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Heathers

By Daniel Waters

When I was just a little girl
I asked my mother, what will I be?
Will I be pretty?
Will I be rich?
Here's what she said to me
Qu ser, ser
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Qu ser, ser
What will be, will be
When I was just a child in school
I asked my teacher, what should I try?
Should I paint pictures?
Should I sing songs?
This was her wise reply
Qu ser, ser
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Qu ser, ser
What will be, will be...

Damn.

It's your turn, Heather.

No, Heather. It's Heather's turn.

Heather.

Sorry, Heather.

Qu ser, ser
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Qu ser, ser
What will be, will be
Qu ser, ser

Dear diary...

'Heather told me

she teaches people real life.

'She said real life sucks losers dry.

'If you want to fuck with the eagles,
you have to learn to fly.

'I said, "So, you teach people
to spread their wings and fly?"

'She said, "Yes."

'I said, "You're beautiful..."'

God, come on, Veronica.

What is your damage, Heather?

Don't blame me, blame Heather.

She told me to haul your ass
into the caff pronto.
Back me up, Heather.
She really wants to talk to you, Veronica.
OK, I'm going. Jesus Christ.
Hello, Heather.
Veronica. Finally.
I got a note of Kurt Kelly's.
I need you to forge a hot and horny
but realistic note in Kurt's handwriting.
We'll slip it onto
Martha Dumptruck's lunch tray.
I don't have anything
against Martha Dunnstock.
You don't have anything for her.
Come on. It'll be very.
The note will give her shower nozzle
masturbation material for weeks.
I'll think about it.
Don't think.
Veronica needs something to write on.
Bend over.
Dear Martha, you're so sweet...
I'm telling you, man, it'd so be righteous
to be in a Veronica Sawyer -
Heather Chandler sandwich.
Hell, yes.
I want to put a Heather on my johnson
and spin her around like a pinwheel.
Punch it in.
Westerburg feeds the world.
Come on, people.
Give that leftover lunch money
to people who don't have lunches.
God, aren't they fed yet?
Do they even have thanksgiving in Africa?
Oh, sure. Pilgrims, Indians, Tater Tots.
It's a real party continent.
Sawyer, guess what today is.
Ouch. Lunch-time poll?
What's the question?
Yeah, what's the question, Heather?
God, you were with me in study hall
when I thought of it.

I forgot.

Such a pillowcase.

It's not that bizarro thing you were babbling about over the phone last night, is it?

Of course it is.

I told Dennis if he gives me another political topic, I'd spew burrito chunks.

Oh, Veronica, I'm sorry.

Betty Finn. Gosh.

I'm sorry I couldn't go

to your birthday party last month.

It's OK. Your mom said you had a big date.

I'd probably miss my own birthday for a date.

Don't say that.

I was looking around the other day and I dug up these old photographs.

Oh. They're great.

Come on, Veronica.

I was talking to somebody.

Great. Here comes Heather.

Oh, shit.

- Hi, Courtney. Love your cardigan.

- Thanks.

I got it last night at The Limited.

Like, totally blew my allowance.

Check this out. You win \$5 million

from the Publisher Sweepstakes

and the same day

the guy gives you the cheque,

aliens land on the earth and say they'll blow

up the world in two days. What do you do?

That's easy.

I'd just slide that wad over to my father

because he's one of the state's top brokers.

If I got that money,

I'd give it all to the homeless.

Every cent.

You're beautiful.

If you're going to openly be a bitch...

Why can't we talk to

kinds of different people?

Fuck me gently with a chainsaw.

Do I look like Mother Teresa?

If I did, I probably wouldn't mind

talking to the geek squad.
Did see that? Heather number one
just looked right at me.
Does it not bother you that
everybody thinks you're a piranha?
Like I give a shit.
They all want me as a friend or a fuck.
I'm worshiped at Westerburg
and I'm only a junior.
I can't believe this, we're going to a party
at Remington University tonight
and we're brushing up on our conversational
skills with the scum of the school.
Hi.
Hi.
So this is what's called a lunch-time poll.
You win \$5 million
in the Publisher Sweepstakes
and the same day whatshisface
gives you the cheque
aliens land on earth
and say they'll blow up the world
in two days.
What are you going to do with the money?
I'd go to Egypt.
With a girl.
I'd use the money for
an end-of-the-world get-together.
I'd pay Madonna a million bucks
to sit on my face
and ride like the Kentucky Derby.
That's the most spooky-assed question
I ever heard.
After taxes, I'll only be getting...
She should pay me, though.
You go to the zoo and get a lion and
put a remote control bomb up its butt...
Then there's social security, legal fees...
Push the button on the bomb
and you and the lion die like one.
What?
Oh, my God. Here we go.
Oh, my God.
Hi, Veronica.

Five keeps an infant alive.
You wanted to be a member of
the most powerful clique in school.
If I wasn't already the head of it,
I'd want the same thing.
Come on, Veronica.
You used to have a sense of humour.
Veronica, could you
come back here a minute?
A true friend's work is never done.
- Gross.
- Gross.
Grow up, Heather. Bulimia is so '87.
- Maybe you should see a doctor.
- Yeah, maybe.
Come on, Heather,
let's take another look at today's lunch.
God, Veronica, drool much?
His name's Jason Dean.
He's in my American History.
Hello, Jason Dean.
Greetings and salutations.
Are you a Heather?
No.
I'm a Veronica. Sawyer.
This may seem like
a really stupid question...
There are no stupid questions.
You inherit \$5 million.
The same day aliens land on the earth
and say they're going to blow it up
in two days. What do you do?
That's the stupidest question
I've ever heard.
Who's that guy in the coat
think he is anyways?
Bo Diddley?
Veronica's into his act, no doubt.
I don't know. Probably row out
to the middle of a lake,
bring along a bottle of tequila,
my sax and some Bach.
How very.
Come on, Veronica.

Later.

Definitely.

Let's kick his ass.

Shit, Ram, we're seniors, man.

We're too old for kind of that kind of crap.

Let's give him a good scare, though.

You going to eat this?

What did your boyfriend say when you told him you were moving to Sherwood, Ohio?

Answer him, dick.

Hey, Ram, doesn't this cafeteria have a "no fags allowed" rule?

They seem to have an open-door policy for assholes, though, don't they?

What did you say, dickhead?

I'll repeat myself.

They won't expel him, they'll just suspend him for a week or something.

He used a real gun.

They should throw his ass in jail.

No way. He used blanks.

All JD really did was ruin two pairs of pants.

Maybe not even that.

Can you bleach out urine stains?

You seem pretty amused. I thought you had given up on high school guys.

Never say never.

What are you going to do, Heather?

Take the two shots or send me out?

Did you have a brain tumour for breakfast?

First you ask if you can be red, knowing that I'm always red.

Shit.

It's your turn, Heather.

Easy shot, Heather.

No way, no day.

Give it up, girl.

- Holy shit.

- Incredible!

Whoo!

So tonight's the night. Are you two excited?

I'm giving Veronica her shot,

her first Remington party.

You blow it tonight, girl,

and it's keggers with kids all next year.

Why?

Why not?

Heather, your mother's here.

Come on, whoever wants a ride.

- Bye. Thank you.

- Bye-bye, girls.

Hey, take a break, Veronica. Sit down.

So what was the first week
of spring vacation withdrawal like?

I don't know. It was OK, I guess.

Hey, kid, isn't the prom coming up?

I guess.

Any contestants worth mentioning?

Maybe.

There's kind of
a dark horse in the running.

God, will somebody tell me
why I read these spy novels?

Because you're an idiot.

Oh, yeah, that's it.

You two...

Great pt, but I gotta motor
if I want to be ready for that party tonight.

Corn nuts!

BQ or plain?

BQ!

You're going to pull a super-chug with that?

No, but if you're nice,
I'll let you buy me a slushie.

I see you know
your convenience-speak pretty well.

Yeah, well, I've been
moved around all my life.

Dallas, Baton Rouge, Vegas...

Sherwood, Ohio.

There's always been
a Snappy Snack Shack.

Any town, any time, pop a ham and cheese
in the microwave and feast on a turbo-dog.

Keeps me sane.

Really?

That thing you pulled in the caff today
was pretty severe.

Yeah, well, the extreme
always seems to make an impression.
Did you say a cherry or Coke slushie?
I didn't. Cherry.
Great bike.
Yeah. Just a humble perk
from my dad's construction company.
Seen the commercial, right?
"Bringing every state to a higher state."
Wait a minute. Jason Dean.
Your pop's Big Bud Dean Construction?
It must be rough moving place to place.
Everybody's life has got static.
Is your life perfect?
Yeah. I'm going to
a Remington University party.
No, my life's not perfect.
I don't really like my friends.
Yeah, uh, I don't really like
your friends, either.
Well, it's just like they're people I work with
and our job is being popular and shit.
Maybe it's time to take a vacation.
Hello, ladies.
Throw your coats on the floor.
Veronica, this is Brad.
Excellent.
Did you girls bring
your partying slippers?
- Let's party.
- She loves to party.
'Dear diary, I want to kill,
'and it's for more than just selfish reasons.
'More than a spoke in my menstrual cycle.
'You have to believe me.'
It's so great to talk to a girl
and not have to ask "what's your major?"
I hate that.
So, when you go to college,
what subjects do you think you'll study?
Come on, David.
Shouldn't we get back to the party?
We will.
It's just you're so hot tonight.

I can't control myself.
'I can't explain it but
I'm allowed an understanding
'that my parents and these
Remington assholes have chosen to ignore.
'I understand that I must stop Heather.'
How's my little cheerleader, huh?
Oh, I know everyone
at your high school isn't so uptight.
- Come on.
- I don't feel so good, OK?
Let's do it on the coats.
It'll be excellent, huh?
I have a prepared speech I tell my suitor
when he wants more
than I'd like to give him.
Gee, blank, I had a really nice...
Save the speeches for Malcolm X.
I just want to get laid.
You don't deserve my fucking speech.
'Betty Finn was a true friend
and I sold her out
'for a bunch of Swatchdogs
and Diet Cokeheads.
'Killing Heather would be like offing
the Wicked Witch of the West.
'Wait, East. West!
I sound like a fucking psycho.'
What's your damage?
Brad says you're being a cooze.
I feel really sick, like I'm gonna throw up.
Can we please jam now?
No. Hell, no.
'Tomorrow I'll be kissing
her aerobicised ass
'but tonight let me dream of
a world without Heather,
'a world where I am free.'
You stupid fuck.
You goddamn bitch.
You were nothing before you met me.
You were playing Barbies with Betty Finn.
You were a Bluebird, you were a Brownie,
you were a Girl Scout Cookie.

I got you into a Remington party.
What's my thanks?
It's on the hallway carpet.
I got paid in puke.
Lick it up, baby. Lick it up.
Monday morning you're history.
I'll tell everyone about tonight.
Transfer to Washington,
transfer to Jefferson,
no one at Westerburg's gonna let you
play their reindeer games.
Dreadful etiquette. I apologise.
That's OK.
I saw the croquet set up in the back.
You up for a match?
I thank you.
That was my first game of strip croquet.
You're welcome.
It's a lot more interesting
than just flinging off your clothes
and boning away
on a neighbour's swing set.
There's lots to be said for throwing off...
What a night.
What a life.
They wanted to move me
into high school out of the sixth grade
because I was supposed to be
this big genius.
Then we decided to chuck the idea
because I'd have trouble
making friends, blah, blah, blah.
Now blah, blah, blah is all I do.
I use my grand IQ
to decide what colour gloss to wear
and how to hit three keggers before curfew.
Heather Chandler is one bitch
that deserves to die.
Killing her won't solve anything.
I say we just grow up, be adults and die.
But before that...
I'd love to see Heather Chandler
puke her guts out.
Trust me, she skips

the Saturday morning trip to grandma's
even when she's not hung over.
We'll just concoct ourselves
a little hangover cure
that'll induce her to spew
red, white and blue, then.
What about milk and orange juice?
What's the up-chuck factor on that?
I'm a no-rust-build-up man, myself.
Don't be a dick.
That stuff will kill her.
I know, we can cook up some soup
and put it in a Coke.
That's pretty sick, eh?
Should it be chicken noodle
or bean with bacon?
Put a lid on that stuff.
I say we go with big blue here.
What are you talking about?
She would never drink anything
that looked like that, anyway.
So we'll... put it in this.
She won't be able to see
what she's drinking.
Let me get a cup, jerk.
OK.
Milk and orange juice.
Maybe we could, like, cough up
a phlegm globber in it or something.
- No?
- Nothing.
Oh, well. Milk and orange juice
will do quite nicely.
You're chicken.
You're not funny.
I'm sorry.
- Uh, Veronica?
- What?
Uh, never mind. I'll, er, carry the cup.
Morning, Heather.
Veronica... and Jesse James.
Quelle surprise.
Hear about Veronica's
affection for regurgitation?

Last night we both
said things we didn't mean.
Did we?
How did you get in?
Um... Veronica knew
you'd have a hangover
so, uh, I whipped this up for you.
It's a family recipe.
What, you put a phlegm globber in it?
I'm not going to drink that piss.
I knew this stuff'd be too intense for her.
Intense.
Grow up.
You think I'll drink it
just because you call me chicken?
Just give me the cup, jerk.
Corn nuts.
Oh, my God.
I can't believe it.
I just killed my best friend.
And your worst enemy.
Same difference.
What are we going to tell the cops?
"Fuck it if she can't take a joke, Sarge."
Cops.
I can't believe this is my life.
Oh, my God.
I'm going to have to send
my SAT scores
to San Quentin instead of Stanford.
All right, just a little freaked, here.
At least you got what you wanted.
Got what I wanted?
It's one thing to want
somebody out of your life,
it's another thing to serve them
a wake-up cup full of liquid drainer.
All right, we did a murder
and that's a crime,
but if this were like
a suicide thing, you know?
Like a suicide thing?
Yeah, yeah.
You can do Heather's handwriting

as well as your own, right?

Right?

- Yeah.

- All right.

You might think what I've done is shocking?

Yeah.

Um...

to me, though,

suicide is the natural answer

to the myriad of problems

life has given me.

That's good but Heather

would never use the word myriad.

This is the last thing she'll ever write,

she'll want to use

as many 50-cent words as possible.

She missed myriad

on the vocab test two weeks ago.

That only proves my point more.

The word is a badge

for her failures at school.

Oh. OK, you're probably right.

People think just because

you're beautiful and popular,

life is easy and fun.

- Yeah.

- Uh...

no one understood I had feelings too.

I die knowing no one knew the real me.

That's good.

Have you done this before?

Any other principal

would take the same position -

keep things business as usual.

Heather Chandler's

not your everyday suicide.

- She was very popular.

- If I let these kids out before lunch,

the switchboard would light up

like a Christmas tree.

I was impressed that she made proper use

of the word myriad in her suicide note.

I find it profoundly disturbing

that we're told of

the tragic destruction of youth
and all we can think to talk about
is adequate mourning times
and misused vocabulary words.

Oh, Christ!

We must revel in this revealing moment.

Look, I suggest that
we get everybody together,
both students and teachers, in the cafeteria
and just talk and feel...
together.

Thank you, Ms Fleming.

You call me when the shuttle lands.

Now, is this Heather the cheerleader?

That would be Heather McNamara.

Damn. I'd be willing to go half a day
for a cheerleader.

God, it's unfair. It's just so unfair.

We should get off a whole week,
not just an hour.

Write the school board.

Watch it, you might be digesting food.

- Yeah, where is your urge to purge?

- Fuck it.

Look...

Heather left behind one of her Swatches.

She'd want you to have it, Veronica.

She always said

you couldn't accessorise for shit.

Sorry to hear about your friend.

I thought she was your usual airhead bitch.

Guess I was wrong.

We all were.

What a waste.

Oh, the humanity.

Veronica?

Veronica, what are you doing?

I'm just so thrilled...

to finally have an example
of the profound sensitivity of
which a human animal is capable.

That example is Heather Chandler.

I have her note.

Whoo!

I'm gonna pass this note around the class
so you can all feel
its pathetic beauty for yourself.
And while we do this,
I think it's a good opportunity to share...
the feelings that this suicide
has spurred in all of us.
Now, who would like to begin?
I heard it was really gnarly.
She sucked down a bowl of
multi-purpose deodorising disinfectant
and then smash!
Tracy, let's not rehash the coroner's report,
let's talk emotions.
Um, Heather and I used to go out
but she said I was boring.
But now I realise I really wasn't boring...
it's just that she was
dissatisfied with her life.
That's... very good, Peter.
Are we going to be tested on this?
'We were the same size
'so we could borrow
each other's clothes, mix it up. It was fun.'
"I remember I won her
a rhino at the 4-H Club... '
You're an asshole. Mute him.
- 'We liked the same clothes... '
- How many networks did you run to?
'It won't be the same without her.'
What are you talking about?
You hated her. She hated you.
'Every English class
I looked forward to seeing her... '
Heather Chandler
is more popular than ever now.
- Scary stuff.
- Yeah.
Hey, son, I didn't hear you come in.
Hey, Dad, how was work today?
It was miserable.
Some damn tribe of withered old bitches
doesn't want us to terminate
that fleabag hotel.

All because Glen Miller and his band
once took a shit there.
Just like Kansas.
You remember fucking Kansas?
That was the one with the wheat, right?
Yeah. Save the Memorial Oak Tree Society.
Showed those fucks.
30 of those 4th of July fireworks
attached to the trunk.
Arraigned but acquitted.
Gosh, Pop,
I almost forgot to introduce my girlfriend.
Oh. Veronica, this is my dad.
Dad, Veronica.
Hi.
Son, why don't you ask
your little friend to stay for dinner?
I can't. My mom's making
my favourite meal tonight -
spaghetti, lots of oregano.
How nice.
The last time I saw my mom
she was waving from
a library window in Texas. Right, Dad?
Right...
son.
Right.
Take a break, Veronica. Sit down.
So what was the first day
after Heather's suicide like?
Well, it was OK, I guess.
Terrible thing.
So, will we get to meet
this dark horse prom contender?
Maybe.
God, will somebody tell me
why I smoke these things?
Because you're an idiot.
Oh, yeah. That's it.
You two...
Great pt but I have to motor
if want to be ready for that funeral.
I blame not Heather
but rather a society

that tells its youth
that the answers can be found
in the MTV video games.
We must pray that the other
teenagers of Sherwood, Ohio,
know the name of that righteous dude
who can solve their problems.
It's Jesus Christ and he's in the book.
Amen.

'O God, this is a tragic thing
'and sometimes
I have a hard time dealing with it.
'Please send Heather to heaven.'
'Dear God, please make sure
this never happens to me,
'I don't think I can handle suicide.
'Early acceptance into an Ivy League school
and please let it be Harvard. Amen.'

'Jesus God in heaven,
why did you kill such hot snatch?
'It's a joke, man.

Jeez, people are so serious.
'Hail Mary, who aren't in heaven,
'pray for all us sinners
so we don't get caught.
'Another joke, man.'

'I prayed for the death of
Heather Chandler many times.
'I felt bad every time I did it
but I kept doing it.
'Now I know you understood everything.
'Praise Jesus. Hallelujah.'

'Hi. I'm sorry.
'Technically, I did not kill Heather Chandler,
but, hey, who am I trying to kid, right?

'I just want my high school
to be a nice place.
'Amen.

'Did that sound bitchy? '
Veronica, what are you doing tonight?
I don't know. Mourning.
Maybe watch some TV. Why?
Well, Ram asked me out tonight...
but he wants to double with Kurt...

and Kurt doesn't have a date.
Heather, I have something going with JD.
Please, Veronica.
Put Billy the Kid on hold tonight.
I'll be your best friend.
So we on tonight, man, or what?
I don't know.
I still got to talk to Heather, dude.
Weird funeral, huh?
That pudwapper just stepped on my foot.
- Let's kick his ass.
- Cool off.
- We're seniors.
- Goddamn geek!
Ah, well. Sit and spin.
That little prick.
You piece of shit fag.
You like to suck big dicks?
- Cut it out.
- Say, "I like to suck big dicks."
Leave him alone, Ram.
Say it.
Say it!
OK, OK.
You like to suck big dicks.
I like to suck big dicks.
I can't get enough of 'em.
Are you satisfied?
Don't worry. Ram's been so sweet lately,
consoling me and stuff.
It'll be really very. Promise.
OK. Just as long as
it won't be one of those nights
where they get shitfaced
and take us to a pasture to tip cows.
- Is it sleeping, dude?
- I think so, man.
Shh!
Come here.
Oh, shit. Cow tipping is the fucking greatest!
Punch it in.
Shit. On the count of three, guy.
One...
two... three!

When I get that feeling,
I need sexual healing.
Yeah, right, asshole.
What is this shit?
Doing a favour for Heather. Double date.
I tried to tell you at the funeral
but you rode off.
Another fucking Heather.
I'm sorry. I'm feeling a little superior tonight.
Seven schools in seven states
and the only thing different
is my locker combination.
Our love is god. Let's go get a slushie.
I'm not belittling the foodless fund, Peter,
but we're talking teen suicide here.
The number one song in America today
is Teenage Suicide Don't Do It by Big Fun.
Westerburg finally got one of these things
and I'm not gonna blow it.
So Heather gets the front page and
I get crammed in by the Taco Bell coupon.
Hi, guys, I came to check up
on this week's lunch-time poll topic.
Don't worry about it, Veronica.
Sit down, huh?
That funeral yesterday
must have really been rough, huh?
Oh, yeah.
We were wondering if you had any poems,
artwork that Heather did
that we can put in
the Heather Chandler yearbook spread?
The what?
Look, it's a two-page layout with
her suicide note right up here in the corner.
It's more tasteful than it sounds.
I don't know, Dennis,
this stuff leaves a bad taste in my mouth.
Like last night, Veronica?
Excuse me? I don't get it.
You did last night.
Kurt told us of your little date.
Yeah, and? I left him drunk
and flailing in cow shit.

Well, I don't know. He was really detailed.

- Shh.

- Shut up, Courtney.

No, don't shut up.

I'd like to know exactly what I did.

Come on, Veronica.

I'll show you the lunch-time poll topic.

What the fuck?

I rarely listen to Neanderthals like Kurt Kelly but he said that he and Ram had a nice little sword fight in your mouth last night.

Ew! That son of a bitch.

Hi, Kurt?

Hi, this is Veronica Sawyer.

I didn't expect to be calling, either.

I guess my emotions took over.

I was wondering if you wanted those things you've been saying to really happen.

It's always been a fantasy of mine to have two guys at once.

Oh, sure, you can write to Penthouse forum.

Yeah, in the woods behind the school.

At dawn.

Don't forget Ram.

Why am I writing a suicide note when we're just going to be shooting them with blanks?

We're not gonna be using blanks this time.

You can't be serious.

I am.

Listen, my Bonnie and Clyde days are over.

Wait a second, wait a second.

Do you take German?

French.

All right. These are echt Luger bullets.

My grandfather snared a shitload of them back in WWII.

They're like tranquillisers, only they break the skin's surface enough to cause blood but no real damage.

So it looks like the person's been shot and killed and really they're just unconscious and bleeding?

Right.

See, we shoot Kurt and Ram,
make it look like they shot each other
and by the time they regain consciousness,
they'll be the laughing stock of the school.
The note's the punch line.

How'd that turn out?

First tell me the similarity is not incredible.
It's incredible similarity.

OK. Ahem.

"Ram and I died the day we realised
"we could never reveal our forbidden love
to an uncaring and un-understanding world.
"The joy we shared in each other's arms
was greater than any touchdown,
"yet we were forced to live the lie
"of sexist, beer-guzzling, jock assholes."
That's perfect.

Let's take a look at some
of the homosexual artefacts
I dug up to plant at the scene.

All right. An issue of Stud Puppy.

That's great!

A candy dish, a Joan Crawford postcard.
Good.

Some mascara.

All right, now, here's the one perfecto thing
I picked up -
mineral water.

Come on, a lot of people
drink mineral water. It's come a long way.
Yeah, but this is Ohio.

If you don't have a brewski in your hand,
you might as well be wearing a dress.

Oh, you're so smart.

Hi, Veronica.

Hi, guys.

Glad you could make it.

So should I just whip it out or...

Well, I've made a circle
on each side of the clearing.

Ram, you come over here.

Kurt.

When you get to the circle, strip.

What about you?

I was hoping you could
rip my clothes off me, sport.

Good idea.

OK. Count of three, guys.

One...

two...

Three!

You missed him completely?

It was worth it just to see the look...

Don't move. I'll get him back.

Ha!

- No.

- Now!

- Hey, I heard it that time.

- What?

Another gunshot from the woods.

Oh, shit. Let's roll!

Kurt doesn't look too good.

Just remember he's left-handed.

Keep going until you hit the clearing.

Come on.

- Mother of shit!

- Call in.

Hey, I heard something out there.

I'm checking it out.

This is Officer McCord.

I've got two dead bodies in the woods
behind Westerburg High.

'Milner, can you hear me?

What's going down? '

Yeah... I think what I heard
was just a bunny rabbit.

All I've got here is two kids
making out in a station wagon.

'Should I pry them apart? '

No. Forget it.

I got all the answers back here.

Hey...

are they naked?

Yeah, so what's the deal?

Suicide. Double suicide.

They shot each other.

Hey, that's Kurt Kelly.

Yeah, and the linebacker, Ram Sweeney.
Phew. My God, suicide. Why?
Does this answer your question?
Oh, man. They were fags.
Listen up. "We realised we could never
reveal our forbidden love
"to an uncaring
and un-understanding world."
Jesus H Christ!
The quarterback bugging the linebacker.
What a waste.
Oh, the humanity.
So we killed them, didn't we?
Yeah. Of course.
Echt Luger bullets. I'm such an idiot.
Look, you believed it
because you wanted to believe it.
Your true feelings
were too gross and icky for you to face.
I did not want them dead.
- You did too.
- I did not.
Did too.
- I did not.
- Did too.
- Did not.
- Did too.
- Did not! Did not!
- Did too!
Shut up! I did not want them dead.
- Come on, you did. You're just...
- # Mary had a little lamb... #
I did not!
Young love!
School's cancelled today
because Kurt and Ram killed themselves
in a repressed homosexual suicide pact!
No way.
God!
The football season is over, Veronica.
Kurt and Ram
had nothing to offer the school
but date rapes and AIDS jokes.
Sure.

Can we make an ice run
before the funeral?
If there's any way
you can hear me, Kurt buddy...
I don't care that
you really were some... pansy.
You're my own flesh and blood
and you made me proud.
My son's a homosexual and I love him.
I love my dead, gay son.
How do you think he'd react to a son
that had a limp wrist with a pulse?
'Dear diary, my teen angst bullshit
has a body count.
'The most popular people
in school are dead.
'Everybody's sad
but it's a weird kind of sad.
'Suicide gave Heather depth,
Kurt a soul, Ram a brain.
'I don't know what it's given me
'but I've got no control
over myself when I'm with JD.
'Are we going to prom or to hell? '
Now, it seems we were in
a similar position on Monday
when I thoughtfully suggested
we get everybody together
for an unadulterated
emotional outpouring, but no.
You took this as an opportunity
to play yet another round
of "let's laugh at the hippy".
- Pauline...
- Shut up, Paul.
I've seen a lot of bullshit -
ngel dust, switchblades,
sexually perverse photography exhibits
involving tennis rackets -
but this suicide thing...
guess that's more on Pauline's wavelength.
We're just going to write off today
and on Friday she can hold
her little love-in or whatever.

Whatever.

Attention!

May I have your attention, please?

This school has been
torn apart by tragedy.

I'm here today to fuse it back again
through togetherness.

I want everyone to clasp hands.

We need to connect this cafeteria
into one mighty circuit!

- Excuse me.

- Here comes the TV crew!

Lock your paws!

- We're ready when you are.

- Hi, there.

Come on. Let's go. Here.

This will be on TV.

Let's show them how you feel!

Looks like Miss Phlegm's
on another one of her crusades.

With usual success, of course.

Come on, get up!

Hi, what's your name?

I'm Heather Duke.

Is this as good for you as it is for me?

Those fish sticks can wait. Let's go.

Come on, kids!

The whole world is watching!

Show them that you care!

Greetings and salutations.

I'll need a VHS copy of this by Monday
for my Princeton application.

You can beat this,
don't let suicide get you down.

That thing this afternoon,

I'm so angry, it was chaos, fucking chaos.

What are you talking about?

I mean, today was great.

Chaos was great.

Chaos is what killed the dinosaurs, darling.

Face it, our way is the way.

We scare people into not being assholes.

Our way is not our way.

Oh, yeah? Tell that to the judge, all right?

Tell it to Kurt Kelly.
I'm telling it to you.
God, you can be so immature.
Oh! You kids are making
too much damn noise.
We beat the bitches.
Beautiful. The beaver's home.
Judge told them to slurp shit and die.
I put a Norwegian in the boiler room.
Masterful.
And then when that blew,
it set off a pack of thermals I stuck upstairs.
Some days it's great to be alive.
Stick it to those goddamn...
Do you like your father?
Never given the matter much thought.
Liked my mother.
They said her death was an accident
but she knew what she was doing.
She walked into the building two minutes
before my dad blew the place up.
She waved at me and then...
boom.
'Dudes, if I get one more request
for that Big Fun song,
'I'm gonna commit suicide.'
Playing our song.
'Here it is, Teenage Suicide Don't Do It.'
Teenage suicide
Don't do it
Teenage suicide
She blew it
Teenage suicide
Don't do it... #
That's it. We're breaking up.
What? You can't bring them back,
you must know that.
I'm not trying to bring anybody back
except maybe myself.
No!
To think once
I actually thought you were cool.
If you can't deal with me now
then just stay home and shoot your TV,

blow up a couple toasters or something.
Just don't come to school
and don't mess with me.
You'll be back.
Me and Martha Dumptruck?
Where did you get this?
Oh, I just had the nicest little chat
with Ms Dumptruck.
Got along famously.
It's scary how everybody's got
a little story to tell.
Want to see the canoeing shots?
What is this? Blackmail?
I'll give you a week's lunch money.
I don't want your money.
I want your strength.
Westerburg does not need
mushy togetherness,
it needs a strong leader.
Heather Chandler was that leader but...
But she couldn't handle it.
I think you can.
Moby Dick is dunked.
The white whale drank some bad plankton
and splashed through a coffee table
and now it's your turn to take the helm.
What about the photographs?
Oh, don't worry.
I'll ask you to do me a favour
and it'll be one you'll enjoy.
You'll get the negatives back then.
But in the meantime, strength.
Here's a little gift...
from Heather to Heather.
- Guess who.
- Heather?
'Hello? '
Hello, Betty? This is Veronica.
I don't believe it, I'm winning!
Don't you start getting cocky on me, girl.
I really missed you.
I know I'm not as exciting as
your other friends.
That is bullshit.

Shoot.

Do you know I'm still a virgin?

OK, I French-kissed Al Springer once.

It was a total disaster.

Shoot the ball.

Betty, your daydreams are a lot better than my realities, believe me.

But now, prepare to die.

Ronnie.

You're not just going for those two shots.

I mean, go ahead, knock me out.

It's the only way to win.

It's not my style.

Nice guys finish last, I should know.

Bravo.

Bravo.

Listen, I got to get home, OK?

OK.

Thanks.

Bye, Betty.

Bye.

Betty, leaving so soon?

I'm red.

'The Westerburg suicides
were tough on all of us,
'but we shared the pain of losing
three very popular students.

'I came into the cafeteria,
asked them to hold hands... '

Isn't that that flake
we met at the open house?

'... burst of cleansing synchronicity,
'TV cameras happened
onto our path and captured... '

Cleansing synchronicity?

Outpouring of emotion?

Ha! Look! There's Heather.

There's Heather. Where are you, Veronica?

'Before a teenager decides to kill himself,
there are certain facts that he should know.

'After all, this decision affects all of us
and there's only one chance to get it right.'

'Getting some supervi... '

Turn that back on.

These programmes are eating suicide up.
They're making it sound like
a cool thing to do.

Are you trying to tell me it's not a time
for troubled youth? Stand up straight.

All we want is to be
treated like human beings,
not patronised like bunny rabbits.

I don't patronise bunny rabbits.

Treated like human beings?

Is that what you said,
little Miss Voice-of-a-generation?

How do you think adults
act with other adults?

You think it's all just
a game of doubles tennis?

When teenagers complain
they want to be treated like human beings,
it's because they are
being treated like human beings.

Well, I guess I picked the wrong time
to be a human being.

Well, you'll live.

Want some pt?

Hi, everybody. Door was open.

Veronica, have you heard?

We were doing Chinese at the food fair
when we heard Martha Dumptruck
tried to buy the farm.

She belly-flopped in front of a car
wearing a suicide note.

Is she dead?

No. That's the punch line.

She's in stable condition.

Just another case of a geek trying to imitate
the popular people and failing miserably.

Is that pt?

- I said I was sorry.

- You were out of control.

Heather and Kurt were a shock
but Martha Dumptruck?

Get crucial. She dialled
suicide hotlines in her diapers.

You're not funny.

Look, Martha couldn't take the heat
so she got out of the kitchen.
Just think what a better place this world
would be if every nimrod followed her cue.
Just shut up. Hot Probs is on.
Oh, shit. Yeah.
'Skipper's OK but sometimes
I feel like I'm on that island
'and Gilligan can be so stupid sometimes... '
If it wasn't for the courage
of the fearless crew,
the Minnow would be lost,
and you are too.
Next call.
'Hey, you've got the dog-catcher.'
'My name is Heather.'
No... it's not Heather.'
No, it...
It's Madonna. Jeez. No, not that.
Hey, babe, I need a name.
My name is Tweety.
'Tweety?
'Ooh, tweet! '
God has cursed me, I think.
The last guy I had sex with
killed himself the next day.
I'm failing math.
My whole life is a mess.
I'm supposed to be captain of
the cheerleading...
She knows we listen to this show.
Holy shit! We'll crucify her.
'... my parents are divorced and stuff... '
'Heather told everyone about Heather.'
'Yes, dear diary,
I've cut off Heather Chandler's head
'and Heather Duke's head
has sprouted in its place
'like some mythological thing
'my eighth-grade boyfriend
would have known about.
'Heather's even doing the old note trick.
' I've seen JD's way.
'I've seen Miss Pauline Fleming's way

'and nothing has changed.
'I guess that's Heather's way.
'And, Jesus, what about JD?
'I can't get him out of my head.
'Wait. Where's Heather going? '
Where's Heather going?
She's going to cry.
Fucking child protector caps.
Now where is she going?
Heather.
- What are you trying to do? Kill me?
- What are you trying to do? Sleep?
Suicide is a private thing.
Heather, you're throwing your life away
to become a statistic
in the US fucking A Today.
That's the least private thing I can think of.
What about Heather and Kurt and Ram?
If everyone jumped off a bridge, would you?
Probably.
Hey now, if you were happy
every day of your life,
you wouldn't be a human being,
you'd be a game show host.
What do you say we knock off early,
buy some shoes, something lame like that?
OK.
So it's come to this.
Heather Chandler did polls,
I want you to do a petition,
as a favour, as the favour.
You've heard of the group Big Fun, right?
That's right. Teenage Suicide Don't Do It.
Right. Some teenybopper rag
says that they want to play a prom.
It could be Westerburg's
if we get everybody's John Hancock.
I'll get right on it, coach.
Little gift for you. I won't be needing it.
Heather?
Veronica.
Colour me stoked, girl.
Everyone's signed this petition,
even the ones who think

Big Fun are tuneless Eurofags.
People love me.
You haven't signed yet.
People love you but I know you.
Jennifer Forbes told me
the petition she signed
was to put a hot tub in the cafeteria
and Doug Hilton said...
Some people need
different kinds of convincing.
Just sign the petition, OK?
Don't talk to me like that, OK?
Look, it was JD's idea.
He made out the signature sheet
and everything so why not just sign it?
No.
Jealous much?
Heather, why can't you just be a friend?
Why are you such a megabitch?
Because I can be.
Veronica, why are you pulling my dick?
Do you think if Betty Finn's
fairy godmother made her cool,
she'd still hang out
with her dweebette friends?
No way, Veronica.
Uh-uh.
Want to go out tonight?
Catch a movie, some miniature golf?
I was thinking more along the lines
of slitting Heather Duke's wrists open,
making it look like a suicide.
Now you're talking. I could be up for that.
I've already started
underlining meaningful passages
in her copy of Moby Dick,
if you know what I mean.
I knew you'd be back, Veronica.
I knew it. I was positive sure.
It's over, JD, over.
Grow up!
You don't get it.
You were wrong. I was right.
Strength, damn it!

Come on, come back!
Yes?
Your friend Jason Dean stopped by.
He seemed very concerned about you.
He said he thought
you might try to kill yourself.
You have been depressed lately.
Oh, he left this for you.
Oh, my God.
He said that we should
keep you away from sharp objects,
closed garage doors,
chemical, uh, substances.
- Prescription drugs.
- Prescription drugs.
"To neither love
nor reverence wilt thou be kind,
"and even for hate thou canst but kill,
"and all are killed."
I like it.
It's got that what-a-cruel-world
so let's-toss-ourselves-in-the-abyss
type of ambiance, huh?
Come on. It's Heather's copy of Moby Dick.
Why don't you give it a try?
Underline something.
Get off of my bed, you fucking psycho!
You think you're a rebel?
Do you actually think you're a rebel?
You're not a rebel.
You're fucking psychotic.
You say "tom-ay-to", I say "tom-ah-to".
Hold it.
Eskimo. Look at that.
That's one word. I love it!
I usually go for the whole sentence myself
but this is perfecto.
Eskimo, you know, it's so, uh, mysterious.
Eskimo.
Come on.
JD, you are not listening to me.
Nag. Nag. Nag. Nag. Nag!
Th-th-that knife is filthy.
Do you think I'm going to

take out her tonsils with it?
Excuse me, I think I know Heather
a little better than you do.
If she was going to slit her wrists,
the knife would be spotless.
How's this? Can you see your fucking
reflection in the thing?
Tomorrow someone else
will move into her place.
That person could be me.
Ha! There's only one of us
knows Heather's handwriting.
If you think I'll write another suicide note,
you're wrong.
You don't get it! Society nods its head
at any horror the American teenager
can think to bring upon itself.
Nobody's going to care about
exact handwriting. Help me. Quick.
Life sucks.
It's perfecto.
Jesus, I've got
a meaningfully marked-up Moby Dick.
What else does a suicide need, huh?
Now, if you'll excuse me.
No!
Open the door!
Eskimo.
Heather Duke underlined a lot of things
in this copy of Moby Dick
but I believe the word Eskimo,
underlined all by itself,
is the key to understanding Heather's pain.
On the surface, Heather Duke
was the vivacious young lady
we all knew her to be...
but her soul was in Antarctica,
freezing with the knowledge
of the way fellow teenagers can be cruel...
the way that parents can be unresponsive...
and as she writes so eloquently
in her suicide note,
the way that life can suck.
We'll all miss Sherwood's little Eskimo.

Let's just hope
she's rubbing noses with Jesus.
Is this turnout weak or what?
I had at least 70 more people at my funeral.
Heather?
Oh, God, Veronica,
my afterlife is so boring.
If I have to sing Kumbaya one more time...
What are you doing here?
I made your favourite -
spaghetti.
Lots of oregano.
Dinner!
Veronica! Dinner!
'Dear diary, last entry.
'No one can stop JD -
'not the FBI, the CIA or the PTA.
'He once told me that
the extreme always makes an impression.
'Well, now it's my turn.
'Let's see how the son of a bitch reacts
to a suicide he didn't perform himself.'
I can't believe you did it.
I was teasing.
I loved you.
Sure, I was coming up here to kill you.
First I was going to try and get you back
with my amazing petition.
It's a shame you can't see what
our fellow students really signed.
All right, listen.
"We students of
Westerburg High will die. Today.
"Our burning bodies
will be the ultimate protest
"to a society that degrades us.
"Fuck you all."
It's not very subtle, but, uh, neither's
blowing up a whole school, now, is it?
Talk about your suicide pacts, huh?
When our school blows up tomorrow,
it's going to be the kind of thing
to infect a generation!
I mean, it's going to be

a Woodstock for the '80s.
Damn it, Veronica.
We could have
toasted some marshmallows together.
What does she want? A written invitation?
Veronica! Dinner!
Sheesh.
Veronica, I...
Oh, I... I... I should have let you
take that job at the mall.
It was just that I was afraid of you
coming home late at night and I...
Hey, Mom, why so tense?
Hey, Prob, I need some help
with my homework.
Uh, not right now, tiger. I'm a little busy.
Veronica, JD told me
you committed suicide last night.
- Where is he? Where's JD?
- We have to talk.
Whether to kill yourself or not is the most
important decision a teenager can make.
Get a job.
Rodney, where's everybody going?
- It's Friday.
- Shit, another damn pep assembly.
Yeah. You know, these things,
they get pretty artificial
but you know, at least you get out of class.
Rodney, what's underneath the gym?
The boiler room.
May I see your hall pass?
I knew that loose was too noose.
I mean, uh, noose too loose.
Goddamn you, woman.
Like father, like son.
A serious-as-fuck bomb in the boiler room
to set off a pack of thermals upstairs.
Ok, let's start by putting the bomb down
on the ground.
I knew that.
I knew that.
OK, put your hands on your head.
You didn't say "Simon says".

Let's go!

Let's go, Rottweilers, let's go!

Let's go, Rottweilers, let's go!

W- E-S!

- T-E-R!

- T-E-R!

- B-U-R!

- B-U-R!

- G!

- G!

- What does it spell?

- Westerburg!

- Again!

- Westerburg!

Westerburg!

Lean to the left, lean to the right!

Stand up, sit down, fight, fight, fight!

Stop!

Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!

Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!

You think because

you started this you can end it?

I'll kill, I'll fucking kill you, I swear to God.

How do I turn off the bomb, asshole?

Fuck you!

Shit!

It's all over, JD. Help me stop it.

You want to clean the slate as much as I do.

All right, so maybe I am

killing everyone in the school...

because nobody loves me.

Let's face it, all right?

The only place different social types

can genuinely get along

with each other is in heaven.

Which button do I press to turn it off?

Try the red one, all right?

People are going to look at

the ashes of Westerburg and say,

"Now, there is a school that self-destructed,

"not because society didn't care

but because the school was society!"

It's pretty deep, huh?

Which red button?

Press the middle one to turn it off...
if that's what you really want.
You know what I want, babe?
What?
Cool guys like you out of my life.
Colour me impressed.
You, uh, you really fucked me up
pretty bad, Veronica.
You, um...
you got power.
Power I didn't think you had.
The slate is clean.
Pretend I did blow up the school...
all the schools.
Now that you're dead,
what are you going to do with your life?
Veronica... you look like hell.
Yeah? I just got back.
Veronica, what are you doing?
Heather, my love,
there's a new sheriff in town.
Hey, Martha!
My date for the prom
kind of flaked out on me.
If you aren't doing anything that night,
maybe we can rent some new releases,
pop some popcorn.
I'd like that.
Yeah. So would I.
When I was just a little girl
I asked my mother, what will I be?
Will I be pretty?
Will I be rich?
Here's what she said to me
Qu ser, ser
Whatever will be
Will be
Will be
The future's not ours to see
Well, well, well, well, ohh
Qu ser, que ser
Qu ser
When I grew up and fell in love
I asked my lover, what will I be?

Will I be rich day after day?
Here's how my lover said
Qu ser, ser
Yeah
Whatever will be
Will be
Will be
Qu ser, ser
Whatever will be
Whatever
Will be
Will be
Will be
The future's not ours to see
Qu ser
Qu ser
Will be
Qu ser
Y'all get down