

INT. SCHOOL PROM - NIGHT

We get a shot of a young girl with short hair's face covered in blood. We get a shot showing the absolute carnage that occurred. Multiple students in fancy prom getup are been thrown into the wall, had limbs missing, underpants pulled over their heads, bones broken, pictures framed smashed over their heads all while the red liquid is stained everywhere. We cut back to the young girl, revealing her bloodstained prom getup. A pair of legs awkwardly smack her in the face due to the head of the body being stuck on a ceiling fan. She does not react.

BEVERLY (V.O)

Dear Diary,

Go Fack- Oops... (Eraser sound) Go Fuck yourself.

TITLE CARD: "VERY NOT NORMAL"

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

We see the young girl from the previous scene walking through the school hallway in slow motion. She's now wearing a hoodie and jeans.

BEVERLY (V.O) (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Beverly Hillis. I'm a boring seventeen-year-old white girl. I'm not special. That's what I thought anyway. I guess high school has been...fine. It's not like I have a ton of friends. Or that I'm the prettiest, or the smartest, or anything. And I'm not saying that so you'll feel sorry for me. It's just the truth. And fine, maybe I'm not 'average'. Maybe I'm a little weird. Or 'different'. I'm Very Normal.

Beverly is suddenly pushed over by a girl with blonde hair and a white coat pushes Beverly over. This is Heather Speckler. A group of popular kids gathers around Beverly.

HEATHER

Hey Beaverly Smillis, You are Very Not Normal!

POPULAR KID 1

So what are you? Some kind of Very Not Normal?

POPULAR KID 2

You ever heard of....Very Not Normal?

POPULAR KID 3

I have had it with motherfucking Beverly Hillis being motherfucking Very Not Normal!

HEATHER

Say that again.

POPULAR KID 3

I said "I have had it with motherfucking Beverly Hillis being motherfucking Very Not Normal!"

HEATHER

Good. Because you know what would happen if you didn't say that right?

POPULAR KID 3

Y-You would have renamed me to Leon and put me in a trash can...

HEATHER

Right...

The popular group walks off laughing while calling Victoria names like "loser" and "dork".

BEVERLY (V.O)

That was Heather Speckler. She's the Queen Bee of the School. She's been pulling my leg since diapers. I know, I can't believe I've been putting up with her bullshit for the past month either.

We cut to Beverly at lunch. She's eating her gross school food on an empty table.

BEVERLY (V.O)

I think it might be because I have absolutely no luck with boys. It feels like everyone in school has a lover.

Beverly looks around the cafeteria. We see multiple teenage couple talking seductively along with two teachers talking while one holds a burger and the other holds a hotdog. We zoom in on the burger and hotdog which passionately kiss eachother.

BEVERLY (V.O)

I'm honestly starting to envy them. Expect from Burger and Hotdog, they deserved it.

We see three of Beverly's friends sit down at the table while joyfully saying hello. The friends include a goth girl, a nerd girl and a gay guy.

BEVERLY (V.O)

At least I'm not alone in this Hell. I got my three best friends Gertrude the Goth, Nancy the Nerd and Harry the Hom....er Simpson fan. He's also Gay.

HARRY

Nice seeing you Beverly! Your hair looks lovely today as always.

GERTRUDE

Have you gotten use to this hellhole yet?

BEVERLY

Nope, don't think I ever will.

Beverly continues looking around the cafeteria.

BEVERLY

(Sighs)

Why does it feel like I'm the only one in school who's perpetually single?

NANCY

Because you are.

HARRY

Because you keep rejecting the boys who aren't fictional.

GERTRUDE

Because your standards are higher than your GPA.

BEVERLY

Fuck you.

HARRY

Love you too.

Beverly glances at a nearby table with two decent-looking guys talking. She leans in toward her friends.

BEVERLY

Okay, what if I just... said hi? Casually. Like a human.

GERTRUDE

Yeah tried that once. And people wonder why I dress like Marilyn Manson going to Monster High. He has way too many red flags, you wouldn't stand/

NANCY

Fine we get it, you're damaged! Really damaged! But that doesn't make you wise. Okay?

HARRY

That kid is fione but my gay-o-meter says you should stick with what you know best.

Beverly stands, awkwardly walks over, then clears her throat.

BEVERLY

Hey, I just wanted to say—

One of the guys suddenly pulls out a handgun and SHOOTS HIMSELF in the head. Blood splatters onto the table. His friend doesn't even flinch.

The cafeteria falls silent. Beverly freezes.

GUY (FRIEND)

(Still chewing his sandwich)

Don't worry, it wasn't because of you. He just hated Tuesdays. And himself.

BEVERLY

Oh. Cool. Um, I just wanted to say your jacket is... nice?

The guy blinks. Then, without warning, he projectile vomits across the table—nailing Beverly, Nancy, and Gertrude. It goes on for a long, uncomfortable 15 seconds.

GUY (FRIEND)

(Finally stops, wipes mouth)

No thank you.

Beverly returns to her seat, dripping and stunned. Her friends stare in awe as Harry looks at his clean palms. Harry looks up at the sky.

HARRY

Jeez I wanting until I was 78 to repent my sins but I guess you've given me an early shot of what's to come huh Goddy Woddy?

GERTRUDE

Told you he was a red flag.

HARRY

Still better than your last crush.

GERTRUDE

He was a Capricorn, it was excusable!

Gertrude goes to punch Harry but breaks her hand on his head, causing her to scream in agony.

HARRY

I don't know why the fuck this is happening but I'm savouring it.