Heathers: The Musical Script
By Laurence O'Keefe, Kevin Murphy

Key:

Explanation of acting, sounds or other set-up that's not dialogue.

(Explanation of the way words are spoken/sung)

Singing.

Veronica Sawyer
Ram Sweeney
Kurt Kelly
Martha Dunnstock
Heather Chandler
Heather McNamara
Heather Duke
Jason Dean

ACT ONE:

The school bell rings. Veronica Sawyer is on stage, along with some other students.

September 1st, 1989. Dear Diary: I believe I'm a good person. You know, I think that there's good in everyone. But, uh, here we are. First day of senior year! And, uh, I look around at these kids that I've known all my life and I ask myself, "What happened?"

Students: Freak! Slut! Burnout! Bug eyes! Poser! Lard ass!

We were so tiny, happy, and shiny,
Playing tag and getting chased.

Students: Freak! Slut! Loser! Short bus!

Singing and clapping,
Laughing and napping,
Baking cookies, eating paste.

Students: Bull dike! Stuck up! Hunchback!

Then we got bigger.
That was the trigger,
Like the Huns invading Rome.
Veronica bumps into a student as she walks.

Boy 1: Uh!

Ugh! Oh! Sorry.

Welcome to my school- 
This ain’t no high school, 
This is the Thunder Dome. 
Hold your breath and count the days, 
We’re graduating soon.

Students: White trash!

College will be paradise, 
If I’m not dead by June!

The lights go down. A spotlight lights on Veronica and all of the other students are now in slow motion.

But I know, I know, 
Life can be beautiful. 
I pray, I pray, 
For a better way. 
If we changed back then, 
We could change again. 
We could be beautiful…

The lights come back up and the people start walking at a normal pace. A boy slams into one of his peers, knocking him to the ground.

Boy 2: Ow!

…Just not today.

Hey, are you okay?

Boy 2: Get away, nerd!

Oh- Sorry.

Students: Freak! Slut! Cripple! Homo! Homo! Homo!

The students get into a line and start passing back lunch trays.

Things will get better, 
As soon as my letter, 
Comes from Harvard, Duke, or Brown.
Away from this coma,
Take my diploma,
Then I can blow this town.
Dream of ivy-covered walls,
And smoky French cafés.

Watch it!

Fight the urge to strike a match,
And set this dump ablaze!

**Ram Sweeney smacks the lunch tray from Veronica’s hands and it falls onto the floor.**

Oops…

Everyone freezes, excluding Veronica.

Ram Sweeney. Third year as linebacker, and eighth year of smacking lunch trays and being a huge dick!

What did you say to me, skank?

Gah! Nothing!

Everyone unfreezes.

But,

**All:** I know, I know,

Life can be-

**All:** -beautiful.
I pray, I pray,
For a better way.

We were kind before,
We can be kind once more.
We can be beautiful.

**Students:** Beautiful!

**Martha Dunnstock comes up behind Veronica and taps her on the shoulder. Veronica screams, startled.**

Hey, Martha!

Hey.
Everyone freezes again, excluding Veronica.

Martha Dunnstock, my best friend since diapers. She’s got a huge heart but around here that’s not enough.

Everyone unfreezes and Martha picks up Veronica’s tray for her.

Thank you.

We still on for movie night?

Yeah! You’re on Jiffy Pop detail.

I rented “The Princess Bride”.

Haha, again? Wait, don’t you have it memorized by now?

What can I say? I’m a sucker for a happy ending.

Martha Dumptruck! Wide load!

Kurt Kelly smacks the tray from Martha’s hands.

Ha! Haha!

Everyone freezes again, excluding Veronica.

Kurt Kelly, quarterback. He is the smartest guy on the football team!

Veronica gapes there for a moment in mock surprise.

Which is kind of like being the tallest dwarf.

Everyone unfreezes.

Haha! Alright!

Hey! Pick that up! Right now.

I’m sorry, are you actually talking to me?

My buddy Kurt just asked you a question.

Kurt looks back at Ram and they nod to each other.

Yes, I am. I want to know what gives you the right to pick on my friend! You’re a high school has-been waiting to happen, a future gas station attendant.
You have a zit right there.

Kurt points at Veronica’s face and pushes her before walking away. All the students laugh.

Dear Diary:

Why?

Boy 2: Why do they hate me?

Girl 1: Why don’t I fight back?

Why do I act like such a creep?

Why?

Why won’t he date me?

Why did I hit him?

Students: Why do I cry myself to sleep?

Why?

Students: Somebody hug me.
Somebody fix me.
Somebody save me.
Send me a sign, God
Get me some cold beer.
Something to live for…

Heather Chandler, Heather Duke, and Heather McNamara enter.

Oh-oh, Heather, Heather, and Heather.

And then there’s the Heathers. They float above it all.

Students: I love Heather, Heather, and Heather.
I hate Heather, Heather, and Heather.

Heather McNamara, head cheerleader. Her dad is loaded, he sells engagement rings.

Students: I want Heather, Heather, and Heather.

Heather Duke, runs the yearbook. No discernable personality, but her mom did pay for implants.
Students: I need Heather, Heather, and Heather.

And Heather Chandler, the almighty. She is a mythic bitch. They’re solid Teflon, never bothered, never harassed. I would give anything to be like that.

Boy 2: I’d like to be their boyfriend.

Students: That would be beautiful.

Girl 2: If I sat at their table, guys would notice me.

Students: So beautiful.

I’d like them to be nicer.

Students: That would be beautiful.

Boy 3: I’d like to kidnap a Heather and photograph her naked in an abandoned warehouse and leave her tied up for the rats.

The school bell rings. The lights come back up in the bathroom, where Heather D is throwing up.

Grow up, Heather. Bulimia is so ’87.

Maybe you should see a doctor, Heather.

Yeah, Heather, maybe I should.

Pauline Fleming enters.

Ms. Fleming: Ah, Heather and Heather…

Heather D throws up again.

Ms. Fleming: …and Heather. Perhaps you didn’t hear the bell over all the vomiting. You’re late for class.

Heather wasn’t feeling well. We’re helping her.

Ms. Fleming: Not without a hall pass you’re not. Week’s detention.

Um, actually, Ms. Fleming, all four of us are out on a hall pass for yearbook committee.

Ms. Fleming: I see you’re all listed. Hurry up. Get where you’re going.

Heather C takes the hall pass from Veronica’s hands. Heather D and Heather M crowd around and they examine it for a moment.
This is an excellent forgery. Who are you?

Uh, Veronica. Sawyer. I, um- I crave a boon.

What boon?

Um, let me sit at your table at lunch, just once. No talking necessary. If people think that you guys tolerate me, then they’ll leave me alone.

_The Heathers laugh._

Before you answer, I also do report cards, permission slips, and absence notes.

How about prescriptions?

Shut up, Heather!

_Sorry, Heather._

For a greasy little nobody, you do have good bone structure.

And a symmetrical face. If I took a meat cleaver down the center of your skull, I’d have matching halves. That’s very important.

Of course, you could stand to lose a few pounds.

_And, you know, you know, you know,_
_This could be beautiful._
_Mascara, maybe some lip gloss,_
_And we’re on our way._
_Get this girl some blush,_
_And, Heather, I need your brush._
_Let’s make her beautiful._

_Let’s make her beautiful._

_Let’s make her beautiful._

_Make her beautiful!_

Okay?

Okay!

_The Heathers and Veronica exit._

_Out of my way, geek._
Boy 3: I don’t want trouble.

You’re gonna die at 3 PM.

Girl 1: Don’t you dare touch me!

Girl 3: Get away, pervert!

Boy 3: What did I ever do to them?

Students: Who could survive this?
I can’t escape this!
I think I’m dying!

Ms. Fleming: Who’s that with Heather?

Students: Woah.

Heather, Heather, Heather…

Heather D enters.

Girl 3: …And someone!

Students: Heather, Heather, Heather…

Heather M enters.

…And a babe!

Heather C enters.

Students: Heather, Heather, Heather…

…Veronica?

Students: Veronica, Veronica, Veronica!

Veronica runs on-stage.

And you know, you know, you know,
Life can be-

All: -beautiful.

You hope, you dream, you pray,
And you get your way!
Students: Beautiful.

Ask me how it feels,
Lookin' like hell on wheels.
My God, it’s beautiful.

Students: Beautiful.

I might be beautiful.

Students: Beautiful.

And when you’re beautiful…
It’s a beautiful freakin’ day!

Students: Heather, Heather, Heather, Veronica!
Heather, Heather, Heather, Veronica!
Veronica!
Veronica!
Veronica!
Veronica!

Blackout. When the lights come back up, Veronica stands in the middle of the stage and the Heathers are in a corner.

Dear Diary: It’s been 3 weeks since I became friends with the Heathers.

Veronica laughs happily.

Actually, friends isn’t the right word. It’s more like the Heathers are people I work with. And our job is being popular and shit.

The school bell rings.

Hey, Veronica.

Hey!

You really do look beautiful these days.

Aw, thank you. But it’s still the same me underneath.

Are you sure?

Oh, look I’m- I’m really sorry that I flaked on you last week. I’ve just- I’ve had a lot going on.

I get that. You’re with the Heathers now. That’s exciting.
It’s whatever, but we’ll hang out soon, I promise.

Veronica! Heather says to haul ass to the table pronto.

How very.

*Martha exits and Veronica walks over to the Heathers.*

Veronica. I need a forgery in Ram Sweeney’s handwriting. You’ll need something to write on. Heather, bend over.

*Heather D bends over and Veronica places the notepad on her back, beginning to write.*

Hello, beautiful. I’ve been watching you and thinking about us in the old days. I hope you can come to my homecoming party this weekend. Miss you, Ram. Oh, put an “xo” after the signature.

What’s this for anyway?

I just found out that Ram used to hang with Martha Dumptruck.

Well, yeah, in kindergarten. We all did.

We all didn’t kiss on the kickball field.

Oh, that’s right, I remember. Ram kissed Martha Dumptruck. It was disgusting.

Perfect.

*Heather C takes the note. Ram and Kurt enter.*

It would be so righteous to be in the middle of a Heather-Chandler-Veronica-Sawyer-sandwich.

Hell, yeah. Punch it in.

*Kurt and Ram fist-bump.*

Ram!

*Ram and Kurt walk over.*

Be a sweetie and give this note to Martha Dumptruck for me.

What? No!

Since when do you talk to that lard ass?
He walks away and starts unfolding it.

Oh, don’t read it! She’s having an extra-heavy flow and wanted some advice from my gyno.

Ram, Kurt: Ew!

Ram hands the note back to Veronica.

What are you doing?

Please don’t do this, okay? Not to Martha.

What? It’ll give her shower-nozzle masturbation material for weeks.

Shut up, Heather!

Sorry, Heather.

Martha has had a thing for Ram for like 12 years now, okay? This- this would kill her.

Are we gonna have a problem?
You got a bone to pick?
You’ve come so far,
Why now are you pulling on my dick?
I’d normally slap your face off,
And everyone here could watch.
But I’m feeling nice.
Here’s some advice.
Listen up, biotch!

Heather D, Heather M: I like-

-lookin’ hot,
Buying stuff they cannot.

Heather D, Heather M: I like-

-drinkin’ hard,
Maxin’ Dad’s credit card!

Heather D, Heather M: I like-

-skippin’ gym,
Scaring her,
Screwing him.

Heather D, Heather M: I like-
-killer clothes,

**Heathers:** Kickin’ nerds in the nose!

If you lack the balls,
You can go play dolls,
Let your mommy fix you a snack.

**Heather D, Heather M:** Woah!

Or you could come smoke,
Pound some rum and coke,
In my Porsha with the quarterback!

**Heathers:** Woah! Woah! Woah!
Honey, whatchu waitin’ for?
Welcome to my candy store.
It’s time for you to prove,
You’re not a loser anymore.
Then step into my candy store.

**Heather C, Heather M:** Guys fall-

-at your feet.
Pay the check,

Help you cheat.

**Heathers:** All you-

-have to do,

Say goodbye to Shamoo.

**Heathers:** That freak’s-

-not your friend,
I can tell in the end.

**Heathers:** If she-

-had your shot,

**Heathers:** She would leave you to rot!

‘Course if you don’t care,
Fine! Go braid her hair.
Maybe Sesame Street is on.
**Heathers:** Woah!

Or forget the creep,

And get in my jeep.

Let’s go tear up someone’s lawn!

**Heather D hands the note to Martha.**

**Heathers:** Woah! Woah! Woah! 
Honey, whatchu waitin’ for?
Welcome to my candy store.
You just gotta prove,
You’re not a pussy anymore.
Then step into my candy store!

You can join the team-

**Heather D, Heather M:** -or you can bitch and moan.

You can live the dream-

**Heather D, Heather M:** -or you can die alone!

You can fly with eagles,

**Heathers:** Or if you prefer,

Keep on testing me-

**Heather D, Heather M:** And end up like her!

**Martha walks over to Veronica.**

Veronica, look! Ram invited me to his homecoming party. See, I told you there was still something there! This proves he’s been thinking about me.

…Color me stoked.

I’m so happy!

**Heathers:** Woah!

Honey, whachu waiting fo-
Heather D takes the center of the stage with a spotlight until Heather C shoves her to the floor.

Shut up, Heather!

Step into my candy store!

Heather D, Heather M: Time for you to prove you’re not a lame ass anymore. Then step into my candy store!

Heathers: It’s my candy store,
It’s my candy.
It’s my candy store,
It’s my candy.
It’s my candy store,
It’s my candy store!

The lights go off and the Heathers exit. When they come back up, they only illuminate Jason Dean and Veronica.

You shouldn’t have bowed down to the swatch dogs and diet-coke-heads. They’re going to crush that girl.

I’m sorry, what?

Clearly, you’ve got a soul. You just gotta work harder on keeping it clean. ‘We are all born marked for evil.’

JD starts walking away.

Um, okay. Don’t just quote Baudelaire at me and then walk away, excuse me.

JD turns back to face her.

I didn’t catch your name.

I didn’t throw it.

Kurt and Ram enter from the corner.

Who’s that guy in the jacket think he is anyway, Bo Diddley?

Veronica’s into his act, no doubt.

Let’s kick his ass!

No, we’re seniors, man, we’re too old for that shit.
Kurt walks up to JD despite Ram’s protest.

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

My buddy Kurt just asked you a question.

Hey, Ram, doesn’t the cafeteria have a “no fags allowed” rule?

They seem to have an open-door policy for assholes, though.

Hold his arms.

The three boys start fighting and JD knocks Kurt and Ram both to the ground.

Students: Holy shit!
Holy shit!
Holy shit!
Holy shit!
Holy shit!
Holy shit!
Holy shit!
Holy shit!

Everyone freezes, excluding Veronica.

Why when you see boys fight,
Does it look so horrible, yet
Feel so right?
I shouldn’t watch this crap,
That’s not who I am.
But with this kid,
Damn.
Hey, Mr. No-Name-Kid,
So, who might you be?
And could you fight for me?
And hey,
Could you face the crowd?
Could you be seen with me,
And still act proud?

Veronica points and laughs at Kurt, who’s frozen on the ground.

Hey, could you hold my hand?

Veronica walks over and holds the hand of the still-frozen JD.
And could you carry me,
Through no-man’s land?
It’s fine if you don’t agree.
But I would fight for you,
If you would fight for me.
Let them drive us underground,
I don’t care how far.
You can set my broken bones,
And I know CPR.

Everyone unfreezes, but is still in slow-motion. JD punches Ram, who falls onto the ground.

Well, woah,
You can punch real good.
You’ve lasted longer than,
I thought you would.
So, hey, Mr. No-Name-Kid,
If some night you’re free,
Wanna fight for me?

Students: Holy shit.
If you’re still alive.

Students: Holy shit.
I would fight for you,

Students: Holy shit, holy shit.
If you would fight for me!

Students: Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit, holy shit!

The stage goes dark. A spotlight comes up on Ram and Kurt, staggering across the stage.

Oh, that sucked!

That kid fights better than the real Bo Diddley. Hey, have you ever seen “Enter the Dragon”? Bo Diddley fights with his shirt off and is like pretty ripped for an oriental dude.

Fag!

Shut up!

Ram’s eating Chinese tonight!
Shut up!

*Ram shoves Kurt off stage. The lights come up entirely to show Veronica and all three Heathers.*

God, Veronica, drool much? You were totally throwing your panties at that new kid.

*Heather D and Heather M let out forced laughs.*

And, judging by your house, you can’t afford replacement panties.

*Heather C glares at the other Heathers after a moment and they force themselves to laugh again.*

Come on, I don’t even know his name.

*Heather C hits the croquet ball with her mallet and it rolls over to where Veronica’s parents are sitting.*

Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, watch out!

*Mrs. Sawyer picks up the ball and hands it to Heather C. She then holds out a tray.*

Mrs. Sawyer: Oh! Haha, there you go, girls. Care for some pate?

That is not pate, it’s liverwurst.

Mrs. Sawyer laughs awkwardly.

Mrs. Sawyer: I’m aware of that, Heather. It’s a family joke.

Oh... funny.

Mr. Sawyer: Damnit. Will somebody please tell me why I read this spy crap?

Oh, because you’re an idiot, Dad.

Mr. Sawyer: ...Oh yeah, that's why.

All three Sawyers laugh.

Mrs. Sawyer: So girls, any big plans for tonight?

Yeah, there’s a big homecoming party at Ram Sweeney's house so I'm gonna catch a ride with Heather.

Speaking of which.
Heather C deliberately places the croquet ball into the 'pate'. The Heathers walk to the far corner.

Okay, uh… great pate, Mom, but I gotta motor if we want to be ready in time for this party.

Mrs. Sawyer grabs Veronica’s hand.

Mrs. Sawyer: Don't let these popular girls change you.

I need them.

Mrs. Sawyer: What for? You have other friends. You have Martha.

Maybe I want more out of life than liverwurst, Mom.

Veronica runs off stage.

Mr. Sawyer: Those girls seem really nice.

The Heather sing as they walk across the stage to exit.

Heathers: Then step into my candy store!
It’s my candy store,
It’s my candy,
It’s my candy store,
It’s my candy.
It’s my candy store,
It’s my candy store!

The lights go out. When they come back up, Veronica is entering a store. A car honks just off stage.

Veronica! Don’t forget the corn nuts! It’s not a party without corn nuts!

BQ or plain?

BQ!!

Veronica begins grabbing things from the shelves. JD enters.

Greetings and salutations. You want a Slurpee with that?

No, but if you’re nice, I’ll let you buy me a Big Gulp.

That’s like going to Micky D’s and ordering a salad. Slurpee’s the signature dish of the house. Did you say cherry or lime?
I said Big Gulp. I’m Veronica, by the way. Are you ever gonna tell me your name?

I’ll end the suspense.

*He approaches her and shakes her hand.*

Jason Dean, JD, for short.

So, JD. That thing you pulled in the caf’ was pretty severe.

Well, the extreme always seems to make an impression.

*There is a moment of silence until Veronica laughs awkwardly.*

So, what’s a Baudelaire-quoting, badass like you doing in Sherwood, Ohio?

My dad’s work. He owns a deconstruction company.

…Deconstruction?

Well, the old man seems to enjoy tearing things down. You seen the commercial? “My name’s Big Bud Dean, if it’s in the way, I’ll make your day.”

*Veronica laughs.*

Then he pushes the plunger and the screen blows up?

*Veronica laughs again, and then coughs awkwardly to try to cover it up.*

…That’s your dad?

In all his semipsychotic glory.

Ya know, everyone’s life has got static.

*The car horn blares again.*

(Yelling) VERONICA!

For example, I don’t really like my friends-

I don’t really like your friends either. Bag the party- hang here.

Oh, 7-Eleven. Swanky first date.

Hey… I love this place.

No offense, but… why?
I've been through ten high schools.
They start to get blurry.
No point planting roots,
'Cause you're gone in a hurry.
My dad keeps two suitcases packed in the den,
So it's only a matter of when.
I don't learn their names,
Don't bother with faces.
All I can trust is this concrete oasis.
Seems every time I'm about to despair,
There's a 7-Eleven right there.
Each store is the same,
from Las Vegas to Boston,
Linoleum aisles that I love to get lost in.
I pray at my altar of slush-
Yeah, I live for that sweet frozen rush...

**JD takes a sip of his Slurpee and grimaces.**

Freeze your brain.
Suck on that straw,
Get lost in the pain.
Happiness comes,
When everything numbs.
Who needs cocaine?
Freeze your brain.
Freeze your brain...

**JD offers the Slurpee to Veronica.**

Care for a hit?

Does your mommy know that you eat all that crap?

Not anymore.

When Mom was alive,
We lived halfway normal.
Now it's just me and my dad,
We're less formal.
I learned to cook pasta,
I learned to pay rent-
Learned the world doesn't owe you a cent.
You're planning your future,
Veronica Sawyer,
You'll go to some college,
And marry a lawyer.
But the sky’s gonna hurt when it falls.  
So you’d better start building some walls...  
Freeze your brain.  
Swim in the ice,  
Get lost in the pain.  
Shut your eyes tight,  
‘Till you vanish from sight,  
Let nothing remain.  
Freeze your brain,  
Shatter your skull,  
Fight pain with more pain.  
Forget who you are,  
Unburden your load,  
Forget in six weeks you’ll be back on the road.  
When the voice in your head,  
Says you’re better off dead,  
Don’t open a vein!  
Just freeze your brain,  
Freeze your brain,  
Go on and freeze your brain...  

Try it.  

Veronica takes a sip from JD’s Slurpee.  

Yeah, I don’t really see- Oh, son of a bitch!  

Heather C enters.  

Veronica?  

Oh God, uh, I gotta go.  

So I see.  

Corn nuts?  

Yeah, yeah, they’re right here. Sorry, sorry.  

Wave bye-bye to Red Dawn here and let’s motor!  

Sorry.  

Heather and Veronica exit, followed by JD. Ram and Kurt enter, along with Bill and Paul, the boys’ fathers, respectively. The two pairs are talking to one another as they enter.
Bill: Okay, Ram, have fun tonight but I expect you to act your age. If the neighbors complain about the noise, Paul and I are going to march in here and knock the sand out of your vagina. Do you understand me?

Dude, what am I, like five?

Bill: I'm your dad, not your dude.

Paul: That goes double for you, Kurt. You're a guest at Bill's house and you will treat it with respect.

Sure thing-

*Kurt turns to look at Ram, smirking.*

-dude!

Paul: Hold his arms.

*Bill holds Kurt's arms, while Paul holds him in a headlock.*

I'm just kidding!

Paul: Who's a great big sissy? Who's going to prom in a bright pink dress?

You are.

Paul: Who's a great big sissy?

I am a great big sissy!

*Bill and Paul release Kurt, who falls on the ground.*

Bill: Nice.

Paul: Enjoy the party, son!

Bill: Punch it in!

*Bill and Paul fist-bump. They scare Ram on their way out, who falls to the ground in fear.*

That sucked.

Who cares, dude? The parents are gone and I got my party slippers on!

*Veronica, the Heathers, and the Students enter.*

*Dad says “act our age”,*
You heard the man, it's time to rage!

All: Blast the bass, turn out the light,
Ain't nobody home tonight!

Drink, smoke, it's all cool.
Let's get naked in my pool!

All: Punch the wall and start a fight!
Ain't nobody home tonight!

His folks got a waterbed.
Come upstairs and rest your head.

Let's rub each other's backs,
While watching porn on Cinemax!

All: The folks are gone,
It's time for big fun! Big fun!
We're up till dawn,
Having some big fun! Big fun!
When Mom and Dad forget,
To lock the liquor cabinet,
It's big fun! Big fun!
Big fun!

Woo!

Okay, okay, okay, so it's salt, lime, then... shot!

No, salt, then shot-

You're doing it wrong!

Wait, really? 'Cause I feel great.

Boy 1: Veronica, you are looking good tonight!

Whoa.

A hot guy smiled at me,
Without a trace of mockery!

All, excluding Veronica: Everyone's high as a kite,
Ain't nobody home tonight!

Stoned. Zoned. I should quit...
Hey, is that weed?

I want a hit.

**All, excluding Veronica:** Fill that joint and roll it tight,
Ain't nobody home tonight!

**Dreams are coming true,**
When people laugh, but not at you!
I'm not alone! I'm not afraid!
I feel like Bono at Live Aid!

**All:** The house is ours,
It's time for big fun!
Big fun!
Let's use their showers!
That sounds like,
Big fun! Big fun!
Crack open one more case!

**Veronica walks past a couple making out.**

**I think that's what they call "third base".**

**All:** Big fun!
Big fun!
Big fun!

**That actually looks like-**

**All:** Big fun!
Big fun!
Big fun!

**Kurt holds up a pig piñata with a sign that says "Jefferson Razorbacks".**

Alright, everybody, listen up! What is Westerberg gonna do to the Razorbacks at Sunday's game?

Gonna make 'em go “Whee! Whee! Whee! Whee!”

**All:** Big fun! Big fun!

**Ram starts humping the piñata.**

Way to show maturity!
All: Big fun! Big fun!

_Ram grabs Heather D by the hips and does to her what he's been doing to the piñata._

Quit it jackass, get off of me!

All: Big fun! Big fun!

_Veronica runs over to help Heather D._

Yo! Ram! Emergency! I just saw some freshman sneaking over the pool fence.

I hate freshman! Where are you little pricks? I'm coming for you…

Are you okay?

I didn't need your help.

_Heather D flips Veronica off._

Aw, thanks, Heather, but I don't really have to vomit right now. Get it? The finger?

_Veronica laughs and Heather gives the audience a look of exasperation._

All: The party's hot, hot, hot.
It's time for big fun! Big fun!

You need a jello shot!

All: We're having big fun! Big fun!

_Martha enters._

Martha Dumptruck, in the flesh.

Here comes the Cootie Squad.
We should-

Shut up, Heather!

Sorry, Heather.

Look who's with her! Oh my God!

_Heathers:_ Dang! Dang! Diggity-dang-a-dang!
_Dang-dang! Diggity-dang-a-dang!_
I can't believe you actually came.

It's exciting, right? Oh, excuse me, I want to say hello to Ram. I brought sparkling cider!

Showing up here took some guts,
Time to rip them out.

*Heather D holds up the pig piñata.*

Well, who's this pig remind you of?
Especially the snout.

Ha!

*Heather:* Dang, dang, diggity-dang-a-dang!
Dang, dang, diggity-dang-a-dang!

*The Heathers exit with the piñata. Martha approaches Ram.*

Where the hell are those freshman?

Hi, Ram. Uh, I wasn't gonna come, but since you took the time to write that sweet note...

*Ram grabs the sparkling cider from Martha.*

What note? Why do you gotta be so weird all the time? People wouldn't hate you so much if you acted normal.

*He chugs the cider, but spits it out almost immediately.*

There's no alcohol in here! Are you trying to poison me?

*Students:* Dang, dang, diggity-dang-a-dang!
Dang, dang, diggity-dang-a-dang!
Dang, dang, diggity-dang-a-dang!
Diggity-dang-a-dang!
The folks are gone,
It's time for big fun! Big fun!
We're up till dawn,
Having some big fun! Big fun!
So let the speakers blow,
They'll buy another stereo.
Our folks got no clue,
'Bout all the shit their children do.
Why are they surprised,
Whenever we're unsupervised?
It's big fun! Big fun!
Big fun! Big fun!
Big fun!
Big fun!

Woo!

Okay, Westerburgers, it's time to celebrate our upcoming victory over the Razorbacks by whacking apart their mascot.

We need a volunteer to take the first swing at the piñata.

Martha Dunnstock. I think you should do the honors.

I don’t really know this game…

Let’s show this girl some Westerburg spirit!

*Heather M walks over to Martha to start tying her blindfold.*

Martha!

**All:** Martha! Martha! Martha! Martha! Martha! Martha! Martha! Martha! Martha! Martha!

Bring out the piñata!

*Heather D comes out carrying a pig piñata, dressed up to look like Martha. All of the students start laughing. Veronica is outraged and tries to grab it from Heather D.*

Give it to me!

*After a brief session of tug-of-war, Veronica manages to get the piñata away from the Heathers and Martha, who’s still blindfolded.*

What is your damage, Heather? If you want this thing, just swim for it.

*Veronica throws the piñata into the pool. She then walks back to Martha, who has just taken her blindfold off.*

What’s going on?

Just go home, okay? I'll explain it to you later.

No, I was going to-

Listen to me. Listen, just go, okay? Go.

*Martha looks from Veronica to the Heathers before running off-stage.*
Well, we gave it a shot, okay? I’m resigning my position from the lip gloss Gestapo. I’m going back to civilian life.

No.

Don’t spin me, I’m not feeling well.

You don’t get to be a nobody. Come Monday, you’re an ex-somebody. Not even the losers will touch you now. Transfer to Washington, transfer to Jefferson. No one at Westerburg’s gonna let you play their reindeer games!

Veronica staggers from Heather pushing her and throws up onto Heather’s shoes from nausea. Heather screams in frustration.

I raised you up from nothing! And what’s my thanks?! I get paid in puke!

Oh, lick it up, baby. Lick. It. Up.

I know who I’m eating lunch with on Monday… Do you?

Everyone turns their back on Veronica and she runs off-stage.

Okay, party people! Where’s the goddamn keg?

The students cheer and rush off-stage.

The demon queen of high school has decreed it.  
She says Monday, 8AM, I will be deleted.  
They’ll hunt me down in study hall,  
Stuff and mount me on the wall.  
Thirty hours to live—  
How shall I spend them?  
I don’t have to stay and die like cattle.  
I could change my name and ride up to Seattle.  
But I don’t own a motorbike…

She turns to see JD, who has just entered and is in his room.

Wait. Here’s an option that I like—  
Spend these thirty hours gettin’ freaky!  
Yeah!  
I need it hard,  
I’m a dead girl walkin’.  
I’m in your yard,  
I’m a dead girl walkin’.  
Before they punch my clock,  
I’m snappin’ off your window lock.
Got no time to knock,  
I'm a dead girl walking!

Veronica? What are you doing in my room?

Sh...

Sorry, but I really had to wake you.  
See, I decided I must ride you 'till I break you.  
'Cause Heather says I gots to go,  
You're my last meal on death row.  
Shut your mouth and lose them tighty-whities!

Come on!

Tonight I'm yours,  
I'm your dead girl walkin'.  
Get on all fours,

Veronica pushes him down to his knees.

Kiss this dead girl walkin'.  
Let's go, you know the drill.  
I'm hot and pissed and on the pill.  
Bow down to the will of a dead girl walking!

Veronica kneels to become eye-level with JD.

And you know, you know, you know,  
It's 'cause you're beautiful.  
You say you're numb inside,  
But I can't agree.  
So the world's unfair,  
Keep it locked out there.  
In here it's beautiful.  
Let's make this beautiful!

That works for me.

Veronica cuts JD off by kissing him. She pushes him to the floor and climbs onto him.

Yeah!  
Full steam ahead!  
Take this dead girl walkin'.

How'd you find my address?

Let's break the bed.
Rock this dead girl walkin'!

I think you tore my mattress!

No sleep tonight for you,
Better chug that Mountain Dew.

Okay, okay.

Get your ass in gear.
Make this whole town disappear!

Okay, okay!

Slap me! Pull my hair!
Touch me-

**JD, Veronica:** -there and there and there!

And no more talkin'.

Whoa-oh-oh-oh!

Love this dead girl walkin'!

**JD, Veronica:** Love this dead girl-

-walkin'!

**JD, Veronica:** Love this dead girl!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!

Ow!

**JD, Veronica:** Yeah!

Blackout. When the lights come back up, Heather C is sitting beside Veronica.

Hello, slut.

Heather? How did you get in here?

I’m like oxygen. I’m everywhere.

*The students rise from the center of the stage.*
Really, Veronica? Sleeping with psycho-trenchcoat-kid? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. I will crucify you for this. Everyone at school’s gonna know good, little Veronica is nothing but a dirty whore.

Heather, why are you so determined to hurt me?

Because I can. It’ll be so very.

**Students:** Very.

Very.

Very.

Very.

Very.

Very.

Very.

Very.

**The chorus is cut off by Veronica’s scream and there is a blackout.**

Veronica. Veronica! Veronica! God, you’re soaking wet.

Oh my God. Oh, my God, it was just a dream.

**Veronica hurries from JD’s side and starts getting dressed.**

What’s the rush?

I have to get to Heather’s house.

What? You told me you were done with Heather.

**JD stands up and starts getting dressed.**

Yeah, and it was a sweet fantasy- a world without Heather. A world where everyone is free. Now it’s morning. I have to go kiss her aerobicized ass.

No.

Yes… I’m not strong like you are.

Let me come with.

Wait, really?

Yeah… For backup.

Okay. Thank you.

**Veronica kisses JD.**
Oh... by the way... uh... you were my first.

*Veronica gives him an encouraging pat on the chest before walking away, JD following with a smirk. They kiss once more before walking into Heather C's house.*

Heather? Heather?

(Drowsily) ...what?

It's Veronica, I'm here to apologize.

Hope you brought kneepads, bitch! Fix me a Prairie Oyster and I'll think about it.

Prairie Oyster? What is in that? Oh, okay! Raw eggs, vinegar...

Hot sauce, Worchester, salt, and pepper.

You know your hangover cures.

My dad trained me well.

Look, look, look, look, look. Here's my revenge. I'm gonna put a flemglobber in her Prairie Oyster and she'll never know. Ready?

*As Veronica struggles to come up with enough spit, JD pulls a bottle of drain cleaner from beneath the cabinet.*

I'm more of a no-rust-buildup man myself.

Oh, okay. Don't be a dick. That stuff would kill her.

Thus, ending her hangover!

*JD pours the drain cleaner into a glass and holds it up to the light.*

I say, we go with big blue.

You can't just go- uh. Besides, she would never drink something that looks like that.

Right... We use a mug. That way, she'll have no idea what she's drinking.

*Veronica hesitates.*

Chicken. Bawk, bawk, bawk, bawk, bawk.

No, you're not funny.
Okay.

*JD, realizing the joke has gone too far, sets down the mug on the counter.*

Okay. I’m sorry.

*JD kisses Veronica.*

Prairie Oyster! Chop, chop!

*Veronica doesn’t break away from the kiss and grabs the wrong mug, walking toward Heather.*

Veronica, you-

What?

…Nevermind.

Okay...

*Veronica and JD approach Heather.*

Good morning, Heather.

Aw, Veronica… and Jesse James, quelle surprise. Well, let’s get to it. Beg.

Okay, um. I think that last night we both said a lot things that we-

I’d actually prefer if you did this on your knees. In front of your boy toy here.

Um. I’m really sorry-

*Heather only laughs.*

Do I look like I’m kidding? Down.

*Veronica kneels begrudgingly.*

Nice. But you’re still dead to me.

*Heather grabs the mug from Veronica and drinks it. She starts hacking and gagging after a moment. Veronica rushes over.*

Corn… nuts!

*Heather staggers and collapses onto the ground.*
Holy shit!

**Veronica looks into the mug and is horrified.**

Oh my God. Oh my God! Don’t just stand there, call 911!

It’s a little late for that.

Heather! Heather. Heather. Oh my God. Oh my God, I just killed my best friend!

And your worst enemy.

Same difference! I mean- the police are gonna think that I did this on purpose. Oh my God, they’re gonna have to send my SAT scores to San Quentin.

Unless… Oh, look, she was reading “The Bell Jar”.

Oh no.

Oh, yes. You can fake her handwriting. Just make it sound deep. Like this:

*I had pain in my path,*
*Like Silvia Plath,*
*My problems were myriad-*

I was having my period.

**Veronica laughs at her own joke for longer than necessary before realizing the dead body on the floor and screaming.**

Oh my God!

You think this is funny? You could go to jail! Get your head on straight, now!

Okay, okay, okay, okay. Okay. Heather would never use the word myriad because she missed it on her vocab quiz last week.

So, it’s a badge for her failures at school. Work with me.

Okay, okay. Um. Where do I start?

Think, Long and hard. What would she say? What’s her- her final statement to a cold, uncaring planet?

**Veronica grabs a pad of paper and starts writing.**

Uh, Dear World, uh…
“Believe it or not, I knew about fear,
I knew the way loneliness stung.
I hid behind smiles and crazy hot clothes;
I learned to kiss boys with my tongue.”

That's good.

“But oh, the world, it held me down…”

Uh...

“It weighed like a concrete prom queen crown.”

**Heather C sits up and reads the suicide note aloud.**

“No one thinks a pretty girl has feelings.
No one gets her insecurity.
I am more than shoulder pads and makeup.
No one sees the me inside of me.”

Jesus, you're making me sound like Air Supply.

Keep going. This has to be good enough to fool the cops.

**Two policemen enter.**

**Cop 1:** Whoa! Is it murder?

**Cop 2:** No, look. A suicide note.

**Cops, Heather, Veronica:** “They couldn't see past my rockstar mystique,
They wouldn't dare look in my eyes.
But just underneath was a terrified girl,
Who clings to her pillow and cries.
My looks were just like prison bars.
They've left me a myriad of scars.”

"Myriad". Nice.

**The cops hand the suicide note to Principal Gowan.**

**Cops, Heather, Veronica:** “No one thinks a pretty girl has substance. That's the curse of popularity.”

**Gowan reads the note aloud.**
Principal Gowan: "I am more than just a source of handjobs."

Cops, Heather, Principal Gowan, Veronica: "No one sees the me inside of me."

The cops and Veronica exit. Ms. Fleming, Coach Ripper and some other teachers join Principal Gowan on stage.

Principal Gowan: Heather Chandler’s not your everyday suicide.

Coach Ripper: Principal Gowan, you should cancel classes.

Principal Gowan: No way, Coach. I send the kids home before lunch and the switchboard'll light up like a Christmas tree. We’re just gonna have to power through this one.

Ms. Fleming: Our children are dying. Look, I hate to pull out my counter-culture bonafides here, I really do. But what this school needs is a good old-fashion rap session. Now, I suggest we get everybody into the cafeteria and just talk and feel together.

Principal Gowan: Thank you, Ms. Fleming. Call me when the shuttle lands.

All of the teachers snicker.

Ms. Fleming: Go ahead, laugh at the hippie, But I am telling you, we all misjudged Heather Chandler. This is the loveliest suicide note I have ever read.

Heather, Ms. Fleming: "Box up my clothing for Goodwill, And give the poor my Nordic Track. Donate my car to crippled kids, Or to those ghetto moms on crack. Give them my hats and my CDs, My pumps, my flats, my three TVs!"

Heather, Teachers: "No one thinks a pretty girl has feelings- But I weep for all I failed to be. Maybe I can help the world by leaving. Maybe that’s the me inside of me."

Principal Gowan: Aw, hell. Long weekend for everybody!

The teachers cheer, as do the students, who are just now entering.

Ms. Fleming: Alright, not so fast, kids. Here, take these and pass them around now. They're refueling the buses, which gives us a solid half hour of healing. Now, I've mimeographed copies of the suicide note so you can feel Heather's anguish.
I never knew about her pain.

Ms. Fleming: Go on!

Boy 1: Her life had hit a rocky patch.

Ms. Fleming: Feel!

Girl 1: Deep down she wasn’t cruel or vain-

Ms. Fleming: Heal!

Students: She didn’t mean to be a snatch!

Ms. Fleming: Veronica, you’ve been awfully quiet. What’s on your mind?

Uh, maybe Heather realized that, uh, in order to be happy she had to give up her power. And the only way to do that was... death?

Ms. Fleming: My God.

Look what we’ve done,
We’re breaking through!
Heather would be so proud of you!

Students: And you! And you! And you! And you!

All: No one thinks a pretty girl can touch you...

Girl 1: Heather touching me...

All: But she’s made us better than we were.
Heather’s dead, but she will live inside me,
And I’ll be the me inside of her...

Holy crap! This is awesome!

All: Heather cried, our sins fell on her shoulders!

Jesus Christ!

All: Heather died, so we could all be free!

I’m bigger than John Lennon!

All: Heather’s gone, but she will live forever!

She’s the dove that sings outside my window!
Boy 1: She's the twin from whom I'm separated!

Girl 2: She's the horse I never got for Christmas!

All: Heather sees the me inside of me!
Heather is the me inside of me!
Inside of...

Me!

Blackout. When the lights come back up, JD and Veronica are sitting watching TV. Heather D is on the TV with an “ABC” microphone.

At a time like this, negative people choose to focus on their grief. Well, I hate those people, because I am a very positive person. I remember the good times, like when Heather and I got our ears pierced at the mall-

JD changes the channel and now Heather is holding a “NBC” microphone.

I can still hear those late night talks on the phone-

JD changes the channel again and Heather is holding a different microphone and speaking in an entirely different language.

Alright! Turn it off, turn it off. Man, how many networks does she run to?

Mr. Dean enters.

Why, Son. I didn’t hear you come in.

Mr. Dean: Yeah, Pop. I wanted to introduce you to my new girlfriend.

Oh! Hi, I’m Veronica.

Mr. Dean hands her a can of beer.

Mr. Dean: Drink up, Cutie.

It’s a little… early.

Hey, Champ. You know we don’t condone underage drinking in this household.

Mr. Dean: Oh… So you’re a good girl.

Oh. Uh…

Veronica was just leaving.
**Mr. Dean:** Come on, relax. Just having some fun, huh? Sit, sit.

**Veronica sits and Mr. Dean comes over to sit beside her.**

**Mr. Dean:** So, work was a real pain in the ass today. Some damn tribe of withered old bitches is trying to stop my poor old dad from blowing up this fleabag motel, all because Glenn Miller once took a dump there. Just like Kansas. You remember Kansas?

Yeah.

**Mr. Dean:** The save the memorial oak society. My pop showed those tree humpers. Thirty bricks of C4 explosives stuck to the trunk. He was-

**JD, Mr. Dean:** Arraigned but acquitted.

**Mr. Dean laughs while JD is unamused.**

Damn Kansas…

**Mr. Dean:** Hell of a time, hell of a time. So, Pop, can I invite my girlfriend over for supper?

I don’t think that’s such a good idea, Son.

**Mr. Dean:** Aw, Pop. Don’t be a square.

Oh, I, um, I appreciate the offer, I really do, but I can’t stay, actually, ‘cause my mom is making my favorite meal tonight. It’s spaghetti. Lots of oregano.

Nice. Last time I saw my mom, she was waving to me outside a window of a library in Texas, right, Dad?

**Mr. Dean:** Right, Son.

Okay. Well, see ya tomorrow.

**Veronica walks away. They lights go down, except for a spotlight on Veronica.**

Dear Diary: JD’s dad will not be speaking at our wedding.

**The phone rings. Heather M enters the stage on the other side of the phone.**

Hello?

Veronica? I need help, I’m at the cemetery.

What’s wrong?
Just hurry up, please. It's an emergency.

Okay.

Blackout. The lights come back up to show Heather M in a car and Veronica running up to her. Veronica knocks on the window of the car and Heather rolls it down.

Hey.

Hi.

Veronica points to Kurt, who is passed out on the ground.

Uh, is Kurt okay?

Oh, he passed out. Me and Kurt and Ram and Heather Duke came out to pour a jug of Thunderbird on Heather’s grave. You know, from her homies. But Kurt and Ran drank it all. Then Heather and Ram went off together and Kurt started grabbing me and wouldn’t stop.

Oh... Wait, after everything that happened at Ram’s party, why did you call me?

Oh, well, that was the deal. If I got you to come, Kurt promised to leave me alone.

So... so, you avoided date-rape by volunteering me... for date-rape.

God, you make it sound ugly.

I'm leaving now.

As Veronica walks to the exit, Kurt approaches her.

Hey, 'Ronica... I waited ten whole beers for you...

Kurt promptly collapses. Heather D enters with Ram holding on to her ankles and being dragged in.

Goddamnit, Ram, I said I'm done.

Come on, Heather, don't walk away.

Sober up, idiot. Heather, unlock the door.

Heather D gets into the passenger seat of the car and shuts the door behind her.

You can’t leave me like this. Ugh... You're causing physical pain in my “area”. It's science, I need relief.

Kurt points to Veronica and Ram turns to her, only just now noticing that she was there.
Hey, 'Ronica…
Ew. You’ve got a left hand- use it.
Don’t talk mean like that!
You’ll hurt their feelings.
Wait, whose feelings? What are you talking about?
You make my balls so blue,
You hurt them badly.
You make my balls so blue,
They’re hangin’ sadly.
What did they do to you,
That you hate them so?
Don’t run from me!
They’re all beat up-

Kurt, Ram: -like a tackling dummy!
They long for your embrace-
They’re warm like mittens!
They’ll curl up on your face,
And purr like kittens!
You make my balls so blue!

Kurt, Ram: Just look at them glow...
We’re beggin’ you!

Kurt, Ram: Don’t make my balls so blue.
Heather…? Heather…? Open the door.

Heathers: Oh no, oh no, no, no!
What? Open the door!

**Heathers:** Oh no, oh no, no, no!

You make my balls so blue,
So please say hello!

Hold 'em,

Enfold 'em,

**Kurt, Ram:** And never let go!

Once you were geeky and nerdy,

**But they knew you're dirty.**

You've set them on fire,

**Kurt, Ram:** Whatever you require, they'll do!
So take 'em home to meet your parents!

They'll wear a suit and tie,

**Heathers, Kurt:** And a fancy collar!

They'll sing a lullaby:

**Kurt, Ram:** La la la la la!
Please make these balls not blue,

Just for a while!

Can't wait till later,

**Kurt, Ram:** My pants are rubbin',
Like a hot cheese grater!

Give me that!

**Veronica takes a bottle from Heather M.**

Look! Booze. Drink.

Aw, thank you so much!

You're are so welcome.
Kurt and Ram take turns chugging from the bottle.

They will protect you,
Defend you,
Respect you,
Befriend you-
Like Winnie-the-Pooh!

Heathers: Winnie-the-Pooh!

Baby, baby, baby, they’re so blue!

My balls will work for you-

Heathers, Kurt: They will obey ya!

They really need rescue-

Heathers, Kurt: Like Princess Leia!

Kurt, Ram: Baby, you gots to come through.

Teach them to smile!

You got no clue,
How much these two,
Depend on you!

Kurt, Ram: Please help them through!

Heathers, Kurt, Ram: My balls are in your court!

Kurt, Ram: Yeah, yeah!
You make my balls so blue!

Heathers: You make my balls so blue!

Kurt, Ram: You make my balls so blue!

Good God! My balls!

You make my balls so blue!
Lookit!

Lookit!

Lookit!

Lookit!

Heathers, Kurt, Ram: You make my balls so blue!  
Please make their dreams come true,  
And make these balls not blue!

Kurt and Ram collapse from drunkenness and the lights go down. A spotlight comes up, illuminating only Veronica.

Dear Diary: Close call last night. Uh, the only person at Westerburg who could actually control Kurt and Ram was Heather Chandler. And she is dead.

Heather C enters (only visible/audible to Veronica).

Should’ve thought of that before you killed me.

She starts gagging.

God. I’m going to be coughing up drain cleaner for eternity!

I didn’t technically kill Heather, and I know that, but I still feel bad. But… not as bad as I should? And that makes me feel even worse.

Veronica approaches Heather D and Heather M.

Oh, hey, guys. Still really looking forward to that apology from both of you for being two ice-cold bitches last night.

Um, cleaning out Heather’s locker, little respect.

Ugh. Heather Duke was such a sad little poser. Veronica, tell her to stop touching my stuff. …Veronica. Veronica!!

Shut up, Heather!

You shut up! I don’t have to shut up anymore!

She holds a red scrunchie in the air, before tying in her hair.

Hey, that’s Heather’s scrunchie!
Shut up, Heather!

Sorry, Heather.

**JD enters.**

Heather Chandler is gone… It’s up to me to replace her.

Replace Heather Chandler?

Please. You need to worry less about me, and more about your reputation. Kurt and Ram have been telling the whole school about your little threeway last night.

Threeway?

Oh… But there was no threeway, nothing happened.

I remember differently. I seem to remember there was a-

**Kurt, Ram, and another student enter.**

**Kurt, Ram:** _Big swordfight in her mouth!_

**Boy 1:** And she allowed it?

**Kurt, Ram:** _Big swordfight in her mouth!_

**Heather D, Heather M:** _It sure sounds crowded!_

_And then we both went south,_

_And planted our flags,_

_My big salami,_

**Kurt, Ram:** _Ba-bent her over like origami!_

**More students enter.**

**Students:** _Whoa-oh-oh!_

_Whoa-oh-oh!_

_Whoa-oh-oh!_

_Whoa-oh-oh!_

_Everybody was sword fighting,_

_In her mouth!_

_Yes, we’re convinced it,_

_Went down right in her mouth!_
I hope she rinsed it!

She blew and blew and blew,

Students: Like they were balloons.

She lapped us up,

Like a hearty stew.

Kurt, Ram: She bit off more than she could chew!

She'll do the same for you!

Veronica runs over to where JD is standing at the side of the stage. He opens his arms and she buries her face in his chest.

Students: She blew, not one guy, but two.
She blew and blew and blew.

Veronica blew two.
If her mother only knew,
That Veronica blew two.

Students: She's like some freak in a zoo.
And every word is true,
Veronica blew two!

JD approaches Kurt and Ram with intent to fight them, but they team up with another student and knock him to the ground. Veronica runs to him and tries to fight them off in vain.

Whore…

The students disperse as the teachers pry them from each other. Everyone exits, excluding JD and Veronica. Veronica runs to kneel beside JD, who’s still huddled on the floor.

Oh my God. Are you okay? Can you look at me? Are you okay?

He sits up.

Yeah. What about you?

Oh, yeah. No, I’m fine. I’m awesome.

Veronica starts crying, covering her mouth with her hand.
I’m sorry about the waterworks, I’m just-

They made you cry,
But that will end tonight.
You are the only thing that’s right,
About this broken world.
Go on and cry,
But when the morning comes,
We’ll burn it down and then,
We’ll build the world again...
Our love is God.

**JD stands up and starts walking away.**

Are you okay?

I was alone.
I was a frozen lake,
But then you melted me awake.
See, now I’m crying too.
You’re not alone.

You’re not alone...

And when the morning comes,

When the morning comes...

We’ll burn away that tear, and raise our city here...

Raise our city here.

**JD, Veronica:** Our love is God.

**Veronica calls Kurt.**

Yeah- lo?

Hi, Kurt.

It's Veronica.

**Ram approaches Kurt so that he can hear the phone.**

Um, hey, how did you know it was always a fantasy of mine to have two guys at once?

Uh... lucky guess?
Well, if you want it to come true, then meet me at the cemetery. At dawn.

*Veronica hangs up the phone.*

Free pussy!

And we don't even have to buy it a pizza!

What?!

*They fist-bump and run off-stage giddily.*

*We can start and finish wars,*

**JD, Veronica:** We’re what killed the dinosaurs.
We’re the asteroid that’s overdue.
The dinosaurs choked on the dust,
They died because God said they must.
The new world needed room,
For me and you.

I worship you.
I’d trade my life for yours.
We’ll make them disappear,
We’ll plant our garden here…

*Plant our garden here.*

*Our love is God.*

*Our love is God.*

*Our love is God.*

*Our love is God.*

*Our love is God.*

**JD approaches Veronica with a gun in his hand. Veronica stares in a horrified fascination.**

Whoa, wow… Is that real?

Yeah… But we're filling it with "Ich Luge" bullets.

Ich Luge…? What?

My grandad scored them in World War II. They contain this powerful tranquilizer. The Nazis
used them to fake their own suicides when the Russians invaded Berlin. We will use them to knock out Ram and Kurt just long enough to make it look like a suicide pact- complete with a forged suicide note.

**JD hands Veronica the gun. A spotlight appears on Kurt and Ram, who are holding hands.**

**Kurt, Ram:** "Ram and I died because we had to hide our gay forbidden love from a disapproving world."

*And when the morning comes, they'll both be laughing stocks...*

**JD, Veronica:** *So let's go hunt some jocks!*

**JD rushes off-stage. The scene shifts to the cemetery the next morning. Ram and Kurt enter.**

Hey, hi, hi.

Hi... Veronica...

So do we just like whip it out or what?

Take it slow, Ram. Strip for me.

Okay.

Okay...

**Kurt and Ram start to undress.**

Oh... wow...

You like that?

I love that...

What about you?

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

**Kurt, Ram:** Yeah, we can do that.

This is the best!

This is this best...
Kurt and Ram stand awkwardly, only wearing underwear and socks.

Okay, count of three!

*Kurt, Ram, Veronica:* One… Two…

Three.

**JD steps out and shoots Ram, who collapses. Veronica fires at Kurt but misses him and he runs away, screaming.**

Holy crap! You killed my best friend!

Stay there. I'll get him! Kurt? Kurt!

Why are you chasing me?!

**Veronica, suddenly worried, kneels beside Ram.**

Ram? You're just unconscious, right, Ram? Ram!

**JD chases Kurt, who tries climbing a fence to escape.**

Get off the fence! Get off the damn fence!

I don't understand!

*We can start and finish wars.  
We're what killed the dinosaurs.  
We're the asteroid that's overdue.*

Stop being a dick!

*The dinosaurs will turn to dust,*

What does that mean?!

*They'll die because we say they must.*

**JD fires his gun and Kurt collapses onto the ground. Veronica walks away from the bodies and toward JD.**

What the fuck have you done?!

...I worship you.  
I'd trade my life for yours.  
We'll make them disappear.  
We'll plant our garden here…
Our love is God.
Our love is God.
Our love is God.
Our love is God
Our love is God.

Our love is God!

Our love is God.

Our love is God!

Our love is God!

The lights flash once and then there is a blackout.
ACT TWO:

The lights come on and Veronica Sawyer is on the stage by herself.

Dear Diary:

I'm going steady.
Mostly he's awesome,
If a bit too rock and roll.
Lately he's bumped off,
Three of my classmates.
God have mercy on my soul.
They were just seventeen.
They still had room to grow.
They could've turned out good.
But now we'll never know.

Jason Dean enters.

There's been a lack of girls climbing through my bedroom window lately.

Take a hint.

Okay. You're mad, I get it.

No, I don't think you do. "Ich Luge bullets"? You lied to me.

You were lying to yourself. You wanted them dead too.

Did not!

Did too.

Did not!

Did too!

Did not!

Hey! Did they make you cry?

Yes.

Can they make you cry now?

No, but you can.
Just wait 'till you see the good that comes of this.

No good could possibly come of this.

Call me an optimist.

Dear Diary: My teenage bullshit has a body count.

*The lights go down and the company sits in pews.*

**Paul Kelly:** I don't really know what I'm supposed to say up here. I'm ashamed, certainly. My family has turned our town into a laughing stock. My boy Kurt isn't who I thought he was, and when I think of the sick, disgusting things Kurt and Ram were doing-

**Bill Sweeney:** You wait just a minute, Paul! It is ignorant, hateful talk like yours that makes this world a place our boys could not live in! They were not dirty! They were not wrong!

*They were two lonely verses,*

*In the Lord's great song!*

**Paul:** Our boys were pansies, Bill!

**Bill:** Yes!

*My boy's a homosexual,*

*And that don't scare me none.*

*I want the world to know...*

*I love my dead gay son!*

I've been thinking, praying. Reading some magazines. And it's time we opened our eyes!

*Well, the good Lord made the universe,*

*The Lord created man.*

*And I believe it's all a part of his gigantic plan.*

*I know God has a reason,*

*For each mountain and each flower.*

*And why he chose to let our boys get busy in the shower!*

*They were not dirty!*

**Company:** No, oh!

**Bill:** They were not fruits!

**Company:** Whoa, oh!

*They were just two stray laces in the Lord's big boots.*

*Well, I never cared for homos much until I reared me one.*
Bill, **Company**: *But now I've learned to love…*

**Bill**: I love my dead gay son!

**Company**: *He loves his son.  
He loves his son.  
His dead gay son!*

**Paul tries to leave and Bill follows him.**

**Bill**: *Now, I say my boy's in heaven,  
And he's tanning by the pool!  
The cherubim walk with him and him,  
And Jesus says “It's cool!”  
They don't have crime or hatred, there's no bigotry or cursin’,  
Just friendly fellows dressed up like their favorite village person!  
They were not dirty!*

**Company**: *No, no!*

**Bill**: *They just had flair!*

**Company**: *Whoa, oh!*

**Bill**: *They were two bright red ribbons in the Lord's long hair!  
Well, I used to see a homo and go reachin' for my gun,*

**Bill, Company**: *But now I've learned to love…*

**Paul tries to leave again.**

**Bill**: *And furthermore!  
These boys were brave as hell!  
These boys, they know damn well!  
Those folks would judge 'em, they were desperate to be free!  
They took a rebel stance, stripped to their underpants!  
Paul, I can't believe that you,  
Still refuse to get a clue!  
After all that we've been through,*

I'm talking you and me!

**The company gasps collectively.**

**Bill**: *In the summer of '83!*

**The company gasps again.**
Paul stops just by the exit and looks back at Bill. There is a moment of silence.

Paul: That was one hell of a fishing trip.

Paul walks back to Bill and they kiss.

Company: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, Whoa, whoa, whoa! 
They were not dirty- whoa-oh! 
And not perverse- no, no! 
They were just two stray rhinestones, 
On the Lord's big purse!

Bill, Paul: Our job is now continuing the work that they begun!

Bill and Paul kiss again.

Company: 'Cause now we love, love, love… 
We love your dead-

Bill: They're up there disco dancing to the thump of angel wings.

Paul: They grab a mate,

Bill: And roller skate,

Bill, Paul: While Judy Garland sings!

Bill: They live a playful afterlife that's fancy, free, and reckless!

Paul: They swing up on the pearly gates,

All: And wear a pearly necklace!

Company: Woo!

Bill, Paul: They were not dirty!

Company: No!

All: They were good men.

Company: Whoa!

All: And now they're happy bear cubs in the Lord's big den!

There is a moment of silence while Bill and Paul embrace.
Bill: Go forth and love each other now.

Bill, Paul: Like our boys would have done. We'll teach the world to love...

Company: The world to love...

All: The world to love...

Bill: I love my dead gay son!

Company: Not half bad, your dead gay son!

Bill: My son!

Company: Wish I had your dead gay son!

Bill: My son!

Company: Thank you Dad, for your...

All: Dead! Gay! Son!

The light go out and a rainbow flashes across the background. When the lights come back on, all of the pews and the alters are gone. JD and Veronica are the only ones on stage.

What is that? That smell in the air- is that tolerance? Inclusion, love, how often can you say it's a good day to live in Sherwood, Ohio? You're welcome, town!

Hey... you don't have to be so smug about it.

Your love keeps me humble.

JD kisses Veronica, but she pulls away.

So who's next?

Veronica glares at JD in disgust.

Heather Duke? She started that threeway rumor. I've been underlining meaningful passages in her copy of Moby Dick, if you know what I mean.

No! No, I do not accept this! We've already killed three people! This ends right here, right now!

Or what?
I'll... I'll break up with you.

Every war has casualties. That doesn't mean that it's not worth fighting.

*JD turns away from Veronica and walks across to the other side of the stage. He turns back to face her.*

What, what, you'd rather go to jail, hm? And then give a free pass to the thugs who hurt people? Evil **fucks** that make life so unbearable that you can't stand to live in the world anymore!

*JD?

*There is a long pause.*

How did your mother die?

*JD stops for a moment.*

You really wanna know?

Yeah.

My dad said it was an accident. But she knew what she was doing. She walked into that building two minutes before Dad blew it up. She waved at me out the window and then... ka-boom. She left.

*There is another pause.*

I'm really sorry.

It's okay. The pain gives me clarity. You and I are special, we have a lot of work to do.

What work?

Making the world a decent place for people who are decent!

*Veronica walks up to JD.*

When does it end?

(Yelling) When every asshole is dead!

*Veronica pushes JD away from her.*

Fine, we're damaged,
Really damaged,

*But that does not make us wise.*
We're not special.
We're not different.
We don't choose who lives or dies.
Let's be normal.
See bad movies,
Sneak a beer and watch TV.
We'll bake brownies,
Or go bowling,
Don't you want a life with me?
Can't we be seventeen?
That's all I want to do.
If you could let me in,
I could be good with you.
People hurt us,

Or they vanish.

And you're right, it really blows.
But we let go,

Take a deep breath,

And go buy some summer clothes.
We'll go camping,

Play some poker,

And we'll eat some chili fries.

**JD turns and looks at Veronica, who holds out a hand to him.**

Maybe prom night?

Maybe dancing?

Don't stop looking in my eyes.

Your eyes.

**JD starts walking towards Veronica.**

**JD, Veronica:** Can't we be seventeen?
Is that so hard to do?
If you could let me in,
I could be good with you.

**JD takes Veronica’s hand.**
**JD, Veronica:** Let us be seventeen,  
If we've still got the right.

So what's it gonna be?  
I wanna be with you.

I wanna be with you,  
Wanna be with you,

**JD, Veronica:** Tonight.

**JD and Veronica kiss.**

Yeah, we're damaged,  
Badly damaged,

**JD, Veronica:** But your love's too good to lose.

Hold me tighter,

**JD and Veronica embrace.**

Even closer.

I'll stay if I'm what you choose.

Can't we be seventeen?  
If I am what you choose.

If we've still got the right.  
'Cause you're the one I choose.

You're the one I choose.

**JD, Veronica:** You're the one I choose.

**JD and Veronica kiss again and the lights go out on stage. When the lights come back on, Veronica is by herself. Heather Chandler enters (only visible/audible to Veronica).**

And they lived happily ever after! You really believe that? You think it all goes back to normal? Don't give me that wounded look, you know exactly what he is and you love it.

Stop talking.
Only a true dead best friend would give it to you straight.

Martha Dunnstock enters.

Veronica, I need your help!

Sure, what?

Something doesn't add up. I think Ram and Kurt were murdered.

Well, fuck me gently with a chainsaw! Nancy Drew is onto you, Veronica.

Why would you say that? They found the suicide note!

It could have been faked! You forge them all the time, right?

Right...

I am in love with this fat girl.

That's ridiculous! Who'd wanna kill Ram and Kurt?

I'm thinking it was your friend JD. You saw how he went after them in the lunchroom.

Kurt Kelly and Ram Sweeney enter (only visible/audible to Veronica).

Yeah, man, that sucked.

There's something off about that JD.

Looks like Veronica's going to lady prison.

Girl on girl.

Punch it in!

Kurt and Ram make immature sounds to imitate women having sex.

I wanna look in JD's locker. I thought maybe you could get me the combination.

I bet there's all kinds of interesting things in that locker! Maybe some "Ich Luge bullets"?

This is a pretty wild theory, Martha.

I don't care what they were saying at the funeral. Ram was not gay! I'd stake my life on it.

Ha, ha! Ram's a faggy haggy!
Yeah, at least I don't have skid marks.

Bullshit!

*Kurt turns in circles to look for a skid mark while Ram points.*

Skid mark! Skid mark! You have skid marks!

*Kurt and Ram start yelling and fighting.*

Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

Stop what? Veronica, what's wrong with you?

*Kurt and Ram exit.*

Sorry, I'm really sorry. I'm just, I'm trying to understand, okay? Ram was gay. Why would you think anything else?

He kissed me, remember? On the kickball field?

In kindergarten.

My heart knows the truth.

*Time to choose, Veronica. Eat or be eaten.*

Why would Ram write me that note if he didn't still feel something?

You know what to say.

Why would he invite me to his homecoming party? I'm gonna confront JD.

No, please don't!

Do you have the guts?

*Veronica starts laughing in mockery.*

Oh, you floor me Martha, you really do.

What do you mean?

Ram didn't write that love note, I did.

*Martha laughs, not wanting to believe it.*
No...

Veronica laughs again.

...Yeah. The Heathers put me up to it. The whole school was in on the joke, and no one laughed harder than Ram. He didn't love you. He was a dick. Now he's dead.

Veronica turns her back on Martha.

Move on.

Martha runs offstage.

Shit.

Heather looks at Veronica smugly.

No, look, I had to hurt her, okay? If JD caught her going through his stuff, he would-

-kill her?

Heather gasps dramatically.

Is that what you're afraid of? I thought the desperado hung up his six guns! Don't you trust him?

Heather exits. Pauline Fleming and the students enter.

Ms. Fleming: Veronica, there you are, I need you in place for the assembly!

Oh, right, this thing, right.

Ms. Fleming: Pedal to the metal, come on now.

I'm kind of looking forward to this.

Did you have a brain tumor for breakfast?

Sorry, Heather.

Ms. Fleming takes center stage and addresses the audience.

Ms. Fleming: Hello, Westerbury! Welcome to this very special assembly. I want you to ignore the television cameras and the news crews, they're just here to document this significant moment. Whether to kill yourself or not is one of the most important decisions a teenager can make. So, you know what I'm going to do right now?

Boy 1 (Dwight): Kill yourself on stage?
Ms. Fleming: That's not productive, Dwight. Now, my senior thesis at Berkeley was on the
subject of pediatric psychotherapeutic musicology. It was terrifically well regarded, so I speak
with some authority when I tell you that the way to eliminate suicide is by first eliminating fear.
By creating a safe zone in which we all are equal.

Ms. Fleming: Deep inside of everyone,
There's a hot ball of shame,
Guilt, regret, anxiety,
Fears we dare not name.
But if we show the ugly parts,
That we hide away,
They turn out to be beautiful,
By the light of day!
Why not,

All: Shine, shine, shine a light,

Ms. Fleming: On your deepest fears!

All: Let in sunlight now,

Ms. Fleming: And your pain will disappear!

All: Shine, shine, shine,

Ms. Fleming: And your scars and your flaws,

All: Will look lovely because you shine!

Ms. Fleming: You shine a light!

Students: Shine, shine, shine a light,
Shine, shine, shine a light.

Girl 1: Everyday's a battlefield,
When pride's on the line.

Boy 1 (Dwight): I attack your weaknesses,

Boy 1, Girl 1: And pray you don't see mine.

Boy 2: But if I share my ugly parts,

Boy 2, Girl 2, Ms. Fleming: And you show me yours,

Boy 2, Ms. Fleming: Our love can knock our walls down,
**Ms. Fleming:** And unlock all our doors.

**All:** Go on and,
shine, shine, shine a light,

**Ms. Fleming:** On your deepest fears.

**Students:** Let it sunlight now,

**Ms. Fleming:** And your pain will disappear!

**Ms. Fleming:** Who wants to share what's in their heart?
No volunteers? Fine, I'll start,
My name's Pauline, I live alone.
My husband left, my kids are grown.
In the '60s love was free!
That did not work out well for me.
The revolution came and went,
Tried to change the world, barely made a dent.
I have struggled with despair,
I've joined a cult, chopped off my hair.
I chant, I pray, but God's not there,
So Steve, I'm ending our affair!

*The students all point their flashlights on “Steve”, a random audience member. There is a very long moment of silence.*

**Ms. Fleming:** Might be a bad time to mention that I faked it every time... We’re letting each other go, that feels fan-freaking-tastic! 1, 2, take me home, kids!

**Students:** Shine, shine, shine a light,

**Ms. Fleming:** And your pain will disappear!

**Students:** Shine, shine, shine,

**Ms. Fleming:** And your scars and your flaws,

**All:** Will look lovely because you shine,

**Students:** Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,

**Ms. Fleming:** You shine, you shine a light!

**Students:** Shine, shine, shine a light,
Shine, shine, shine a light,
Shine, shine, shine a light,
Shine, shine, shine a light,

All: Shine, shine, shine a light,
Shine, shine, shine a light,
Shine, shine, shine a light,
Shine a light! Yeah!

Ms. Fleming: Okay kids, come on out, I want you to work with me, I want you to share your pain. I want you to drag it into the light where we all can take a look at it!

I've thought about killing myself.

What the hell are you doing?

Ms. Fleming: No, no, no, no, no, no, keep talking Heather, you're in a safe place. It's just you and me and the classmates who love you. Share. It's gonna be okay.

Heather McNamara steps forward.

Heather, get back in line.

Ms. Fleming: Zip it.

The last guy I slept with killed himself because he was gay for his linebacker. And my best friend seemed to have it all together but now she's gone too. And now my stomach hurts worse and worse, and every morning on the bus I feel my heart beating louder and faster and I'm like “Jesus, I'm on the freaking bus again because all my rides to school are dead”.

I float in a boat,
In a raging black ocean,
Low in the water,
And nowhere to go.
The tiniest lifeboat,
With people I know.
Cold, clammy, and crowded,
The people smell desperate.
We'll sink any minute,
So someone must go.
The tiniest lifeboat,
With people I know.
Everyone's pushing,
Everyone's fighting,
Storms are approaching,
There's nowhere to hide!
If I say the wrong thing,
Or I wear the wrong outfit,
They'll throw me right over the side!
I’m hugging my knees,
And the captain is pointing.
Well, who made her captain?
Still, the weakest must go.
The tiniest lifeboat
Full of people I know.
The tiniest lifeboat
Full of people I know.

What's your damage, Heather? Are you saying Westerburg is not a nice place?

Ms. Fleming: Heather!

Where's your school spirit? You don't deserve to wear our school colors.

The students close in on Heather M, and Ms. Fleming tries to push Heather Duke away.

Ms. Fleming: Let's not be mean spirited-

Why don't you hop in your little lifeboat and catch a gnarly wave over to Remington?

Ms. Fleming: Alright, alright, calm it down…

Girl 1: Aw, Heather's going to cry.

Heather M runs off stage.

Ms. Fleming: Young lady, you are suspended! Turn the cameras off. Turn them off, goddamnit.

Is that all you care about? TV cameras?

JD enters.

Ms. Fleming: I care about saving lives! Heather Duke ruined a valuable teaching!

Valuable? None of us want this spectacle, to be experimented on like guinea pigs and patronized like bunny rabbits!

Heather C enters (only visible/audible to Veronica).

Ms. Fleming: I don't patronize bunny rabbits!

This is their big secret Veronica, the adults are powerless.

Heather trusted you. You said that you would protect her.

They can't help us. Nobody can help us.
You're useless.

We're alone in the ocean.

And all of you are idiots.

You should sit down now.

No, Heather was a monster, just like Kurt and Ram, and they didn't kill themselves, I killed them!

*Veronica realizes what she said and steps back quickly. There is a pause.*

So what do you all think of that?

*All the students laugh after a moment.*

Some people will say anything if they think it'll make them popular.

Veronica!

*Veronica and JD run offstage and the lights dim. The lights reappear on Heather M with a bottle of medication in her hand.*

Stupid child-proof caps!

*The lights illuminate Heather D and the students standing behind Heather M.*

Aw, look, Heather’s going to-

**Heather D, Students:** Whine, whine, whine all night.

You don’t deserve to live.

**Heather D, Students:** Why not kill yourself?

Here, have a sedative.

**Heather D, Students:** Whine, whine, whine,

*Like there’s no Santa Claus*

**Heather D, Students:** You’re pathetic because you whine!

You whine all night!

**Students:** Whine.

Your ass is off the team.
**Students:** *Whine.*

*Go on and bitch and moan.*

**Students:** *Whine.*

*You don't deserve the dream.*

**Students:** *Whine.*

*You're gonna die alone.*

**Heather D and the students close in on Heather M.**

**Heather D, Students:** *Die alone, die alone,*  
*Die alone, die alone!*

**Heather M chugs the contents of the bottle. Heather D and the students dissipate. Veronica runs onstage.**

No! No, no, stop, stop!

**Veronica and Heather fall to the ground, and Heather starts crying.**

Suicide is a private thing!

Throwing your life away to be a statistic in USA Today? That's like the least private thing I can think of.

But what about Heather and Ram and Kurt?

If everyone jumped off a bridge, young lady, would you?

**Heather nods, ashamed.**

Probably.

**Veronica takes Heather's hand.**

If you were happy every single day of your life, then you wouldn't be a human, you'd be a game show host.

**Heather spits out the pills.**

Thanks for coming after me.

You're welcome.
Heather hugs Veronica and the lights go down. When they come back up, JD is clapping as Veronica enters.

You are a genius. You had me worried with your little confession there, but you pulled it off. Best place to hide- right in plain sight.

No, I wasn't trying to hide.

Why'd you have to meddle with McNamara? One more dead Heather's a good thing.

She's my friend!

Okay, if she's your friend, then why are we letting Duke live? The bitch that made McNamara want to kill herself? You see, nothing ever changes, and honestly-

Hey, we are out of the change business, okay?

**JD and Veronica start talking over each other.**

So we just let Duke run around ruining the same old lives for the same old people, because all that it does-

No, listen, you promised me, listen, you promised-

**Veronica steps closer to JD.**

Listen to me, listen to me. Just, don't talk over me, okay? You promised me.

I promised.

Thank you.

**JD and Veronica kiss. Mr. Dean enters.**

**Mr. Dean:** Gee pop, ever heard of knocking? I was playing grab-ass with my girlfriend.

**Veronica gets behind JD.**

Well you know the rules, young man. When company's over the bedroom door stays open.

**Mr. Dean:** So the judge, God bless him, told those idiot groupies to slap shit and die. You should've seen the fireworks, I got it all right here on video. I packed the upper floors with thermals, set off the whole thing with a Norwegian in the boiler room. Ka-boom. Be right back, I'm gonna want my drawstring pants for this.

**Mr. Dean exits. JD takes out a gun and shoots at the ceiling.**
Mr. Dean: Goddamnit! No firearms in the house!

JD laughs.

Why are you carrying a gun?!

It pissed off my dad, it was funny.

No, it's not funny! None of this is funny! You're carrying a loaded weapon! You promised me.

It's a dangerous world.

Yeah, because of you! You know what?

Veronica starts walking toward the exit, JD following.

Don't call me. Don't talk to me.

Veronica-

No, you don't understand the difference between right and wrong, we're over.

Come on, come back!

No, we're over!

I love you-

Veronica freezes, and JD realizes he's pointing the gun at her. He aims it down away from Veronica and holds out his other hand for her.

Goodbye, JD.

Veronica exits. The lights come back on to show the students marching across the stage.


Tonight's the Pep Rally!


Let's get psyched!

A spotlight appears on Heather M. and the students, with JD in the background.

Students: (Chanting) Heyo, Westerburg,
Tell me what's that sound?
Here comes Westerburg,
Coming to put you in the ground!
Go, go, Westerburg,
Give a great big yell!
Westerburg will knock you out,
And send you straight to hell!

The other students and Heather M. leave, until Heather D and JD are left on stage. Martha is sitting in the corner.

I now know thee, thou clear spirit.

JD hands Heather an envelope.

That's from Moby Dick.

I appreciate a well-read woman.

What's in the envelope?

Heather opens the envelope, which contains pictures.

Oh, crap.

Just a tangible reminder that at one point- at around age six, I'm guessing?- you and Martha Dunnstock were friends!

Where did you get these pictures? Did Veronica give them to you? What do you want, money?

JD takes the envelope back.

A favor.

No way.

Whoa, I really love this one of you and Martha in the bathtub together.

Heather tries to grab the pictures, but JD pulls them away.

These photos are ancient history. Nobody cares about the past. Nobody cares about Martha Dumpruck.

The spotlight illuminates Martha, who steps forward. Heather and JD exit.

There was a boy I met in kindergarten.
He was sweet, he said that I was smart.
He was good at sports, and people liked him.
And at nap time once, we shared a mat.
I didn’t sleep, I sat and watched him breathing.
Watched him dream for nearly half an hour.
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.
Then he woke up.
He pulled a scab off one time playing kickball.
Kissed me quick, then pressed it in my hand.
I took that scab and put it in a locket.
All year long I wore it near my heart.
He didn’t care if I was thin or pretty.
And he was mine until we hit first grade.
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.
Then he woke up.
Last night I dreamed a horse with wings,
Flew down into my home room.
On its back there he sat,
And he held out his arm.
So we sailed above the gym,
Across the faculty parking lot.
My kindergarten boyfriend and I,
And a horse with wings.
Now we’re all grown up and we know better.
Now we recognize the way things are.
Certain boys are just for kindergarten,
Certain girls are meant to be alone.

Martha pauses and walks to the top of the stage.

But I believe that any dream worth having,
Is a dream that should not have to end.
So I'll build a dream that I can live in,
And this time I'm never waking up.
And we'll soar above the trees,
Over cars and croquet lawns,
Past the church and the lake,
And the tri-county mall.
We will fly through the dawn,
To a new kindergarten,
Where nap time is centuries long.
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh,
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh,
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.

The lights slowly dim, and Martha falls back into the pit of the stage. The lights come back on to Heather M and Veronica playing croquet. Heather D enters.

Hey guys, missed you after eighth period.

We were avoiding you.
What you did to me sucked.

How very very. I need you both to sign this.

*Heather D holds out a clipboard with a paper on it.*

What is that?

It's a petition to have the governor declare a day of remembrance to honor the victims of suicide. I've gotten everyone to sign it, even the dweebs and losers.

*Heather M signs the petition.*

I'm not signing that.

Veronica, why are you pulling my dick? It was your boyfriend's idea.

You mean JD?

He made up the signature sheet and everything.

Look, I don't know what JD is up to, but if you know what's good for you, please just... throw that away.

Not a chance. I'll just fake your signature like I did with Martha Dumptruck. She's in no shape to sign anything today.

Why not?

It was on the radio. She took a belly flop off the Old Mill Bridge last night holding a suicide note.

*Heather C, Kurt, and Ram enter (only visible/audible to Veronica).*

Oh my God, is she dead?

Just some broken bones. Just another geek trying to imitate the popular people and failing miserably.

*Heather D and Heather M exit.*

*Heather, Kurt, Ram: Yo girl, keep it together,*

*I knew you would come far.*

*Now you're truly a Heather,*

*Smell how gangsta' you are.*

*The lights illuminate Martha in a hospital bed. Veronica runs over to her.*

Martha, I'm so sorry,
Heather, Kurt, Ram: Yo girl, feel a bit punchy?  
She's not looking so well.  
Still you've earned that red scrunchie,  
Come join Heather in hell.

The lights change, and Veronica runs back across the stage. Veronica's parents enter.

Mr. Sawyer: Where have you been?

Mrs. Sawyer: We've been worried sick! Your friend JD stopped by, he told us everything.

“Everything”?  
Mr. Sawyer: Your depression? Your thoughts of suicide?

Mrs. Sawyer: He even showed us your copy of Moby Dick!

Mrs. Sawyer hands Veronica a copy of Moby Dick.

He's got your handwriting down cold.

Mrs. Sawyer: Please, honey, talk to us.

No, you wouldn't understand.

Mrs. Sawyer: Try me! Look, I've experienced everything you're going through! I know it all seems impossibly dramatic!

Heather, Kurt, Ram: Guess who's right down the block?

Mrs. Sawyer: Your problems seem like life and death!

Heather, Kurt, Ram: Guess who's climbing the stairs?

Mrs. Sawyer: I promise they're not.

Heather, Kurt, Ram: Guess who's picking your lock?

You don't know what my world looks like!

Heather, Kurt, Ram: Time's up, go say your prayers!

Veronica runs away.

Mrs. Sawyer: What did I say?!

Veronica barricades herself in her closet and starts pacing the room.
Heather, Kurt, Ram: Veronica’s running on, running on fumes now,
Veronica’s totally fried.
Veronica’s gotta be trippin’ on ‘shrooms now,
Thinking that she can hide.
Veronica’s done for, there’s no doubt now,
Notify next of kin.
Veronica’s trying to keep him out now,
Too late!
He got in.

JD enters.

Knock, knock. Sorry for coming through the window. Dreadful etiquette, I know.

Get out of my house.

Hiding in the closet? Come on! Open the door.

No, I’ll scream, my parents will call the police.

All is forgiven, baby. Come on out and get dressed! You’re my date to the pep rally tonight!

What? Why?

Your classmates thought they were signing a petition. You gotta come out here and see what
they really signed!

You chucked me out like I was trash,
For that you should be dead,
But, but, but,
Then it hit me like a flash,
What if high school went away instead?
Those assholes are the key,
They’re keeping you away from me.
They made you blind, messed up your mind,
But I can set you free!
You left me and I fell apart.
I punched the wall and cried,
Bam! Bam! Bam!
Then I found you changed my heart,
And set loose all that truthful shit inside!
And so I built a bomb!
Tonight our school is Vietnam!
Let’s guarantee they never see their senior prom!
I was meant to be yours.
We were meant to be one.
Don’t give up on me now.
Finish what we've begun.
I was meant to be yours.
So when the high school gym goes “boom!
With everyone inside,
Pchw! Pchw! Pchw!
In the rubble of their tomb,
We’ll plant this note explaining why they died!

The students enter.

**JD, Students:** We, the students of Westerburg High,
Will die. Our burned bodies will finally get through,
To you. Your society churns out slaves and blanks,
No thanks. Signed the students of Westerburg High.
Goodbye.

We’ll watch the smoke pour out the doors,
Bring marshmallows, we'll make s'mores!
We can smile and cuddle while the fire roars!
I was meant to be yours.
We were meant to be one.
I can't make it alone.
Finish what we've begun.
You were meant to be mine.
I am all that you need.
You carved open my heart,
Can't just leave me to bleed!
Veronica! Open the- open the door, please!
Veronica, open the door!
Veronica, can we not fight anymore, please?
Can we not fight anymore?
Veronica, sure, you're scared,
I've been there! I can set you free!
Veronica, don't make me come in there.
I'm gonna count to three!

One, two, fuck it!

**JD kicks down the closet door. Inside, Veronica is hanging from an improvised bed sheet noose.**

Oh my God! No! Veronica!

Please don't leave me alone.
You were all I could trust.
I can't do this alone.

**JD, Students:** Still I will if I must!
**JD and the Students** exit. **Mrs. Sawyer enters.**

**Mrs. Sawyer:** Veronica? I brought you a snack! Veronica?

*She sees Veronica hanging and screams. Veronica takes off the noose and runs over toward her mother.*

Stop, stop, stop! No! I'm so sorry! It's just a joke, I'm so sorry!

**Mrs. Sawyer:** (Yelling) It's not funny!

**Mr. Sawyer enters.**

**Mr. Sawyer:** What is going on up here?

Oh my God, Mom, Dad, I'm so sorry.

**Mr. Sawyer:** Sorry for what?

For being a horrible person.

*She turns and begins to walk away.*

**Mrs. Sawyer:** What? Where are you going?

**Veronica pauses and turns to face them.**

Out.

**Mr. Sawyer:** When will you be back?

That's a good question.

**Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer and exit.**

*I wanted someone strong who could protect me.*
*I let his anger fester and infect me.*
*His solution is a lie,*
*No one here deserves to die.*
*Except for me and the monster I created.*
*Yeah,*
*Yeah!*
*Heads up, JD, I'm a dead girl walking!*

**Students:** (Chanting) *Heyo, Westerburg!*

*Can't hide from me, I'm your dead girl walking.*
**Students:** (Chanting) *Heyo, Westenburg!*

*And there's your final bell,*

**The school bell rings.**

*It's one more dance and then farewell,*  
*Cheek to cheek in hell with a dead girl walkin'*

*(Chanting) Come on, Westenburg!*  
*Here we go, here we go now!*

**Ms. Fleming:** Veronica! Jason Dean told me you just committed suicide!

Yeah? Well, he's wrong about a lot of things.

**Ms. Fleming:** I threw together a lovely tribute, especially considering the short notice.

Ms. Fleming, what's under the gym?

**Ms. Fleming:** The boiler room.

That's it!

**Ms. Fleming:** Veronica, what's going on?

*Got no time to talk, I'm a dead girl walking!*

**Students:** (Chanting) *Heyo, Westenburg.*  
*Tell me what's that sound?*  
*Here comes Westenburg,*  
*Comin' to put you in the ground!*  
*Go, go, Westenburg,*  
*Give a great big yell!*  
*Westerburg will knock you out,*  
*And send you straight to hell!*

**Veronica enters the boiler room, where JD is setting up the bomb.**

Step away from the bomb.

And here I thought you'd lost your taste for faking suicides. Oh, and this little thing? I'd hardly call this a bomb. This is just to trigger the packs of thermals upstairs in the gym. Now, those-those are bombs.

**JD approaches Veronica and points his gun at her.**
People will see the ashes of Westerburg and think to themselves, “Now, there’s a school that self-destructed- not because society didn’t care- but because that school was society!” You know the only place Heathers and Marthas can truly get along?

*JD cocks his gun.*

Heaven.

**Veronica starts moving toward JD and he backs up as she does.**

I wish your mom had been a little stronger.  
I wish she’d stayed around a little longer.  
I wish your dad were good,  
I wish grown-ups understood!  
I wish we’d met before they convinced you life is war!  
I wish you’d come with me-

(Yelling) I wish I had more TNT!

**Veronica whacks JD’s gun hand with the croquet mallet. They each struggle to get the gun out of the other’s possession.**

**Students:** (Chanting) Heyo, Westerburg,  
Tell me what’s that sound?  
Here comes Westerburg,  
Comin’ to put you in the ground!  
Go, go, Westerburg,  
Give a great big yell!  
Westerburg will knock you out,  
And send you straight to-

**Veronica screams as the gun goes off and, after a moment of hesitance, JD falls to the ground.**

Was that good for you? ‘Cause it kinda sucked for me.

**Veronica runs over and kneels beside JD.**

JD? Just listen to me, just listen to me, okay? Just listen to me, it's over, okay? Which wire do I pull? JD, which wire do I pull?!

*He doesn’t answer and she leaves him lying there and runs to the bomb, struggling to pick it up.*

Dear Diary: the irony of this is that I never got to write my own suicide note.

**A spotlight shines on JD, who has gotten up and is struggling from the bullet wound.**
Smart girl. Bring the trigger bomb out here to the football field and nobody dies. Except you, if you keep holding onto that thing.

I don't deserve to live.

I respectfully… disagree. Give it to me.

Stay away from me.

**JD and Veronica both fall to the ground, the latter still cradling the bomb.**

Or what?

*I am damaged,*  
*Far too damaged,*  
*But you're not beyond repair.*  
*Stick around here,*  
*Make things better,*  
*'Cause you beat me fair and square.*

**JD takes the bomb from Veronica. He stands and backs away.**

Please stand back now.

**Veronica stands up shakily, taking a small step back.**

Little further.  
Don't know what this thing will do.

**Veronica backs toward the exit.**

Hope you miss me.  
Wish you'd kiss me.  
Then you'd know I worship you.  
I'll trade my life for yours…

**Oh my God…**

And once I disappear…

**Wait, hold on!**

**Clean up the mess down here.**

**Not this way!**

**Our love is God,**  
**Our love is God,**
Our love is God,
Our love is God...

Say hi to God.

The bomb goes off. There is an explosion and a blackout. The lights come back on to show confused Westerburg students murmuring to one another as smoke fills the room. Veronica enters with her face blackened, her hair frizzled, and her jacket singed. Both Heathers rush up to her.

Where have you been? People were saying you killed yourself!

You look like hell.

I just got back.

Veronica removes Heather D's red scrunchie and ties it around her own hair.

Hey! What are you doing?

Listen up folks,
War is over.
Brand new sheriff's come to town.
We are done with acting evil,
We will lay our weapons down.
We're all damaged, we're all frightened.
We're all freaks- but that's alright.
We'll endure it, we'll survive it.
Martha, are you free tonight?

Martha enters in a wheelchair.

What?

Uh, my date for the pep rally kind of blew-... me off. So, I was wondering, if you weren't doing anything tonight, maybe we could pop some Jiffy Pop and rent a video? You know, something with a happy ending.

Are there any happy endings?

I can't promise no more Heathers,
High school may not ever end.
Still, I miss you, I'd be honored,
If you'd let me be your friend.

My friend...

Martha, Veronica: We can be seventeen.
We can learn how to chill.
If no one loves me now,
Someday somebody will.
We can be seventeen,
Still time to make things right.
One day we'll change the world…

**Veronica, Martha, and Heather M join hands.**

**Veronica, Martha, Students:** …*But let's kick back tonight.*
Let's go be seventeen!
Take off our clothes and dance.
Act like we're all still kids,
'Cause this could be our final chance!

**Heather C, Kurt, and Ram enter from above.**

**All:** Always be seventeen,
Celebrate you and I,
Maybe we won't grow old,
And maybe then we'll never die!
We'll make it beautiful.
We'll make it beautiful.
Beautiful.
Beautiful.
Beautiful.
Beautiful.
Beautiful.
Beautiful.
Beautiful.
Beautiful.
Blackout.