

HEATHER CHANDLER'S eyes slam shut and her limp body crashes through the glass coffee table. VERONICA and J.D. freeze.

**J.D.**

Something tells me you picked up the wrong cup.

**VERONICA**

No shit, sherlock. I can't believe it. I just killed my best friend.

**J.D.**

And your worst enemy.

**VERONICA**

Same difference. Oh jesus, I'm gonna...

VERONICA staggers to a desk. J.D. laughs out of shock.

**J.D.**

What are we going to tell the cops?  
"Fuck it if she can't take a joke, Sarge."

**VERONICA**

Stop kidding around. I'm going to have to send my S.A.T. scores to San Quentin instead of Stanford.

**J.D.**

I'm just a little freaked, all right?  
(a beat)  
You got what you wanted, you know.

**VERONICA**

It's one thing to want somebody out of your life. It's another thing to serve them a wake-up cup of Drano.

VERONICA stares off as J.D. paces like a caged animal. He

scopes onto the rubble of the shattered coffee table and sees  
liff Notes for The Bell Jar plus a magazine proclaiming  
THE FALL OF THE AMERICAN TEEN" sticking out from beneath  
HEATHER CHANDLER's body.

**J.D.**

We did a murder. In Ohio, that's a crime.  
But if this was like a suicide thing.....

**VERONICA**

Like a suicide thing?

**J.D.**

Adolescence is a period of life  
fraught with anxiety and confusion.

**VERONICA**

(calming down)

I can do Heather's handwriting as  
well as my own.

VERONICA takes some stationery from the desk and begins  
writing, calling out her words.

**VERONICA**

"You might think what I've done is  
shocking..."

**J.D.**

"To me though, suicide is the  
natural answer to the myriad  
of problems life has given me."

**VERONICA**

That's good, but Heather would  
never use the word "myriad."

**J.D.**

This is the last thing she'll ever  
write. She'll want to cash in on as

many fifty-cent words as poss.

**VERONICA**

She missed "myriad" on a vocab test two weeks ago, all right?

**J.D.**

That only proves my point more. The word is a badge for her failures at school.

**VERONICA**

You're probably right..."People think just because you're beautiful and popular, life is easy and fun. Nobody understood I had feelings too."

**J.D.**

"I die knowing no one knew the real me."

**VERONICA**

That's good. Have you done this before?

VERONICA's smile dies as she looks to HEATHER CHANDLER'S corpse.

**INT. SCHOOL CONFERENCE ROOM--DAY**

At the head of a long conference table is the bearlike PRINCIPAL GOWAN. Circling the table is the gray-haired but savvy MRS. POPE, the black counselor PAUL HYDE, the yuppie math teacher KEVIN STAPLES, and most noticeably, the eccentrically dressed MS. PAULINE FLEMING. Coats are in chairs and cigarette smoke is in the air, as the group batters their way through a morning mourning conference.

**PRINCIPAL GOWAN**

Any other Principal would take the same position. Keep things business as usual.

**COUNSELOR HYDE**

Heather Chandler's not your everyday