

The Absolute Worst Ever

by
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TEASER

WGA Registered

The Absolute Worst Ever
An Original Pilot

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

We fly through the alluring makeup counters where sexy rows of lipstick and lipgloss beckon.

A TEENAGE GIRL'S HAND reaches for the Sin-Sational Satin gloss.

CU on TEENAGE LIPS in a mirror, being painted to shimmery perfection.

INT. JEWELRY DEPARTMENT -DAY

Dazzling accessories are draped in eye-catching displays.

Over this, a VOICE (FERN) is heard. Not quite eighteen, what strikes us most about the voice is the earnest self-awareness of a train wreck in motion.

FERN (V.O.)

Oscar Wilde once wrote that "Lying, the telling of beautiful untrue things, is the proper aim of art." I wouldn't call myself an artist, but I'm a decent liar, if you ask me. The first lie I remember telling was in fifth grade.

FLASHBACK

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Various shots of cliques at recess: jocks playing, nerds playing cards, future cheerleaders twirling on the bars.

DOUGIE, (12) too-cool-for-school, holds his CD Walkman. He is mid-conversation with KURT, (11) a rakish, sweet, blonde boy. Dougie ignores FERN PARKER (11) who hangs on his every word. She's thoughtful bordering on shy, pretty but not so you'd notice, and obviously crushing on Dougie. She listens carefully trying to find something to add to the conversation.

DOUGIE
Chicago is totally cool.

KURT
I guess. Kinda retro.

FERN
(excited)
I've never been to Chicago but I have an
aunt who lived in -

KATIE, the twelve year old version of hot, walks up with
LYDIA, her adorable side-kick.

KATIE
Not the city, dorko. The band.

FERN
(struggling for air)
The band? Oh, totally. I knew that. My
aunt...lived with their drummer.

Dougie walks off with a giggling Katie and Lydia,
unimpressed.

FERN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sure, it wasn't a huge lie. But it's a
slippery slope, you know?

KURT
Isn't your aunt like, really old.

FERN
Yeah. just kill me now, Kurt.

KURT
Don't sweat it. Dougie's a dork.

(insert some friendly thing they do)

FERN (V.O.)
Sixth grade was my first big cheat.

LYDIA AND KATIE twirl on the bars.

FERN (CONT'D)
Lydia and Katie - the two most popular
girls in school. Of course they were
best friends.

Fern, screws up her courage, swings her leg over the bars
and tries to twirl. A true klutz, she fails miserably.
Dougie and other boys watch.

FERN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I knew Lydia longer than anybody -

Lydia gets off the bars, walks by Fern.

FERN (CONT'D)
Hi, Lydia!

Lydia doesn't make eye contact as she and Katie hurry by.

LYDIA
(under her breath)
Fern.

FERN (V.O.)
...which only earned me an occasional lukewarm hello and a standing invitation to her birthday party. But I wanted more.

Katie, Lydia, Fern and JENNY sit in a circle drawing horses. Everyone draws really well except for Fern, whose horse looks like a pathetic stick figure with a tail.

FERN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Katie and Lydia liked Jenny Rice 'cause she could draw. I tried to draw, but I'm the worst ever.

CHRISTY sits down next to Fern and draws a beautiful horse.

FERN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Christy Duke could draw too.

Christy looks over at Fern's awful drawing, tears her own horse picture out of her notebook and gives it to Fern. Fern smiles gratefully.

Katie and Lydia stand up and motion for the girls to follow them. Fern stands up but Katie trips her and they all walk off.

FERN (CONT'D)
It seemed like Katie and Lydia's inner circle was growing, but there still wasn't enough room for me. Until one day Lydia came up with the idea of a drawing contest. The whole class had until the next day to draw a horse. This was a chance for those of us on the fringes to show our stuff. To maybe win some attention and admiration.

(MORE)

FERN(CONT'D)

If I could only draw, maybe I'd be invited to hang with them at recess. Or after school.

INT. FERN'S BEDROOM - DAY

FERN (V.O.)

Then it hit me. a surefire way to win.

Fern digs through her art drawer and pulls out the horse picture that Christy had given her. She takes out a piece of tracing paper and traces the horse. It looks good.

INT. CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

Fern happily hands her picture to Lydia.

LATER

The teacher, MR. LEWIS, a well groomed metro-sexual, writes a math problem on the board.

The bell RINGS.

As few kids trickle out the door and others dawdle and flirt, Mr. Lewis grabs a notebook and walks over to Fern's desk.

MR. LEWIS

I wanted to talk to you about your entry in Lydia's little contest.

Her face lights up.

FERN

Did I win?

MR. LEWIS

Not so much. Christy says you cheated. You copied her drawing.

FERN

No, I didn't.

MR. LEWIS

Alright then. You won't mind drawing me another one.

Fern turns to a blank page in her notebook but can't bring herself to put her pencil to paper.

MR. LEWIS (CONT'D)

That's enough. Christie's notebook is all the proof I need.

He pulls out Christy's notebook and flips through page after page of horses exactly like the one Fern copied. Fern droops.

MR. LEWIS (CONT'D)

Now listen, I'm not going to send you to the principal's office since this wasn't a school assignment and since ultimately no one was hurt.

FERN

Thank you, Mr. Lewis.

MR. LEWIS

But Fern, I don't want to hear about you cheating ever again. It won't get you anywhere but into trouble. Are we clear?

FERN

Yes sir.

As Mr. Lewis walks away all the kids in the room watch, laugh, whisper.

FERN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Instantly I dropped from a nobody to a loser.

Kurt pulls out a DingDong, unwraps it and gives her half. She takes it gratefully.

FERN (CONT'D)

Thanks, Kurt.

Kurt grins at her and takes a bite of his DingDong.

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

FERN'S HAND

deftly grabs up a pack of gum.

FERN (V.O.)

My first steal was in seventh grade. I quickly leapt from tiny, easy things -

Fern slips the pack of gum into her Hello Kitty purse.

FERN (CONT'D)
 ...to making the rounds at the mall.

She goes from store to store shoveling as much stuff as she can into her backpack.

FERN (CONT'D)
 I was finally good at something.

Fern chats amiably with the SALESGIRL.

FERN (CONT'D)
 For some reason nobody thinks you're capable of doing something bad if you're friendly.

As soon as the Salesgirl turns away, Fern slips a pair of earrings into her backpack.

INT. FERN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Fern sits on the floor and pours out the contents of her backpack: a huge pile of gum, makeup, earrings and other cheap accessories lay before her.

FERN (V.O.)
 It was like the moment I stuffed something in my bag, I'd go into a coma and forget I'd done it. Then I'd do it again and again. I was shocked, thrilled and disgusted all at once at the sheer volume of stuff I had taken. I had to get rid of it as fast as I could.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Fern hold a big bag of gum and candy. All the kids flocks around her as she passes out the goods. She basks in this brief moment of faux popularity.

FERN
 The feeling was intoxicating. It made me bolder and bolder - inspiring me to snag bigger more expensive items. I was invincible -

END FLASHBACK

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Fern, 17, chats with the SALESWOMAN. When the Saleswoman turns to help another customer, Fern expertly slips an expensive necklace into her bag.

TWO LARGE HANDS of a COP grab Fern by the shoulders.

FERN

Until today.

FADE OUT

END TEASER