

Spring 2019

Yet I Love Her Well

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Recommended Citation

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Yet I Love Her Well

by

Chikodili Agwuna

A screenplay presented to the

Faculty of the Department of
The School of Film and Television
Loyola Marymount University

In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts in Writing for the Screen

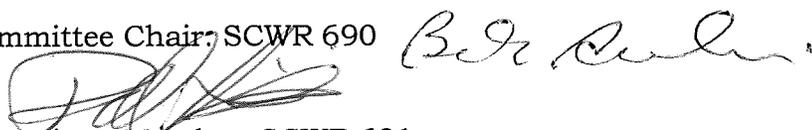
May 9, 2019

This feature length screenplay written by
Chikodili Agwuna

under the guidance of a faculty committee from the School of Film & Television at Loyola Marymount University, and approved by the members of the committee, has been presented to and accepted by the Graduate School in partial fulfillment of the thesis requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:

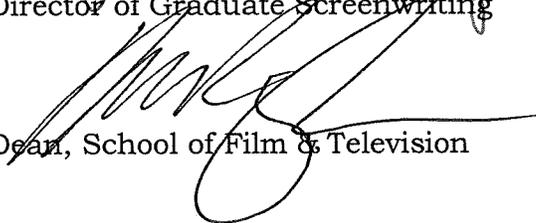
Committee Chair: SCWR 690



Committee Member: SCWR 691



Patricia Meyer
Director of Graduate Screenwriting



Dean, School of Film & Television

Date

5/9/19

yet I Love Her Well

A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

In Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts

By

Chikodili Agwuna

YET I LOVE HER WELL

Written by

Chikodili Agwuna

Based on *Julius Caesar* by William Shakespeare

FADE IN:

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

A professional, MSNBC-level newsroom. No one on set is over the age of 18. This is Gallia News Network, or GNN.

At the desk, BRONWYN MOREAU, 17, half-Black, all brilliant, usual mess of curls packed in a tight, all-business bun.

She sits between GNN Correspondents JOHNNY FRISK (wild hair, dead eyes) and HANNAH KOREY (big hair, crazy smile).

BRONWYN

We just want to do right by Gallia.

JOHNNY FRISK

A noble effort. Now Bronwyn, how do you respond to the claims that Rainie is "anti-administration?"

A GRAPHIC behind the big desk reads: GALLIA SENATE ELECTION COVERAGE: VICE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, BRONWYN MOREAU.

BRONWYN

They're just not true, Johnny. If we were anti-admin, there wouldn't be an administration to oppose.

INT. GALLIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL - DAY

Around the school, UNIFORMED STUDENTS pack the halls to watch the interview on TELEVISIONS hanging from the ceiling.

BRONWYN (O.S.)

We truly appreciate all the administration has done and continues to do for Gallia.

INT. GPS FRONT OFFICE - DAY

TONI WALLACE, 16, opens the door and walks up to the desk. African braids piled high on her head, her body swims in her uniform. She adjusts her collar and extends a hand.

TONI

Hello! Toni Wallace, first day.

The SECRETARY (60s) takes a bite of bread and slowly turns.

SECRETARY

You can wait for Principal Arthur
over there.

She points a crumb-covered finger at some chairs. Toni sits.

The interview plays on a TV in the corner.

BRONWYN (O.S.)

But we have to take a hard look at
the facts. This administration has
mismanaged student affairs and
school policies. All Rainie wants
to do is right those wrongs and
make sure they never happen again.

Toni stares at the TV.

TONI

(to Secretary)

Whoa. Is that filming here?

The Secretary puts on headphones.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

The interview continues.

HANNAH KOREY

Speaking of righting wrongs, you
know we have to talk about it. That
anonymous Gallia Reporter article
with allegations that Rainie
cheated in the sophomore-year
election against Claire Wells.

Bronwyn SIGHS with a smile.

JOHNNY FRISK

We know, you hate discussing that
'take down' piece.

BRONWYN

Hey, let's try not to call it a
"takedown" piece.

They all LAUGH unnaturally.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

But I am glad you brought that up,
Hannah, because it's exactly what
we're talking about with the
administration.

(MORE)

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Principal Arthur took the easy way out by suspending sophomores from Senate after those elections.

HANNAH KOREY

It was horrendous. We had no say in anything and ended up with the worst locker section.

JOHNNY FRISK

I ended up in therapy.

HANNAH KOREY

Poor Claire had to switch schools.

BRONWYN

Even Rainie considered leaving Gallia after she busted her ass to win that election, only to be accused of cheating.

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

Two Seniors, AELLA (olive skin masking her red hot fury) and MARA (sweet and unintimidating) watch the interview.

BRONWYN (O.S.)

But instead, she dedicated herself to doing the hard work and making sure the proper systems are in place so these scandals never happen again.

AELLA

What the hell is the point of writing that article if Bronwyn's just gonna spin it away.

MARA

She's just too fucking brilliant.

AELLA

Ew. Keep it in your pants.

Mara blushes. Aella turns and sees a RAINIE FOR PRESIDENT poster on the wall. She RIPS it down and CRUMPLES it.

INT. GPS FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Toni watches the interview, rapt.

JOHNNY FRISK (O.S.)
Well, thank you so much for being
with us today, Bronwyn. It's always
a pleasure sitting down with you.

BRONWYN (O.S.)
The pleasure is all mine.

HANNAH KOREY (O.S.)
All right, Gallians. It's
officially time for the
Presidential debate, so head over
to the auditorium for more from
this year's candidates.

The door BANGS open.

CLAY MARTINEZ, 18, confidence radiating off his strong
jawline, walks right up to the desk.

CLAY
Where's Principal Arthur?

SECRETARY
I'm a secretary. Not a tracker.

Clay rolls his eyes and spins on his heel.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Wait. Take that one with you.

Toni jumps up. Clay gives her a once over and offers a hand.

CLAY
Clay Martinez. Come on. I'm late.

Toni quickly follows him out the door.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

GNN PRODUCER (O.S.)
That's a wrap, folks.

GNN CREW MEMBERS bustle around, closing up the set.

Bronwyn heads off stage to the candidate herself, RAINIE
CASTELLO, 17, light brown waves flowing in imaginary wind.
She moves like an angel. At least, to Bronwyn, she does.

RAINIE
I really do have the smartest VP.

Bronwyn blushes.

BRONWYN

Enough chit chat. You need to get to the debate. We don't want to be the last candidate on stage.

Bronwyn gets a clipboard out of nowhere and gets to business.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Key points to remember, Pizza Boi's rich dad, Katie Monoskey's trash-
Excuse me, "compost" plan--

Rainie snatches the clipboard from Bronwyn's hands and puts it down. She takes Bronwyn's hands gently.

RAINIE

Slow down, Bron. You just nailed that interview. Can't we take five seconds to celebrate?

Bronwyn rolls her eyes and then relents.

BRONWYN

Fine.

(then)

You really think I nailed it?

RAINIE

I know you did. But more importantly, you need to know that. Have a little faith, girl.

BRONWYN

I have faith!

RAINIE

In yourself. You are amazing. Now it's my turn. Time to prove I'm worthy of such a perfect VP.

BRONWYN

I'll meet you at the auditorium.

She gives Bronwyn's hands a squeeze and leaves the studio.

Bronwyn's phone RINGS. She answers as she grabs her clipboard and heads into the hallway.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

What up, babe?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

Clay walks with purpose as Toni struggles to keep up.

CLAY

Where are you? I need to talk to you before the debate.

BRONWYN

Don't hold your breath. I'm already on my way to the auditorium.

CLAY

This can't wait.

BRONWYN

And apparently it can't be texted.

Behind Clay, Toni DROPS her books. He sighs and waits.

TONI

Sorry. I'm such a klutz.

CLAY

(to Toni)

It's fine.

Bronwyn rounds a corner in the hallway.

BRONWYN

Great. Then I'll see you after the debate.

CLAY

No, that's not fine. I was talking to Toni.

BRONWYN

Who's Toni?

CLAY

I don't know.

TONI

I'm a new student.

BRONWYN (O.S.)

Then welcome to Gallia, Toni.

Bronwyn appears behind Clay and Toni, outside the auditorium.

TONI

Oh my God. You're the girl from the TV. I- Uh... Hi!

CLAY
 (into phone)
 Finally. Can we talk now?

BRONWYN
 (into phone)
 Yes, jeez.

TONI
 Why are you still on the phone?

They blink at her. Clay hangs up and yanks Bronwyn aside.

BRONWYN
 Whoa. What's going on? Is this
 about that baseball player?

CLAY
 No.

BRONWYN
 Then it'll have to wait.

Clay shoots her a hard look.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, but I want to give you
 my full attention and I can't do
 that with the debate starting soon.
 All I can think about right now is
 Rainie and this election.

CLAY
 Rainie's all you ever think about.

BRONWYN
 Okay. I don't need this.

Bronwyn turns but Clay grabs her arm.

CLAY
 Please. It's actually about Rainie.

BRONWYN
 Fine. Come backstage. I need to get
 there before the debate starts.

They head to the backstage doors. Toni watches nervously.

TONI
 (calling after them)
 Guys? Um, hello? Where am I--

She sighs. Looks at the doors. She opens them gingerly and steps into...

INT. GPS AUDITORIUM - DAY

Toni stands in the back and takes in the PACKED HOUSE.

TONI

Whoa.

She creeps up to the one empty seat and plops down right in front of Mara and Aella. They lean forward.

AELLA

Who do we have here?

Toni YELPS. She puts on a brave face and turns around.

MARA

I'm Mara. That's Aella. Are you a plant from a candidate?

TONI

What? No, I'm new. Toni Wallace.

A CAMPAIGNER appears beside her with a SLICE OF PIZZA.

CAMPAIGNER #1

Welcome to Gallia. Vote Pizza Boi!

He disappears and is almost immediately replaced by another. She hands over a TINY TIN labeled "COMPOST."

CAMPAIGNER #2

Hey, new girl! Vote Monoskey!

AELLA

And the campaigners descend.

The lights FLICKER and the auditorium QUIETS. In front of the stage sits a moderator table with two microphones. Two STUDENT MODERATORS sit behind each mic.

MODERATOR #1

Welcome to the Presidential debate.

APPLAUSE erupts from the students.

BACKSTAGE

Bronwyn and Clay land. Bronwyn spies Rainie as she's about to walk on stage and gives her a thumbs up.

MODERATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We now invite the candidates to the stage. Rainie Castello.

Rainie steps onto the stage to MASSIVE APPLAUSE. She smiles and waves professionally.

Clay turns Bronwyn toward him as the two other CANDIDATES get called on stage.

CLAY
 Bron, you know I always have your best interests at heart.

BRONWYN
 Last week, you wouldn't let me have a donut because I "just lost my baby fat."

CLAY
 Your very best interests.
 (beat)
 I don't think Rainie should be President.

BRONWYN
 What?!

CLAY
 She's become really power hungry, and she's turning you against yourself and your morals.

BRONWYN
 That's ridiculous. She wants to give all the students more power, not just herself.

CLAY
 You're blinded by love. You need to take a step back and reevaluate--

BRONWYN
 There is no time nor is there a need for me to take a step back.

CLAY
 Bron--

MODERATOR #2 (O.S.)
 And our final candidate, a last minute addition: Clay Martinez!

Bronwyn PALES.

CLAY

I'm sorry, Bronwyn. You wouldn't listen. I have no choice.

He takes the stage to APPLAUSE.

Rainie whips her head toward the wings and looks at Bronwyn with pure panic. Bronwyn BREATHES HEAVILY.

MODERATOR #2 (O.S.)

We'll begin with opening statements from each candidate.

STAGE

KATIE MONOSKEY (thick, lumberjack chic) starts off.

KATIE MONOSKEY

We Gallians need to do our part to save the Earth. That is why I will focus all my energy on reducing waste. There is no Planet B.

GIOVANNI "PIZZA BOI" SPUMONI (charismatic beanpole) is next.

PIZZA BOI

We are living in fear. The Vegan and Keto Tyrants rule the cafeteria with an iron fist of injustice and I have dedicated my life and my very rich father's money to ending their rule.

AUDIENCE

STUDENT (O.S.)

Vote Pizza Boi!!!

Scattered cheers. Toni turns back to Mara and Aella.

TONI

Who's his dad?

AELLA

He's basically Papa John.

MARA

They live in that mansion on Sycamore.

RAINIE (O.S.)

I completely agree with both Katie and Pizza Boi.

(MORE)

RAINIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But why should we only focus on one issue, when we can do so much more? I want to give Gallians the power to remake this school in our image. What the students of Gallia Prep need, we will fulfill. What you want, we will get. We work for you.

The audience APPLAUDS graciously.

BACKSTAGE

Bronwyn grips her clipboard in fury as Clay begins.

CLAY

I have to disagree. I think it's time that Gallians take a step back from politics. How many of us are overworked and burnt out? We're about to leave this school, so let's take time to get ready for the real world by engaging with it.

All around the auditorium, students RESPOND positively.

CLAY (CONT'D)

We put all of our energy into Gallia and we don't get that energy back. We need to get out of these halls and live. Let the administration deal with budgets and schedules. It's time for us to live our lives outside of politics and outside of Gallia Prep.

The audience APPLAUDS wildly.

The clipboard SNAPS in Bronwyn's grasp.

INT. RAINIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rainie and Bronwyn strategize. A WHITE BOARD lies against the bed. Rainie's computer plays FOOTAGE of the debate.

RAINIE

Did you know about this?

BRONWYN

Of course not.

RAINIE

Why is he doing this?

BRONWYN

He thinks giving power to students
means you'll have too much power.

RAINIE

And he would rather Principal
Arthur continue to abuse any power
he's given?

They're interrupted by a BREAKING NEWS BULLETIN. They huddle
around the monitor.

INT. GPS PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY (ON THE COMPUTER)

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR (50s, stern, bloated) grips Clay's shoulder.
Camera's FLASH and REPORTERS SHOUT questions over the noise.

Principal Arthur stands with Clay in the door frame.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

...and that is why, with the full
support of the administration, I
give my wholehearted endorsement to
Clay Martinez for SGA President.

Principal Arthur claps a hand on Clay's back.

INT. RAINIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rainie turns off the computer.

RAINIE

And we just lost the Teacher's Pet
Association.

BRONWYN

That's like... a fifth of the
student body.

Bronwyn paces back and forth.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay.

Rainie follows Bronwyn's movements with her head.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Okay.

RAINIE

Oh fuck. She's broken.

Rainie gets up and jokingly searches her room. She cracks open a dry erase marker and holds it under Bronwyn's nose.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

There you go. Take a big whiff.

Bronwyn pushes her hand away.

BRONWYN

That doesn't work... anymore.

Bronwyn cracks a smile.

RAINIE

There's my girl.

BRONWYN

Be serious. How are we gonna get those votes back?

RAINIE

I was never going to get Arthur's endorsement. We just have to find a new way to get to those voters.

She sits in front of the white board. A light bulb goes off in Bronwyn's mind.

BRONWYN

Wait, that's it. We can't get the TPA, but we can get the Self-Care Lobbyists.

RAINIE

Wait, that means we have to ask...

BRONWYN

Yup. The Bubble Bath Bitches.

INT. GPS WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Bronwyn enters in Gallia-red athleisure. She scans the room until she sees...

BRONWYN

Erin Eagleton!

ERIN EAGLETON (18, jacked but soft) bench presses a LOT of weights. Bronwyn trots over to her station.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

(awkward)

Hey... girl.

ERIN EAGLETON

Spot me.

Bronwyn takes the proper stance and spots her.

BRONWYN

So I just wanted to see how you and the Bitches are doing? How's election season treating you?

Erin GRUNTS as she does another rep.

ERIN EAGLETON

Cut to the chase, Moreau.

BRONWYN

Right, so I was wondering if the Bubble Bath Bitches have chosen a candidate--

Erin pushes out one last rep. Bronwyn guides the barbell to the rack.

ERIN EAGLETON

We already spoke with Clay.

BRONWYN

Damn, that was quick.

ERIN EAGLETON

Listen, Moreau. I like you. But do you know what the Self-Care Lobby is not a fan of? Burnout. And giving the students more power means more work and more what?

BRONWYN

(mumbled)

Burnout.

ERIN EAGLETON

Exactly. I think we're done here.

She gets up and throws her towel over her shoulder.

ERIN EAGLETON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It just makes more sense for us to go with Clay.

Erin stalks away. Bronwyn deflates onto the bench.

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

A still deflated Bronwyn SLAMS her locker door shut. Clay appears on the other side.

Bronwyn turns and quickly walks away.

CLAY

Come on, Bronwyn. This doesn't have to be cutthroat.

BRONWYN

I don't know any other way to be. You're stealing my votes.

She rounds a corner and Clay struggles to keep up.

CLAY

Doesn't the fact that other students are accepting my policies mean Rainie's plan might be wrong?

Bronwyn rounds on him and backs him into the wall.

BRONWYN

No. It means people are burnt out. It means you listened to me recite Rainie's policies all summer long and now you're using that to undermine me.

(beat)

It means you're a bad friend, Clay.

Bronwyn turns and heads to class.

INT. GPS CLASSROOM - DAY

Bronwyn sulks in her seat beside Toni, who sits attentively. MRS. SAMUELS (40s, disinterested) writes on the chalkboard.

MRS. SAMUELS

Read these pages. Summarize them. Turn it in at the end of class. Or don't. Whatever.

Toni gets right to work, flipping through her textbook. Bronwyn drops her head to the desk.

TONI

These pages aren't even related.

She looks up and peers at Bronwyn.

TONI (CONT'D)
Is your book different?

BRONWYN
(sotto)
I lost the Bitches. I lost the
Pets. There's no one left, Rainie's
gonna lose, and my best friend is
the reason everything I've worked
super hard for is over.

TONI
Damn. Have you considered other
options?

BRONWYN
What?

TONI
There's other students, just snag
their votes and it'll be okay.
Clay's message resonates with those
groups, but it doesn't resonate
with you or Rainie so there have to
be other students on your side.

Bronwyn hears this.

QUINN JONES (16, intense journalist) spins around in the seat
in front of Bronwyn, a tape recorder held out.

QUINN JONES
VP Candidate Bronwyn. I need a
quote from Rainie's camp about the
endorsement.

TONI
(to Bronwyn)
Uh... What's happening?

QUINN JONES
Quinn Jones, Gallia Reporter.

He extends his hand. Toni shakes it cautiously.

BRONWYN
Not now, Quinn.

QUINN JONES
Come on, Bronwyn. I'm already the
last to report on the Principal
Arthur/Clay Martinez partnership
and I can't print without a quote.

Johnny Frisk appears beside Bronwyn.

JOHNNY FRISK

Put down that tired story, Quinn, because there's a new scoop we're breaking in five minutes and I need my fave VP Candidate to weigh in.

BRONWYN

A scoop? I don't think I'm down for another interview right now.

QUINN JONES

Gimme the deets, Frisk. You know I love a hot, steamy scoop.

TONI

For a journalist, that was such a bad choice of words.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

Johnny and Hannah sit above a BREAKING NEWS chyron.

JOHNNY FRISK

Shocking revelations today in the Senate Presidential Race.

HANNAH KOREY

Leaked e-mails show evidence that Candidate Clay Martinez was bribed by Principal Arthur. The damning messages show Arthur promising Clay straight A's in all his classes "when he wins the election."

JOHNNY FRISK

Gallians around the halls are reeling with the news. Clay has not returned our request for comment, and as time rages on, this just gets worse and worse.

INT. GPS CAFETERIA - DAY

Bronwyn and Rainie sit at the table listening to Toni.

TONI

...so I won because the judge agreed that grape "flavor" is completely made up and has no connection to actual grapes.

RAINIE
So... you're good at debate.

TONI
I mean, state champion, but--

Two lunch trays SLAM onto the table.

Aella and Mara appear on both sides of Toni.

AELLA
Bad move, Castello.

RAINIE
Excuse me?

AELLA
You think I don't know you and
LeBron leaked those e-mails?

Mara pipes in, much less aggressive than Aella.

MARA
We know you've been gunning for the
Teacher's Pets. Just say you didn't
do it.

BRONWYN
We had no idea about Clay's emails.

AELLA
Oh really? Because according to the
Reporter article I just read, you
especially had a lot of thoughts
about this.

Bronwyn stands and gets in Aella's face.

BRONWYN
Oh, did I?

AELLA
Yeah. And it said you had a private
meeting with the head of the
Teacher's Pet Association.

BRONWYN
Look, Aella. I know literally every
piece of dirt on Clay there ever
was. I don't need basic emails to
take him down. He messed up.

AELLA

No, you stole our votes and I want them back!

MARA

Can you both please just chill? She said she didn't do it, Aella.

AELLA

She would if Rainie asked.

BRONWYN

Well, Rainie wouldn't ask.

Aella simmers.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Besides, how do you know it was us? The Reporter loves to violate everyone's privacy. Maybe Clay's not as careful as he thinks he is.

AELLA

Then why haven't they gotten her?

She shoots a pointed glare at Rainie, who remains unbothered.

BRONWYN

Because there's nothing to find.

Rainie stands and meets Mara's gaze.

RAINIE

If Clay didn't want a scandal, he shouldn't have done anything scandalous.

MARA

You would know a lot about scandals, wouldn't you?

BRONWYN

Watch it, Mara.

Mara backs down, much to Aella's annoyance. Toni watches this exchange with anxious eyes.

RAINIE

Clay made his bed. Now he has to die in it.

TONI

That's definitely not the saying.

Rainie and Bronwyn saunter away. Bronwyn spots Clay by the door. They share an angry glare as she exits.

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rainie sits on the floor. Bronwyn paces back and forth.

RAINIE

We got the TPA back. That's good.

BRONWYN

But is it good enough? There has to be something else I can do. Some other group we can tap.

Rainie stands and holds Bronwyn's shoulders.

RAINIE

You weight-lifted with Erin Eagleton. I don't have the audacity to ask you to do anything else.

Bronwyn's phone RINGS. She checks it and ignores the call.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Who's that?

BRONWYN

Ugh. Don't worry about it.

CLINK.

Something hits the window. Bronwyn and Rainie snap around to look. Bronwyn goes to the window and opens it.

OUTSIDE

Clay stands on the lawn waving his arms wildly. Bronwyn slams the window shut.

CLINK. CLINK. CLINK.

More rocks hit the window. She lets out an exasperated sigh and opens the window.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Stop throwing things at my window!
I'm coming.
(to Rainie)
I'll be right back.

She leaves the room. Rainie crawls toward the window.

EXT. BRONWYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bronwyn storms out to a waiting Clay.

BRONWYN

What the fuck are you doing here?

CLAY

I just-- I need to say sorry.

BRONWYN

I don't want to do this right now.

CLAY

Come on, Bronwyn. We're supposed to be best friends.

BRONWYN

That's what I thought.

CLAY

You're just going to throw away our friendship for a girl?

BRONWYN

I'm not-- This isn't about Rainie. You betrayed me when you walked onto that stage. You chose Aella as your VP knowing that would hurt me. You turned Mara against me. This is about you hurting me.

CLAY

Everything I've done, I did because I love you. You're like my sister! And I can't just sit by and watch my sister throw away her beliefs because she thinks she's in love.

BRONWYN

I'm not throwing away anything. I believe in Rainie's vision for Gallia. If you spent more time listening to me and not thinking of ways to stab me in the back, you would probably like it too. And I don't think I'm in love, I am in love with her.

CLAY

Then you're blind. And I get it.

BRONWYN

Oh, do you? Because what? You let Rainie take the fall when you cheated for Claire Wells sophomore year? Yeah. I know about that. And I know you only did it to get in her brother's pants? How was he, Clay? Was it worth betraying me then? Is it worth it now?

That really stings Clay.

CLAY

Bronwyn...

BRONWYN

I can't keep fighting you on this. Go home.

(then)

Good luck tomorrow.

Bronwyn goes back inside and shuts the door. Clay watches the door for a moment before he hangs his head and bikes away.

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rainie shrinks back from the window, shock all over her face.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

Johnny and Hannah look eerily happy.

HANNAH KOREY

Elections are finally here, Gallians. It's time to cast your vote for our 2019 President.

JOHNNY FRISK

It's a neck and neck battle between Rainie and Clay with Pizza Boi and Katie trailing far behind.

HANNAH KOREY

Kinda makes you think voting for either of them would be pointless and a waste of a vote.

JOHNNY FRISK

It really does.

They LAUGH another unnatural cackle.

INT. GALLIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL - DAY

Different STUDENTS enter voting booths.

A tablet sits in front of them, reading: GALLIA PREP
PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES - RAINIE CASTELLO, CLAY MARTINEZ,
GIOVANNI SPUMONI (PIZZA BOI), KATIE MONOSKEY

Mara walks in. She stares at the tablet, then presses "CLAY
MARTINEZ."

Rainie enters a different booth confidently. She votes
"RAINIE CASTELLO" with a smile.

Aella steps in defiantly. She votes "CLAY MARTINEZ" without
hesitation.

Toni stands in a booth. She looks around, rolls her eyes, and
presses "RAINIE CASTELLO."

Clay calmly votes for himself.

A BRO bops in and votes "PIZZA BOI" with his fist raised.

Bronwyn's finger firmly presses "RAINIE CASTELLO." She
breathes a sigh of relief. She's done all she can. It's over.

INT. RAINIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn and Rainie await the election results. Rainie's
monitor plays live GNN coverage of the results.

JOHNNY FRISK (ON SCREEN)
It's still neck and neck over here.
We are biting our nails waiting for
the final result.

HANNAH KOREY (ON SCREEN)
First casualties of the night:
Katie and Pizza Boi, who had fifty-
eight votes between them, all of
which were basically a total waste.

Rainie takes nervous glances at the screen. Bronwyn paces.

BRONWYN
If we had more time I could work
another lobby, or--

RAINIE
It's over, Bron. It's out of our
hands.

(MORE)

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Now, I need my incredibly smart VP to help me write this concession speech.

BRONWYN

Ugh, no. That's so depressing. There will be no conceding--

Rainie grabs Bronwyn's hand from her seat on the floor. Bronwyn relaxes slightly. She sits beside her.

RAINIE

Read it so far.

Bronwyn takes the speech and reads aloud.

BRONWYN

Thank you to everyone who voted for me... Gallia is everything to me and I'll continue to fight...

(beat)

And thank you to my VP and friend, Bronwyn Moreau. You took this plan from a dream to a reality. You are my rock, and although we lost, I know we'll keep working together to make Gallia great.

Bronwyn touches her heart.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

You don't have to thank me.

RAINIE

It's true. Before you agreed to be my VP, I didn't have a chance. This is as much your campaign as mine.

Bronwyn looks at Rainie filled with love.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Besides, it's tacky not to thank your Vice President.

She LAUGHS and gets back to writing. Bronwyn squares her shoulders.

BRONWYN

Hey, Rainie, I--

Her phone BUZZES.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Every time!

She looks at her phone and her eyes go wide.

RAINIE

What is it? Did they call it? Did we lose?

BRONWYN

Nothing yet. But apparently the comments are getting heated.

They rush over to the computer and scroll through the comments under the GNN live video.

COMMENT #1 (V.O.)

I heard Clay was in bed with the Principal. I couldn't vote for him.

BRONWYN

Do these idiots actually mean "in bed?" They know that's not what that means right?

Rainie shrugs. They keep scrolling.

COMMENT #2 (V.O.)

That's not true...

BRONWYN

Thank God.

COMMENT #2 (V.O.)

Yet. The straight A's are to get him to the bed.

BRONWYN

Jesus Christ.

COMMENT #3 (V.O.)

Well, Rainie is a cheater, so you def shouldn't vote for her. Hashtag-lock-her-up!

RAINIE

Lock me up where, dumbass?

Bronwyn puts a calming hand on Rainie's shoulder.

COMMENT #4 (V.O.)

Both Rainie and Clay are terrible. Hashtag-Pizza-Boi-For-Life.

COMMENT #2 (V.O.)

Yeah, waste your fucking vote on a random candidate. So smart.

COMMENT #5 (V.O.)
If Clay fell for Principal Arthur,
he deserves to lose this election.

Bronwyn bites her lip as the comments keep rolling in.

INT. CLAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clay reads the same posts on his laptop. His phone RINGS.

COMMENT #1 (V.O.)
I would kill myself if I ever fell
for Principal Arthur.

CLAY
(into phone)
I'm closing my laptop now, Aella.

AELLA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Good. These dumbasses aren't worth
your time. Just sleep and get ready
for your inauguration tomorrow.

CLAY
Yeah, we'll see about that.

Clay CHUCKLES sadly and hangs up. He picks up a PICTURE of
him and Bronwyn on his desk. He dials Bronwyn.

He gets her voicemail. He grabs his keys and gets up.

INT. RAINIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn puts her phone away. Rainie keeps at the comments.

RAINIE
It's official. We go to school with
a bunch of trolls.

BRONWYN
(stern)
Do not engage online. We should
turn this off.

She reaches for the mouse but Rainie snatches it away.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
Come on, Rainie.

Rainie gets up and skips out of the room. Bronwyn rolls her
eyes and goes after her.

EXT. BRONWYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clay slows to a stop and looks up at Bronwyn's dark window.

CLAY
Where is she?

He thinks, then realizes, and pedals away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clay pedals down a hilly road. He pulls out his phone and calls Bronwyn again. No answer.

Clay tries to put his phone back in his pocket.

His bike swerves into the road. Lights appear behind him.

INT. RAINIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn comes back in with the mouse. She goes to the computer to close the comments but one catches her eye.

COMMENT #3 (V.O.)
I voted for Rainie because I want
Bronwyn in charge and we all know
who runs that ship.

Rainie comes back on and Bronwyn shuts down the comments.

RAINIE
Anything good?

Bronwyn shakes her head.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clay swerves away from the oncoming car. The driver HONKS as they speed past.

Clay raises a middle finger to them. He drops his phone on the asphalt.

He looks back. The momentum SWERVES the bike.

The front wheel slips off the road. The bike and Clay CAREEN down the hill into the dark.

CRASH.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Clay lies strapped to a dozen machines. His face bloodied and bruised. Mara and Aella stand to the side of the bed.

Bronwyn slowly approaches the bed, face streaked with tears. She gently takes Clay's hand.

INT. GPS PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A shell-shocked Bronwyn sits before Principal Arthur. Rainie and Aella sit beside her.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR
And so, the Senate will be shut
down until further notice.

RAINIE
You can't do this.

Bronwyn stares at a scratch in the wooden desk.

AELLA
This is the only thing he can do.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR
Enough bickering. One of my
students was so hurt by this
election that he attempted suicide.

BRONWYN
Clay's accident was just an
accident. It had nothing to do with
this election and he certainly
wasn't suicidal.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR
And how would you know?

BRONWYN
He's my best friend.

AELLA
You sure about that?

Bronwyn turns on her. If looks could kill... Aella backs off.

BRONWYN
(to Principal Arthur)
A shutdown is the last thing Gallia
needs. We need strong leadership.
We need Rainie.

AELLA
Wouldn't call that "strong"
leadership...

BRONWYN
Let her be interim president. When
Clay wakes up, release the results.

AELLA
And how long will that take? If
there's a chance Rainie didn't win,
then she shouldn't get the job.

RAINIE
What if I could prove that I
would've won the vote?

AELLA
What, are you just gonna hold
another election and win that?

Aella PERKS UP with an idea.

AELLA (CONT'D)
That's it! Homecoming!

	RAINIE		BRONWYN
Excuse me?		No way.	

AELLA
If Rainie can win Homecoming Queen,
then she can be full President.

Aella turns to Bronwyn, an evil smile on her face.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR
I don't know...

BRONWYN
This is ridiculous! A President has
never won Homecoming Queen.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR
Never?
(beat)
I've reached my decision. We're
doing Aella's thing. You win that
crown, you can be President.

Aella grins smugly. Bronwyn deflates in her seat.

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

Aella breezes out of the office, Bronwyn hot on her heels.

BRONWYN

What the fuck game are you playing,
Aella? You know this is ridiculous.

AELLA

Is it? All I want is a fair
election.

BRONWYN

And how is this fair?

Rainie joins them in the hall.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I thought you cared about our
democracy.

AELLA

Turns out I care more about keeping
Rainie out of power.

BRONWYN

Why? You think you can do better?

AELLA

Because I know a power-hungry
monster when I see one.

RAINIE

Takes one to know one.

ERIN EAGLETON (O.S.)

Moreau. We need to talk.

Erin approaches from down the hall.

AELLA

Better talk to her.

ERIN EAGLETON

I heard Castello's gonna be interim
president.

BRONWYN

How did you hear that? It just
happened.

ERIN EAGLETON

Interim is still President. The
Bitches came to collect.

(MORE)

ERIN EAGLETON (CONT'D)

You promised me a President who would prioritize self-care. Where is she?

Rainie sizes Erin up.

RAINIE

She's right here. Looking forward to working with the Bitches.

They share a tense handshake. Erin turns to Bronwyn.

ERIN EAGLETON

6 AM. Weight room. We'll discuss the Self-Care Lobby's needs.

BRONWYN

Looking forward to it.

Erin stalks off.

RAINIE

You're weight-lifting with her?

BRONWYN

I already feel my arms falling off.

The bell RINGS.

EXT. GPS QUAD - DAY

Rainie and Bronwyn sit in the grass, papers and books laid out before them. Toni flips through one to the side.

TONI

This is the budget?

RAINIE

I know. It's so small this year.

TONI

Small? This is five times as much as I had at my last school.

BRONWYN

How did you get anything done?

TONI

I guess we had a lot less to get done.

BRONWYN

So do you think we can do this?
Because I don't think I can survive
another day with Erin breathing
down my back.

TONI

Oh absolutely. The money's all
there. Just have to reallocate it.

She scooches over and shows them the binder.

RAINIE

So instead of using money from the
student care budget, we file it
under sports equipment?

BRONWYN

That's legal?

TONI

Completely. The bathtubs for the
Bitches have to go in the locker
rooms anyway.

BRONWYN

That's perfect. And the third
teacher's lounge is already set up,
we just have to redecorate it for
students. Toni, you're a genius.

Toni blushes slightly.

RAINIE

So Toni, you like politics, right?

TONI

"Like?" I breathe politics.

RAINIE

Great. How'd you like to be
Secretary of Gallia.

Toni clutches her chest.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

Toni nods silently. Bronwyn pulls Rainie in for a side bar.

BRONWYN

What are you doing?

RAINIE

I get to appoint the position and she would be great.

BRONWYN

Yeah, but she's never been in Senate.

RAINIE

Fresh eyes. Even better.

(to Toni)

Your first task: Get the Senate Guidebook from Principal Arthur. We're gonna need it.

BRONWYN

For what?

Rainie just smiles at her.

INT. GPS SENATE - DAY

A large desk lies front and center, a long table before it, and smaller stations in a semicircle around them. Nearly fifty SENATORS sit around the big room.

Rainie and Bronwyn sit at the large desk and listen to a spirited debate.

DANNY (lean and stuffy) and GABBY (strong and squat) stand at the center of the room.

DANNY

There would be no problems if the meat-eaters hadn't burned our food.

GABBY

My people were only retaliating against an unjust system. Vegan Mondays should be illegal. You want the Keto Lobby to just starve on the hardest day of the week?

DANNY

You don't have to starve. Just have a portobello burger and move on.

GABBY

Over my dead body.

They stand centimeters apart, rage burning between them.

Mara stands.

MARA

Danny, Gabby, please. The picket lines in the cafeteria have made lunch a dangerous endeavor. You have to come to an agreement.

DANNY

You can't expect the strike to just end. There are real problems in that cafeteria. The cross-contamination alone is ludicrous.

GABBY

That's the only thing we agree on. If I get another fucking nut cheese on my BLT, I'm gonna lose it.

MOUSE (Junior Senator, timid, waif-like) stands.

MOUSE

(insanely quiet)

They're right. They always mix the nut cheeses with dairy. Last year, I went into anaphylactic shock.

Danny rolls his eyes.

DANNY

That was one time! No one else has almost died from nut cheese, but three of my lobbyists have been hospitalized this week from meat.

MOUSE

(barely audible)

I was legally dead for five minutes.

Rainie BANGS a gavel.

RAINIE

Mouse- I mean, Willow, is right. As someone with a nut allergy myself, I hate to see my fellow students in danger due to reckless handling of our food. The cafeteria is in dire need of a complete redesign.

VERONICA JEFFRIES (Senior Senator, fashionable) stands.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

I hate to break it to you, Madam President, but the budget is no.

Toni perks up from her seat at the medium table.

TONI

Actually, I took a look at your budget today and it's quite doable. We just have to realloc--

VERONICA JEFFRIES

Who are you?

RAINIE

Toni is our new Secretary.

PARKER PERABO (Senior Senator, pretty boy) stands.

PARKER PERABO

And why should we trust her?

RAINIE

Because I chose her. She's already found money in the budget that we didn't even know we could use. And we're going to use that money to end the strike, bring peace to the cafeteria, and bring relaxation with a new student lounge. This has gone on long enough. Let's vote.

BRONWYN

All those in favor of using budget funds to redesign the cafeteria and build a student lounge?

A good majority of the Senators raise their hands.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

All opposed?

Barely a quarter raise their hands, among them Mara, Veronica, and Parker.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

All abstained?

Aella raises her hand and stands from her seat.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Of course. And why are you abstaining?

AELLA

How do you plan to do all this?

BRONWYN

We'll meet with the lobbies. The vegans, the ketos, the nut allergy kids. If anyone is not represented, then we can't make progress.

AELLA

Nice words, but I meant right now. How are you going to do any of this without approval from Mrs. Samuels?

Bronwyn deflates. Rainie fumes. Toni looks around.

TONI

What's going on?

AELLA

We need faculty approval before we make any motions, and our advisor is unfortunately absent.

BRONWYN

But she's always absent.

AELLA

I don't make the rules. But I do make sure we follow them.

She shoots Bronwyn a smile.

RAINIE

(through gritted teeth)
The meeting is adjourned. Cafeteria redesign will go on... pending advisor approval.

She BANGS the gavel, agitation clouding her face.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A cleaned-up Clay lies motionless on the bed. Bronwyn sits on a couch right next to the bed, staring at Clay.

Rainie sits down beside her and hands her a jello cup.

RAINIE

Where's Mrs. Martinez?

BRONWYN

(clearly impatient)
She and the doctor left to talk like fifteen minutes ago.

RAINIE

Hey. It'll be okay. Clay's gonna wake up any moment now.

She pulls Bronwyn close and lays her cheek on her head.

BRONWYN

Thanks. I just can't stop worrying.

She SIGHS heavily. It pulls her back to reality. She eyes Rainie's hand on her shoulder, looks up at her profile. They're so close.

Bronwyn pulls away and shakes her head clear.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Talk about something else. Please.

RAINIE

I actually do have something I wanted to talk to you about...

BRONWYN

Yes. Anything but this.

Rainie pulls a THICK, BOUND BOOK out of her backpack.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Is that the Gallia Senate Guidebook?

Rainie nods and hands it over. Bronwyn takes in the cover, the pages, the spine.

RAINIE

Toni delivered.

BRONWYN

It's beautiful. Why do you have it?

Rainie takes it from Bronwyn and opens to a bookmarked page.

RAINIE

Today's meeting was terrible, to say the least.

BRONWYN

You're telling me. How are we gonna get anything done with Mrs. Samuels as an advisor? She barely comes to the one class that she teaches.

RAINIE

Yes, she's useless. But that might be a good thing.

She shows Bronwyn the page. At the top in BOLD LETTERS, it reads: **RELEASE OF ADVISORY AUTHORITY.**

BRONWYN

You're firing Mrs. Samuels?

RAINIE

More like 'encouraged resignation.'

Bronwyn stands and paces.

BRONWYN

I don't think we can do that.

RAINIE

Yes, we can. It's all right there in the guidebook. She signs this form and not only do we not need her approval in the Senate, we don't need any faculty approval.

Bronwyn bites her lip. Rainie turns on the persuasion.

BRONWYN

Whoa. That's... very unorthodox.

RAINIE

That's the only way for progress to happen. Bron, if we have to wait for one of Gallia's faculty to give a fuck about us long enough to approve motions, we'll never change Gallia for the better.

BRONWYN

But firing? That's so aggressive.

RAINIE

We're not forcing her to do anything. Just ask. If she cares, we'll actually have a real advisor. If not, it's time for her to go.

Bronwyn sits down, processing.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Just think about it.

Bronwyn nods silently, anxiety behind her eyes.

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

Bronwyn's anxious eyes follow Rainie, Johnny Frisk, and Hannah Korey through the hall to the Teacher's Lounge. They stop outside the door.

JOHNNY FRISK

A student lounge. You're too much, Madam President.

HANNAH KOREY

This will be huge among the Self-Care Lobbyies.

RAINIE

Well, nothing's set in stone yet. We're still dotting our i's and crossing our t's. But I have faith.

Johnny and Rainie continue on. Bronwyn pulls Hannah back.

HANNAH KOREY

Omigod, is this the VP exclusive I've been praying for?

BRONWYN

I don't know about all that, but when we unveil the lounge, I need a big showing.

HANNAH KOREY

Oh, it'll be big. This is the boldest move a President has made since 2010 President Jamie Lindley made Principal Arthur sign a Code of Conduct preventing him from interfering in athletics.

BRONWYN

It's about to get bolder.

Hannah holds her breath in anticipation.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

We're going for the crown.

Hannah GASPS.

HANNAH KOREY

Homecoming? But a President has nev-

BRONWYN

I know. That's why I need you to announce that Rainie's running when the lounge unveiling airs.

HANNAH KOREY

Are you kidding? This is the story of my career.

Hannah begins to think of the possibilities. Then her face turns hard.

HANNAH KOREY (CONT'D)

We get the first interview. No, scratch that. The only interview. I want an exclusive with Rainie.

BRONWYN

Deal. But any sense of foul reporting and I pull everything.

HANNAH KOREY

Everything?

Bronwyn stares her down. She nods with nerves.

HANNAH KOREY (CONT'D)

Deal.

They shake. Hannah strong-arms Bronwyn closer.

HANNAH KOREY (CONT'D)

But between us, if you want to guarantee a nomination, you have to talk to the head of the Homecoming Committee, Giovanni Spumoni.

BRONWYN

Who the fuck is that?

HANNAH KOREY

('duh')
Pizza Boi.

BRONWYN

I keep forgetting he has a real name.

HANNAH KOREY

So does he.

They watch Rainie and Johnny further down the hall.

INT. GPS CLASSROOM - DAY

Bronwyn stands in the doorway, staring as Mrs. Samuels watches videos at her desk.

Bronwyn takes a deep breath and strides up to the desk.

BRONWYN
Mrs. Samuels?

She doesn't acknowledge Bronwyn who hands over a form.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
The antiquated process of approving legislation through a faculty member is seriously hindering any progress we could make, especially when our assigned faculty member, yourself, is frequently absent from meetings. We've drawn up this agreement that will, pending your signature, effectively abolish the faculty sign-off rule and give us the power to--

MRS. SAMUELS
Sure.

She signs haphazardly and slides the document back to Bronwyn, eyes never leaving the screen.

Bronwyn stares at the paper.

BRONWYN
That's it?

No response.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
Okay...

She takes the document and scurries out the door.

INT. GPS CAFETERIA - DAY

PICKETERS crowd the room. CHANTS from opposing groups fill the space.

VEGANS
NO MORE MEAT! NO MORE MEAT!

KETO LOBBY
NO FAKE CHEESE! NO FAKE CHEESE!

Rainie and Bronwyn stand to the side, assessing.

RAINIE
This is ridiculous.

BRONWYN
The lunch lobbies have always been
the most extra and dramatic groups.

Mara walks up to Bronwyn.

MARA
The nurse's office is almost full.

BRONWYN
It's always full. That's where the
burnouts take their naps.

MARA
Not today. Six bad reactions to the
vegan lunch, and four kids claim a
"carnivore" shoved jerky down their
throats.

BRONWYN
All the same carnivore?

Mara shakes her head. She pulls Bronwyn aside.

MARA
Friend to friend, you two need to
do something.

BRONWYN
We tried, and your bestie pulled
the plug on all momentum.

MARA
All I know is, if more students get
hurt in this picket, Rainie can
kiss Homecoming Queen goodbye.

BRONWYN
How do you know about HQ?

Mara gives her a knowing look. Bronwyn fumes, but something catches her eye. She PULLS Mara down.

A PICKET SIGN flies over their heads.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
You okay?

Mara nods, eyeing Bronwyn's hand gripping her bicep.

Bronwyn turns around, looking for Rainie. She stands by the wall, unharmed and unfazed. Bronwyn goes over to her.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
We gotta get out of here.

Mara watches them leave the cafeteria.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Rainie and Bronwyn hold a press conference outside the new student lounge. Cameras from GNN, the Gallia Reporter, and other news groups FLASH. Bronwyn monitors to the side.

RAINIE
It is with great honor that we open
the first Gallia Student Lounge.

APPLAUSE from the crowd gathered.

RAINIE (CONT'D)
Coffee stations, community
computers, hammocks, anti-anxiety
blankets, whatever you need, we
will provide. Because our physical
health is important, but our mental
health is precious.

Hannah Korey turns to the CAMERA behind her.

HANNAH KOREY
The new lounge is available for all
student clubs, with many slots
already filled for club meetings,
mixers, etcetera.

Hannah Korey and Bronwyn lock eyes. Bronwyn nods at her.

HANNAH KOREY (CONT'D)
The new lounge will also be used to
announce Homecoming Court
nominations. This year, in a
historical move, President Rainie
will also be running for Homecoming
Queen. GNN has your exclusive first
thing Monday.

She gives the motion to CUT.

A FERAL SCREAM rings out through the crowd, stopping everyone
dead in their tracks. More SCREAMS come from the lounge.

Bronwyn and Rainie share a look and rush into the lounge.

INT. GPS STUDENT LOUNGE - DAY

Chaos. GALLIANS SCREAM in each other's faces. An athleisure-clad GIRL does a headstand and KICKS one of the SCREAMERS in the face. He goes down.

RAINIE

What the fuck is going on here?

Toni rushes over to them, looking haggard.

TONI

Someone scheduled the Uninhibited Club at the same time as the Peace, Quiet, and Tranquility Society.

BRONWYN

How could that happen? Only senators can access the sched...

Bronwyn looks wildly around the room until she spots her. Aella. Amongst the chaos, watching with a wicked smile.

Bronwyn storms across the war zone, dodging limbs and covering her ears from screams, Aella her only target.

Rainie stands on top of a coffee station. She WHISTLES.

RAINIE

Stop fighting! This room is for us to relax. I am sorry that things got messed up. Everyone please leave until the Senate can fix the schedule.

The commotion calms down as Bronwyn reaches Aella and drags her out the side door into the...

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

Bronwyn nearly throws Aella into the wall. Aella GIGGLES.

BRONWYN

What are you doing?

AELLA

You know, Bron, I was surprised when scheduling requests began flooding my inbox labeled "STUDENT LOUNGE." I wasn't aware we'd approved that.

BRONWYN
We took a vote, the 'ays' had it.

AELLA
And Mrs. Samuels?

Bronwyn swallows.

BRONWYN
She's not a factor anymore.

AELLA
Interesting. And you accused me of throwing the system into chaos. But it looks like you did that on your own. Or should I say 'she' did?

BRONWYN
Stop messing with our plans. A lounge is good for students. Even Clay wanted a student lounge.

AELLA
I'm not Clay. I'm not going to make this easy for you because of our friendship. I'm not going to let you destroy the system we live by.

Aella shrugs out of Bronwyn's grasp and saunters off.

AELLA (CONT'D)
(over her shoulder)
Are you sure Rainie cares as much about that system as you do?

Bronwyn SLAMS on a locker and storms back to the lounge.

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn paces, fury in her brows.

BRONWYN
She's not playing fair. She knew we were announcing Homecoming Queen at this press conference and she fucking ruined it.

RAINIE
It's not ruined. We just have to do damage control.

Bronwyn throws herself onto the floor. She kicks around a bit. Then she sits up, grabs her clipboard and starts writing. Rainie peers at her for a moment.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Before you get sucked into whatever you're working on, I need to talk to you about the guidebook.

Bronwyn pauses her writing and listens cautiously. Rainie gets the guidebook from her desk and crawls over to Bronwyn.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

I made changes.

The clipboard slips from Bronwyn's hands.

BRONWYN

Ch-changes?

RAINIE

Calm down. Breathe. I just made a few... amendments to the guidebook.

BRONWYN

Amendments...

RAINIE

Good amendments. That'll help me-- help us turn Gallia into the school we always hoped it could be.

BRONWYN

Rainie, we already fired our faculty advisor. I don't think we should be making more changes.

Rainie turns her body to face Bronwyn and takes her hands.

RAINIE

Bron. After today, I realized we could do so much more for Gallia if we just had to jump through less hoops all the time. We got to actually do something for the students today. Sure, Aella fucked it up, but we fixed it. And it didn't take us three months of paperwork to get it done.

Bronwyn stands to think clearer.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Did you see how excited people were to have a lounge? A place to relax and commune? We did that. I just want to do more to help.

Bronwyn paces.

BRONWYN

Are you saying you're removing the entire approval process? That's upending our entire political system. That's not only murky ethical waters, but it's also a bad move when we still don't have Senate approval of your Presidency.

Rainie stands and follows her movements.

RAINIE

I'm not upending the system. There's still a Senate. I'd need your approval to even do anything. Just read it. You can make your own changes to mine.

Rainie stops Bronwyn's pace and looks deep into her eyes.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Please? Just consider it. For me?

Bronwyn's breath catches in her throat. She nods. Rainie smiles warmly.

INT. GPS CLASSROOM - DAY

Bronwyn slides a NOTE to Toni. Toni eyes it, confused. Bronwyn points to Quinn. Toni nods and slides him the note.

Quinn reads the note. His eyes grow wide and he scrambles to the empty seat next to Bronwyn. She whispers in his ear.

QUINN JONES

(whisper yell)

In the cafeteria?!

Bronwyn elbows him. He cowers.

QUINN JONES (CONT'D)

My bad. But Bronwyn, that's a huge task. The lobbies have been at war for years.

BRONWYN

I know. But we need this win and we need you to break the story.

Quinn shakes his head unconvinced.

QUINN JONES

You're fighting an uphill battle.

BRONWYN

Come on, Quinn. What do I need to promise for you to help me?

QUINN JONES

It's not that. It's just... the student lounge article is coming out this week.

BRONWYN

So? What's the angle?

QUINN JONES

Well, it's not so great for Rainie.

BRONWYN

(loudly)
What?!

CLASSMATES all turn around. Mrs. Samuels raises the quiet sign. Bronwyn puts her hands up apologetically and everyone turns back around. They speak in hushed tones again.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Explain yourself?

QUINN JONES

Two more students have been hospitalized and still Rainie has done nothing. You know that's bad.

BRONWYN

Of course I know it's bad, we're working on it. It's just hard.

QUINN JONES

Well, work faster. She needs to make a big move if she's gonna please the voters. Otherwise, you can kiss the crown goodbye.

BRONWYN

And how is that?

QUINN JONES

I got a few senators on record saying Rainie's actions make it clear that she's not "for the people."

BRONWYN

Which senators?

QUINN JONES

You know I can't reveal my sources, baby girl.

Quinn knocks her chin and returns to his seat.

INT. SPUMONI'S PIZZA - NIGHT

A normal diner with Italian decorations vomited all around the walls. Bronwyn and Rainie sit in a booth in a secluded corner of the restaurant.

RAINIE

I am so for the people!

BRONWYN

I know. And we will fix your image.

RAINIE

I bet Aella gave him that quote.

BRONWYN

We don't know that for sure...

Rainie gives her a pointed look.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

... But it probably was.

Rainie GROANS. Bronwyn gives her a sympathetic look.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. I have a better play for that Homecoming nomination and Aella cannot fuck it up.

RAINIE

I see. That why you're finally taking me on a date?

Bronwyn stops, horrified. Her cheeks burn.

BRONWYN

What?! No, I--

RAINIE

I'm kidding. But really, why are we here? Are dry breadsticks gonna get me that nom?

Bronwyn relaxes, back to business.

BRONWYN

No. It turns out, Pizza Boi's the head of the nomination committee.

RAINIE

Who?

Pizza Boi ambles over to their table.

PIZZA BOI

What can I ge-- Ugh. You two.

BRONWYN

(all smiles)

Hey, Pizza B-- I mean, Giovanni.

PIZZA BOI

What do you want?

BRONWYN

Just enjoying our favorite pizza.

PIZZA BOI

Fine. One large anchovy pizza.

He writes it down and starts to walk away.

RAINIE

Wait. Giovanni. I need you to help as your President.

PIZZA BOI

Interesting how everyone needs my help but not enough to vote for me for President.

RAINIE

Other people need your help?

Bronwyn kicks Rainie. She YELPS.

BRONWYN

Listen, Gio. I know it stings to not win an election. But you are more important to Gallia as a student and nowhere near Senate.

PIZZA BOI
You two just want my dad's money.

He turns again.

BRONWYN
We already have your dad's money.
We need you.

He returns to the table.

PIZZA BOI
What do you mean?

BRONWYN
How would you like the chance to be
part of Rainie's next big
Presidential action?

RAINIE
All the shame from losing will be
gone. We could even name a part of
the school in your honor.

He's interested.

PIZZA BOI
How do I know I won't help you two
and still end up a nobody?

Bronwyn grabs his forearm.

BRONWYN
You're not nobody. You're Pizza
Boi. And we need you.

He softens. Rainie smiles at Bronwyn.

INT. GPS CLASSROOM - DAY

Bronwyn and Johnny Frisk whisper in the corner of the
classroom. The teacher's desk lies abandoned.

JOHNNY FRISK
You promised me a Homecoming
exclusive. We gave you the lounge
shout out. Where's my exclusive?

BRONWYN
Johnny, come on. We're in the midst
of intense damage control from that
fight, which you covered
extensively, might I add.

JOHNNY FRISK

I can't shy away from the news just because it looks bad for the you. I'm not running FOX over here.

BRONWYN

I appreciate your dedication to serious reporting. Just be at the cafeteria tomorrow at lunch, full crew, and you'll get an exclusive.

JOHNNY FRISK

Promise?

BRONWYN

Swear.

Johnny gives her a grave look before he saunters away.

Bronwyn lets out a huge SIGH of relief. Mara joins her.

MARA

Taking a lot of meetings today.

BRONWYN

This one-woman spin team never sleeps. Not with Aella on my dick.

MARA

Have you tried listening to her?

BRONWYN

She's a broken record.

MARA

But what if she's not alone? Rainie's plans for Gallia don't seem to include the Senate. Other Senators might agree with Aella.

BRONWYN

Do you?

They stare off.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Okay. Aella's just one person. I can handle one crazy person.

Bronwyn returns to her desk, leaving Mara alone.

INT. GPS BACK BUILDING - NIGHT

Twenty-three SENATOR CONSPIRATORS fill a small classroom. A white board with plans SCRAWLED all over it stands at the front of the room beside a livid Aella.

AELLA

I don't know what Bronwyn is planning, but tomorrow will be a very important day for us.

Among the Senators, Veronica Jeffries speaks out.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

We only have until the end of the day to make sure Rainie is not nominated for Queen.

PARKER PERABO

Or we could just keep praying that Clay wakes up and takes that gavel from her super smooth hands.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

Her hands are surprisingly smooth.

AELLA

Can we focus? Mouse, anything?

Mouse perks up from her unseen position in the corner.

MOUSE

I saw a bunch of construction workers roll up to the cafeteria after school. I think she's trying to end the lunch war.

AELLA

The cafeteria is her big play? Mara, Bronwyn give anything up?

Mara shakes her head from the back.

MARA

She doesn't trust me 'cause of you. I do know that Quinn's article is still slated to be anti-Rainie.

Beside her, SCOTT SCHUMANN (jock, slow) perks up.

SCOTT SCHUMANN

But like, they made us the lounge, and now everyone's happy.

(beat)

(MORE)

SCOTT SCHUMANN (CONT'D)

I mean personally, I agree that Rainie is a power-hungry bitch, but, there's an espresso machine in that lounge. How can you be mad?

AELLA

I have my ways.

Scott shivers in her gaze.

INT. RAINIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn and Rainie study a blueprint of the cafeteria. Rainie squeezes her eyes shut.

RAINIE

We've been at this for hours. There's nothing wrong.

BRONWYN

If there's one small mistake, Aella will exploit it.

Rainie takes the blueprint. Bronwyn reaches for it, but Rainie pulls it back.

RAINIE

You've been working double time trying to get me this nomination. Just take tonight off.

BRONWYN

No way. Tomorrow is more important than any other day. If we fail, we're done before we even start.

Bronwyn reaches for the blueprint, but Rainie's too fast.

RAINIE

I hate that you've had to do all this work and put up with Aella's bullshit. You need a break. And you're taking one. You haven't even processed everything.

BRONWYN

I don't have time to process.

Rainie gives her a look.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I can't think about him. It's too painful.

RAINIE

He will wake up soon. He has to.
Not just so Arthur will release the
election results...

Bronwyn rolls her eyes.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

But because you need your best
friend. I'm here for you. If you
need me.

Bronwyn smiles at her.

She lunges for the blueprint and snatches it from Rainie.

Rainie moves quickly and pins Bronwyn on the floor, their
faces almost touching.

Bronwyn's shock isn't enough to stop the tingling all over.

Rainie takes the blueprint from her hands with a HUFF. She
stands up and reaches a hand down to help Bronwyn up. Bronwyn
catches her breath and takes Rainie's hand.

INT. GPS BACK BUILDING - NIGHT

Mara throws her head back and rubs her temple.

MARA

It's no use. With Bronwyn
protecting her name, Rainie is
untouchable.

PARKER PERABO

Then we get rid of Bronwyn.

MARA

(enraged)
What?!

AELLA

Calm down, Juliette. He's right. We
need to drive a wedge between them.

She turns to the board.

AELLA (CONT'D)

A tiara-sized wedge.

She smiles, a plan formulating in her head.

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

Aella, wearing that same smile, sashays up to Pizza Boi's locker. He shuts it and JUMPS when he sees her.

AELLA

Gio! My favorite guy. You know, I would've voted for you if I wasn't Clay's VP.

PIZZA BOI

Hey, Aella... What's up?

AELLA

I have a proposition for you.

Pizza Boi looks around nervously.

INT. GPS CAFETERIA - DAY

Pizza Boi stands beside Rainie in front of a CROWD of Gallians with picket signs. Some STUDENTS mill about in the back, trying out the lunch stations.

PIZZA BOI

President Rainie and I were able to come together, and we know you can too. That's why we made this new cafeteria.

Bronwyn bites her nail on the sidelines. She looks around, searching for signs of trouble.

RAINIE

Principal Arthur treated this cafeteria like a melting pot. But we all know why melting pots don't work. Why should you have to worry about what everyone else is eating?

Bronwyn spots Aella in the spaghetti line. She watches her like a hawk.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

With this updated layout, everyone can enjoy their own cuisine without compromising their palette, or mistaking a stick of jerky for a red vine. We also created a whole new section for my fellow nut-free Gallians.

Aella and Mara sit at a table in the corner of the cafeteria. Bronwyn's eyes never leave Aella.

Behind her, Scott and Veronica sneak past.

PIZZA BOI

It's time to lay down the picket signs, and for the first time in three years, eat together as one.

The students CHEER. Rainie beams.

Aella locks eye with Bronwyn. She flashes an evil grin.

Bronwyn realizes too late.

A lone slice of CASHEW CHEESE flies through the air. It lands on one of the NUT-FREE KIDS. She SCREAMS.

A NUT-FREE KID chucks a meatball into the Vegan section.

Bronwyn spins around and spots Scott. She rushes over.

BRONWYN

No!

Silence for one hopeful second. Then:

SCOTT SCHUMANN

FOOD FIGHT!

A MELEE breaks out.

Food flies in all directions. Students scream and shout as they're pummeled by food from all cuisines.

VEGAN BOY

(holding his head)

Is this... EGG YOLK?

He crumples to the floor.

NUT-FREE ZONE

A NUT-FREE KID leaps over a lunch table to a GASPING STUDENT.

NUT-FREE KID

HE GOT HIT WITH A MACADAMIA!

He STABS the Student with an EPI-PEN.

Danny and Gabby meet in the middle. Danny grabs a tube of BROWN GOOP and SQUIRTS the entirety of it onto Gabby's hair.

GABBY
Agh! What is that?!

DANNY
(smug)
Pepito.

GABBY
Stop making fake meat!

Gabby SLAPS two meatballs on the sides of Danny's face.

Bronwyn scrambles to Rainie.

BRONWYN
Ready for Plan B?

RAINIE
Please. Before I get more spaghetti
stuck in my bra.

Bronwyn and Rainie crawl to a safe corner of the cafeteria.

Bronwyn opens an EMERGENCY BOX with a foghorn and BLARES it.

The fighting halts.

Gabby releases Danny from her death-grip headlock.

RAINIE (CONT'D)
Everyone, out of the cafeteria now!

The student's begin to rush the doors.

RAINIE (CONT'D)
CALMLY!

They slow down and peacefully exit the cafeteria. Danny and Gabby walk in the back.

DANNY
You're really fucking strong.

GABBY
Because I eat real food.

He turns on her, but she smiles softly at him. He CHUCKLES. They leave together, Rainie behind them. She spots Bronwyn and gives her a nod.

In the back doorway behind Bronwyn, an ARMY of students with cleaning supplies appears.

The LEADER steps up next to Bronwyn and they asses the mess.

BRONWYN

Think you can handle this?

LEADER

Are you fucking kidding? This is gonna be the best Tidy Up mixer Gallia's ever seen.

She blows a WHISTLE around her neck.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Marie Kondos! Get to work.

The Army of Cleaners busts into the cafeteria, spraying Lysol anywhere they can.

Bronwyn slips out the back.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

Johnny and Hannah at the big desk, but not in their typical business wear. Now they wear TRENDY CLOTHES. Hannah wears dramatic makeup and Johnny's hair sticks up. It's party time.

JOHNNY FRISK

Gallia High, it is officially Homecoming season, and you know what that means...

HANNAH KOREY

We're pulling double duty. So when you see the eyeliner, you know it's time to spill the tea.

INT. GALLIA HIGH - DAY

All around the school, STUDENTS stop in their tracks and watch the telecast on the hallway TVs, on their phones, on their laptops, in class, etc.

JOHNNY FRISK

That's right, Hannah. We've got the juicy deets...

Bronwyn speeds through the halls.

HANNAH KOREY (V.O.)

The hot goss...

JOHNNY FRISK (V.O.)

The breakups and the makeups.

HANNAH KOREY (V.O.)
 Everything you want to know about
 this year's Roman-themed Homecoming
 dance.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

Hannah and Johnny buzz with anticipation.

HANNAH KOREY
 And now, the moment you've all been
 waiting for...

A DRUMROLL...

HANNAH KOREY & JOHNNY FRISK
 Homecoming Queen nominations!

POP! CONFETTI rains down.

HANNAH KOREY
 Ooh, nice touch! So festive.

JOHNNY FRISK
 Let's tell the people what they
 want to know. We shan't keep them
 waiting any longer.

HANNAH KOREY
 We shall not! The nominees for
 Homecoming Queen are: Gabby Guzman.

EXT. GPS QUAD - DAY

Rainie and Toni watch the news on Rainie's phone. Aella and
 Mara sit a bit away, spying.

TONI
 Who's Gabby?

RAINIE
 Keto leader. Scary.

JOHNNY FRISK (V.O.)
 Katie Monoskey.

RAINIE
 Good for her. It must've hurt to
 come behind Pizza Boi.

Bronwyn walks out of the doors. She spots Rainie and Toni and
 heads their way.

HANNAH KOREY (V.O.)
 Ope, of course. Madam President,
 Rainie Castello.

On the other side of the quad, Aella rolls her eyes.

Bronwyn reaches Rainie and sits down before her. They celebrate silently and return their attention to the phone.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY (ON THE PHONE)

JOHNNY FRISK (V.O.)
 And finally, the fourth and final
 nominee for Homecoming Queen...

HANNAH KOREY
 Bronwyn Moreau!

EXT. GPS QUAD - DAY

Rainie and Bronwyn's faces both fall.

BRONWYN & RAINIE
 What the fuck?!

Aella snickers from her corner.

JOHNNY FRISK (V.O.)
 That's it for this year's nominees.
 See you later for more HC news!

Rainie's phone falls from her hand. Toni doesn't pick up on the awkwardness.

TONI
 Congratulations, Bronwyn!

Bronwyn shoots her a glare and turns back to Rainie.

BRONWYN
 Rainie, I--

RAINIE
 It's fine. I just need a moment.

She stands and walks back into the school.

Bronwyn turns around and notices all the eyes on her. She shrinks, embarrassed.

INT. RAINIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rainie meditates in the center of the room. A KNOCK interrupts her calm. She keeps her eyes closed.

RAINIE

What?

The door creaks open and Bronwyn slips in.

BRONWYN

Hey. It's me.

She tip toes over to Rainie and sits in front of her. Rainie keeps her eyes closed.

RAINIE

I'm okay.

BRONWYN

No, you're not. And that's okay.

(beat)

If it helps, I think it was a fluke. Or Pizza Boi got confused, which is possible, given his track record.

Rainie smiles despite herself. Bronwyn pulls something out of her backpack.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I brought you something.

She places the guidebook in Rainie's lap. Rainie opens one eye.

RAINIE

More bad news?

BRONWYN

No.

(beat)

Rainie, come on.

Rainie opens her eyes, red from crying.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Just open the book.

Rainie sighs and flips through the dense book. Her eyes grow with excitement.

RAINIE

You signed?

BRONWYN

Yes. You're right. There's too much red tape and it stops us from getting things done.

RAINIE

Did you change anything?

BRONWYN

Just one...

Rainie deflates.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

It's not big. I just added that the Vice President can also hold a meeting of vital importance. Figured the President shouldn't have total power.

Rainie hugs Bronwyn.

RAINIE

Thank you.

BRONWYN

I... You're welcome.

Rainie holds the book to her chest.

RAINIE

So... Are you still running for Queen?

BRONWYN

Of course not. Like I said, total fluke. I wouldn't do that to you.

RAINIE

In any other Homecoming, you'd be my first choice for Queen. But, I need this. I shouldn't, because I totally won the election, but I do.

Bronwyn nods. Rainie puts the book down and hugs Bronwyn again. Bronwyn's anxious eyes focus on the guidebook.

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

Bronwyn stalks through the halls, on the hunt. She comes across a POSTER featuring a badly photoshopped picture of her in a tiara with the words "BRONQUEEN" at the bottom.

She GASPS and RIPS it off the wall. She stares at it in disbelief.

RAINIE (O.S.)
Hey. Can I borrow a pen?

Bronwyn CRUMPLES the poster quickly. Rainie searches her bag.

RAINIE (CONT'D)
I have an exam next period.

BRONWYN
Nothing! What? I mean, yes.

She hands Rainie a pen and shoves the poster in her bag.

RAINIE
You okay?

BRONWYN
Fabulous. I will see you tonight?

Rainie smiles and nods. She heads off. Bronwyn watches her go and spots ANOTHER POSTER out of Rainie's sight. She rushes over and RIPS it down.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
Where are these coming from?

Mara approaches.

MARA
Are you okay? You have this crazy look in your eyes.

Bronwyn shows her the poster.

BRONWYN
How can I be okay with these everywhere? I don't even want to be Queen! Who's doing this?

Mara face barely hides her guilt, but Bronwyn is too preoccupied to notice.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
It's not even a good picture of me!

MARA
(sotto)
I think you look great...

BRONWYN
And what the fuck is "BronQueen?"

MARA

(sotto)

You know, I wasn't sold on it, but
Aella said--

BRONWYN

Aella?

Mara's eyes go wide. She shuts up.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Did Aella have something to do with
me being nominated?

Mara cannot meet Bronwyn's eye. Bronwyn GROWLS.

EXT. GPS FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Aella stretches on the green in her gym uniform.

BRONWYN (O.S.)

Aella, what the fuck?

Bronwyn storms over, Mara right behind.

AELLA

Hello, Bronwyn. How are y--

BRONWYN

Cut the shit. I know you made Pizza
Boi add me to the ballot.

AELLA

You told her? I should've known
you'd betray me for Bronwyn.

MARA

I'm sorryyy. It just slipped out.

BRONWYN

Who are you to talk about betrayal?
Now you're campaigning for me?

AELLA

Well, someone had to.

Bronwyn rubs her temples in exhausted disbelief.

BRONWYN

(sotto)

I'm gonna kill her.

Aella stands and steps to Bronwyn. Mara watches them tensely.

AELLA
Listen, BronQueen...

BRONWYN
Don't.

AELLA
Rainie is unfit to run this school.
If she wins Queen, then she becomes
President before Clay even has a
chance to wake up. How is that
fair? How is that a just system?

BRONWYN
You came up with it!

AELLA
I didn't think she'd actually get
nominated!

BRONWYN
Enough! I'm sick of this pointless
feud you have with her. Stop
campaigning and leave Rainie alone.

Bronwyn turns to leave. Aella grasps her arm.

AELLA
I'm not the only one who feels this
way. There are others. And if you
don't listen to us, then you're a
worse tyrant than Rainie.

BRONWYN
You're lying.

AELLA
Meet me in the back building,
tonight at eight. I'll show you
just how true this is.

MARA
Tonight's The Bachelor.

AELLA
Fine, tomorrow.

She saunters off, leaving Bronwyn to grapple with that.

INT. SPUMONI'S PIZZA - NIGHT

Rainie and Bronwyn sit at a booth sharing a small pizza.
Rainie stares Bronwyn down, but Bronwyn can't look at her.

RAINIE
Bron, what's going on with you?

BRONWYN
Nothing. Not a thing. No goings.

Rainie SIGHS.

RAINIE
Is this about the posters?

Bronwyn nearly CHOKES.

RAINIE (CONT'D)
They're everywhere.

BRONWYN
I'm so sorry! I had no idea and I thought I got all of them. But I guess I missed one.

RAINIE
(it's not)
It's okay.

BRONWYN
I swear I'm dropping out of the race tomorrow.

RAINIE
You promise?

BRONWYN
Of course! Besides, I think it would be weird if I stayed nominated especially since... I was kind of hoping that we could go to Homecoming... together? If you want to, or whatever. This was dumb. Nevermind.

A small smile creeps onto Rainie's face.

RAINIE
I'd love to go to Homecoming with you.

Bronwyn's cheeks flush.

BRONWYN
Seriously?

RAINIE
Yes! Who else would I go with?

She GIGGLES. Bronwyn smiles.

INT. GPS CLASSROOM - DAY

The smile still on her face, Bronwyn daydreams beside Toni.

Toni flips through a LARGE BINDER labeled 'ATHLETICS.'

TONI

I cannot make any sense of this,
and I meet with Rainie tonight.

Bronwyn snaps out of it.

BRONWYN

It's easy. Just pick a rotation for
each field. Some teams get three
days a week, others two, and then
they switch every other week.

TONI

Right...
(to herself)
Never did this on debate team.

Quinn Jones sidles up to Bronwyn, tape recorder ready.

QUINN JONES

Bronwyn, is it true that Rainie
won't let you run for Homecoming
Queen? Seems a bit tyrannical. Care
to comment?

Bronwyn PALES.

BRONWYN

What?! Where did you hear that?

QUINN JONES

It's all abuzz in the halls.
Everyone says you're dropping out
for her.

BRONWYN

Yeah, but that doesn't mean she's a
tyrant! That's just ridiculous.

QUINN JONES

Is it? Forcing your VP out of the
race in order to win?

BRONWYN
That's not what's happening. I
chose to drop out.

QUINN JONES
Then why haven't you?

Bronwyn STAMMERS.

BRONWYN
I was getting to it!

QUINN JONES
Listen, B. I want to believe that
this was your choice, but I need a
real reason from you.

BRONWYN
She is not a tyrant. Take my word.

QUINN JONES
I'm a journalist. I can't just go
around taking people's words.
(beat)
Between you and me though, if GNN
doesn't get an exclusive, they're
gonna run with the story of
Rainie's descent into tyranny.

He leaves. Bronwyn rubs her temples.

TONI
Would this be a bad time to tell
you I don't know what sports happen
when?

Bronwyn glares at her. She shrinks.

EXT. GPS QUAD - DAY

Rainie sits outside eating lunch. Bronwyn sneaks over.

RAINIE
Hey there! I was thinking we wear
complimentary dresses to
Homecoming? I just think it'd be--

BRONWYN
(word vomit)
I'm not dropping out of the race.

RAINIE
What?!

BRONWYN
And I'm doing a GNN talk about it.

RAINIE
Is that a joke?

Bronwyn shakes her head, full of guilt.

RAINIE (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this to me?

BRONWYN
I'm doing it for you! Quinn Jones said that when people heard I was dropping the race, they thought you were forcing me out and if I drop out now, people will hate you.

RAINIE
How convenient. This is somehow for my own good? When you win that crown and I lose this presidency, will it still be for my own good?

BRONWYN
Rainie, come on. That's not going to happen. I won't let it.

RAINIE
Then drop out!

BRONWYN
I can't!

Rainie's silent. Bronwyn tries to reach out but stops.

RAINIE
Did you ask me to Homecoming so I would let you run for Queen?

BRONWYN
Whoa. What? No. I wouldn't--

RAINIE
(to herself)
Unbelievable. I shouldn't even have to do this. I should just be President. I obviously won--

BRONWYN
We don't know that yet.

All warmth leaves Rainie's eyes.

RAINIE

We don't know that yet? Are you fucking kidding me? God, it's like you want to steal this Presidency from me too!

BRONWYN

No, I didn't mean it like that. I would never do anything to jeopardize your position!

RAINIE

Fuck off, Bronwyn.

She storms off. Bronwyn collapses into her hands.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

Bronwyn sits with Johnny and Hannah, both in fake tiaras. She looks uneasy and depressed. Johnny leans in to her.

JOHNNY FRISK

I told you I'd get my exclusive.

He flashes her a devilish grin.

GNN PRODUCER (O.S.)

And we're live in 5...4...3...

The RED LIGHT turns ON and they're off.

HANNAH KOREY

What's up, Gallians? Ready for more juicy H.C. news?

JOHNNY FRISK

Well you're about to get it. We're live with Queen Nominee and Vice President, Bronwyn Moreau.

Bronwyn smiles awkwardly at the camera.

JOHNNY FRISK (CONT'D)

Now, Bronwyn. What's this I hear about you dropping out of the race?

BRONWYN

Oh, um... I'm not? I was, but not anymore.

HANNAH KOREY

Thank God because I was afraid Rainie was edging you out.

INT. GPS FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Rainie stands alone. The TV plays the interview.

ON THE SCREEN

BRONWYN

No. Not at all. That's just a dumb rumor.

JOHNNY FRISK

No rumor's a dumb rumor if it's juicy enough.

He WINKS at the camera.

Rainie fumes.

The Secretary shuffles in the door.

SECRETARY

What the hell are you doing here?

Rainie turns around calmly.

RAINIE

I was wondering where Principal Arthur is today.

SECRETARY

He's not here.

RAINIE

Oh. Then why are you here?

SECRETARY

Because it's my job.

RAINIE

Not if Principal Arthur isn't here.

The Secretary thinks about that.

SECRETARY

You're goddamned right.

She shuffles over to her desk, grabs her purse, and leaves.

Rainie watches the door close then turns to tv and shuts it off angrily. She stalks toward Arthur's office.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

Bronwyn tries to save face in front of Johnny and Hannah.

BRONWYN

Rainie's actually the one who convinced me to stay in the running.

JOHNNY FRISK

Oh, that is just beautiful.

BRONWYN

Yeah, Rainie's always been so supportive of me and I of her.

HANNAH KOREY

I stan women who support other women.

Bronwyn smiles sadly.

INT. GPS PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens and Rainie slips in. She creeps over to Principal Arthur's computer and turns it on.

An "ENTER PASSWORD" screen shows up.

RAINIE

Fuck.

She taps lightly on the keyboard. A thought.

She types in "A B C D E F" and hits ENTER. It works.

She rolls her eyes and scrolls around the FILES until she sees it: 2019 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION RESULTS (PRINT ONLY).

Without hesitation, she clicks and the PRINTER starts up.

Rainie doesn't give the ink a chance to dry. She rips the paper out of the machine and scans the page.

Her eyes land on her goal. It reads:

TOTAL VOTES:

CLAY MARTINEZ = 504 VOTES. RAINIE CASTELLO = 457.

Rainie BREATHES HEAVILY, fury burning in her eyes.

INT. GPS BACK BUILDING - NIGHT

The Conspirators mill about the room, impatience on their faces. Mara skips in.

MARA

She's coming.

AELLA

Look alive, people! Phones off.

Everyone snaps to attention.

Bronwyn tip toes into the room. She takes in the faces of each Conspirator around her.

BRONWYN

She's not paying you, right?

SCOTT SCHUMANN

Are other people getting paid?

AELLA

No one's getting paid. These people are here because they genuinely don't believe Rainie is fit to be President of Gallia.

Parker stands.

PARKER PERABO

It's true, Bronwyn. Rainie has not run a single decision past the Senate. She's operating all on her own.

BRONWYN

No, she's not. I still have to sign off on every new thing.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

Then you have failed us, too.

BRONWYN

Excuse me?

VERONICA JEFFRIES

We were all elected as senators. We were chosen to help the government run Gallia. That's how representation works. But if Rainie doesn't let us know what she's doing, how can we represent?

BRONWYN

She had to make good on campaign promises. All presidents do this!

MARA

Do they? Do all Presidents make good on those promises without the aid of the Senate? It's not right, Bronwyn, and you know it.

Mouse pipes in from a corner.

MOUSE

She's kind of a dictator.

BRONWYN

This is ridiculous. Rainie is not a dictator. Everything she's done has benefitted Gallia. Scott, you've used that espresso machine eight times this week!

SCOTT SCHUMANN

How do you know that?

VERONICA JEFFRIES

Everyone knows!

Scott shrinks, embarrassed.

BRONWYN

All of you are better off for the changes that Rainie has made to this school. Changes she's made for all Gallians, including you, who can do nothing but beat down on her every day?

Aella saunters toward Bronwyn.

AELLA

Do you truly think that Rainie is a good president?

BRONWYN

Yes.

AELLA

And you don't care that she's going outside of the book?

BRONWYN

She's making Gallia better.

AELLA

She's compromised our entire governing system. A system you and I have put our faith in for years and others will for years to come. And now you're saying that system doesn't matter, as long as things work out?

Bronwyn STAMMERS.

AELLA (CONT'D)

Or is it just as long as Rainie's in charge?

BRONWYN

I believe in the system.

AELLA

It's not faith if it only matters when you're in love.

BRONWYN

Stop--

She's interrupted by her phone RINGING.

AELLA

No phones!

Bronwyn's caller ID reads: CLAY'S MOM

Aella sees it. All sound STOPS.

Bronwyn answers. Her face immediately fills with sorrow.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A gloomy day for all who attend. All the Gallians in their mourning best walk away from the fresh grave.

Bronwyn is one of the last to leave. She shares a long hug with Clay's Mom.

Aella and Mara run into her. They face off for a beat, then Bronwyn and Aella hug, the tears overcoming them.

INT. CLAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bronwyn and Mara sit in various corners of the room, going through Clay's things. His mom and Aella sit in the doorway.

AELLA

How are you, Mrs. Martinez?

She shakes her head and SNIFFLES.

CLAY'S MOM

I can't make sense of anything.
They kept telling me he would wake
up soon. His bruises were fading.

AELLA

I understand. But that doesn't
always mean they'll wake up.

CLAY'S MOM

I can't stop blaming myself. I left
for one night. I'd only been home
for an hour when they called. I--

She breaks into SOBS.

AELLA

It's no one's fault. I wish we
could blame someone, but sometimes
people don't come out of comas.

MARA & BRONWYN

Aella!

Clay's Mom waves them off.

CLAY'S MOM

No, no, girls. It's okay. This is
actually helping.

AELLA

Why don't I make you some tea?

She escorts Clay's Mom out. Mara sorts through a box. She
finds a ring and hands it to Bronwyn.

BRONWYN

I got him this last year at the
beach.

MARA

Keep it. I know he'd want you to.

Bronwyn smiles. Mara pulls a bracelet out of the box.

MARA (CONT'D)

Dude, how much jewelry did you give
him?

(MORE)

MARA (CONT'D)

Like this is cute, but I don't think he would've ever worn it, dead or alive.

They LAUGH softly. Bronwyn double-takes the bracelet.

BRONWYN

Whoa. Give me that.

Mara forks it over.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I didn't give this to Clay. It's Rainie's.

She inspects the bracelet.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

That's where a gem fell off when she hit a door.

Bronwyn holds it preciously. After a beat...

MARA

Wait. Why was it at the hospital?

Bronwyn shrugs. She keeps holding the bracelet. Mara scoots over to her.

MARA (CONT'D)

She still not talking to you?

Bronwyn shakes her head. Tears fall onto her cheeks. Mara rubs her back supportively.

BRONWYN

I wish she would just listen to me. But she's too mad. And it sucks because I need her right now.

MARA

Hey, I'm here.

Bronwyn smiles pitifully. She wipes her tears on her sleeve.

BRONWYN

Can't we skip homecoming this year?

MARA

This is literally the one year that is not an option.

Bronwyn LAUGHS sadly and continues looking through boxes. Mara stares at the bracelet, then the hospital box.

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn stands in front of a mirror, in a deep red, one-shoulder dress. She puts on gold earrings, then looks at the table beside her.

She picks Clay's ring off the table and slides it on her finger. She smiles sadly at her reflection.

She picks up her phone and looks at the background of her and Clay together. She calls Rainie. No answer.

BRONWYN
Guess I'm going stag.

She SIGHS and leaves.

EXT. GALLIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL - NIGHT

An awards-show level RED CARPET greets Bronwyn. FRESHMEN PHOTOGRAPHERS take pictures of everyone walking in. Danny and Gabby pose for pictures, hand-in-hand.

JOHNNY FRISK (O.S.)
Stag?!

Johnny and Hannah, dressed to the nines, interview Aella in front of a small camera crew. Aella in a green halter dress.

HANNAH KOREY
Not that anything's wrong with being alone.

AELLA
Yeah, I didn't really have time to think about dates with my friend dying and all that...

They shift awkwardly. Aella relishes in their discomfort.

AELLA (CONT'D)
Have fun at the dance, you two!

She saunters away. Johnny turns around just in time to see Bronwyn trying to dash past unnoticed.

JOHNNY FRISK
Bronwyn!

She stops, caught. She turns slowly and plasters on a smile.

BRONWYN
Johnny!

He waves her over. She shakes her head. He waves again, a tad more threateningly. She slinks to the cameras, smile fading.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
You two look great.

HANNAH KOREY
We know. We're here to talk about how great you look. I love this red on you.

Bronwyn zones out as she spots Rainie walking the red carpet with Pizza Boi. Her heart POUNDS.

JOHNNY FRISK
In fact, you're decked out in Gallia colors.

HANNAH KOREY
It almost makes you look presidential.

Bronwyn snaps out of it.

BRONWYN
What?

HANNAH KOREY
I said you look royal.

Bronwyn shifts.

BRONWYN
Oh. Thanks. Well, I guess it's time for the dance...

She backs away from the GNN setup. Johnny and Hannah watch her go and then continue with the broadcast.

INT. GPS GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Roman columns and vines decorate the space. Colorful flashing lights sweep across the walls.

GALLIANS line up at a nearby table to cast their votes.

Bronwyn heads over to the drinks and pours herself a cup.

AELLA (O.S.)
Has that been spiked yet?

Bronwyn spins around and shakes her head no.

AELLA (CONT'D)
 Dammit. I might not make it through
 this dance.

Bronwyn smiles, distracted.

BRONWYN
 Where's Mara?

Aella points to the dance floor where Mara and Scott Schumann
 dance awkwardly.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
 Are she and Scott...

Aella shakes her head.

AELLA
 She just couldn't come with who she
 wanted to.

BRONWYN
 Who?

Aella gives her a knowing look. Bronwyn blanches.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
 What?

AELLA
 Try not to be so oblivious, hun.

Toni comes over, in a beautiful blue sleeveless number.

TONI
 Please tell me the one normal thing
 about this school is spiked punch.

AELLA
 I hate to break it to you, but it's
 just punch.

TONI
 Figures.

She pours herself a cup anyway.

AELLA
 You gonna dance?

TONI
 If the DJ can play something to
 dance to.

(MORE)

TONI (CONT'D)
 Everyone looks like idiots because
 they're jumping around to pop rock.

Aella looks at Toni, surprised.

TONI (CONT'D)
 What?

AELLA
 Nothing. I'm just realizing we
 should be friends.

Bronwyn ignores them as she locks eyes with Rainie across the room. Rainie breaks away first and heads out of the gym.

TONI
 I thought we were friends?

AELLA
 No, like 'actual' friends, now.

TONI
 (to Bronwyn)
 Hey, where are you going?

Bronwyn follows Rainie out.

INT. GPS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn creeps into the bathroom. Rainie stands in front of the mirror, breathing heavily.

BRONWYN
 Hey.

They make eye contact through the mirror. Rainie stands and tries to leave, but Bronwyn stops her.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
 Rainie--
 (beat)
 I'm sorry.

Rainie lets the door close, leaving them alone.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
 I let Aella get in my head and I
 started to doubt your leadership,
 and I shouldn't have done that. I
 should've dropped out of the race.

Rainie's shoulders shake. She turns to Bronwyn with tears in her eyes, a rare and shocking sight.

RAINIE

No. You were right. And you said all those nice things in the interview and I was a total bitch to you and everything just got so... complicated and I--

She chokes up. Bronwyn pulls her in and hugs her.

BRONWYN

Hey, it's okay.

RAINIE

No, it's not. I really messed up, Bronwyn. I'm so sorry.

Bronwyn wipes the tears from Rainie's cheeks.

BRONWYN

Come on. Let's go see how great you'd look in a tiara.

Rainie smiles and takes Bronwyn's hand as they leave.

INT. GPS GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The Homecoming Queen nominees all line the stage.

Johnny Frisk and Hannah Korey stand at the mic with an ENVELOPE.

HANNAH KOREY

And your Homecoming Queen is...

A DRUMROLL begins

Aella, Mara, and Parker stand together.

AELLA

(sotto)

Come on, come on, come on...

Rainie gives Bronwyn's hand a squeeze and leans toward her.

RAINIE

(whispered)

I hope you win.

The drumming gets FASTER.

JOHNNY FRISK

Rainie Castello!

Confetti BURSTS from the ceiling. Bronwyn gives Rainie a huge hug and she makes her way to the front of the stage.

Aella FUMES.

Hannah starts to put the TIARA on Rainie's head, but Rainie stops her.

RAINIE
Thank you so much, everyone.

The crowd QUIETS.

RAINIE (CONT'D)
I want to dedicate this to Clay
Matthews. Because he-- He should've
been here tonight.

She smiles sadly. The crowd LOVES it, their applause drowned out by another POP SONG.

Veronica Jeffries and Willow Waters join the Conspirators.

WILLOW WATERS
Damn, she's good.

VERONICA JEFFRIES
The devil works hard, but Rainie
works harder.

AELLA
We need to try harder.

Aella turns and storms out of the auditorium. The Conspirators reluctantly follow her.

INT. RAINIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn and Rainie sit on the floor in their PJ's, Homecoming dresses thrown to the side of the room. They giggle.

RAINIE
I am glad you asked me to
Homecoming. Even though we didn't
get to actually go together...

BRONWYN
Yeah? I wish we had.

RAINIE
We would've looked great in
matching dresses.

BRONWYN

I know!

They smile at each other, regret in their eyes.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I never want to fight like that again.

RAINIE

Me neither. I was a mess all week. And I'm sorry. I said terrible things and I did horrible--

BRONWYN

It's okay.

RAINIE

It's not. I need you, Bronwyn. I can't do anything right without you. You're the only person I've ever trusted.

BRONWYN

I know. That's why you make me hold your epi-pen.

Rainie smile.

RAINIE

I love you, Bronwyn.

Shock covers Bronwyn's face.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

And I know you had feelings for me before I became a total monster--

Bronwyn silences her with a kiss.

They stare into each other's eyes.

BRONWYN

I will always love you, Rainie.

She smiles. They kiss again.

INT. GALLIA NEWS NETWORK STUDIO - DAY

Johnny and Hannah are back in their newsroom formal wear.

HANNAH KOREY

Hello, Gallia. Homecoming is over
but its spirit still remains.

JOHNNY FRISK

After winning the crown in a
historical event, President
Rainie's approval ratings are
through the roof.

HANNAH KOREY

(chuckles)

It would appear that *after* winning
the crown, she then won the *crowd*.

JOHNNY FRISK

Which just goes to show that the
collective mind is stronger than
the singular one.

INT. GPS PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bronwyn and Rainie sit before Principal Arthur.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

We had a deal. And you somehow
managed to win, so...

He pulls two sets of keys out of his desk and slides them
over. Bronwyn and Rainie pick up their respective copies.

RAINIE

The keys to the Senate?

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

Congratulations, Castello. You are
now President of Gallia Prep.

Rainie BEAMS. Bronwyn grabs her hand and squeezes.

INT. GPS BACK BUILDING - DAY

The Conspirators, minus Scott, mope about the room.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

It's official. We lost.

PARKER PERABO

Can't beat a queen.

AELLA

This is such bullshit. We all voted for Bronwyn. How could she win?

MARA

Because we aren't everyone. That fucking crown boosted her approval ratings and now she's untouchable.

The door BURSTS open.

Scott drags a whiny Pizza Boi into the room. And shoves him in front of the Conspirators.

PARKER PERABO

What's going on, Scott?

SCOTT SCHUMANN

Tell them what you told me.

Pizza Boi shoots one pleading look at Scott. He gets nothing.

PIZZA BOI

(inaudible)

Rainie didn't win Homecoming Queen.

Everyone looks at him, confused.

AELLA

What?

VERONICA JEFFRIES

Dude, no one can hear you.

MOUSE

He said Rainie didn't win HQ.

MARA

How do you know that, Pizza Boi?

He stares at the ground, willing himself to shut up.

PIZZA BOI

She asked me if I could guarantee she'd win, and I said sure if she would be my date. She did.

AELLA

So who really won?

SCOTT SCHUMANN

Bronwyn did.

Fury rages in Aella's eyes.

EXT. GPS QUAD - DAY

Bronwyn and Rainie sit on the quad, usual stack of paper between them.

RAINIE

So tomorrow it's just the improv troupe and the Dungeon Dwellers in the lounge. I moved the Bubble Bath Bitches mixer to the locker rooms.

Bronwyn watches her, nothing but love in her eyes. Rainie catches her.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

What? Should I not have done that?

BRONWYN

No. No. That's perfect. Speaking of schedules, the athletics stuff is handled, right?

RAINIE

Yup.

(beat)

Anyway, I was hoping we could go to the mixer together? Share a tub?

Bronwyn BLUSHES. Rainie GIGGLES and kisses her cheek.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

I'm taking that as a yes. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go put the list up.

Rainie gets up and leaves. Bronwyn watches her go, so enamored she doesn't see Aella and Mara plop beside her.

She YELPS.

AELLA

We're not that scary, Bron.

BRONWYN

What do you want now?

AELLA

I'm struggling to hold down my lunch after that display, but there's no time to retch. Rainie cheated the Homecoming vote.

MARA

That crown is rightfully yours. As
is the gavel. She needs to go.

BRONWYN

(sotto)

I should have just kept walking.

AELLA

Bronwyn we're serious. She went as
Pizza Boi's date so he'd name her
Queen instead of you.

BRONWYN

Stop lying about Rainie. I'm done
playing these games with you.

MARA

We're not lying. Pizza Boi told us
himself.

BRONWYN

The same Pizza Boi who Aella bribed
to get me nominated for Queen?

AELLA

See? He has a track record of
taking bribes!

BRONWYN

From you. Which means now I can't
trust you two and I can't trust
Pizza Boi. Well done.

Her phone RINGS.

AELLA

Your girlfriend?

Bronwyn rolls her eyes and answers.

BRONWYN

What's up, Toni? Whoa, hold up...
Okay... I'm on my way.

Mara tries once more.

MARA

Bronwyn. I wouldn't lie to you.

BRONWYN

She would and has. If you'll excuse
me, I have real matters to handle.

She leaves them frustrated and angry.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Erin Eagleton stands almost nose-to-nose with Gabby. Behind them, the FIELD HOCKEY and SOCCER teams face off.

Toni cowers to the side.

GABBY

It is my practice time, so get off the field, you giant ogre.

ERIN EAGLETON

Call me an ogre again and I will crush you.

GABBY

Oh, just like an ogre would?

TONI

You guys, please! There is no need for this to get violent, I just need some time to figure this schedule out.

Bronwyn rushes straight to Toni.

BRONWYN

I came as soon as I could. What's going on?

GABBY

Finally. Bronwyn, tell Shrek it's time for field hockey practice.

ERIN EAGLETON

Bronwyn's not gonna help you. She and I have a rapport. Moreau, tell these assholes it's soccer time.

Bronwyn pulls Toni aside.

BRONWYN

What the hell happened? I thought you and Rainie had a new schedule?

TONI

We were supposed to meet, but she bailed, and then Clay died, and then it was Homecoming...

BRONWYN

She bailed? She said she met you.

TONI

Okay, well, I'm not saying she lied, but I am saying that that absolutely did not happen and also I think Erin is gonna eat Gabby for her 2pm protein snack if we don't fix this.

The LACROSSE TEAM bounds over.

LAX DUDE #1

Actually, we're on the practice schedule, so move along, ladies.

The women all GLARE. The Lax Bros back up.

BRONWYN

Everyone, chill the fuck out. Let's just revert to last year's schedule until we can work this out.

Bronwyn grabs a folder from her backpack and opens it.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Oh shit. This must be Rainie's.

She STOPS.

In the folder lies the PRINTED ELECTION RESULTS.

Bronwyn scans the page. Horror builds on her face.

GABBY

Um... hello? Earth to Bronwyn?

Toni nudges Bronwyn.

TONI

Uhh, Bron? They're starting to get angry again and I can't handle it.

Bronwyn keeps staring at the page. Another Lax Bro steps up.

LAX DUDE #2

Is she broken?

Erin Eagleton turns on him.

ERIN EAGLETON

Why are you still here? Lacrosse is
a spring sport!

LAX DUDE #2

Hey, practice was on the schedule
and I don't go against schedules.

He raises his hands in surrender.

TONI

There are seasons?!

Bronwyn closes the folder and runs off.

They all turn to Toni, who shrugs and runs after Bronwyn.

EXT. GPS ROOF - DAY

Toni looks at the election results. Bronwyn watches her.

TONI

This was in Rainie's folder?

Bronwyn nods.

TONI (CONT'D)

And you think she saw this and
then... killed Clay?

BRONWYN

I know it sounds crazy, I do. But I
can't shake the feeling that she
did. When Clay was in the coma,
Rainie was adamant that he had to
wake up soon. But now, it's like
she never said that. She says shit
like "it was inevitable," like she
wasn't the one giving me hope.

TONI

Maybe she realizes that was naive?

BRONWYN

And she kept saying that she 'did'
something. Something bad. But she
won't tell me what.

TONI

Hey, you know her best.

BRONWYN

I know. And I love her so much, I wonder if that's been clouding my judgment. Could I be that wrong about her?

TONI

You loved her before she was President. But that much power changes people. But hey, give her a chance to explain. You might be wrong.

BRONWYN

I want to be wrong. But--

TONI

Just talk to her.

Bronwyn looks out at the football field.

BRONWYN

Clay and I used to come up here all the time in between classes, after school, sometimes before.

She pulls out her phone and sends a text to "ALL SENATORS."

INT. GPS HALLWAY - DAY

VARIOUS SENATORS around the halls receive the text.

Aella and Mara study the message together.

AELLA

Emergency Senate Meeting?

MARA

9pm. It's at night?

Rainie walks up to Bronwyn's locker.

RAINIE

Hey. What's with this meeting?

Bronwyn tries to keep her gaze inside her locker.

BRONWYN

Uhh... something came up and it needs to be run through the Senate.

RAINIE

What is it?

The BELL RINGS. Bronwyn tries to hide her relief.

BRONWYN

We'll talk about it tonight.

She starts to leave. Rainie stops her.

RAINIE

Hey. I know it's been a long week.
Maybe this weekend we can just
chill together?

Bronwyn smiles tightly and nods. Rainie leans in and gives her a small peck and then walks the opposite way.

Bronwyn SIGHS as she leaves.

Down the hall, Aella and Mara accost Toni at her locker.

AELLA

What the hell is this meeting?

TONI

Uh... I have to get to class.

AELLA

You know the first bell doesn't
matter.

The second bell RINGS. Toni tries to leave. Aella grabs her.

AELLA (CONT'D)

Spill it. Now.

TONI

Bronwyn's calling for impeachment
because Rainie may or may not have
murdered Clay. I personally think
that's ridiculous. But so is
everything else that has happened
since I put on this goddamned
oversized uniform.

Mara and Aella REEL. Aella SLAMS her fist into a locker.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

Just get a smaller size. I get mine
a size too small because then it
hugs the curves.

Toni looks closer at Veronica's uniform. Aella and Mara storm down the hall.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Bronwyn walks up to Clay's plot. She sits in front of it.

BRONWYN

You were right. I know you love
when I have to say that.

Bronwyn inhales sharply as her emotions finally pour out.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I should've listened
to you. I don't even know what to
do now. I still love her. Even
after what she did to you. If I'd
just listened, this wouldn't...

Her sobs take over. She takes a few calming breaths.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I will make this right. I promise.

She kisses her hand and touches it to the stone.

INT. GALLIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL - NIGHT

The halls lay dark. The lone light comes from the Senate.

SENATORS file in, somber and confused.

INT. GPS SENATE - NIGHT

The Conspirators stand together in the corner of the room as others still file in and MURMUR amongst themselves.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

You think she murdered Clay?

PARKER PERABO

That's wild, even for Rainie.

MARA

It's wild for anyone, but it
happened.

SCOTT SCHUMANN

Shit. What's Bronwyn gonna do?

AELLA

She's weak. It's time to take
matters into our own hands.

Mouse holds a box of cookies labeled "FOR PRESIDENT RAINIE."

INT. GPS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bronwyn stands alone in the dark hall.

RAINIE (O.S.)
Why are we meeting in the dark?

Rainie appears behind her. She wraps Bronwyn in her arms.

RAINIE (CONT'D)
Are you finally gonna tell me what
this meeting is about?

Bronwyn starts to enjoy Rainie's hold but snaps out of it.

She takes a step away from Rainie.

BRONWYN
I need to ask you something and I
need you to be honest with me.

Rainie searches Bronwyn's face for hints. She gets none.

RAINIE
Of course. You can ask me anything.

BRONWYN
Why did you go to Homecoming with
Pizza Boi?

Rainie swallows.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
Tell me the truth.

Rainie relents.

RAINIE
I had to protect my Presidency.

BRONWYN
From me?

RAINIE
From everyone. You, Aella, Clay--

Bronwyn hands her the election results.

Rainie eyes them in horror.

BRONWYN
The Presidency was never yours to
protect.

Rainie STAMMERS.

RAINIE
Bronwyn, I-- I didn't know what--

Bronwyn REELS.

BRONWYN
He was my best friend.

RAINIE
I know. And I'm so sorry. But I did
what I had to to stay in power.

BRONWYN
Power? You... killed my best friend
and you're blaming it on power?

RAINIE
Bron, please--

Bronwyn turns on her.

BRONWYN
Did you ever really love me?

Rainie holds Bronwyn's face in her hand.

RAINIE
I love you more than I could ever
love another person.

Bronwyn removes the hand.

BRONWYN
But not as much as you love power.

She walks into the Senate room, leaving Rainie alone.

INT. GPS SENATE - NIGHT

All SENATORS sit in their positions, BUZZING with anxiety.

Bronwyn sits in the PRESIDENT'S seat, Toni in her usual spot.

Rainie walks in, still shaken. She locks eyes with Bronwyn.
Bronwyn points to a chair in the center of the room.

Rainie makes her way over. She's stopped by Mouse.

MOUSE
President Rainie. A gift.

She presents Rainie with a BOX OF COOKIES. Rainie accepts. Mouse slinks back to her seat, an odd smile on her face.

Bronwyn BANGS the gavel.

BRONWYN
I call the meeting to order.

Everyone grows SILENT.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
You are all wondering why I've called an emergency meeting tonight. It is with great regret that I inform you that President Rainie has not been acting in the Senate's greatest interests.

GASPS from some Senators. The Conspirators share glances.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
She has altered the guidebook so that she can make changes to Gallia without interference. These changes were good for Gallia. Many of us have enjoyed the benefits of Rainie's power.

AGREEMENT from around the room.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
But the costs outweigh the benefits. Rainie's power has grown too strong, and the only way to right this wrong, is impeachment.

More GASPS. Bronwyn BANGS the gavel.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
Order!

Everyone quiets again.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
The charges include rigging the Homecoming vote, operating outside the Gallia Prep Senate guidelines to begin a solo rule, and not once consulting the Senate in her decisions.

Veronica Jeffries stands.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

What VP Moreau says is true.
President Castello is unable to
discharge the powers and duties of
her office.

Parker Perabo stands.

PARKER PERABO

Indeed, she has become too powerful
and has compromised the dignity of
office in her quest for power.

Aella stands.

AELLA

For these and other reasons, she
should be removed from office,
immediately.

The Senate again dissolves into CHATTER.

Rainie glares at Aella. Bronwyn BANGS the gavel.

BRONWYN

Quiet. We heard the charges. Rainie-

She and Rainie look at each other.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I am giving you a chance to defend
yourself. How to you respond to the
charges?

Rainie looks at Bronwyn for one last second before darkness
flashes in her eyes. Rainie takes in the whole room.

RAINIE

These Senators are upset with me
because I enacted some much needed
policies without consulting them.
They wish to impeach me because I
did what we all should have been
doing this entire time. You wanted
me to wait for your to get off your
bureaucratic asses before I
actually did something for Gallia?

Senators whisper to each other as she speaks, frightened by
her anger.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

Again and again, I have led Gallia to greatness. Again and again, I have put the needs of Gallia and its students above my own. I put Gallia first and work my ass off to make it better. Anyone who refuses to see that at this point is just jealous.

She says this last part to Aella. Aella returns her with a wicked grin.

BRONWYN

That's all you have to say?

Rainie stares at her and eats a cookie defiantly.

PARKER PERABO

All those in favor of the impeachment and immediate removal of President Rainie Castello?

Rainie watches as every Senator in the room raises their hand. Her eyes land on Bronwyn.

Bronwyn raises her hand.

PARKER PERABO (CONT'D)

All opposed?

Rainie looks as all hands drop out of sight. She pops another cookie into her mouth.

PARKER PERABO (CONT'D)

Motion passes.

Bronwyn BANGS the gavel with finality.

VERONICA JEFFRIES

Anything to say, Former President?

Rainie swallows the chewed up cookie in her mouth and squares her shoulders.

RAINIE

Fuck all of you.

The Senators all gasp in real and mock shock.

RAINIE (CONT'D)

You don't deserve--

Rainie CHOKES on her words as her throat closes. In the corner of the room, Willow and Scott share a smug look.

Rainie looks at the cookie in her hand as she FALLS to the ground.

Bronwyn bolts up. She reads the label on the cookie container: CONTAINS NUTS.

She rummages in Rainie's backpack. Turns it upside down and inside out.

Mara appears before her, a grave look on her face. She hands Bronwyn an EPI-PEN.

Bronwyn rushes over to Rainie and holds her.

She stabs her thigh with the epi-pen. She waits a second. Then she stabs again. And again. And again. And again.

Rainie looks at Bronwyn as a last gasp overcomes her.

She dies.

INT. GPS PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

SENATORS crowd before the desk, some Conspirators, some others. Principal Arthur paces, livid.

Bronwyn sits in front of the group staring at nothing.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

Because of your constant disregard
for order, because y'all had to
have a meeting in the middle of the
night, another Gallian has died.

He stops at his desk and runs his hands over his face.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I need to speak with each of you.
Individually.

The Senators rotate in front of him. He questions them alone.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What happened that night?

A RANDOM SENATOR sits before him.

SENATOR

I don't know, they all started
listing charges out of nowhere.

Now Mouse sits before him, terrified. He strains to hear her.

MOUSE

I didn't realize how bad it would
be but I did it anyway because--

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

What?

Parker Perabo sits before him.

PARKER PERABO

Rainie needed to be impeached. She
was acting outside of her position.

Veronica Jeffries blows a bubble with her gum. It POPS.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

How does that lead to death?

VERONICA JEFFRIES

She ate some cookies.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

How did the nuts get into a nut-
free zone?

Aella now sits in the seat.

AELLA

I don't know. Someone brought them,
she ate them. Shit happens.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

Language!

AELLA

Oh, fuck. My bad.

Principal Arthur FUMES. Scott squirms in front of him.

SCOTT SCHUMANN

There were cookies? Wow, what news.

Principal Arthur rubs his forehead.

PARKER PERABO

And then Bronwyn stabbed her.

MOUSE

With her epi-pen.

AELLA

And then she stabbed her again.

SCOTT SCHUMANN
And stabbed.

VERONICA JEFFRIES
And stabbed.

MARA
And stabbed.

PARKER PERABO
And stabbed.

MARA
23 times. But it was too late.

Principal Arthur sits back in his chair. Bronwyn sits in front of him. Emotionless. Numb.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR
I've heard the story from all of the Senators. It's your turn now.

Bronwyn stares ahead blank.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You called the late night Senate meeting. You unlocked the school with the emergency key. Rainie's blood is on your hands.

Bronwyn flinches.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I don't understand what that seat does to you Gallians, but I'm sure even you've wished you could be President. Well, congrats, because tomorrow, you'll be inaug--

Bronwyn snaps out of it and glares at Principal Arthur.

BRONWYN
Excuse me?

Bronwyn takes a deep breath.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)
My best friend was in a coma and then died and yesterday I buried my girlfriend. Now I have to take the position they both died for and you think I wished for this?

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

I'm just trying to get the story straight.

BRONWYN

There is no story you ignorant old man! Rainie ate some cookies with nuts and she started to choke, and then Mara handed me--

INT. GPS SENATE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bronwyn kneels over Rainie as she gasps for air. Around the room, Aella smirks, Veronica and Willow nod at each other, Parker sits back casually, Scott shivers with nerves.

Mara walks up to Bronwyn. She holds out an EPI-PEN. Bronwyn grabs it quickly.

Mara holds on for one second longer, shame behind her eyes.

INT. GPS PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bronwyn gets up abruptly and heads for the door.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

Where do you think you're going?
We're not finished here.

BRONWYN

We're not even close to starting.
You don't know anything about Gallia or its students. You have no power over me or the school.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR

Ms. Moreau!

He holds the guidebook out to her.

PRINCIPAL ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Careful with all that power.

Bronwyn grabs the book and rushes out the door.

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bronwyn bursts in and grabs her backpack from the hook.

She spills its contents onto her bed and rifles around.

She finds Rainie's epi-pen and touches it.
She crumbles to the ground. Grief overcoming her.

EXT. MARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bronwyn paces on the porch. Mara opens the door slowly.

MARA

Hey. I got your text. What's up?

BRONWYN

Why did you have Rainie's epi-pen
that night?

Mara freezes.

MARA

I--I just, uh, grabbed it from her
bag when she started--

BRONWYN

She didn't leave it in her bag. She
left it in mine. Because I was the
only person she trusted with it.

Mara reaches out to Bronwyn but she backs away, horrified.

MARA

She just-- She had this power over
you, Bronwyn. I never thought you'd
break out from under--

BRONWYN

So you killed her?

MARA

I just wanted you to see--

Bronwyn turns and speeds off on her bike.

Mara sinks to the ground and cries.

EXT. BRONWYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bronwyn and Toni sit in the backyard. A fire pit burns in
front of them.

Toni reads the guidebook.

BRONWYN

There's no way to change it back
without undoing everything.

TONI

Maybe a fresh start is good.

BRONWYN

Clay and Rainie didn't get a fresh
start.

TONI

Then this is your chance to make
sure no one else ends up like them.

BRONWYN

Not me. You.

Toni's eyes grow wide.

TONI

I can't do this. The President has
full power. I'd be a dictator. I--

BRONWYN

You don't have to. But you're the
only person who can save Gallia.

TONI

Why me?

BRONWYN

Because Gallia is fucked up and
everyone who engages in the system
has been infected. It turned Rainie
into a dictator. It turned the
Senate into a political cesspool.
It murdered the two people I love.
And I let it all happen.

(beat)

Someone needs to fix this. And I
know it has to be you.

TONI

I still don't understand Gallia
politics.

BRONWYN

Then change them to make sense.

She hands Toni a NEW GUIDEBOOK filled with crisp blank pages.

Bronwyn stands with the old guidebook. She drops it into the
fire, flames dancing in her eyes, cremating Rainie's memory.

INT. GPS BACK BUILDING - DAY

The Conspirators enter the room.

VERONICA JEFFRIES
Everyone ready for President
Bronwyn's big speech?

AELLA
(wistful)
President Bronwyn.

PARKER PERABO
I like the sound of that.

They smile sweetly to each other. Parker walks up to the white board and flips it around.

They all GASP.

Rainie's EPI-PEN is taped to the middle. Their plans erased in a halo around it.

SCOTT SCHUMANN
Is that--

VERONICA JEFFRIES
Rainie's epi-pen?

AELLA
Fuck. Who told her?

She turns her glare onto Mara. Mara runs out of the room.

INT. GPS AUDITORIUM - DAY

The Conspirators slip into the once again PACKED auditorium one at a time. They look at each other nervously.

Aella stands in the back eyeing the "PRESIDENT BRONWYN" sign hanging at the top of the stage.

Toni walks onto the stage. The audience QUIETS.

TONI
Good morning, Gallia. Many of you
don't know me. But I want you to,
because I'm going to be your new
President.

GASPS and MURMURS rumble through the audience.

TONI (CONT'D)
I know this is a lot.

The conspirators all shift in their seats and share glances.

TONI (CONT'D)
But it doesn't have to be. I know
why Clay or Rainie would've been
great. It never needed to be one or
the other. There is a common good.

The door behind Aella opens. Bronwyn slips in. Aella jumps at
the sight of her.

Bronwyn locks eyes with Aella. She stares back, fearful.

TONI (CONT'D)
I want to merge their ideologies so
we can meet in the middle and make
sure all of Gallia can prosper.

The audience CHEERS loudly for Toni, shocking even her.

Bronwyn turns and exits, leaving politics behind.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END