

Detention

BENEFICIAL? HOW COULD BEING NICE TO THOSE *SLUTS* BENEFIT ME?

AND EVERY OTHER TEACHER IN THIS SCHOOL IS NICE TO THEM AND LOOKS THE OTHER WAY...

...ALL BECAUSE THEY'RE *SCARED* OF OFFENDING THE POPULAR GIRLS.

IT'S SICK.

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THEY DON'T NEED
ME TO BE NICE.

THEY NEED TO BE SHOWN
THAT BEAUTY *FADES*.

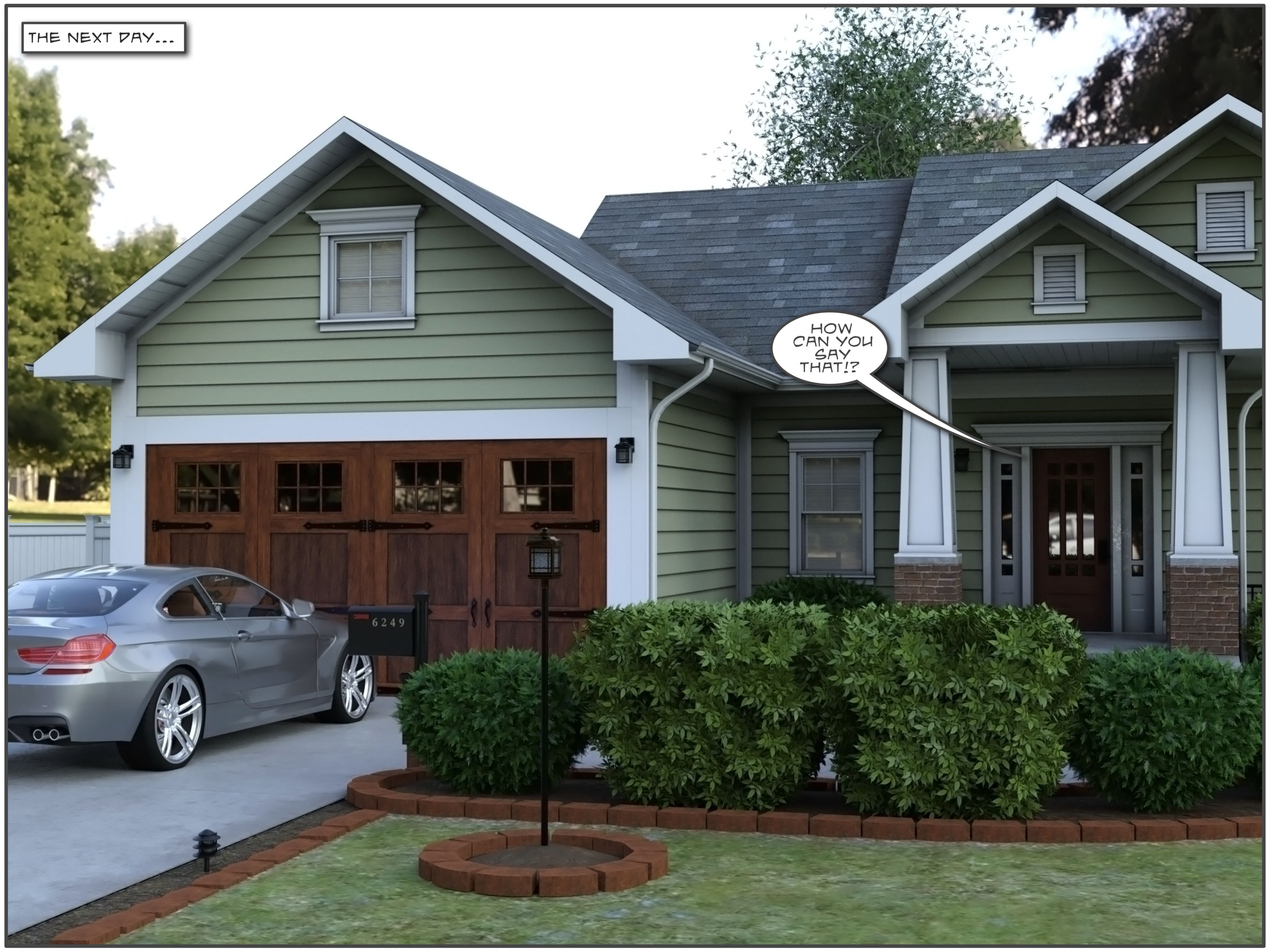
THAT THEY CAN'T ALWAYS
RELY ON THEIR TITS TO
GET WHAT THEY WANT.

THAT'S WHAT THEY NEED.
THAT'S WHAT ALL YOUNG
WOMEN NEED TO KNOW.

JOHNNY WILL AGREE
WITH ME... I'M NOT
OVERREACTING!

THE NEXT DAY...

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT!?





THEY'RE
TEENAGERS,
JUDY.

THEY'RE
DOING THE SAME
THING TEENS HAVE
BEEN DOING FOR
YEARS.

THAT'S NOT
TRUE!



GIRLS OUR AGE DIDN'T DRESS LIKE THAT!

COME ON, JUDY. IT WAS THE EIGHTIES.

I REMEMBER A GIRL WORE A T-SHIRT TO SCHOOL AND THEN CUT THE BOTTOM HALF OFF DURING LUNCH.

JUST TO FIT IN.

MAYBE
SOME GIRLS
DID, BUT NOT
THE REST OF
US!

WHY
DOES IT
MATTER,
HONEY?

BECAUSE IT'S
NOT RIGHT!

IT'S
YOUR DAY
OFF, DEAR,
AND...

WHAT?





I SEEM TO RECALL YOU WORE PLENTY THAT GOT YOU IN TROUBLE.

I DID NO SUCH THING!

YOU WORE THOSE SKIN-TIGHT LEOTARDS TO SCHOOL ALL THE TIME.

I REMEMBER MRS. WHITE SENDING YOU HOME ON-

WELL... THAT'S MY POINT, JOHN!



BEFORE THE ILLNESS, I THOUGHT MY LOOKS WOULD DO ALL THE WORK.

YOU KNOW THIS.

I DO. EVERYONE IN THE SCHOOL KNEW.

BUT THEN I GOT *SICK*, AND EVERYTHING CHANGED.



I KNOW, AND I DON'T WANT TO MAKE YOU ANGRIER THAN YOU ARE, BUT...

ARE YOU FOCUSED ON THESE GIRLS BECAUSE THEY REPRESENT WHAT YOU COULD HAVE BEEN?

COULD HAVE BEEN? I WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING LIKE THEM!

JUDY, YOU AND I BOTH KNOW YOU LOVED TO SHOW OFF.

IT'S WHY I HAD SUCH A CRUSH ON YOU SOPHOMORE YEAR... ME AND EVERY OTHER GUY.

IT WAS A MISTAKE TO DRESS LIKE THAT!

WAS IT? YOU LIKED SHOWING OFF. I LIKED LOOKING.

IT'S JUST WHAT TEENS DO.




HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?

I WAS A TOTAL BITCH TO YOU BEFORE I GOT SICK.

YOU WERE POPULAR, JUDY, NOT A BITCH.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

YOU...



YOU NEED TO
LOOK AT THIS FROM
THEIR PERSPECTIVE,
JUDY.

I MEAN, I
THINK YOU
SHOULD JUST
LET IT GO...

...BUT WHEN
YOU GET WORKED
UP, JUST THINK ABOUT
HOW YOU'D WANT TO
BE TREATED AT THEIR
AGE.

THEY NEED
TO BE READY
FOR LIFE,
JOHN.

HONEY,
THERE'S ONLY
SO MUCH YOU
CAN DO.

BZZZZZZ



OH,
NO.

WHO IS IT?

MIRANDA.

MIRANDA
BANKS? YOUR
PRINCIPAL?

YEAH...



WELL, YOU SHOULD DEFINITELY GET THAT.

I'LL BE AT THE HARDWARE STORE.

OKAY...

I LOVE YOU.

I LOVE YOU TOO...

HELLO?

JUDY?

YEAH,
IT'S ME.

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED,
JUDY, AND I NEED YOU TO
GO TO THE SCHOOL AND
SUPERVISE THE
CHEERLEADER'S PRACTICE.

YOU...
WHAT?





YOU HEARD ME.


I'M SORRY,
BUT IT'S MY DAY
OFF AND-

I'M NOT
ASKING YOU,
JUDY.

MOLLY WAS IN A
CAR ACCIDENT AND
CAN'T MAKE IT.

OH MY
GOD! IS SHE
OKAY?

SHE'LL BE FINE, BUT
WE NEED SOMEONE
THERE NOW, JUDY.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white long-sleeved top, is talking on a black smartphone. She has a distressed expression, with wide eyes and an open mouth. Her left hand is raised to her forehead, and she is wearing a ring on her ring finger. The background shows a living room with a tan armchair, a wooden coffee table with a yellow cloth, and a potted plant. There are windows in the background showing greenery outside.

I'M SORRY,
BUT YOU KNOW
HOW I AM WITH
THOSE THREE-

WHY DO YOU
THINK I'M
CALLING YOU?

YOU WILL GO, AND YOU
WILL BE NOTHING BUT
SUPPORTIVE TO THOSE
YOUNG WOMEN, DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

BUT-

YOU WILL BE AN *ANGEL*,
JUDY. IF I HEAR
OTHERWISE, ESPECIALLY
FROM THEIR PARENTS
WHO ARE HUGE DONORS-

I-I
UNDERSTAND.



I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT, JUDY.

THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE SCHOOL.

IN THE SCHOOL? YOU MEAN THEY HAVE-

DIDN'T I SAY THEIR PARENTS WERE **DONORS**? DO I REALLY NEED TO-

I'M ON MY WAY.

GOOD.



OH MY GOD, SHE
SOUNDED MAD.

I DIDN'T REALIZE THEIR
PARENTS WERE DONORS.

GOD, JOHN WAS
RIGHT... I NEED
TO LET THIS GO.

I JUST NEED TO GET
THERE BEFORE
THINGS GET WORSE!

MINUTES LATER...



MIDDEL TOWN HIGH SCHOOL

OKAY... I NEED
TO BE ON MY
BEST BEHAVIOR.

I WILL NOT LET
THOSE THREE
GET ME FIRED!





OH, HI RACHEL.

I'M HERE TO-

THE SCHOOL IS **CLOSED** FOR A PRIVATE PRACTICE, MRS. MEYERS.

SHE CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, BUT... NEED TO BE NICE.

I'M ACTUALLY HERE TO-

DID YOU
NOT HEAR
ME?

THE
SCHOOL IS
CLOSED FOR A
PRIVATE
PRACTICE.

YOU
CAN'T-

I MEAN, MRS.
BANKS SENT ME.
MRS. HENLEY WAS IN
AN ACCIDENT.

HMMM...



SO, CAN I-

QUIET,
I'M TEXTING
EMMA.

I ASSURE
YOU THAT-

I SAID TO
BE QUIET.

THE NERVE!



THAT IS NO WAY TO TALK TO AN
ADULT, LET ALONE A *TEACHER!*

I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAVE TO
STAND HERE AND TAKE IT...

...BUT MIRANDA MADE MY
EXPECTATIONS CLEAR.

I WON'T LET THESE LITTLE
BITCHES GET TO ME!

OKAY...



EMMA SAYS YOU'RE CLEARED TO GO IN, BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW SHE'S NOT HAPPY.

WELL, IT'S--

THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE LOCKER ROOM.

OH, WELL I--

YEAH, YOU BETTER GET GOING.

IF THIS WAS DURING SCHOOL HOURS, I'D...

THANKS, DEAR. I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

