

*Wendee*  
FINAL DRAFT  
January 16, 1980

THE FACTS OF LIFE

"Dieting"

Produced by  
Jerry Mayer

Directed by  
John Bowab

Written by  
Martin Ragaway

A  
T.A.T. COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY  
PRODUCTION

SHOW: #0108  
TAPE: 1/7/1980  
ATR. TRA

<p>ACT I, Scene One (1)  <u>INT. COMMON ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON</u>  (Mrs. Garrett, Nancy, Blair, Sue Ann  Cindy, Natalie, Molly, Tootie)</p>				
<p>ACT I, Scene Two (10)  <u>INT. COMMON ROOM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON</u>  (Mrs. Garrett, Sue Ann, Nancy,  Natalie, Delivery Boy, Molly, Cindy,  Tootie, Blair)</p>				
<p>ACT I, Scene Three (20)  <u>INT. DINING ROOM - DAY (FOUR DAYS LATER)</u>  (Molly, Sue Ann, Tootie, Mrs. Garrett,  Mr. Bradley, Cindy, Nancy)</p>				
<p>ACT II, Scene One (25)  <u>INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY (A SHORT WHILE LATER)</u>  (Mrs. Garrett, Mr. Bradley, Blair)</p>				
<p>ACT II, Scene Two (27)  <u>INT. GIRLS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION</u>  (Mrs. Garrett, Sue Ann, Mr. Bradley,  Blair, Natalie)</p>				
<p>ACT II, Scene Three (31)  <u>INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY (A FEW MOMENTS LATER)</u>  (Mrs. Garrett, Mr. Bradley, Blair,  Natalie, Delivery Boy, Tootie)</p>				
<p>ACT II, Scene Four (35)  <u>INT. GIRLS' ROOM - DAY (SAME DAY, SHORTLY LATER)</u>  (Tootie, Sue Ann, Mrs. Garrett,  Natalie, Blair)</p>				

"FACTS OF LIFE"

#0108

"Dieting"

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE FOR JANUARY 16 AND JANUARY 17, 1980

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1980

STAGE #7 (x1554, booth 1556)

E.S.U.  
FAX (ACTORS ON CAMERA)  
LUNCH  
FAX  
RUN THRU WITH WARDROBE  
NOTES WITH CAST

9:00AM - 10:00AM  
10:00AM - 1:00PM  
1:00PM - 2:00PM  
2:00PM - 4:30PM  
5:00PM - 5:30PM  
5:30PM -

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1980

STAGE #7 (x1554, booth 1556)

DIRECTOR'S NOTES  
E.S.U.  
FAX  
RUN THRU  
CAST NOTES, MAKEUP, WARDROBE  
VTR/FAX (DRESS W/AUDIENCE)  
FULL CAST PICTURES  
MEAL BREAK  
VT CHECK-IN  
VTR/FAX (AIR W/AUDIENCE)  
PICKUPS

11:30AM - 12:30PM  
11:30AM - 12:30PM  
12:30PM - 1:45PM  
1:45PM - 2:30PM  
2:30PM - 3:30PM  
3:30PM - 4:15PM  
4:15PM - 4:30PM  
4:30PM - 6:00PM  
5:30PM - 6:00PM  
6:00PM - 7:00PM  
7:00PM -

ACT ONESCENE ONEINT. COMMON ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

(NANCY, IN A LEOTARD, IS ON THE FLOOR  
PULLING ON SKINNY JEANS. WE HEAR MOANING.  
GARRETT ENTERS FROM FRONT DOOR, CARRYING  
DRESS BOX)

GARRETT

Did I hear growling?

(DISCOVERING NANCY, PUTTING DOWN THE DRESS  
BOX)

Nancy, what's wrong? Someone come in  
here quick.

(TO NANCY)

Is it appendicitis?

NANCY

No, no, nothing's wrong. I'm just  
getting dressed.

GARRETT

(GETS DOWN ON ONE KNEE)

Of course, I should've known that.

NANCY

I just washed these jeans so they'd  
shrink, and now they fit perfectly.

(WE SEE THAT SHE IS STRUGGLING WITH ZIPPER)

GARRETT

I think you're asking too much of that poor zipper.

NANCY

I'm getting there, I'm almost there, I did it! Would you help me up? I can't bend my legs.

GARRETT

(HELPING HER)

Sure, honey. My back. My back.

NANCY

(HELPING GARRETT UP)

When Roger sees me in these, he'll go crazy.

GARRETT

It won't do him any good. You're pretty safe in there.

(NANCY EXITS STIFF-LEGGED. GARRETT PICKS UP BOX, STARTS TO EXIT, AS BLAIR ENTERS)

BLAIR

Hi, Mrs. Garrett. Have you seen Sue Ann?

GARRETT

No, I haven't, Blair.

(GARRETT EXITS UP. STAIRS)

BLAIR

(CALLING UP STAIRS)

Sue Ann! Get your fanny down here!

(SUE ANN COMES DOWNSTAIRS, EATING A PIECE OF  
CAKE)

SUE ANN

What's going on?

BLAIR

I just got you a date for the Bates  
Academy dance with Mr. Big - Scott  
Dunbar, the Third.

SUE ANN

(EXCITED)

Is that the guy on the football team?

BLAIR

And the tennis team and the debating  
team, you name it.

SUE ANN

I knew a guy like that back in Kansas  
City, at Harry Truman Junior High.

BLAIR

Please, Scott's a young Republican.  
He's got it all. Looks... build...  
old money... He'll call you this  
afternoon.

SUE ANN

(IMPRESSED, PUTS DOWN CAKE)

Oh, thanks, Blair. He sounds heavy duty.

BLAIR

No more heavy duty than you, dear.

(SHE TAPS SUE ANN ON THE BUTT WITH MAGAZINE)

If I were you, I'd lose some of that.  
Every girl I've ever seen with Scott Dunbar looks like she's right out of Vogue. They've got that new pencil silhouette; slim and sharp.

SUE ANN

(EATING SOME CAKE)

Blair, is that your subtle way of saying I should lose weight?

BLAIR

Don't get bent out of shape, Jumbo. Go ahead, keep shoveling it in.

SUE ANN

You're in the running for chubbette of the year, yourself.

BLAIR

We'll see who the porker is. Let's get the scale.

SUE ANN

Fine, if you're not afraid of breaking  
it, Bacon Butt.

(THEY EXIT UPSTAIRS)

(CINDY, MOLLY, NATALIE AND TOOTIE ENTER FROM  
GARDEN. THEY ARE CARRYING SCHOOL BOOKS)

CINDY

What's for dinner tonight?

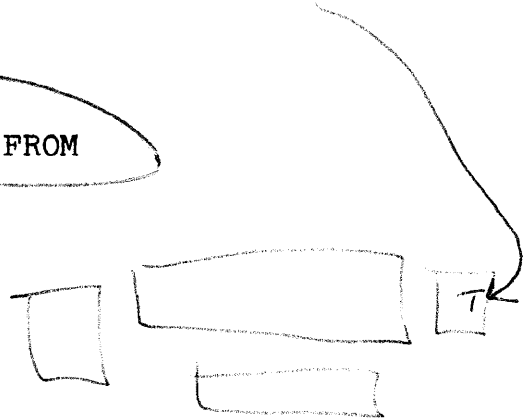
NATALIE

Mystery meat.

MOLLY

Brown or green?

(GARRETT ENTERS FROM KITCHEN, CARRYING A  
BEAUTIFUL DRESS ON A HANGER. THE GIRLS AD  
LIB HELLOS)






GARRETT

Hi, girls. Don't you just love the  
new dress I bought?

(SHE HOLDS UP THE DRESS. THE GIRLS LOVE IT)

I knew you would. Who wouldn't? Even  
the dummy in the window loved it. I  
was strolling past the Designer Salon,  
and there it was. I said to myself,  
'Edna, you'd kill for that dress.'  
Then I walked in, looked at the price  
tag... picked myself up off the floor...  
and bought it.

*x to ceiling couch*  


CINDY

Way to go, Mrs. Garrett.

(GIRLS AD LIB ENTHUSIASM)

(BLAIR, WITH BATH SCALE, NOTEBOOK AND  
MAGAZINE, AND SUE ANN, COME DOWN THE  
STAIRS)

BLAIR

All right, who wants to get weighed?

GARRETT

What?

BLAIR

Sue Ann is seriously considering going  
on a diet.

SUE ANN

You mean Blair is.

GARRETT

I'm on a diet. Monday it'll be thirty years.

(GARRETT PICKS UP DRESS AND EXITS)

(XD) N C T M  
SB

BLAIR

You're first, Sue Ann.

SUE ANN

(STEPS ON SCALE)

Okay, I guess I could lose a few pounds.

BLAIR

(LOOKS AT SCALE)

Just a few? Kansas City beef isn't that valuable.

(SUE ANN STEPS OFF, BLAIR STEPS ON HANDING MAGAZINE TO TOOTIE)

SUE ANN

(LOOKS AT SCALE)

What about those choice New York cuts on you?

(BLAIR STEPS OFF SCALE)

BLAIR

Any more dieters? You know, all the fashion magazines say thin is in.

MOLLY

Not me. No magazine's telling me how to look.

(MOLLY EXITS UPSTAIRS)

CINDY

Are you dieting, Tootie?

TOOTIE

(LOOKING THROUGH MAGAZINE)

I thought I'd take off a few pounds.

Black is more beautiful when there's

less of it. *PAT STIMACT*

CINDY

How about you, Natalie? Are you gonna

try to be pencil-thin?

NATALIE

(EATING CAKE)

Who wants to be a skinny pencil? I'd

rather be a happy magic marker.

(GARRETT RE-ENTERS, WITHOUT DRESS BOX)

GARRETT

How's the weigh-in going?

TOOTIE

Great, Mrs. Garrett, wanna hop on?

GARRETT

Well... why not.

(THE GIRLS CROWD AROUND, AS SHE PREPARES TO  
STEP ON SCALE. SHE TAKES OUT KEYS, BRUSH AND  
HANDKERCHIEF)

*When Garretts next to Blair!  
next to her*  
*ACTM*  
*S B G N C*  
*T*

GARRETT

Turn around.

(SHE VERY CAREFULLY STEPS ON THE SCALE AND  
FINALLY SUMMONS COURAGE TO LOOK DOWN. SHE'S  
SHOCKED)

Oh no! I had no idea. Well I had  
some idea. That's it, I'm going on a  
diet. That dress goes back. *(man in)*

*TRT N*  
*GAC*

CINDY

But you love that dress.

GARRETT

I know, but I don't deserve it. That  
14 is too comfortable. It's like  
giving up. I've got to try one more  
time for a size 12. You girls have  
inspired me.

BLAIR

That's a wonderful attitude, Mrs.  
Garrett. I can see you with hollow  
cheeks already.

GARRETT

(SHE HOLLOWS OUT HER CHEEKS)

Come on, girls, I want you to help me  
turn the refrigerator door to the wall.

(GARRETT AND THE GIRLS EXIT TOWARD THE  
KITCHEN. TOOTIE AND NATALIE ARE LEFT BEHIND)

TOOTIE (PRAISE)

Nat, you sure you don't want to diet?  
We could fight flab together.

T N

NATALIE

Toot, I'm a lover, not a fighter. I'm  
okay the way I am. <sup>through</sup>

(TOOTIE SHRUGS AND EXITS. <sup>diving</sup> NATALIE, BY  
HERSELF, CROSSES TO THE SCALE AND WEIGHS  
HERSELF. AS SHE SEES HER TRUE WEIGHT, SHE  
REACTS, AND WE)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE TWOINT. COMMON ROOM - LATE THAT AFTERNOON

(GARRETT IS EXERCISING. NANCY IS ON THE PHONE. SUE ANN ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS)

SUE ANN

Did Scott Dunbar call?

GARRETT

Not that I know of.

SUE ANN

(LOOKING AT NANCY)

Oh, I see the problem.

NANCY

Yes, Roger; I want that too, Roger.

(SHE TURNS AND SEES SUE ANN NOSE TO NOSE)

I can't answer that right now, Roger.

(VERY SWEETLY)

Hold on.

(COVERS PHONE)

Will you take a hike?

SUE ANN

You don't own that phone, you know.

NANCY

(BACK TO PHONE)

Let me give it some thought, Roger.

I'll call you later.

(HANGS UP. THEN TO SUE ANN)

I'll get you for this.

(NANCY EXITS, STIFF-LEGGED)

SFX: DOORBELL

(NATALIE ENTERS)

NATALIE

I'll get it.

(A HANDSOME DELIVERY BOY IN TEE SHIRT ENTERS  
CARRYING A BOX)

DELIVERY BOY

Thrifty Market.

GARRETT

More celery. I can hardly wait.

DELIVERY BOY

There's also some apples and oranges.

NATALIE

(EYEING HIM)

And tee shirts.

DELIVERY BOY

(TO NATALIE)

Hi, sexy!

NATALIE

At last, a man who likes me for  
myself. Hi, I'm Natalie, your guide  
to the kitchen.

DELIVERY BOY

I'm Steve. Lead the way. I'll  
follow you anywhere.

(TOOTIE, MOLLY AND CINDY COME OUT OF KITCHEN,  
SEE DELIVERY BOY, SMILE)

TOOTIE

Hi.

MOLLY

Hi.

CINDY

(INTERESTED)

Hi.

NATALIE

Forget it, Cindy. He's mine.

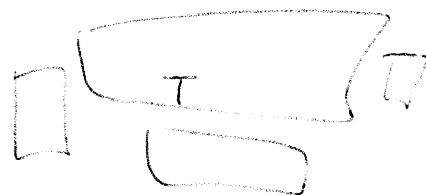
(NATALIE GESTURES TO KITCHEN, AND STEVE  
EXITS)

GARRETT

Natalie?

NATALIE

Yes, Mrs. Garrett?





GARRETT

Don't squeeze the merchandise?

(NATALIE SMILES, MAKES 'OK' SIGN, EXITS TO KITCHEN)

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGS

GARRETT

There's your call, Sue Ann.

SUE ANN

(NERVOUSLY)

Would you mind getting it? I don't want to seem anxious.

GARRETT

(PICKS UP PHONE)

Hello, -- Sue Ann Weaver. I'll see if I can find her.

(GARRETT COVERS PHONE)

SUE ANN

It's Scott?

GARRETT

Right.

SUE ANN

How does he sound?

GARRETT

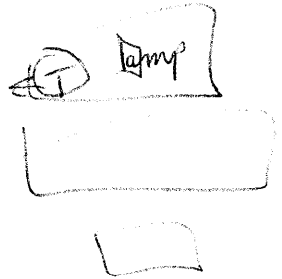
Tall.

(GARRETT HANDS PHONE TO SUE ANN)

TOOTIE

Don't blow it, Sue Ann.

*on table  
behind couch  
arm of chair*



SUE ANN

(INTO PHONE)

Hello, Scott? -- Yes, Blair said you'd call. I'm sure glad you used the telephone.

(AWKWARD)

Ha, ha, ha. Yeah, I'm being funny.

TOOTIE

She's blowing it.

SUE ANN

Well, I'm looking forward to meeting you, too. -- Uh huh. That's nice.

Well, I'm from Kansas City, Kansas.

-- No, I'm not being funny. -- Well, uh, see you Saturday then, huh? Bye, Scott.

(SHE HANGS UP)

GARRETT

Well?

SUE ANN

(REALLY IMPRESSED)

What a guy! He's got a Harvard accent and he's still in high school.

(STEVE, THE DELIVERY BOY, WITH EMPTY BOX, AND NATALIE ENTER FROM KITCHEN, LAUGHING)

DELIVERY BOY

Hey, you're a crackup, kid.

NATALIE

It's Natalie. Let me show you a  
shortcut, Steve.

(THEY START UP THE STAIRS)

TO Natalie TOOTIE X to NAT  
That's the stairs to your room, ~~that's~~.

(NATALIE GLARES AT TOOTIE, WHO EXITS)

DELIVERY BOY

See you later. I almost forgot this  
package of diet instant breakfast.

Guess it's for you, huh?

(HE HANDS PACKAGE TO NATALIE)

NATALIE

Why would you think that?

DELIVERY BOY

No special reason. See ya', kiddo.

(THE DELIVERY BOY PATS HER ON THE HEAD AND  
EXITS)

(NATALIE EXITS AS BLAIR COMES DOWN THE STAIRS  
IN A STUNNING THIN GOWN)

BLAIR

Like my dress for the dance?

(GARRETT AND SUE ANN AD LIB ADMIRATION)

SUE ANN

Blair, Scott just called. He sounds so  
classy. I hope he won't be disappointed  
in a girl who grew up on a farm.



*exit through dining room*

BLAIR

Of course not. Just remember to park your tractor outside.

SUE ANN

Look, Blair, if you don't think I'm good enough for him?!

BLAIR

Hey, I'm kidding. Park your tractor anywhere you want. Did Scott tell you about the swimming party?

SUE ANN

No.

BLAIR

After the dance, we're gonna sneak out to Tumpy and Kedgy Barksdale's house for a midnight breakfast and swim.

SUE ANN

Swimming? Should I bring a suit?

BLAIR

Not necessarily.

GARRETT

(OVERHEARS)

Bring a suit.

(BEAT)

Both of you.

(BLAIR SMILES AND EXITS)

SUE ANN

Mrs. Garrett, I never ran with the rich crowd. And if I'm wearing a bathing suit, I'm really gonna have to go on a crash diet.

GARRETT

Sue Ann, don't be foolish. You're a growing girl. You've got to eat right. It's dangerous to lose weight too fast. Besides, you've got a great figure.

SUE ANN

It's okay for Kansas City, but Scott is used to those slim, sophisticated debutantes with skinny little butts, like you see in Vogue.

GARRETT

Honey, those girls aren't real. They only come out at night to have their pictures taken. -- Come on, let's go to the kitchen. I'll split an apple with you.

SUE ANN

No, thanks, I've got to study.

(GARRETT EXITS. TOOTIE ENTERS WITH CELERY)

TOOTIE

(TAKING A PIECE)

A piece of celery for your thoughts. *back of over pink chair*

SUE ANN

Are you kidding? I'm going on a  
starvation diet. I'm gonna lose ten  
pounds by Saturday if it kills me!

(SUE ANN EXITS AS WE:)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE THREEINT. DINING ROOM - DAY (FOUR DAYS LATER)

(IT'S LUNCHTIME. MOST OF THE GIRLS ARE AT  
LARGE TABLES. WE SEE BOWLS OF FOOD AND  
BASKETS OF ROLLS)

MOLLY

Tootie, pass the mystery meat.

TOOTIE

Mystery meat's coming up.

(A BOWL IS PASSED, MOLLY OFFERS IT TO SUE  
ANN)

MOLLY

What some, Sue Ann?

SUE ANN

No, I'm eating later.

MOLLY

When? On Thanksgiving? I haven't  
seen you eat in a week.

SUE ANN

Five days. And I've already lost six  
pounds.

MOLLY

You're crazy, starving yourself for  
some stupid guy you never met.



TOOTIE

Sue Ann, why ~~don't~~ you go to that weight reducing place they advertise on TV.

(DOES COMMERCIAL AS PITCH WOMAN)

*stand up*  
 Hi there, I'm Yvette, your weight counselor at the Astro Trim Health Spa. Are your friends talking about that unsightly bulge behind your back, behind your back? When you get up from a wooden chair, do you have to fluff it up? *PLEASE* If your answer is yes... knock it off, the Astro Trim way.

(GARRETT ENTERS WITH A DRESS BOX AND A GREEN PEPPER ON PLATE)

GARRETT

Forget it. It doesn't work.

(SHE SITS. SUE ANN NOTICES BOX)

SUE ANN

Oh, you're taking back the dress you bought?

GARRETT

Right after lunch. It's a 14. I won't have any respect for myself till I slip into a 12.

(LOOKS AT SUE ANN)

Aren't you eating?



SUE ANN

I already ate. I'm stuffed.

GARRETT

Terrific

(LOOKS AT PEPPER)

What a delicious lunch.

(TAKES A BITE OF PEPPER, CHEWS)

Once you get used to the taste  
of a green pepper, it can explode  
with flavor.

MOLLY

Did it explode yet?

GARRETT

Not a crackle, not a pop.

(SHE SNIFFS)

What's that wonderful smell?

MOLLY

Cinnamon buns. The cook baked today.

GARRETT

What a rotten thing to do.

(BRADLEY ENTERS THROUGH KITCHEN DOOR)

CINDY

Good afternoon, Mr. Bradley.

BRADLEY

(GRIMLY)

That's just a rumor. I understand  
half the food is coming back to the  
kitchen. Everyone's on some idiotic  
diet. Why do you think we plan these  
nutritional meals?

NANCY

I don't know.

CINDY

Beats me.

NATALIE

Why do you?

(BRADLEY GIVES TOOTIE A WITHERING LOOK,  
TOOTIE REACTS)

BRADLEY

Mrs. Garrett, I'm going on record here.

This silly dieting has to stop.

(HE SEES HER PEPPER)

Ah, now I see the problem. You're  
the leader. What do you call that  
thing you're eating?

GARRETT

I call it my business. It's also  
called "Green pepper on a bed of  
lettuce."

BRADLEY

In case you haven't noticed, you're  
too big to be a bunny.

GARRETT

What is wrong with dieting, if it's  
done sensibly?

BRADLEY

We'll see how sensibly they're dieting.

(ON HEARING THIS, SUE ANN GRABS A FULL PLATE  
OF FOOD FROM MOLLY, WHO IS BUSY TALKING TO  
TOOTIE. BRADLEY GOES TO SUE ANN)

BRADLEY

Well, Sue Ann, at least you're  
showing some good sense.

GARRETT

(TO SUE ANN)

I thought you were stuffed?

(SUE ANN SHRUGS, SMILING. AT THIS POINT,  
BLAIR ENTERS WITH A MAGAZINE, MOVES TO  
SUE ANN)

BLAIR

Sue Ann, I found a picture of Scott  
Dunbar in this tennis magazine. Isn't  
he a knockout.

SUE ANN

Let's see.

(SUE ANN STANDS UP TO SEE THE PICTURE. SHE  
LOOKS, THEN FAINTS AWAY. EVERYONE REACTS)

BLAIR

Very funny.

(THEN, CONCERNED)

Sue Ann? Sue Ann?

(FADE OUT)

END OF ACT ONE

FADE IN

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY (A SHORT WHILE LATER)

(BRADLEY ENTERS AS MRS. GARRETT COMES  
DOWNSTAIRS)

BRADLEY

Mrs. Garrett!

GARRETT

Oh Mr. Bradley, the doctor said that  
Sue Ann is going to be all right, that  
there's nothing serious --

BRADLEY

You call a girl starving herself for a  
week not serious! I'm going up there  
and really rip into her...

(AS HE STARTS UP SHE GENTLY BLOCKS HIS WAY)

GARRETT

Oh no, you're not. It's my opinion that  
Sue Ann doesn't need harsh words right  
now.

BRADLEY

It's your opinion, but it's my school.  
And that is my stair you're blocking.  
Move it.

GARRETT

You are not going up there and "rip  
into" Sue Ann.

BRADLEY

Mrs. Garrett, challenge me once, you  
win my respect; challenge me twice,  
you lose your job.

(BLAIR COMES DOWN STAIRS)

BLAIR

Mrs. Garrett, Sue Ann still won't eat!

(HE DARTS PAST HER)

BRADLEY

I'll handle it.

(HE WALKS QUICKLY UPSTAIRS, GARRETT  
FOLLOWING CLOSELY)

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE TWOINT. GIRLS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

(SUE ANN IS IN BED. NATALIE IS THERE, AS  
BRADLEY RUSHES IN, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY  
GARRETT)

BRADLEY

(IRRITATED)

Mrs. Garrett, if you don't stop  
crowding me, I'm gonna...

(THEN SOLICITOUSLY TO SUE ANN)

Feeling better, dear?

(BLAIR ENTERS)

SUE ANN

Sure, Mr. Bradley.

BRADLEY

Good. Now, about this stupid diet  
you're on. What are you trying to do?  
Kill yourself? I don't know what it is  
with women. They're always on a diet.  
There's nothing wrong with a little  
meat on your bones. It's what's inside  
that makes you attractive.

NATALIE

That's a lie, Mr. Bradley!

(EVERYONE REACTS)

If that's true, then how come you never see a fatso in a panty-hose or jeans commercial? And you wouldn't call a girl a 'ten' if she weighed a ton.

GARRETT

Natalie, you're not a number, you're a girl.

NATALIE

Oh, Mrs. Garrett, you mean you wouldn't tell me to go on a diet?

GARRETT

Natalie, no one can tell you to diet. It's up to you. It depends on how you see yourself.

NATALIE

You tell me what you see.

(SHE MOVES BESIDE BLAIR)

Look at what we have here. "Miss New York" and "Miss The Rest of the Country."

BLAIR

Natalie, stop putting yourself down. You have a great personality.



NATALIE

Right. That's what they always say about girls like me. How can I compete with someone who's perfect like you?

BLAIR

Natalie, I'm far from perfect.

(BEAT)

I look awful in yellow.

GARRETT

If you're gonna diet, you have to do it for yourself, not for anyone else. Take it from another girl born under the sign of the milkshake.

NATALIE

I've heard that before and from thinner people than you. Thanks, anyway.

BRADLEY

(TO GARRETT)

Are you happy now? You must be happy.

(GESTURING TO DOOR)

Does that make you happy? Now, Sue Ann, are you gonna eat something?

SUE ANN

Yes. I guess I'm gonna have to.

BRADLEY

(TO GARRETT)

See. You have to know how to handle  
them. Let's get that girl some food.

(HE EXITS)

GARRETT

Sue Ann, what would you like to eat?  
Anything you want.

(SUE ANN SHRUGS)

Wait. Don't tell me. I'll surprise  
you.

(GARRETT EXITS)

BLAIR

Good. You're really gonna eat  
something?

SUE ANN

No way. At least not til after the  
dance.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE THREEINT. COMMON ROOM - DAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

(BLAIR IS PACING AS GARRETT ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN. NATALIE IS SEATED IN THE OVER-STUFFED CHAIR)

GARRETT

I'm heating up some vegetable soup for Sue Ann. And I know she loves rice pudding.

BLAIR

Forget it, Mrs. Garrett. Sue Ann won't eat anything. It's all my fault. And look what I've done to poor Natalie.

GARRETT

Don't worry about Natalie. She'll bounce back.

BLAIR

I hate the thought that my perfection makes her feel less than perfect.

SFX: DOORBELL

(STEVE, THE DELIVERY BOY, ENTERS, DRESSED IN A SPORT SHIRT)

DELIVERY BOY

Hi.

NATALIE

Steve? Mrs. Garrett, I didn't know  
you ordered anything.

GARRETT

I didn't.

DELIVERY BOY

Right. Y'know, I feel kinda bad about  
the mistake I made Monday.

NATALIE

What mistake?

DELIVERY BOY

That package of diet breakfast drink  
I thought was for you. It was for  
another customer.

NATALIE

That's okay. Where's your Tee shirt?  
I hope you didn't leave your muscles  
in it.

DELIVERY BOY

(HE LAUGHS)

You're really a crackup, kiddo.

(HE HANDS HER A PAPERBACK BOOK)

Here, I figured you'd get a kick out of  
this.

NATALIE

"THE MEMOIRS OF CURLY, LARRY AND MOE."

They're my favorites. Come on, Steve.

I'll find you that diet breakfast stuff.

(NATALIE AND STEVE EXIT TOWARD KITCHEN)

GARRETT

There's one less girl to feel guilty  
about.

BLAIR

Who are Curly, Larry and Moe?

(BRADLEY AND TOOTIE ENTER FROM GARDEN DOOR.

~~BRADLEY IS CARRYING TWO CARTONS OF CHINESE  
FOOD)~~

BRADLEY

Has Sue Ann eaten anything yet?

GARRETT

(SHAKING HER HEAD)

No, she still won't eat, but I'm fixing  
her some vegetable soup.

BRADLEY

The trouble with you is, you don't use  
your imagination. Here's the answer.  
Everyone loves Chinese food.

TOOTIE

I sure do. ~~Let me take it up to her.~~

(SHE GRABS THE CARTONS AND MOVES TO STAIRS)

And get some more food ready. 'Cause  
in an hour, she'll be hungry again.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE FOURINT. GIRLS' ROOM - SAME DAY, SHORTLY LATER

(TOOTIE IS FEEDING SOUP TO SUE ANN OUT OF  
CARTON, USING PLASTIC CHINESE SPOON)

TOOTIE

(SERVES TO SUE ANN)

One for Tumpy...

(GIVES ANOTHER SPOONFUL TO SUE ANN)

One for Kedgy...

(SERVES HERSELF)

And one for Tootie.

SUE ANN

That's all I can eat. I'm stuffed.

TOOTIE

But, that's only your fourth sip of  
soup. And you didn't touch the Moo  
Goo Gai Pan.

SUE ANN

I can't. I might gain that weight  
back. There's only three ~~more~~ days  
'til the dance.

(GARRETT ENTERS. SHE LOOKS RADIANT IN HER  
NEW DRESS)

GARRETT

Hi, girls.



ALL GIRLS *X to bed*

Wow.

(GARRETT REACTS)

SUE ANN

Mrs. Garrett! The dress! You fit  
into a size 12 already?

GARRETT

No, honey, this is my 14. I decided  
to keep it.

SUE ANN

You mean, you've given up on losing  
weight?

GARRETT

No. I've just decided it's more  
important to like myself. Let's face  
it. I'm never gonna be a Vogue model.  
And I feel good about the way I look.  
In fact, I think I look glorious.

(SHE SWIRLS AROUND PROUDLY)

SUE ANN

You really do.

GARRETT

Now, get up here.

(SUE ANN JOINS HER AT THE MIRROR)

What do you see in there?



SUE ANN

Me.

GARRETT

I see a beautiful girl who's ruining her health and worrying her friends, all to impress a boy who hasn't even seen her yet.

SUE ANN

You really know how to make a person feel dumb.

GARRETT

That's a step in the right direction.

SUE ANN

I do look pretty good, don't I?

(BEAT)

You don't think I lost too much, do you?

(GARRETT SMILES, AS BLAIR ENTERS. SHE IS CARRYING A DISH OF RICE PUDDING WITH WHIPPED CREAM ON IT)

BLAIR

Sue Ann, this whole thing is my fault. I've never felt so guilty. Please, eat some of this. It's your favorite. Rice pudding.

(SUE ANN TAKES PUDDING)

SUE ANN

Thanks, and don't feel guilty. Blair,  
you meant well and you're such a good  
friend. Hmm. This smells funny.

BLAIR

It does?

(BLAIR SNIFFS IT. SUE ANN PUSHES HER NOSE  
IN IT)

BLAIR

Sue Ann!

SUE ANN

(VICTORIOUSLY)

We're even!

GARRETT

Don't breathe, Blair. You'll inhale  
100 calories.

(EVERYONE LAUGHS, AS WE)

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW