

MCKAY
You're literally the most beautiful
girl I've ever seen.

RUE (V.O.)
- They hooked up.

INT. MCKAY'S ROOM (DURING THE PARTY) - NIGHT

Cassie and McKay make out on his bed. It's getting more intense. Cassie slides his hand from her waist to her bare thigh. He looks at her. She kisses him. As he reaches under her skirt and slides her panties off.

She falls on her side as McKay feels how wet she is.

MCKAY
Fuck.

CASSIE
I know.

MCKAY
Are you always this wet?

Cassie buries her head in the bed for a brief second -

CASSIE
Kinda... It's super embarrassing.

He doesn't say anything.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
(a long beat)
Does it turn you off?

McKay shakes his head, no. As he reaches into his drawer and pulls out a condom. Starts to put it on. She watches him, her breath slowing.

- And suddenly McKay slams into her as we see Cassie wince uncomfortably. He smacks her ass and begins to fuck her roughly.

- As Cassie grimaces, she turns around when suddenly he reaches out and chokes her. Cassie panics. Her breath constricted. Hands and legs flailing.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Stop! Stop! Stop!

WE FREEZE FRAME -

RUE (V.O.)
Now I know this looks disturbing,
but for real, I promise you, this
does not end in a rape.
(beat)
But here's the thing -

SLAM CUT TO:

RAPID CUTS - ECU: OF BELTS, JEANS, ZIPPERS, SKIRTS,
SWEATPANTS, YOGA PANTS, ET AL. BEING PULLED DOWN, TO THE
SIDE, OPENED, TAKEN OFF.

RUE (V.O.)
Everyone on the planet watches
porn. Fact.

WE HEAR: A grunt. A sigh. A moan. A hitch of breath. And
then, RAPID MOUSE CLICKS.

RUE (V.O.)
And if were to click on the twenty
most popular videos on Pornhub
right now, this is basically what
you'd see -

A MONTAGE OF THE 20 most POPULAR SCENES on PORNHUB right now.
[*NOTE All clips should be cropped, zoomed in, and pixellated
to the point we don't really see what's happening. The sound
of what's occurring should cue us more than the image]

ONE WOMAN AFTER ANOTHER is slapped in the face, choked,
spanked, dragged, spit on, cries, gags, gasps, struggles,
fights back and the only words we hear are: "C'mon slut.
Whore pussy. Fucking Cunt. Like it, pig. Bitch. You crying,
bitch? Take it, bitch. What the fuck's wrong with you bitch?"

RUE (V.O.)
I'm not trying to be sex negative
or anything. I'm just saying -

CUT BACK TO:

UNFREEZE FRAME

As McKay immediately stops. And backs away.

CASSIE
 (freaked out)
 Ow, what the fuck, McKay!?

RUE (V.O.)
 - *this shit isn't out of fucking
 left field.*

MCKAY
 I'm so sorry, I just thought--

CASSIE
 Why would you grab me like that?

MCKAY
 I don't know. I'm sorry. I just
 thought you maybe liked it - I
 don't know, I'm really sorry.

CASSIE
 I just couldn't breathe, I didn't
 expect it.

He looks stricken. On the verge of tears.

MCKAY
 I'm really sorry, Cassie.

CASSIE
 Just like, don't do that again.

MCKAY
 I won't. I promise.

CASSIE
 Unless you ask me.

And then Cassie smiles:

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 Or I ask you.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

CAMERA TILTS DOWN FROM THE NIGHT SKY -

Rue walks alone down the middle of the street in a gold
 sequined hoodie.

RUE (V.O.)
 Anyway, I was walking to McKay's
 party because I have this rule that
 I don't drink and bike cause like -

FOUR QUICK CUTS:

- Rue, wearing sunglasses at night while riding her bike, slams into a closed garage.
- Slams into a tree.
- Wobbles into a parked car.
- Walks her bike through the streets and slowly falls into a bush.

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON'S CAR - NIGHT

Maddy drives as Kat sits shotgun and BB is in the back. In the distance they see Rue walking alone in the middle of the street.

MADISON
 Who is that?

KAT
 Wait, slow down. Is that Rue?

MADISON
 Rue like - didn't she die?

BB
 Okay. Do not freak me out.

Kat rolls her window down, yells at Rue -

KAT
 Whaddup Casper?
 (As Rue turns)
 Need a ride?

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON'S CAR - NIGHT

As they drive through the town blasting music. Rue looks out the window and sees the BEST WESTERN MOTEL as they pass the motel rooms, glowing from the inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BEST WESTERN MOTEL - NIGHT

Jules sits on the edge of the bed in her pink wig and skirt. Her knees fall into one another. A glass of champagne is handed to her from O.S.

JULES

Thanks.

REVERSE. An OLDER MAN, 40s, handsome. Clean shaven. In a nice button down shirt. There's a calmness to him. Casualness.

OLDER MAN

How old are you?

JULES

Twenty-two.

OLDER MAN

Do you live in town?

JULES

(a beat)

No.

(a beat)

I'm just visiting my grandparents.

OLDER MAN

Hmm...

JULES

What about you?

A long beat.

OLDER MAN

You live like this?

JULES

What do you mean?

OLDER MAN

Is this how you look generally?

JULES

I mean... For like the last six months.

He nods. Sips his champagne.

OLDER MAN

You're beautiful.

JULES

Thank you.

OLDER MAN

I'm envious of your generation. You know? You guys don't care as much about the rules, you know. I think it's a good thing.

Jules nods for the sake of nodding.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

And I don't want to be that old guy that gives you advice. But I look at you, and think there's two versions of how your life can go...

She looks at him.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

You can either go someplace where you're wanted for who you are... Or you stay in a town like this and end up like me, living your life out in motel rooms.

Jules nods. The OLDER MAN moves closer. He uses his knee to push Jules' legs open. He stands over her. Puts his hand under her chin and lifts her face up:

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Selfishly... I hope you stay.

He runs his thumb across Jules' lips. Pushes it in her mouth. Jules doesn't break eye contact. He uses his thumb to pull her mouth open.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

You have a great mouth.

Jules' breath slows, as he pushes her jaw down, opening her mouth even more.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Wider... Wider...

He pushes his knee into Jules' crotch. Her thighs clench around his leg. As he opens her mouth wider and wider.

 OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
 There you go. That's it.
 (a beat)
 Good girl.

CUT TO:

INT. BEST WESTERN MOTEL - LATER

WE HOLD ON Jules' face, her lipstick and mascara smeared, as her face is pushed down into the bed.

 RUE (V.O.)
 Jules once told me that every night when she was a kid, like five or something, she'd lock herself in the bathroom, get down on her hands and knees, and pray to God.

WE hear the SOUND of her fishnets being torn open. He reaches around and jams his fingers in her mouth. She gags.

 OLDER MAN
 Spit.

She spits in his hand. JULES takes a deep breath as the OLDER MAN starts to fuck her.

 RUE (V.O.)
 She'd pray that when she woke up in the morning, she'd be 25 years old. She'd live with her best friend, a girl. Someone she hadn't met yet but someone she knew she'd trust forever.

The OLDER MAN holds Jules' wrists against her chest as he grunts. Jules just looks straight ahead, emotionless.

 RUE (V.O.)
 I don't know why but when she told me that story I started to cry so hard that I hyperventilated. Jules just kept laughing and saying "What's wrong?" But I didn't know.

The OLDER MAN whispers in Jules' ear:

OLDER MAN

You're so clean. You don't know how rare that is.

CUT TO:

INT. BEST WESTERN MOTEL - NIGHT

THE SOUND OF A SHOWER RUNNING as Jules lays in bed alone. She looks at the nightstand table - the OLDER MAN'S phone lies there. She reaches over and presses the home screen - the phone lights up:

The wallpaper is an old family photo - the OLDER MAN looks about 10 years younger, his arm slung around a PRETTY WIFE, two young sons posing in front in matching polo shirts.

The CLOCK READS: **11:33PM.**

CUT TO BLACK:

RUE (V.O.)

And then, the night got weird.

INT. MCKAY'S PARTY - BATHROOM - NIGHT

"BOW DOWN" by RAMSEY begins to play -

As RUE swoops down into frame and snorts a crushed Oxycontin off the baby-blue tile of the sink. She leans back as the CAMERA rises into a TOP SHOT. She opens the bathroom door -

INT. MCKAY'S PARTY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A crush of people drinking, smoking, talking, and hooking up in the hallway.

[* NOTE: The following plays in a single take and should be the druggy teenage equivalent of the Fred Astaire dance sequence in ROYAL WEDDING (1951)]**

RUE starts to head down the hallway, trying to find her balance and footing as the drug takes effect. She leans against the wall.

SUDDENLY, SHE BEGINS TO CRAWL UP the side of the wall. The rest of the kids remain oblivious and fixed to the floor.

Rue stands up on the right side of the wall. Her balance wobbly as she continues to walk, bracing herself against the ceiling.

When suddenly, she weaves, loses her footing and steps up on the ceiling, walking upside down over the other kids and toward the end of the hall.

As she nears the end, she steps onto the left side of the wall, takes a step or two, and hops back down onto the floor where the rest of the kids have remained fixed throughout.

And she disappears into the crowd.

RUE (V.O.)

Now, there's a couple versions of what happened that night. There's the real version and then the version I told the cops. Now, the version I told the cops was far less interesting... because, like obviously.

INT. MCKAY'S PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

FROM ABOVE: WE SEE NATE, shirtless, pound back an enormous amount of liquor.

RUE (V.O.)

But Nate was fucking on one.

AND WE BEGIN TO SPIN WITH HIM, as he heads toward a RANDOM HOT GIRL and pulls her on the dance floor.

RANDOM HOT GIRL

Where are you taking me?

NATE

I wanna see how you move.

RANDOM HOT GIRL

Oh yeah?

NATE

Fuck yeah.

As she begins to grind on him, he slides his hands over her ass and grips it tight. He turns and throws MADDY a look.

RUE (V.O.)

And in turn, Maddy was fucking on one.

WE SPIN OVER TO:

FROM ABOVE

MADISON is pulling some COLLEGE GUY through the party, past NATE, on the dance floor, who's now making out with RANDOM HOT GIRL. Nate looks up as Maddy pulls College Guy -

- toward the SLIDING GLASS DOOR and CAMERA DROPS DOWN BEHIND MADDY as she steps -

OUTSIDE

- Into the warm night and begins to strip down into her bra and panties. Everyone in the pool turns and watches as COLLEGE GUY frantically follows suit, stripping down to his boxers.

- As MADDY PULLS HIM into the POOL and WE CRASH UNDERWATER WITH THEM, getting lost in the flailing limbs and waves and bubbles until we find them again swimming out into the deep end.

- The trap bass of the music echoes underwater as we see MADDY hold him and kiss him underwater. They laugh and tumble and surface.

- As MADDY wraps her legs around him, holds his neck and begins to grind herself into him. She moves her hips around to the beat of the music as he looks at her, in awe.

COLLEGE GUY
You're fucking crazy.

She continues to ride him in the pool.

MADISON
You think I'm crazy?

COLLEGE GUY
Definitely.

MADISON
What if...?

Madison looks around at everyone else in the pool, pretending not to watch them.

She leans in, whispers in his ear:

MADISON (CONT'D)
What if I told you that I wanted
you to fuck me right here, right
now?

OFF COLLEGE GUY'S stunned face -

RUE (V.O.)
And that's right about the time
that Jules decided to ghost his
hookup and bike over to McKay's.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Jules, in her pink wig, pedals as fast as she can through the streets.

RUE (V.O.)
Now Jules texted Kat but Kat didn't
answer because...

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLAR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

- WE PUSH THROUGH A CLOUD OF WEED SMOKE to find KAT sitting across from (McKay's younger brother) SKYLAR and his friend NICK, both 14.

They're both shirtless. Listening to rap.

SKYLAR
What's the deal with your friend.
BB.

KAT
What about her?

SKYLAR
Is she like a prude or is she like
a slut?

KAT
Definitely a slut.

NICK
What about you?

KAT
What about me?

NICK
Are you a slut?

She looks him dead in the eye, unblinking, lying:

KAT
Yeah, I'm a fucking savage.

He smiles.

NICK
What's your number?

KAT
Higher than you can count.

NICK
Stop playing, you're a fuckin' prude.

A beat. Kat shrugs.

RUE (V.O.)
Now Kat wasn't a prude but she was a virgin. She told Jules that a week into summer school and when Kat saw her reaction -

SLAM CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: JULES' REACTION - DAY

JULES
(stunned and disturbed)
This isn't the 80's bitch. You need to catch a dick.

BACK TO:

INT. SKYLAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Back to Kat smoking weed with Skylar and Nick.

RUE (V.O.)
She was on a mission to enter Junior year as a woman of questionable morals.

NICK
Stop playing, you're a fuckin' prude.

A beat. Kat shrugs.

NICK (CONT'D)
If I were to pull my dick out right now, would you suck it?

Nick starts to laugh, but Kat doesn't break eye contact.

KAT
I don't know, let me see it.

NICK
I'm not hard yet.

He puts his hand down his pants and starts jacking off under his clothes as they talk.

NICK (CONT'D)
You've probably never sucked a dick
in your life.

KAT
Yeah I have.

We can see that Kat enjoys the back and forth power-play.

Skylar takes a swig from a bottle of liquor. Passes it to Kat. Who takes a big swig. Passes it to Nick.

SKYLAR
Most girls don't know how to suck
dick.

KAT
What do you mean?

SKYLAR
They're too gentle, like they're
fuckin' scared of it.

KAT
Not in porn.

NICK
(he smiles)
Exactly. You watch porn?

KAT
Doesn't everyone?

NICK
Every guy, yeah. But not prudes,
only sluts.

KAT
(with a smile)
Yeah well.

He looks her dead in the eye.

NICK

You know what people always say?
Fat girls give the best head.

Off Kat's face, inscrutable -

CUT TO:

RUE (V.O.)

I was out back talking to Fezco
when Jules arrived.

EXT. MCKAYS PARTY - POOL - NIGHT

WE SEE Rue and Fezco laying on pool chairs smoking a joint
and barely paying attention to Maddy and College Guy as they
sorta or actually fuck in the pool.

We can see Fezco is contemplating something and then finally:

FEZCO

You know, I try to keep things
straight business, but... When I
saw you come in today the whole
thing made me uneasy.

RUE

Aw, don't go soft on me Fezco.

FEZCO

Nah, I mean it, Rue. I like you. I
missed you. And that shit at the
beginning of the summer really
scared me.

RUE

Yeah, you and everyone else.

He looks at her, dead serious.

FEZCO

I'm not being flip, Rue. I've been
in the drug game for six years and
I've seen a bunch of people die.
But none like you.

She winces, tries to avert her eyes.

FEZCO (CONT'D)

I don't know what the fuck you got
going on inside of you, and I don't
know how to fix it, but trust me,
this shit ain't the answer.

A beat as Rue collects her thoughts.

RUE

I remember when I was 11 years old - a month or two after my Dad got diagnosed... and we got the results from the prognosis - and it was really good like 80/20. And we had a little celebration, ordered a ton of Chinese food and that night I was laying in bed between my parents, and we were watching a Seinfeld rerun. And suddenly... I couldn't breathe. It was like the world was no longer filled with oxygen. I was gasping, panicking. And they called the ambulance. They thought maybe I had an allergic reaction, and when I got to the hospital, they gave me liquid Valium to calm me down. And I remember the moment it hit me, I thought... *'Oh, this is what I've been searching for. My entire life, for as long as I can remember.'* Because suddenly the whole world went quiet and I felt safe in my own mind.

(a beat)

2 years later, he was gone. My panic attacks stayed. But I found a way to live.

She thinks for a beat. Looks over at Fezco.

RUE (CONT'D)

And will it eventually kill me?... Probably.

(with a smile)

So you still gonna be my dealer, Fezco?

He stares at her.

FEZCO

You're a fuckin' trip, Rue. And I am way too high for this conversation.

As she takes another hit of the joint -

RUE (V.O.)
Maybe things would have been
different if I was inside when it
all started, but I wasn't.

EXT. MCKAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FROM BEHIND: Jules, in her pink wig, looks at the house party in the distance. It's lit up. Music echoes. The windows are fogged up. She looks at her phone. Nervous.

She takes a deep breath as we begin to follow her and she walks toward the party -

INT. MCKAY'S PARTY - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE JOCKY BRO whisper something to NATE, who's rip-roaring drunk. He turns and begins to push through the crowd of people surrounding the pool.

He sees MADDY in the pool, hooking up with COLLEGE GUY.

A few kids film it on the low and/or snap it.

CUT TO:

INT. MCKAY'S PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Jules enters in her pink wig, crop top, torn fishnets, and smeared mascara.

A few kids notice, gawking at her. She then heads straight to the kitchen table of liquor and pours herself a big cup of vodka. She throws it back.

OUTSIDE AT THE POOL

Nate yells out to Maddy -

NATE
Real classy, you fucking whore!

She looks up to see Nate and ignores him. As he heads back inside, we can see his fists balling. His rage mounting.

He heads for the liquor table. Sees Jules standing there. Nate just looks at her, not saying anything... And then -

NATE (CONT'D)
You wanna tell me who the fuck you
are?

Jules, a little confused -

JULES

I'm Jules, I'm a friend of -

NATE

A friend? You're not *my* friend.
 (yelling to the Party)
 Anyone else here friends with
 Jules?

Jules senses where this is headed... People start to crowd around Nate and Jules.

JULES

Look, I'm just minding my own
 business. I'm not trying--

NATE

No one who looks like you is
 minding their own business. You
 want attention. Don't you?
 (she says nothing)
 Cause I'll give you some fucking
 attention.

Nate looks around -

NATE (CONT'D)

Anyone friends with this faggot?

The whole party is silent.

NATE (CONT'D)

If someone doesn't speak up, this
 bitch is gonna get fucked up!

Jules looks over at the counter and sees a kitchen knife lying next to a cut up lime.

NATE (CONT'D)

Looks like you're all on your own.

Jules tries to walk away but Nate grabs her and throws her back against the wall.

Jules immediately REACHES OVER AND GRABS THE KITCHEN KNIFE.

It's pandemonium as everyone tries to leave/talk the situation down, etc.

NATE (CONT'D)

Dude, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I was just fucking with you, just put the knife down, dude.

But Jules loses it, all the rage and emotion from the entire evening pouring out of her.

JULES

You wanna hurt me, huh? You think you can hurt me?

NATE

What the fuck are you talking about?

Rue hears the commotion and comes into the kitchen to see what's going on. Jules is still holding the knife, screaming.

JULES

You think you can hurt me? Well guess what, no one can hurt me like I can hurt myself.

Jules takes the KNIFE and SLICES HER OWN ARM. Blood pours from her. People begin to freak out.

JULES (CONT'D)

See! I'm fuckin' invincible!

She bats her arm towards Nate, smearing the blood around the kitchen.

NATE

You're a fuckin' psychopath!

Nate backs off as the fight goes out of her. Jules looks around at the stunned party. Throws the bloody knife in the sink.

People separate as Jules walks through the party toward the front door. Blood runs down her arm and fingers, trailing her. Before she leaves, she turns to everyone.

JULES

By the way, I'm Jules. And I just moved here.

CLOSE ON. Rue as a big smile forms on her face.

RUE (V.O.)

I mean, right...?

CUT TO:

EXT. MCKAY'S PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

As Jules walks out of the party toward her bike, Rue runs out after her.

RUE

Yo, that was the dopest thing I've ever seen.

Jules turns to see Rue running toward her -

JULES

What?

RUE

That was fucking amazing.

JULES

Well, it became a situation where I knew like, some amount of violence was going to be done to me. And I don't want a fuckin' broken cheekbone or some shit.

(then)

So like, whatever. I got a couple of cuts.

RUE

No I completely understand the logic behind it, but it's still fuckin' insane...

The two of them look at each other and in an instant realize they're about to become best friends.

RUE (CONT'D)

I'm Rue.

JULES

I'm Jules.

RUE

Where you going?

JULES

Home, probably.

RUE

Can I come with you?

Jules smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. MCKAYS PARTY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kat exits Skylar's room and walks down the hall as CAMERA holds on her face, numb.

She's sweaty. Her hair is all messed up.

She looks at her phone. A bunch of texts from Jules about 45 minutes ago.

Suddenly, Maddy comes running toward her -

MADISON

Where the fuck have you been? You missed the craziest shit ever -

Kat looks at her and smiles. Maddy's like: *what?*

KAT

Guess who just lost their virginity?

Maddy squeals in delight.

MADISON

Oh my god, oh my god, with who!?

KAT

I, uh, I think he goes to St. Mary's.

MADISON

Oh my god, no way! How was it?

Kat takes a beat, then lies.

KAT

It was... nice.

She shrugs, as Madison wraps her arms around her in a hug.

MADISON

Aw, my little slut, I'm so proud of you!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Rue holds onto Jules as they ride her bike back home. Rue clings to her, the blood soaking through her shirt and into her clothes.

INT. JULES' HOME - NIGHT

They tiptoe through her house and into...

INT. JULES' ROOM - SAME

Rue and Jules strip out of their bloody clothes and down to their underwear. Rue begins to bandage her arm.

CUT TO:

INT. MCKAY'S HOME - NIGHT

Cassie sleeps peacefully as McKay cuddles her. He quietly and gently kisses the back of her neck as she sleeps.

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON'S HOME - NIGHT

Maddy is passed out in her bed next to BB. CAMERA drifts over to the floor where KAT lays in a makeshift bed of blankets, scrolling through Skylar and Nick's instagrams.

They're both total fuckboys. Constantly shirtless, their arms draped around random hot girls. None of whom look like Kat.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARSE ROOM - SOMETIME

WE PULL OUT of the back of Rue's head to REVEAL the SHERIFF and a COP sitting across from her.

We can see that the Sheriff is at his wits end with Rue.

SHERIFF

Just tell us in a simple straightforward way what happened on the night of August 24th.

RUE

Was that the day the mall got shot up?

SHERIFF

What mall?

RUE

The one in the south, that like, that white supremacist dude shot up.

SHERIFF

I don't know what mall shooting you're referring to.

RUE

It was the one that happened the day of McKay's party.

SHERIFF

On August 24th?

RUE

I don't know. It's not like I'm forty and keep a day planner.

As the Cops look at each other in frustration.

RUE (V.O.)

So I've watched like a lot of true crime docs and I'm always amazed at like, how quickly criminals crack. Like if you're gonna have the balls to commit a crime, then you'd think you'd have the balls to lie about it. Whatever. Point is - the first rule of fight club... Don't trust the motherfucking cops.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate weaves his car drunkenly down the streets. He gets out. Drunk. And walks toward the front door of his house.

RUE (V.O.)

Remember when I said things got weird...?

INT. NATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate closes the front door and drops his car keys in the bowl in the front hall. WE HOLD on A FRAMED PICTURE behind it.

It's a photo of NATE'S FAMILY, taken years ago. And WE REALIZE it's the SAME PHOTO from the phone of the OLDER MAN Jules hooked up with.

RUE (V.O.)
So yeahhhh...

BACK TO:

INT. SPARSE ROOM - SOMETIME

The Sheriff looks at Rue.

SHERIFF
 Just tell us what happened the
 night of Christopher McKay's party.

RUE
 (hesitates and then:)
 Can I be completely honest?

SHERIFF
 I hope so -

RUE
 I got really fucking high that
 night. So I'll try to tell you what
 happened but I can't like promise
 it's, for real, what actually
 happened... *You know what I mean?*

The Cops look at each other, overwhelmingly frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. JULES' ROOM - NIGHT

Jules lays back in bed as Rue sits astride her, finishing
 bandaging her arm.

They're both in their underwear... There's a certain sexual
 tension but it's mostly platonic.

Rue leans down and kisses her cheek. Sits up. Looks over her
 shoulder, away from us.

RUE
 I have an idea...

She turns back, looks down at Jules with a little smile.

RUE (CONT'D)
 Wanna get high?

END OF PILOT.