

SEXPERT

"Pilot"

Written by

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INT. RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a PHOTO of TWO TURTLES DOING THE NASTY.

RUTH (V.O.)
*Internal fertilization occurs when
sperm is deposited... wow, even the
word "sperm" turns me on.*

We PULL BACK as a hand FLIPS to the next page of an AP BIO TEXTBOOK. Clearly a chapter on reproduction.

REVERSE on RUTH (16). The fact that she's aroused by a textbook indicates she's both innocent and perverse.

Ruth FLIPS another page, trying to study, but now she's distracted by a PHOTO of A LION MOUNTING ANOTHER ONE.

RUTH (V.O.)
*Androgens are male sex hormones
primarily produced in the gonads.*

She touches her lips. Her eyes no longer focus on the page.

RUTH (V.O.)
(pleasurable)
Gonads.

Should she give in?

Yes. Yes she should.

Ruth turns her reading light off before turning on her HIMALAYAN SALT LAMP. A dim peachy glow floods the room.

She FLIPS back and forth between the TURTLES and LIONS.

Her hand snakes down under the covers.

But it turns out the animals don't really do it for her.

So she FLIPS a few pages ahead until she finds a winner.

RUTH (V.O.)
Hello hot stuff.

REVEAL: an anatomical diagram of the MALE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM. Ruth closes her eyes and lets herself go wild.

TITLES.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Ruth stares down at her eggs, both SUNNY-SIDE-UP. The eggs totally look like boobs.

RUTH (V.O.)
 When I was little I used to squish
 my mom's boobs before bed because
 they felt nice. I kinda miss that.

TRACY (45), Ruth's mom, doughy exterior hiding a tightly wound interior, approaches giving Ruth a weird look.

RUTH (V.O.)
 Honestly, I don't think she's been
 able to look at me the same since.

Without notice, Tracy reaches for Ruth's shirt and PULLS IT UP to cover Ruth's minimal cleavage.

RUTH (V.O.)
 People always talk about "coming of
 age," but I feel like I was born
 "of age." Sex drive and all. I
 think it makes my mom
 uncomfortable.

Tracy PEELS AN ORANGE for Ruth to eat.

RUTH (V.O.)
 My whole life she's been on this
 mission to raise me appropriately.
 Whatever that means.

TRACY
 I like your hair short.

RUTH
 I like it long.

TRACY
 It gets in the way of everything.

RUTH
 It doesn't.

The two strong-willed women stare each other down. Tracy breaks first. She eyes her *Cosmopolitan* magazine nearby, this issue featuring "6 Sex Positions to Try if He Has a Big Penis." Tracy flips it over, hoping Ruth didn't see. She did.

RUTH (V.O.)

It's like she thinks if she shields me from sex, I won't think about it. But I think about it all the time.

Tracy walks away to do some dishes.

RUTH (V.O.)

I try play the "good girl" for her where I can. I keep a 3.8 GPA. I've never touched a drug. Or a boy. Yet.

Ruth is now transfixed by her peeled orange. There's something sensual about its curves, the hole in the middle...

RUTH (V.O.)

But no matter how much she tries to control me, I'll always be a little... indecent.

Ruth INSERTS her finger into the middle of the orange.

EXT. SUNNY HILLS - ORANGE COUNTY - ESTABLISHING

Inland Orange County. 24/7 sunshine. The malaise of suburbia. Strip malls. Regular malls. Megachurches. In-N-Out. You can't see the ocean, but you know someone with a pool.

INT./EXT. TRACY'S CAR - MORNING - DRIVING

Ruth is calm at the wheel. Tracy's at the edge of the passenger's seat, watching Ruth's every move like a hawk.

TRACY

You're just asking for a ticket. Come to a full stop. Count to five. They'll mark you for rolling stops.

RUTH

I can miss up to 15 points and still get my license.

TRACY

With that kind of attitude, you don't even deserve a driver's license.

RUTH

What attitude? I'm stating a fact.

A stoplight turns yellow. Ruth slows down.

TRACY
SLOW DOWN!

RUTH
I AM. Do you not feel the car
braking?

TRACY
If you get a ticket I'm not paying
for it.

RUTH
That's fine. My dad will.

TRACY
Why do you have to be nasty to me?

RUTH
Because you won't let me LIVE!

TRACY
Why don't you go LIVE with your dad
and whoever his girlfriend is this
week?

RUTH
Maybe I will so you'll get your own
life and stop being a bitch.

Tracy abruptly raises her hand to SLAP Ruth. Ruth RECOILS.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I'M DRIVING!

Tracy lowers her hand. A flicker of guilt.

RUTH (CONT'D)
This is 2018. Hitting children is
so '90s.

Tracy stares at the road. Silence.

EXT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - ENTRANCE - MORNING

BMW's, Mercedes, and other nice cars drop students off.

Exiting one: a soft-spoken girl dressed professionally, like
for an interview. This is MIA (16), Ruth's gullible BFF.
Before Mia can shut the door, her tiger mom yells out:

MIA'S MOM

What's the difference between
assonance and alliteration?

MIA

I'm ready for the test, Mom!

MIA'S MOM

You kept confusing them when I
quizzed you. Say it for me?

MIA

(reluctantly)

Assonance. Vowels that rhyme.

Mia SLAMS the door before her mom can quiz her again. Ruth,
dressed casually, approaches Mia. They walk.

MIA (CONT'D)

You realize you only get 7 seconds
to make a first impression?

RUTH

If they're gonna judge me on what
I'm wearing, I don't wanna go.

ANGLE ON: Sunny Hills High School's gated entrance. The
wrought iron is imposing. Restrictive. Ruth and Mia cross the
threshold. Above them a banner reads: COLLEGE FAIR WEEK.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You still coming over to watch a
movie tonight?

MIA

As long as it's not one of those
dirty movies.

RUTH

Define "dirty"?

MIA

Is anyone gonna be naked?

RUTH

I can't help it if I'm a penis
connoisseur.

Mia flinches at the word "penis."

RUTH (CONT'D)

Come on, don't you want to know
what it looks like before college?

MIA

I haven't thought about it. I'm trying to get *into* college first.

Ruth pouts. Mia's not good at holding her ground.

MIA (CONT'D)

IF we watch a dirty movie tonight, we have to be careful. Remember how mad my mom got when she found out we watched *Brokeback Mountain*?

RUTH

Was she mad about the sex or the gay stuff?

MIA

Both? Once I watched *Titanic* with her and she told me the boat sank because Jack and Rose had sex.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

The most intense college fair you've ever seen. Ivy Leagues and other top 20 institutions. Notably not present are state schools and UC's. Ruth and Mia enter.

RUTH (V.O.)

Everyone at Sunny Hills has a five-year plan. AND a ten-year plan. But life rarely goes according to plan.

Ruth motions for Mia to go to the Harvard booth without her.

RUTH (V.O.)

My ten-year plan is to have sex with Prince Harry and Meghan Markle at the same time, but that's probably not gonna happen.

Students mill about making good first impressions. Everyone's dressed up professionally except Ruth. But she doesn't mind.

RUTH (V.O.)

All these people care about are grades and college. But what about real life? What about the scandalous stuff we're supposed to do in high school? Instead, no one has time for dating here. Drugs? Nonexistent. Parties? If you count study parties. Sex?

(MORE)

RUTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Let's just say the virginity rate's
 comparable to the 100% graduation
 rate.

Ruth eyes a STANFORD RECRUITER at his booth. Ruth considers walking up to him. Then doesn't.

RUTH (V.O.)
 The dirtiest thing anyone does is
 cheat on Calculus tests. I'm
 surrounded by prudes.

A student breezes past with a ROLLING BACKPACK stuffed with PAMPHLETS from every college in the gym.

RUTH (V.O.)
 Some kids here won't be getting any
 until at least grad school.

Ruth eyes a couple students trade what appears to be a DEAD CRICKET for a DEAD BLACK BEETLE... More on that later.

RUTH (V.O.)
 As long as I'm stuck here, neither
 will I.

CUT TO:

In a series of QUICK CUTS we meet some recruiters:

HARVARD RECRUITER
 GPA?

COLUMBIA RECRUITER
 Extracurriculars?

CORNELL RECRUITER
 Any APs? IBs?

DARTMOUTH RECRUITER
 Average family income?

PRINCETON RECRUITER
 SAT score?

REVERSE on Ruth. Before she can answer:

GEORGI (O.S.)
 1600.

The PRINCETON RECRUITER's eyes light up at the sound of a perfect SAT score. GEORGI, prim, 17 going on 23, full of herself, appears behind Ruth. Georgi smiles at the recruiter.

RUTH (V.O.)
College Week is like the NBA draft.

ANGLE ON: a BROWN RECRUITER at a nearby booth overheard Georgi's perfect score and inches closer, eyes locked on her target, eagerly awaiting her chance to chat Georgi up.

RUTH (V.O.)
And this year, Georgi's every
school's first-round pick.

Students at the booth watch Georgi with admiration and envy.

RUTH (V.O.)
Everyone else is just angling for
second.

Georgi continues to charm the recruiter. Ruth glares.

RUTH (V.O.)
Here, the *smarter* you are, the more
popular you are. That makes Georgi
the straight-edge Queen Bee. She's
annoyingly stellar in every way.
She really does know everything.
(beat)
I hate her.

Ruth backs away from the booth. This isn't her battle to fight. Georgi's sidekick, AVERY (16) takes Ruth's place.

RUTH (V.O.)
The only thing Georgi chugs are
matchas. The caffeine buzz lasts
much longer than coffee. Even I
admit to downing a couple a week to
keep up with our crazy workload.

Avery hands Georgi a MATCHA. They sip in unison.

RUTH (V.O.)
Last year some freshman had a
mental breakdown because of all the
stress. Ever since, we've had
mandatory guided meditations to
regulate our cortisol levels.

Ruth watches two students lean in close... WAIT, ARE THEY ABOUT TO KISS? Nope. One's just WHISPERING to the other.

RUTH (V.O.)
I like to spend that time
fantasizing about Shane Fox.

Ruth's eyes land on SHANE (16) athletic, sun-kissed. He's chatting with a Notre Dame recruiter named LUCY (20). Ruth's heart beats faster as she loses herself in a daydream.

RUTH (V.O.)

Shane plagues my hormones. I've imagined us losing our virginities to each other in almost every location at this school...

Lucy gives Shane a NOTRE DAME STICKER.

RUTH (V.O.)

...the pool. The equipment shed. The roof of the auditorium is my latest favorite.

Ruth begins admiring Shane's arms, his protruding veins.

RUTH (V.O.)

Only I hit a *little* snag when I overheard him say his celibacy allows him to hone his soccer technique. It's not fair that someone so hot is so... pure. I mean what's wrong with all these teenagers? Am I the only girl who spends all day thinking about--

Her eyes wander down Shane's body. She can just make out the outline of his...

MR. DWYER (PRE-LAP)

Dick?

INT. HEALTH CLASSROOM - DAY

Health class. MR. DWYER (late 40s), the handsome Health teacher, finishes taking attendance. Ruth, now sitting behind Shane, SNAPS to attention. *Who said that?*

JASPER

It's Richard. I also go by "Schlong" and "Dong", but just call me Jasper. It's my last name.

ANGLE ON: RICHARD JASPER (16), an immature misfit who just transferred in. No one laughs at his joke.

MR. DWYER

Welcome, Jasper.

(softer)

(MORE)

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)
 It's time for our daily guided
 meditation. Everyone, please close
 your eyes. Relax your muscles.

Everyone has their eyes closed except Jasper who truly has no
 clue what's going on and frankly is weirded out.

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)
 Turn your attention to your
 breathing... Notice each breath.
 With each inhale I want you to
 allow praise. Praise yourselves for
 your hard work. *Feel* the praise.

(beat)

Did you see the amazing schools on
 campus this week? They're here for
 YOU. They want to recruit YOU. They
 are proof your hard work pays off.

(beat)

Keep breathing naturally...
 Slowly... Now, I want each of you
 to focus on your biggest goal. How
 long have you had that goal? How
 important is it for you to achieve
 that goal? How would you feel if
 that goal was ripped away from you?

The room is silent. Mr. Dwyer pauses for dramatic effect.

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)
 (serious, firm)
 As your Health teacher, trust me
 when I tell you sexual activity has
 the power to do just that.

Ruth's eyes FLUTTER open. She sinks in her chair.

RUTH (V.O.)
 This talk will be the most intimate
 thing that happens to me in high
 school.

MR. DWYER
 I know none of you have time to
 think about sex anyway.

Ruth blushes, sinks even lower in her chair, closes her eyes.

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)
 (soft again)
 But just in case, I want you to
 notice your breath... in and out...
 calm and relaxed. Keep letting that
 praise flood over you.

(MORE)

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)

And now, each time you breathe out,
I want you to expel any sexual
desires you might have. Because sex
is a dangerous distraction from
your goals.

Mr. Dwyer walks up and down the aisles, silently distributing something on everyone's desks.

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)

This is a critical time in your
lives. Don't put everything you've
worked hard for at risk. You all
want to go to college, don't you?

Students nod silently.

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)

The surefire way to do that is to
stay away from sex until you've
finished college, grad school even,
and secured your first job.

Mr. Dwyer returns to the front of the class.

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)

Now slowly begin to reawaken...
When you open your eyes you'll find
a little something to help you stay
the course until then.

On her desk, Ruth finds a SILICONE BRACELET with the words:
SEX WRECKS YOUR PROSPECTS. Like a millennial purity bracelet.

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)

I want you to wear these bracelets
every day as a reminder that in
order to be the best, you have to
study the most.

Unsure, Ruth gauges the room. Everyone digs the bracelets and slips them on immediately.

SHANE

(sotto)

Sweet. I can wear this in the pool.

Ruth tosses hers in her bag just as Mr. Dwyer looks directly at her. *Did he just see her do that?* Ruth GULPS.

INT. HEALTH CLASSROOM - LATER

Ruth sits across from Mr. Dwyer at his desk which is covered with Stanford paraphernalia.

MR. DWYER

Was that weird? I realized halfway through that you and I never really had "the talk" ourselves...

RUTH

It's weird that you're asking me if it's weird, and I'd like to stop talking about it.

Awkward silence.

MR. DWYER

Did you introduce yourself to the Stanford recruiter as my daughter?

RUTH

The bell rang before I got a chance to this morning...

Ruth registers Mr. Dwyer's disappointment. Feels bad.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Tomorrow I will. The college fair is all week.

RUTH (V.O.)

I don't have the heart to tell him I have no interest in going to Stanford, let alone any school within 1,000 miles of my parents and their deference to propriety.

MR. DWYER

Just be sure to mention my name when you do. We go way back.

RUTH

You think I won't get in without your name?

MR. DWYER

You have a better chance if you're a legacy, hun. You just need to make a good impression... and find more ways to outshine your peers.

RUTH

Everyone acts like I'm some slacker. If I went to *any other* school, I'd probably be at the top of my class!

MR. DWYER

You don't go to *any other* school. You go to an elite, nationally ranked high school. Being exceptional is a requirement. You're a good student, but you need to be a great one. Stop moping about it and use the competition to push you harder.

Ruth crosses her arms, intent on still moping.

RUTH (V.O.)

My dad defines himself by where he went to college.

Just then, Mr. Dwyer clocks Ruth's bare arms. She's not wearing a purity bracelet. He hands her one.

RUTH (V.O.)

I'm just trying not to define myself as a virgin much longer.

MR. DWYER

Wear it for me? If I have it my way, you'll stay a virgin until you're 30. At least.

Ruth takes it, smiling halfheartedly, and slides it on.

RUTH (V.O.)

His way seems more likely by the day.

INT. AP BIO CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. KIRKPATRICK (40s) the AP Bio teacher, cycles through a PowerPoint.

MRS. KIRKPATRICK

There are eight major taxonomic ranks in biological classification. From general to most specific they are: Domain, Kingdom, Phylum...

We find Ruth at the back of the classroom. Jasper sits next to her, in his own world.

RUTH (V.O.)

They teach us about anatomy,
pheromones, even the stages of
pregnancy, but how come they never
teach us about *pleasure*?

An unpleasant smell interrupts her thoughts. Jasper is now coloring his entire purity bracelet with BLACK SHARPIE.

JASPER

It's too late for me anyway.

He looks up to WINK at Ruth. This flusters her.

MRS. KIRKPATRICK

Each insect you capture must have
those four labels.

Underneath the table: Ruth subtly pulls her sleeve down, covering the purity bracelet on her wrist.

MRS. KIRKPATRICK (CONT'D)

How many of you have your shadow
boxes?

Jasper looks around the room. Every single student has their hand up. He's offended by their participation and work ethic.

JASPER

The eff is a shadow box?

RUTH

It's a display case for the bug
project. This semester we have to
collect, pin, and label 50
different species of insects.

MRS. KIRKPATRICK

And class, *please* be careful. One
of my students broke their ankle in
pursuit of a grasshopper last year.
It's not worth it.

Jasper gives Ruth a look - "is she serious?"

RUTH

It's harder to find 50 different
species than you think.

Jasper's genuinely disturbed. Ruth leans in to whisper:

RUTH (CONT'D)

If you need some help... I know a
guy...

INT. UNDISCLOSED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RUTH (V.O.)
We call him The Bug Man.

A dimly lit living room. HIGH SCHOOL SOPHOMORES sit around a circular table with an eccentric gray-haired entomologist. This is THE BUG MAN. Imagine Steve Irwin, but for bugs.

THE BUG MAN
Phasmatodea.

The Bug Man slides a tray to the center of the table. Eyes widen. REVEAL what's on the tray: multiple DEAD STICK-BUGS.

THE BUG MAN (CONT'D)
More commonly referred to as walking sticks, or stick-bugs. Natural camouflage makes it hard for predators to detect them.

A LANKY KID's eyes glisten. He's never seen one of these.

LANKY KID
How much are we talking?

THE BUG MAN
Hold your horses, son. Before I let anyone take him home, you need to *understand* these creatures.

Lanky Kid scoffs. He wants to dine & dash, if you will.

THE BUG MAN (CONT'D)
These herbivores are among the world's longest insects--

A KNOW-IT-ALL who's always three steps ahead pipes up:

KNOW-IT-ALL
Excuse me, Mr. Bug Man. Where do these bugs originate?

THE BUG MAN
Great question, milady! These creatures are abundant in tropical regions like Southeast Asia, South America, and Austra--

KNOW-IT-ALL
--They're not even from the United States, guys. Mrs. K will know we bought them on the black market.

THE BUG MAN

If I may finish: there have been varieties found in the Midwest region of the US.

LANKY KID

(to know-it-all)

There you go! I'm telling Mrs. K I went to a family reunion in Oklahoma. She'll buy it. Easy.

(to The Bug Man)

I'll take one.

Know-it-all glares at Lanky Kid.

KNOW-IT-ALL

I want one, too.

(to the other students)

"My grandma died. I went to her funeral in Kansas."

EVERYONE ELSE

Same! Me too!

THE BUG MAN

I take checks and credit cards.

(remembering his audience)

Also Venmo.

BACK TO:

INT. AP BIO CLASSROOM - DAY

Jasper bursts out LAUGHING.

JASPER

You guys really know how to party!

Before Ruth can counter, the bell RINGS. Jasper's halfway out the door. Off Ruth feeling annoyed, angry, but mostly hurt.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Bleachers beside the pool. Ruth sits among Georgi, Avery, and a few other girls on their periods who can't swim in P.E. today. The middle aged GYM TEACHER takes their attendance.

GYM TEACHER

Six of you not swimming today?
Can't you wear one of those thingys...

INNOCENT GIRL

I don't know how to put them in.

RELIGIOUS GIRL

My mom won't let me wear tampons.
She says penetration makes Jesus
weep.

GEORGI

I CAN wear them, but I CHOOSE not
to. My body. My choice.

Avery nods in fervent support. The gym teacher walks away
GRUMBLING. Georgi seizes the moment to get on her soapbox:

GEORGI (CONT'D)

When you think about it, the truest
form of female empowerment is
choosing abstinence. Sex has too
much baggage. I mean who needs to
deal with a freaking baby? Kiss
your dreams goodbye, amirite?

The girls inch closer to Georgi, riveted. Ruth keeps her
distance, trying to ignore her.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

Sex is anti-feminist, really. It's
just a distraction to the things we
should be focusing on. Our careers.
Our health. Do we even *need* men?

All the girls now fervently shake their heads "NO".

GEORGI (CONT'D)

CHICKS BEFORE DICKS!

RUTH (V.O.)

This is why everyone thinks we're
nerds.

EXT. SUNNY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Ruth and Mia wait to be picked up after school. Ruth's on her
phone having gone down a BuzzFeed black hole.

RUTH

*Pick a Type of Cheese and We'll
Reveal Your Favorite Sex Position.*

Mia looks uncomfortable. Ruth smiles wryly; she loves this.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Ricotta?

MIA
I don't like cheese.

Ruth ignores her. TAP.

RUTH
Ricotta is "Missionary" where you lay face-to-face, the guy's on top. Very traditional. Honestly, that position is so you.

Mia gives Ruth a look -- "how would you know?"

RUTH (CONT'D)
(covering)
I heard it in a movie or something... Now it's your turn! Brie. Feta. Cheddar. Camembert... MIA! Pick a cheese.

MIA
(reluctantly)
Do they have Gouda?

RUTH
Gouda is "The Erotic Accordion." Your partner lies on his back and lifts his knees while you squat down and straddle--

MIA
Let's stop talking gross.

RUTH
I'm just reading what it says. Come on. It's funny!

MIA
Someone might hear us.

RUTH
You're being a prude, chill.

MIA
You ever think maybe you're *too* chill? Stop judging the rest of us for aiming higher than community college.

That stings. Ruth backtracks as Mia gets up.

RUTH
I didn't mean--

MIA
And it's weird you know all that...
that *stuff*. It's not normal.
There's something wrong with you.

Mia stalks off. Ruth looks regretful and lonely.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on Ruth's face as she watches a sex scene in some movie. KISSING and MOANING O.S. We stay on Ruth.

RUTH (V.O.)
There's nothing wrong with *me*. I'm
just preparing for the real world.
There are things we need to know
other than Algebra and US History.

Ruth thrusts a fistful of popcorn into her mouth.

RUTH (V.O.)
Like that's definitely Missionary.

Ruth cocks her head.

RUTH (V.O.)
Now they're doing The Speed Bump.

Her eyes stay glued on the screen as we hear a woman ORGASM.

RUTH (V.O.)
She's obviously faking it because
it's anatomically impossible for
her to get off in that position.

O.S. SOMEONE CLEARS THEIR THROAT.

We PULL BACK and find Tracy at the other end of the couch.
She just walked in for some popcorn. What terrible timing...

RUTH (V.O.)
Was I paying too close attention?

Ruth checks her phone. Motions like she's texting someone.

RUTH (V.O.)
Don't look up. Pretend you hate it.

EXT. RUTH'S LOCKER - DAY

Ruth shoulders her backpack. Nearby, she notices a custodian painting over a DICK drawn in BLACK SHARPIE on a locker.

Then, SOMETHING MOVES in Ruth's peripheral. She scans a grassy patch: a GRASSHOPPER crawls on the blades of a dandelion. Ruth inches toward it for the capture until...

... another custodian OBLITERATES IT with a weed whacker.

LUCY (O.S.)

Did you know a group of grasshoppers is called a "cloud"?

Ruth turns to find Lucy, the Notre Dame recruiter from the college fair. Lucy's socially awkward in person.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I still have my bug project at home somewhere. Anyway. Hi. I'm Lucy. I graduated 2 years ago.

RUTH

Ruth. I saw you at the college fair. So, Notre Dame all it's cracked up to be?

LUCY

It was a culture shock for sure. Took me longer than most to adjust to the craziness. You know, all the partying and stuff. But the college workload is way easier than Sunny Hills. Good for you, right?

RUTH

Is it any easier to find a boyfriend?

LUCY

(giggling nervously)

I wouldn't know. Apparently it's much easier for other girls to find boyfriends than it is for me... I spent a lot of time here studying the art of mitochondrial fusion when I should've spent a little more time studying the art of flirting.

There's a hint of sadness in her voice. Lucy shakes it off.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I should get back to the fair.

Lucy waves and walks away.

RUTH (V.O.)
One person's role model is another
person's cautionary tale.

EXT. BREEZEWAY - DAY

Between classes. Mia hands Ruth an IPHONE. It looks just like Ruth's iPhone, just like everyone else's for that matter.

MIA
Sorry for ditching you yesterday.

Ruth gives Mia a look about the phone -- "I don't get it."

MIA (CONT'D)
It's Shane's phone. He left it
behind in Spanish just now.

RUTH
NO. WAY.

MIA
I thought you'd want to be the one
to give it back to him. The "hero."

Ruth's kinda touched. Mia's *that* good of a friend.

RUTH (V.O.)
Mia was giving me my moment to
shine. Maybe Shane will be so
turned on by my heroism that we'll
lose our virginites to each other
on the roof of the auditorium...

MIA
You should find him over lunch.

RUTH
What's his code?

Mia hesitates, not wanting to complicate her crime further.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I know you know his passcode. You
sit behind him EVERY DAY.

MIA
Fine. 7304. But you're giving it
 back today, right?

RUTH
 (already entering code)
 Mhm.

EXT. EQUIPMENT SHED - DAY

Ruth approaches the equipment shed near the soccer field. She looks around to make sure no one's watching and enters. A moment later, Georgi does the same.

INT. EQUIPMENT SHED - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Imagine a drug deal, but with insects. Georgi inspects a DECEASED MONARCH BUTTERFLY in Ruth's palm.

GEORGI
 How'd you get it to die with the
 wings spread open?

RUTH
 I held them down as it was dying.

GEORGI
 Paint thinner?

RUTH
 Acetone.

GEORGI
 Brutal.
 (beat)
 How much?

RUTH
 5 bucks. Unless you have a
 grasshopper to trade.

Georgi shakes her head "no."

GEORGI
 Do you have change for a \$20?

Ruth pulls her wallet from her bag. When she removes the cash, something falls out of her wallet...

IN SLOW MOTION a CONDOM falls to the floor.

Both girls are frozen, wide-eyed.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED as Ruth scrambles for words.

GEORGI (CONT'D)

Is that...

RUTH

I can explain--

Then: GEORGI PICKS UP THE CONDOM.

GEORGI

I always wondered what they look like up close.

RUTH

Please don't tell anyone.

GEORGI

I won't. But like... do you actually know how these work?

RUTH

Um. Yeah?

GEORGI

I so respect you for having one on hand at all times. I just didn't realize you were so... experienced.

RUTH (V.O.)

The truth is I stole it from my dad's stash. To practice with. Girls should know how to properly put condoms on.

GEORGI

Was it hard?

RUTH

I mean it has to be. Oh. You mean putting one on. It's easy.

GEORGI

(sheepishly)

Does this mean you also... m?

RUTH

... Masturbate?

Georgi can't believe Ruth just said the word out loud. Ruth nods. She finds it entertaining how uncomfortable Georgi is.

GEORGI

Oh my god. *Oh my god.*

(beat)

Do you know how BJs work, too?

Ruth nods again. Georgi blushes and covers her face.

RUTH (V.O.)

Turns out the smartest girl in school doesn't know *everything*. When it comes to sex, I get to be the brainiac.

RUTH

I can teach you stuff. If you want.

GEORGI

I should know how to, right? In case it ever comes up. I am the smartest girl in school. I need to be educated in *all* areas. I have a reputation to uphold.

Ruth teaches how to give a BJ in a quick series of shots:

RUTH (V.O.)

If there's anything I've learned from my mom's *Cosmos*, it's how to give a proper blow job.

-- Ruth animatedly mimes sliding her hands up and down an invisible shaft. Georgi's engaged.

-- Ruth gets really into the BJ demo, pokes her tongue in her cheek for dramatic effect. She even mimes cupping the balls. Georgi's still very engaged.

-- Now Georgi repeats the moves. Ruth looks on approvingly.

For the first time, Ruth feels pretty cool.

EXT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Ruth exits a classroom with a BATHROOM PASS. She's glowing.

RUTH (V.O.)

I'm exhilarated. Reenergized. And I can't stop thinking about dicks.

A PACK OF BOYS walk by Ruth. She eyes each of their packages before rounding a corner to--

An empty breezeway. Where Jasper's DRAWING A DICK on a locker in black Sharpie. He lock eyes with Ruth.

RUTH

I know you're new, but skipping class is like social suicide.

JASPER

You gonna narc on me?

Jasper's arrogance annoys Ruth. She wants to hate him, but something about him also gives her a rush. Though it could just be the Sharpie fumes.

Ruth approaches Jasper with a devilish look in her eye. She STEALS his Sharpie...

...and uses it to DRAW HAIR on his freshly-inked dick.

Ruth WINKS at Jasper as she thrusts the Sharpie back into his hands. She leaves. Off Jasper, in awe.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

CLOSE on a VOLUNTEER LIST for beach cleanup on Saturday.

An INDEX FINGER traces over SHANE'S NAME and PHONE NUMBER.

RUTH (V.O.)

I love the way Shane writes his eight's. Most people draw them like vertical infinities, but instead he draws two small circles on top of each other. Like a little snowman.

REVEAL: The finger belongs to Ruth. She holds Shane's iPhone in her palm. Shane walks away from her, down the hallway.

RUTH (V.O.)

I read in *Cosmo* that there are five phases in the sexual response cycle.

She looks down at the phone. Then glances back at Shane. This is her chance. Return his phone and talk to Shane one-on-one.

RUTH (V.O.)

The first phase is desire. That's the part where you start to really *want it*.

But Ruth decides to hang on to Shane's phone a little longer.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Now home, Ruth TAPS and SWIPES through Shane's phone.

RUTH (V.O.)

The second phase is excitement.
When your heart rate and blood
pressure climb and you get...
lubricated.

Her heart palpitates at the thought of finding something
salacious on the phone.

RUTH (V.O.)

No dick pics. Nothing in his search
history. Volunteering for beach
clean up on a *Saturday*? How can
someone be this squeaky clean?

Ruth SIGHS and sets Shane's phone down on the counter.

TRACY (O.S.)

What's wrong?

Tracy enters the kitchen. Ruth sits up straight.

RUTH

Nothing! Why are you home so early?

Tracy's irked by Ruth's tone.

TRACY

(using her Ruth voice)

"Oh Mom, it's so nice to see you
home early."

Ruth ignores this, used to it. Then, Tracy proudly sets a
SHADOW BOX in front of Ruth. Inside: various DEAD INSECTS
already pinned and labeled. She also hands Ruth a ZIPLOC BAG.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Can you believe this one hopped in
front of my feet this morning?

CLOSE on the ZIPLOC. Inside: a GRASSHOPPER in rigor mortis.

Ruth's face falls. Not for the grasshopper, but because once
again her mother's inserting herself where she's not wanted.

RUTH

How much time did you spend on
this?

TRACY

I don't get a "Thank you, Mom" or "I appreciate you taking the time out of your day to do this for me"?

RUTH

I do appreciate it... but I didn't ask you to do my project for me.

Ruth's reaching for the right words...

TRACY

What? Say it.

RUTH

You can't keep me in a little box forever. I just wish you'd trust me to do my own thing. Dad does.

TRACY

You should go live with him then.

RUTH

You say that like it's a threat.

TRACY

Can't you see all I'm doing is trying to make your life easier?

RUTH

But at some point you have to let me live it without you!

Tracy, now in Ruth's face, DIGS HER FINGER into Ruth's chest:

TRACY

I raised an ingrate.

Tracy furiously dumps the grasshopper down the GARBAGE DISPOSAL, turns it on. GURGLING. Ruth's horrified.

RUTH

What the hell is wrong with you?!

TRACY

I'm done with your attitude. I'm calling your dad. You're not welcome here anymore.

Her wrath not over, Tracy grabs the iPhone on the counter, thinking it belongs to Ruth. IT'S ACTUALLY SHANE'S.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I guess you won't be needing this
to distract you from all the work
you want to do on your own.

Tracy storms out of the kitchen.

RUTH

STOP! It's not...
(sotto)
Mine.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Tracy's dead asleep, snoring in bed.

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - SAME

Ruth sneaks around the house to find Shane's phone.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Ruth searches through Tracy's purse. No phone. Ruth pulls
TWO \$10 BILLS out of Tracy's wallet and POKETS THE MONEY.

-- Ruth TIP-TOES into Tracy's bathroom to search cabinets.
Still no phone. She does find a BOTTLE OF SUMMER'S EVE. Has
no idea what it is. Ruth reads the small print on the label:

RUTH (V.O.)

Feminine hygiene wash. Yikes.

-- Ruth CRAWLS to Tracy's bedside table. Ruth OPENS the
drawer, but it CREAKS! Tracy STIRS but stays asleep.

Ruth peeks inside: a stash of *Cosmos*, including the issue
Tracy didn't want Ruth to see the other day. Ruth shuffles
the magazines and BINGO: there's Shane's phone!

Ruth takes the phone and the magazine, for good measure.

Just as Ruth's crawling out of the bedroom, Shane's phone
falls from her pocket and CLATTERS to the WOOD FLOOR. Ruth
FREEZES. A tense beat but Tracy's eyes stay closed. PHEW.

RUTH (V.O.)

If it's cracked I'm so dead.

Ruth grabs the phone without looking at the screen and exits.

INT. RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ruth now holds Shane's iPhone in her palm like a Fabergé egg. She takes a deep breath, flips the phone over...

THE SCREEN IS FINE.

Ruth sets the phone aside and crawls into bed. She stares at the ceiling, restless and unable to close her eyes. Adrenaline from the phone's rescue mission just kicked in.

RUTH (V.O.)

The third phase in the sexual response cycle is the plateau. Dopamine and adrenaline rise. Muscle tension increases.

Ruth begins to feel her heart beat between her legs. She considers Shane's phone. An idea. She moves the phone to rest on her pillow, then turns on her Himalayan salt lamp...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - MORNING

Ruth lingers beside the bleachers, watching Shane and the rest of the soccer team practice before school starts. Shane's phone burns a hole in her pocket.

Ruth locates the soccer team's belongings sprawled on the bleachers. She casually takes a seat near their stuff.

RUTH (V.O.)

The fourth phase of the sexual response cycle is the climax.

Among the stuff: a RED WATER BOTTLE with a NOTRE DAME STICKER on it. The same sticker Ruth watched Lucy give Shane at the college fair. BINGO. Ruth scoots closer to the water bottle.

RUTH (V.O.)

Heart rate, breathing, and blood pressure are at their peak.

Ruth takes a DEEP BREATH and swiftly wipes her fingerprints off Shane's phone before placing it UNDER THE WATER BOTTLE.

Ruth takes one last look at Shane kicking the ball in the distance and turns back toward the school.

EXT. EQUIPMENT SHED - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Ruth walks by the equipment shed but pauses when she hears VOICES inside. Curious, Ruth ducks behind the shed. She peers around the corner to see: GEORGI EXIT THE SHED.

RUTH (V.O.)
Looks like I'm not the only one
Georgi's doing bug deals with.

Georgi makes sure the coast is clear. Ruth ducks again.

RUTH (V.O.)
The final phase in the sexual
response cycle is the resolution.
That's when you get a flushed face
and sweaty post-orgasm glow.

Ruth takes another peek around the corner: Georgi's adjusting her cleavage and patting her FLUSHED FACE.

RUTH (V.O.)
Which looks kinda like that.

Then: Georgi KNOCKS on the shed before walking back toward the school. A beat. Nothing happens. Just as Ruth's about to move, there's RUSTLING inside the shed. Ruth ducks back out of sight and looks to see who Georgi traded bugs with.

It's Mr. Dwyer. Looking just as FLUSHED as Georgi.

He ZIPS HIS PANTS UP and walks toward the school.

CLOSE ON RUTH'S FACE

Her throat tightens. Her face heats up.

And then it hits her. And she feels like an idiot.

The bell RINGS signaling Ruth should head to First Period. But her body refuses to follow in her father's footsteps. She needs to be alone. She eyes the girls locker room nearby.

INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Ruth tumbles into a bathroom stall. VOICES filter in and out. Ruth sits cross-legged on the toilet. She looks lost.

INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Another bell RINGS. First Period's officially started. The locker room is now empty.

Ruth uncrosses her legs but doesn't move from the toilet. Trying calm herself, she closes her eyes, stretches her neck, and rocks her body left to right.

RUTH (V.O.)
I forgot how tightly these pants
hug my lady parts.

Her mind wanders to the stuff she thinks about in the dark in her bed. Her fingers begin to slide over herself... until suddenly, her eyes FLUTTER open.

RUTH (V.O.)
How can I be horny right now?!

EXT. STUDENT PARKING LOT - MORNING

Still First Period. Ruth sits on a parking block, twisting the purity bracelet on her wrist. She slides her finger underneath. It feels tighter somehow. A voice interrupts:

JASPER (O.S.)
You know, skipping class is social
suicide.

Ruth looks up to find Jasper chilling in a parked car nearby. Ruth approaches his rolled down window.

RUTH
Look who's talking.

JASPER
I skip all the time. You don't.

RUTH
I've done it before.

Jasper gives her a look -- "Riiiiight."

JASPER
Big deal for someone like you.

RUTH
What does that mean?

Jasper just smiles at her. The bell RINGS. Time for Second Period. Yet Ruth lingers. Deep down, she kinda wants to stay.

JASPER
You should get to class.

Just then, Ruth's phone RINGS. IT'S HER DAD.

Ruth pockets her phone.

INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME

Mr. Dwyer steps away from his buddy, the Stanford recruiter, calling Ruth.

MR. DWYER
(to the recruiter)
One sec.

The phone RINGS and RINGS. Mr. Dwyer paces. Making sure he's out of the recruiter's earshot, he leaves Ruth a VOICEMAIL:

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)
Hey hun. I thought your Second Period was meeting up at the college fair? Where are you? That Stanford recruiter wants to meet you. Make that good impression we talked about.

Walking back to the recruiter:

MR. DWYER (CONT'D)
She'll be here any minute.

BACK TO:

EXT. STUDENT PARKING LOT - MORNING

Ruth's phone DINGS, but she doesn't bother looking at it. She doesn't owe her father anything right now.

RUTH
(to Jasper)
I can chill for another minute.

EXT. RUTH'S LOCKER - AFTERNOON

Ruth exchanges books. A REFLECTION in the locker's mirror catches her eye: it's a GRASSHOPPER CRAWLING IN THE GRASS.

There's no weed whacker in sight. Ruth considers using an EMPTY CUP in the nearby trash bin to capture him...

But then she smiles. She's gonna let this grasshopper go.

At that moment, Avery comes out of nowhere, STARTLING Ruth.

AVERY

So... Georgi told me you masturbate
n' stuff.

Ruth tenses. *Does Avery know what Ruth knows?*

RUTH

She say anything else?

AVERY

She was just bragging to me about
how magical it feels to... *you*
know.

Ruth stares at Avery blankly.

AVERY (CONT'D)

And, uh, I want to feel that, too.
I was wondering if you could teach
me? I just wanna know like...
how... without having to ask
Georgi. She already has a big head.

RUTH

That was a one time thing. You have
no idea how much I regret it.

Ruth moves to walk past Avery.

AVERY

The only "talk" I ever got was my
mom threatening to kill me if she
ever found out I had sex. I just
want a taste of something real.
Something that's not school.

This strikes a chord with Ruth. And this authority Avery's
giving Ruth right now... it's nice. Just then, Lucy ambles
by, alone. A reminder of everything Ruth doesn't want to be.

AVERY (CONT'D)

(resigned)

Nevermind. I can ask Georgi to show
me what you taught her.

RUTH

Wait! You don't wanna learn from
Georgi. Trust me.

Ruth looks down at the too-tight purity bracelet on her
wrist. It reminds her of her father, but she doesn't know who
that person is anymore. SHE PEELS THE PURITY BRACELET OFF.

Ruth walks to the trash bin. Her hand quivers over it.

RUTH (V.O.)

I spent so much time wishing for a
scandal I never considered I had
the power to start one. Until now.

Ruth lets the purity bracelet go.

CUT TO BLACK.