

BEFORE AND AFTER

A Movie For Television

by

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BEFORE AND AFTER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. PATTY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

A small, mod apartment (high-rise, city lights, etc.). We're at a party: with-it people in cocktail clothes, most of them slender, the women playing up bodies. Liquor, dishes of nuts, pretzels, candy on every table. UNDER THE TITLES and STAR CAST CREDITS: The hostess, PATTY, very thin and sexy, refills drinks, serves rich hors d'oeuvres to the guests who are involved in a game of charades. Most guests take something, a few refuse. PHIL, very macho, acts out the book title: "LOOKING OUT FOR #1." AD LIBS of... "seeking," "searching," "looking"... "Looking, looking" ... etc. During that we BECOME AWARE of certain of the guests: MARGE, rather roly-polly, tires of the game, takes hors d'oeuvres tray to help Patty.

MARGE

Let me help, Patty.

PATTY

Oh, thanks, Marge.

Marge eats a few as she passes them around. JACK, mid-thirties, slim, nice-looking, just beginning to bald, is more interested in the very young redhead beside him than in the game -- and she in him. On Jack's other side, VICKY, Jack's wife, quite overweight, wearing a too-tight pantsuit, but very attractive and vivacious, steals a disapproving look at Jack, and then turns back to the game. Phil is now pointing to himself and gesturing "1." TITLES END.

VICKY

'Looking Out For Number 1!'

AD LIB applause and agreement. Patty hands an hors d'oeuvre tray to Phil, as she kisses him.

PATTY

Brilliant, Phil, darling. Now you can be host again.

During that, Vicky polishes off a handful of nuts, and gets up to be next. She takes the folded paper that's handed to her, reads it.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

VICKY

Oh, no! Oh, come on! This
sounds like something my husband
would dream up.

(to Jack)

Jack, did you?

Jack glances at her, shakes his head, no, and goes
back to the redhead. Vicky watches until:

MARGE

Come on, Vicky, start.

AD LIB urging, and Vicky gestures that she's starting.
She makes the proper gestures for AD LIBBED reactions:
"Book title"... "Five words"... "Non-fiction"... "com-
plete title"... Vicky begins to run in place. AD LIBS:
"Hurry"... "Chase"... "race"... Vicky gestures "keep
trying"... as she runs toward Jack, runs in place in
front of him, until --

JACK

(turning toward her)

Run?

She gestures "yes," and to keep trying... and runs
harder -- as Jack turns back to the redhead. Vicky
notes that, disapproving, and then is drawn back to
the game. AD LIBS: "Run, Spot, Run?"... "Maybe it's
not run," etc., as Patty and Marge pass food trays and
Phil refills wine glasses. He pours for a PAUNCHY MAN.

PAUNCHY MAN

I hope it's dry wine. Dry has
less calories.

PHIL

Drink up. You can fast tomorrow.

Patty, turning to the game:

PATTY

'Run For Your Life'?

Vicky gestures no, try again... and runs harder, really
lifting her legs, and racing hard in place. She ges-
tures a full circle with her arms.

2

ANOTHER ANGLE

2

We're BEHIND her as:

(CONTINUED)

MARGE

I've got it, I've got it! 'The
Complete Book of Running'!

Applause. Vicky takes a deep, thankful bow and -- her pants split -- in full view of those behind her. There's an awkward silence as those who don't see it react to those who do. Vicky stands, frozen for a moment. Jack is embarrassed, turns away from the redhead. And then Vicky grins widely (a facade), turns so everyone can see the ripped pants, and throws her hands up in a champion's gesture.

VICKY

The winner and new champion,
Vicky Matthews!

The room erupts into applause and laughter. Jack relaxes, and turns his attention back to the redhead.

A glamorous bedroom, with one corner used as a sewing room -- materials and supplies neatly stashed in cubbyholes over a sewing machine, with a slender form wearing a half-finished disco dress standing next to it. Vicky is easing out of the torn pants, as Patty goes through her clothes in the closet. She takes out various items, a dress, a pair of pants, a robe, all sexy, all too small for Vicky, as --

VICKY

Why did you invite the redhead?

PATTY

I didn't. Phil did.

VICKY

So why doesn't she hit on Phil?

PATTY

She likes husbands better than
boyfriends. How about this?

Showing Vicky a filmy robe.

VICKY

Oh, sure! Patty, none of that
is going to fit me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vicky wraps the torn pants around herself, and goes to the sewing machine.

VICKY

(continuing)

Why don't you make yourself a caftan?

PATTY

I don't like them. They camouflage everything.

VICKY

(patting her hip)

Yeah... everything.

She goes through the pile of neatly folded materials.

PATTY

Phil likes me in tight, revealing clothes.

VICKY

Everything I have is tight, and revealing. Of course, none of it started out that way...

(picks up a piece of material with a loud, splashy print)

Hey, how about...?

PATTY

Vicky! That's for my new couch cover.

VICKY

Perfect for me.

THE LIVING ROOM

MUSIC is PLAYING now, and people standing around talking, eating, as Vicky appears in a "sari" made of the bright, splashy print.

VICKY

Ta-da!

Vicky holds a model's pose -- gets applause and laughter from those around her... and a glare from Jack. Then he turns back to the redhead.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Vicky sees that, the smile drops and she moves to the hors d'oeuvres table. Marge is there, relishing the pastries.

MARGE

The cream puffs are great.

Vicky nods and takes one -- and a drink in her other hand -- all with an "I'll show you" determination.

5

INT. JACK'S OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

5

Jack drives a large Oldsmobile sedan, and Vicky, still in the sari, sits beside him. Both are angry. The car RADIO counterpoints with romantic MUSIC.

VICKY

I think I look very... exotic.

JACK

You look like you couldn't find anything big enough in Patty's closet.

VICKY

(comically)

Poor girl is just skin and bones.

They ride a moment, silently. The MUSIC ENDS, and a commercial comes on: A JINGLE advertising a well-known candy. Vicky flicks OFF the RADIO.

VICKY

(continuing; digging)

And you don't like your women bony. You like them popping out of their clothes.

She makes a simpery, sexy gesture.

JACK

All right, Vicky --

VICKY

(imitating him)

All I did was talk to the girl.

JACK

(exactly the same way)

All I did was talk --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

JACK (CONT'D)
 (a take, realizes)
 She's a nice girl.

VICKY
 If you happen to like sexy
 looking broads.

JACK
 I married a sexy looking broad.

He looks at her accusingly. Vicky flinches under it,
 looks for a retort, then --

VICKY
 Well... well... I married a guy
 with hair on his head.

Jack's hand goes automatically to his head to cover a
 thin spot.

6 EXT. THE MATTHEWS HOUSE - NIGHT

6

A suburban, upper-middle class house. A vintage Ford
 coupe is parked to one side of the driveway, almost
 blocking the other side. The Oldsmobile pulls in off
 the street, has to angle around the Ford, going onto
 the grass, before it can get to the garage.

JACK (O.S.)
 Your mother didn't move her car.
 Didn't you tell her?

VICKY (O.S.)
 I told her.

The garage door opens automatically, revealing a late
 model Chevy wagon, parked behind the Ford. The Olds
 pulls into the garage next to it.

7 INT. THE MATTHEWS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

7

Vicky and Jack have just come in. Vicky is still hold-
 ing the ripped pants. HELEN, Vicky's mother, is
 maternal and very slender. She reaches for her coat,
 purse and knitting and looks Vicky over at the same
 time.

HELEN
 You didn't go to a costume party.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

HELEN (CONT'D)

How come you came home from one?

Vicky holds the pants up for Helen to see. And then she mouths with Helen --

HELEN

(continuing)

I told you the pants were too tight.

VICKY

I know you did, Mom. Thanks for sitting.

(heading for the bedroom)

Kids give you any trouble?

HELEN

They never give me trouble.

Helen looks at Jack.

HELEN

(continuing; gesturing a fat body)

Do something with her.

JACK

I'm trying, Helen.

8 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

8

In addition to the usual bedroom furnishings, an exercise cycle stands in one corner. Vicky comes into the room, goes to her dressing table, opens a bottom drawer and pushes things around until she finds a hidden candy bar. She starts to unwrap it, but the SOUND of the DOOR OPENING stops her. She drops the candy bar back into the drawer, and pushes it closed, as Jack comes in. He stands just inside the doorway, looking at her, and Vicky sees his reflection in the mirror. They're both uncomfortable, turn away. Then --

VICKY

... I'm sorry...

JACK

So am I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She holds up a thumb toward him -- a private symbol they have. Jack holds his up -- as if to press the thumbs together -- but they're still across the room from each other.

VICKY

Friends?

A beat... and they move toward each other... just close enough to press thumbs together.

JACK

Friends.

But the aura of the quarrel is still there -- they drop their hands, and don't know what to do next. Jack looks over the sari... tries for a grin.

JACK

(continuing)

You know... you do look pretty sexy in that thing.

Vicky grins, then in a comical, but sexy way, she hands him an end of the sari, and they dance around each other as he unwraps it, while they hum some torchy song. Then they go into each other's arms. They kiss, begin to touch each other, run their hands over each other. Jack's hand reaches Vicky's buttocks. He squeezes.

JACK

(continuing;
murmuring)

There's the beautiful bun that split the pants.

Vicky freezes, and then, furious, she pushes him away.

VICKY

You bought that pantsuit. I didn't.

JACK

You said you liked it.

VICKY

I would have liked it a size larger.

JACK

You were going to lose weight by the party.

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

I never said that. You said that.

JACK

You wanted that electronic calorie counter, and that exercycle thing. I got them for you.

VICKY

I didn't want them. You wanted them.

JACK

What do you want? Ten cream puffs?

VICKY

They're mostly air.

JACK

Vicky, it's not a joke. You're eating yourself right back to where you were when Danny was born. Why?

VICKY

(comical question)
I'm hungry?

JACK

(cynically
paraphrasing)
That's funny, you don't look hungry.

VICKY

That's not funny!

JACK

No, it's not, Vicky! And it gets less funny by the pound.

Vicky glares at him, and suddenly grabs a blanket off the bed. Jack, knowing what's coming, has his hand up ready -- Vicky throws the blanket, and he catches it.

Jack is asleep on the couch, his head completely covered by the blanket. LISA, 11, and DANNY, 9, in their pajamas, sneak up to the couch. Danny lifts the cover carefully, so they can see who it is.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

DANNY
 (disappointed)
 It's Daddy.

LISA
 That'll be a nickel.

As they go back to the bedrooms --

DANNY
 Bet a dime the fight was about
 Mom eating too much.

And they're gone. Jack wakes up, gets his bearings, realizing where he is and why. He gets up, stretches, and drops to the floor to do pushups.

10 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

10

Vicky wakes up, realizes she's alone in the bed -- remembers the fight, and pulls the covers up again. A beat, she throws off the covers, gets up, turns on the exercycle but doesn't get on it, and marches past it to the adjoining bathroom. We SEE her through the open door as she steps on the scale -- and groans.

11 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

11

A cake and cookies are in covered containers on the counters, sugared cereals are SEEN in open cupboards. The table is set for a fancy breakfast for four. Lisa puts the flower centerpiece in the middle, where three containers of syrup already stand along with jam and powdered sugar. Jack sets down a tray of hot pancakes. And Danny leads Vicky in. They're all dressed for the day, but Vicky is half asleep and in her robe.

JACK
 (warily)
 Good morning.

LISA
 We made breakfast.

VICKY
 I'm not hungry.

LISA
 Aw, Mom... Daddy said we were
 all going to eat together.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DANNY

Like we do every time you have
a fight.

VICKY

... I'll just have coffee.

She sits down, and Jack pours coffee for her. She
avoids Jack's eager look and sips at the coffee.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

12

Danny and Jack are just finishing their breakfast.
Lisa is poking at hers, half of it is still on the
plate.

DANNY

Should we go out and let you
talk now, like after all the
fights?

JACK

Yes.

Danny and Lisa get up as --

LISA

Are you driving, Daddy, like
after all the --

JACK

Lisa, knock it off.

Lisa shrugs, and starts out after Danny.

VICKY

You didn't finish your breakfast.

LISA

I'm not hungry.

And she goes. Vicky and Jack are alone. She's staring
into her coffee... Jack looking at her... then --

JACK

Friends?

He holds up his thumb... a beat... and Vicky presses
hers against it.

VICKY

Friends.

(CONTINUED)

She pulls her hand away, uses both hands to hold the coffee cup, and looks away from him again.

JACK

... You want to meet me downtown and we'll go out to dinner?

VICKY

Why is the peace offering food? I thought you wanted me to diet.

JACK

Well... you won't let me buy you clothes... Flowers! I'll buy you flowers.

VICKY

I've got a garden full of flowers.

JACK

What do you want?

VICKY

To wake up tomorrow a size 9.

JACK

Then go to Dr. Haymer... He did it for you before.

VICKY

Yeah, when I was a kid, and a teenager, and after each baby. He's a lousy doctor. The disease keeps coming back... worse every time.

JACK

(takes her hand)

But in between, Vick, when you get thin... you were gorgeous when we got married.

(moves in closer)

You can look like that again.

He leans over to kiss her -- just as Lisa comes in.

LISA

We're ready, Daddy.

JACK

Lisa, you've got lousy timing.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

LISA

Sorry.

And she goes. But she's broken the mood. Jack gets up.

JACK

Go to him, Vicky... You can be the sexiest, most beautiful woman in the world.

He blows her a kiss, and goes. Vicky reaches up and grabs it, and mutters to herself.

VICKY

Would it be okay if I was only the second most beautiful?

She sits a moment, thinking. We HEAR the FRONT DOOR CLOSE. Without thinking, Vicky picks up the remaining cold pancake from Lisa's plate and begins to eat it.

13 INT. DR. HAYMER'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - A MEDICAL POSTER 13

of a normal heart and a heart covered with fat. STAY on that as:

DR. HAYMER (O.S.)

A candy bar is 250 calories, a piece of pie is 300, a serving of peanuts, 400.

WIDEN THE SHOT TO INCLUDE Vicky in DR. HAYMER's office, sitting across the desk from the doctor, an old family friend.

DR. HAYMER

(continuing)

Calories are energy. If you don't use up the energy, it stores itself in your body as fat.

VICKY

And 3500 calories of stored fat is one pound of body weight. I know all that, Dr. Haymer.

DR. HAYMER

I know you know it. So why do you buy that stuff?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

VICKY

I don't. I get it for the kids.

DR. HAYMER

Who eats their leftovers?

VICKY

(a beat, grins)

Oh... leftovers...

DR. HAYMER

(hands her a
printed sheet)

Vicky, go on a diet.

VICKY

(looks at the form
and puts it down)I went on this diet.

DR. HAYMER

Went where? Off of it?

14 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

14

Busy -- women and men of all sizes, filling carts with food -- junk, health, lots of both. Above their heads, advertising banners offering a cornucopia of goodies -- desserts, starches, dietetic products, etc., etc. OVER all this:

VICKY (V.O.)

Maybe it's my glands.

We PUSH DOWN an aisle, diet foods on one side, gourmet bakery on the other, and FIND Vicky and Marge shopping. Vicky looks at the display of diet supplements with a before and after picture of a woman in profile, then joins Marge picking out baked goods as:

DR. HAYMER (V.O.)

It's not glands. It's food. Too much food. The wrong kinds of food. Vicky, it's poison, it'll kill you.

VICKY (V.O.)

So let me go back on those appetite deprents -- those amphetamines.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HAYMER (V.O.)

No, you got crazy on amphetamines.

Vicky and Marge are near a slim demonstrator, offering tidbits of a rich cake. They stop to taste as:

VICKY

So I asked him if I should take some tests or see an endocrinologist or something.

MARGE

What'd he say?

Marge takes two more samples, gives one to Vicky and they move on, past a huge man shoving cans of diet foods into his cart, as:

VICKY

(imitating Haymer)

If you want to spend your money, spend your money. But go on a diet.

(looks at cake in her hand)

I can't start a diet in the middle of a day.

They round the corner to the candy aisle as:

VICKY

(continuing)

There ought to be a magic wand. A touch and the fat just melts off.

MARGE

Or a touch and no one cares.

Vicky and Marge roll their overfilled carts out of the store, past the drugstore where a window display advertises diet pills, and to Vicky's station wagon as:

MARGE (V.O.)

Did you know they used to sell capsules of worms that would eat your fat from inside? Yuch.

VICKY (V.O.)

Marge, we have to do something about ourselves!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MARGE (V.O.)
Why? What's wrong with us?

16 EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

16

On a street of small stores, we briefly NOTICE a billboard advertising ice cream -- a bikinied girl eating a cone... and then FOCUS ON Vicky's station wagon, loaded with groceries, and Marge as passenger.

VICKY (V.O.)
Wouldn't you like to look like
Patty?

MARGE (V.O.)
Did you ever see how Patty eats?

The station wagon turns a corner and pulls up into the line of cars double-parked in front of an elementary school. Mostly mothers, a few fathers, sit at their wheels waiting.

VICKY (V.O.)
Yeah. She doesn't.

17 INT./EXT. THE STATION WAGON

17

Vicky and Marge are sharing a bag of doughnuts as:

MARGE
What a lousy way to live.

VICKY
Why? Patty's got it made... A great job, a macho live-in boyfriend, the same figure she had when she was eighteen. You know what I have? A 24 hour job -- being a maid to two kids, a house, and a husband who's looking for girls with figures like I had at eighteen.

MARGE
You know what I have? I like myself. Which is more than either of you have.

The school BELL RINGS and the children burst out of the school. Immediately, a CACAPHONY OF HORNS is HEARD -- parents summoning their kids.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

The kids look about, confused. Danny seeks out Vicky's car from the school door, then seeing it, makes a beeline for the car. He dives into the back seat and lies down. We're vaguely AWARE of another boy, his age, Jeff, watching.

DANNY

Let's go.

VICKY

Mind if we wait for Lisa and Peggy?

Jeff saunters to the car, and Danny cringes away from him. Jeff grins at Danny, looks at Vicky, then back at Danny. He puffs his cheeks out, comically grotesque, and as Danny leans out the window, Jeff waddles away.

DANNY

(calling after Jeff)

Creep!

MARGE

What's all that about?

Danny doesn't answer. Lisa and Marge's daughter, Peggy, appear at the school door, stop to talk to others. Danny leans over the front seat, and hits the HORN.

18 INT. DR. ROLLINS' OFFICE DOOR - DAY

18

We're CLOSE ON the door on which is printed: DR. EUGENIA ROLLINS/ENDOCRINOLOGIST. An overweight man opens the door to go in, and we FOLLOW to:

19 INT. DR. ROLLINS' WAITING ROOM - DAY

19

The walls display charts and medical textbook pictures of weight related subjects: body types, good and bad foods, slogans, etc. Men, women and children, most of them overweight, studiously avoid speaking to each other. Vicky is as quiet as the rest, flipping through a medical journal, but actually studying those around her. A NURSE opens the inside door.

NURSE

Mrs. Matthews.

And Vicky goes inside.

DR. ROLLINS is a small compact woman. She's business-like, and yet gentle, as:

DR. ROLLINS

Over half the people in this country weigh more than they should. And they spend 10 billion dollars every year on fad diets, gadgets, pills, books, clinics. All they really need is to eat fewer calories.

VICKY

But, sometimes isn't it something the body is doing wrong?

DR. ROLLINS

Very, very few cases are due to body irregularity.

VICKY

But my tests... didn't they show anything?

DR. ROLLINS

Your blood pressure is 130 over 95, it could be lower, but it's normal. Your sugar level is 120. 100 is better, but it's normal. But if you gain more weight, those figures could change -- drastically.

VICKY

What about my glands?

DR. ROLLINS

Sorry. The only thing you can blame is your fatty cells.

VICKY

(a reprieve, she thinks)

Yeah?

DR. ROLLINS

We're all born with a certain amount of fatty cells. There are two times in our lives when they multiply. If we're fat as toddlers, or in our late teens.

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

(sinks)

Guilty.

DR. ROLLINS

Once they're there, they stay there.

She shows Vicky the chart -- two sketches of fatty cells -- the sketch of the empty cells is small, the one with the filled cells is large, but both contain the same number of cells.

DR. ROLLINS

(continuing)

You see, if you keep them empty, they stay small, and you stay slim. But if you fill them up...

She shrugs.

VICKY

(really shaken now)

What can I do?

DR. ROLLINS

Take care of yourself.

VICKY

I'm too busy taking care of everyone else.

DR. ROLLINS

(takes a diet sheet from drawer, the same one Dr. Haymer gave Vicky)

You have time to go on a thousand calorie diet. And do aerobic exercises -- jog, swim, bike, jump rope. That will change your metabolism and burn the calories off faster... But most important, Vicky. Get at the source. Why?

VICKY

(this is the nitty gritty, she's upset)

I don't know why.

(CONTINUED)

DR. ROLLINS

Find out. I'm no psychologist, but I know people usually overeat for emotional reasons. Because they're unhappy, or to make up for something else they're lacking.

VICKY

Or maybe it's just a vice, like drinking or drugs... only it shows more.

DR. ROLLINS

Then get rid of it. Try a group ... Weight Watchers or Overeaters Anonymous or Calorie Counters.

Vicky looks more and more overwhelmed.

21 INT. THE MATTHEWS DINING ROOM - DAY

21

It's early evening. Jack and Lisa are working on the dining room table. Lisa, on homework; Jack, paying bills. The room is adjacent to the kitchen, so that at some ANGLES we can SEE Vicky in there, making dinner. The counter is filled with riches for tonight -- mashed potatoes, sauces, a cake. Vicky is preparing garlic toast, wets a finger to pick up a crumb, and eats it as:

JACK

So join one of them.

VICKY

You know what they cost?

JACK

Whatever. I'll pay.

VICKY

You're still grumbling about paying for the gym.

JACK

\$300 a year for four years! And you never use it!

VICKY

(comes to the door)

I never wanted it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICKY (CONT'D)

It was one of your 'helpful'
hints! Like that damned
exercycle in the bedroom.

JACK

And you never use that either!

LISA

... Are you going to fight?

JACK

Lisa --

LISA

Bye...

She gathers her books quickly and goes, as --

VICKY

I don't want to fight with you,
Jack.

JACK

I know. You want a magic wand.

VICKY

(trying to be funny)
You think if they could go to the
moon --

JACK

Vicky. Go to a diet club.

A beat. Vicky shrugs and goes back into the kitchen.

VICKY

I'm not a joiner.

Jack follows her, and we FOLLOW.

VICKY

(continuing)
You want roquefort on the salad?

JACK

Vicky, go somewhere... before
you turn into a Mack truck!

Vicky freezes. And Jack could bite his tongue --

JACK

(continuing)
I'm sorry.

But Vicky is taking off her apron.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

JACK
(continuing)
Where are you going?

VICKY
Somewhere! As ordered!

She throws the apron at him and marches into the dining room. Jack follows, and we FOLLOW.

JACK
What about dinner?

22 NEW ANGLE

22

as Lisa appears, playing the "sweet child."

LISA
I'll make it, Daddy.

Vicky hears that, grows even more angry, as she marches into her bedroom and slams the door.

CUT SHARPLY TO:

23 INT. THE GYM - LATE AFTERNOON

23

The gym is filled with men and women in sweatsuits, a few with weight belts, some of the really svelte women are in leotards, and all the heavy people are sweating profusely. They follow the male instructor through a rigorous exercise, bouncing in place in a jogging-like movement, to recorded MUSIC, and keeping up with varying degrees of success, as we PAN:

VICKY (O.S.)
(imitating Lisa)
I'll make it, Daddy... the fink.

PATTY (O.S.)
Let her. Let them all take turns cooking, and let Jack do the chauffeuring, baby sit a couple of nights so you can get out.

And now we're on Vicky and Patty, next to each other. Patty is gorgeous in her leotard, and doing her exercise with ease. Vicky, in a sweatsuit, is barely moving through it, breathing heavily.

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

(continuing;
cynically)

You don't have to be the sweet,
self-sacrificing housewife every
minute of the day.

VICKY

Yes, I do... Jack's entitled to
a good housewife or a good-looking
wife. I have to be at least one
of them.

She stops for a breath, as the rest of the class keeps
going.

PATTY

What about what you're entitled
to?

VICKY

(trying the
exercise again)

I've got it.

PATTY

What?

VICKY

Kids, husband, home...

PATTY

Is it what you want?

New exercise -- harder -- sit-ups -- and Vicky can only
get her head and shoulders off the floor. She hesi-
tates, then nods, yes.

PATTY

(continuing)

Are you ever going back to work?
You were a damned good advertising
artist.

VICKY

That was 12 years ago.

The thought depresses her.

The class is getting into shoulder stands for bicycling.
Patty gets into it easily.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

PATTY

You going to just sit there?

Vicky tries it -- once, twice... a third time. She rolls over, too far, and does a clumsy backward somersault. And then lies there, defeated.

VICKY

Oh, the hell with it.

24 EXT. THE GYM - NIGHT

24

The SOUND of EXERCISE MUSIC is still HEARD, as Vicky, worn out, almost limps out of the gym. As she turns toward the parking lot to one side, we WIDEN THE SHOT TO INCLUDE the store between the gym and the parking lot -- an ice cream shop. Vicky gets just past it, hesitates, looks at the store, hungrily.

25 INT. THE ICE CREAM STORE - NIGHT

25

Pictures of luscious ice cream combinations line the walls. Vicky, wedged into a half-armed student chair, about to attack a large sundae complete with trimmings, scoops up the cherry, and when it's halfway to her mouth --

26 ANGLE - INCLUDING JOYCE

26

a jolly, very overweight women in her mid-30's, sits at right angles to Vicky. Vicky sees her when she lifts her head to eat the cherry. Vicky hesitates -- it's as if she's seen a mirror image of herself -- and she doesn't like it. Joyce looks up -- their eyes catch, and they're embarrassed. They've been caught in the act. Finally --

JOYCE

Don't eat the cherry. Red dye number two. It's bad for you.

A beat -- and they both laugh. Vicky shrugs a "what the hell" and digs in. They go on eating as:

VICKY

You live around here?

JOYCE

Of course not. I wouldn't eat ice cream where people know me. They might think I'm fat.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

They go on eating. Joyce finishes, struggles to get out of the chair, starts to leave, then stops for:

JOYCE

(continuing)

My name is Joyce and I'm a compulsive overeater. That's how we say it at O.A.

VICKY

You belong to Overeaters Anonymous?

JOYCE

Did. Also Weight Watchers, Calorie Counters and TOPS. And as you can see, I gained a great deal from all of them.

Vicky grins, laughs, and in a moment, they're both giggling uncontrollably.

27 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE ICE CREAM STORE - NIGHT

27

Vicky and Joyce leave the store together, as if they're great, old friends, and walk toward the parking lot.

VICKY

Then there were only three left, and I couldn't serve that to six women, so --

JOYCE

You polished them off, and went to the store for more.

VICKY

Yeah. I was so sick the next day --

JOYCE

Did it stop you from eating?

Vicky doesn't need to answer... they walk a minute, then --

VICKY

The doctor said I should figure out why... and I thought of a million reasons... all phony.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

JOYCE

I know why I eat... it's the only
pleasure I have.

They've reached Joyce's car.

JOYCE

(continuing)

Well... bon appetit.

She starts getting into the car, and Vicky reaches
out impulsively to stop her.

VICKY

Joyce, can I call you?

JOYCE

For the next ice cream sundae?

VICKY

Or the next confessional,
which ever comes first.

Joyce digs into her purse for pencil or paper, as --

JOYCE

You'll never use this.

VICKY

Probably not.

She takes the slip of paper with Joyce's phone number
on it, and Joyce gets into the car. Vicky watches as
she drives off, then looks at the phone number, puts it
into her purse, and starts toward her own car.

28 INT. MATTHEWS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

28

Lisa sits in front of the TV eating popcorn, and
watching an old "Lucy" or ? rerun -- a funny dinner
scene. But she's turned to what Jack and Vicky are
saying. Vicky has just come in, and Jack is leading
her toward Danny's room, as --

JACK

He wouldn't tell me. He just
ran into his room and slammed
the door. But you should have
seen him.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

LISA

He looks terrible.

JACK

Of all the nights for you not to
be here.

Vicky goes to Danny's door and knocks.

VICKY

Danny?

DANNY (O.S.)

Go away!

29 INT. DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

29

Danny is in his pajamas, and huddled into the bed, with his back to Vicky. She picks up his shirt from the floor, notices the rips, dirt and blood on it, and goes with it to the bed. She sits down and turns him toward her. Danny has made a childish, unsuccessful attempt to clean his face, but the dirt, and remnants of a bloody nose are still SEEN.

VICKY

... How's the other guy?

DANNY

I barely touched him... He's got
the longest arms!

VICKY

Who?

DANNY

Jeff Hauser!

He didn't mean to tell her. He turns away, and pushes down into the covers.

VICKY

The creep?

DANNY

I'll get him back...

VICKY

For what?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

For... for giving me a bloody
nose, and tearing my shirt and --

VICKY

For what, Danny?

A beat... and Danny has to let it out -- on a sob.

DANNY

He said you had to go through
doors sideways... he said... boy
was I lucky, I didn't have a
mother, I had an elephant... he
said...

And he can't talk any more, he's sobbing too hard.
Vicky holds back her own tears... but the pain is
obvious. Vicky holds her arms out to him, and Danny
goes into them. She holds him, rocking him... as he
sobs and she bites at her lips.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

30

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

30

A busy place; waiters carry trays heaped with rich food, pastry carts stand waiting, menus are huge. Baskets piled high with homemade rolls are on every table. A fashion MODEL in a flowing, long gown poses for the women at one table, and a slender luncher, watching, rejects a basket of hot biscuits/rolls offered by a waiter. We FOLLOW the Model toward another table, where someone lathers a roll with butter... and then MOVE PAST that toward another table where Vicky and Marge are finishing their lunches. Vicky's eating a tuna salad, and Marge, a club sandwich with French fries. A WAITRESS refills their coffee cups.

WAITRESS

Oh, didn't you get rolls?

VICKY

Yes, but I didn't want --

But the Waitress is gone. Marge starts to ladle sugar into her coffee, as Vicky squeezes some lemon onto her salad and picks up what she's been saying:

VICKY

(continuing)

I didn't know what to say to Danny. 'I'm not fat?' 'It's okay that I'm fat?' 'Jeff's a stinking brat and you should beat him up'?... which is what I wanted to say. Marge, why don't you use artificial sweetener in your coffee?

MARGE

That stuff kills rats.

Two men take the table behind Vicky; the one back to back with her, pushing his chair quite close in order to sit down. The Waitress appears with two baskets of rolls, putting one on the men's table, and one on Vicky's.

WAITRESS

There you are.

She leaves. Vicky puts the basket on an adjacent, empty table -- where the first basket of uneaten rolls sits, as Marge grabs one.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE

What you should have said is,
'Poor Jeff, he tries to cuddle
with his mother and he hits rib
bones. You've got it made, kid.'

The Model approaches their table, opening her gown to
reveal a matching bikini.

MODEL

(reciting)

Going from beach to beach party
and made out of imported silk, the
ensemble comes in blue, gold and
green, sizes six to twelve, and
sells for \$57.95.

MARGE

What do you have in a size 20?

MODEL

I'm sorry.

Both shrug. The Model leaves and Marge reaches for
another roll. As she butters it:

VICKY

That's 120 calories each and you're
on your third.

MARGE

Vicky, I didn't go on pills with
you, and I didn't go on shots with
you, and I'm not going on 1000
calories with you either. So, let
me enjoy this.

They eat silently, then:

VICKY

Do you know what I weigh?

MARGE

No, and I don't want to.

VICKY

Don't worry, I wouldn't tell you.

The Waitress returns and picks up their plates.

WAITRESS

There's dessert with the salad.
Peach cobbler.

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Do you have any fresh fruit?

WAITRESS

Sorry, no substitutions.

VICKY

I'll skip it.

MARGE

She'll take it and I'll have one,
too -- with chocolate ice cream.

VICKY

I don't want...

But the Waitress has gone.

MARGE

You can start your diet tomorrow.
The cobbler here is really great.

VICKY

I've already started and I'm not
going to let you ruin it for me.

MARGE

Then I'll eat both cobblers.
They're pretty small anyway.

VICKY

No! No, I'll eat it, I know I will.

Vicky gets up.

VICKY

(continuing)

If I'm here when the cobbler arrives,
I'll eat it.

MARGE

Where are you going?

VICKY

To make a phone call. I'll meet
you up front.

Vicky tries to move from the table but is stuck because
the man behind her is so close. He's involved in con-
versation and is oblivious to her struggle until:

VICKY

(continuing)

Could you move... just an inch?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2A)

30

The man shifts his chair closer to his table, while giving Vicky an amused once-over. Vicky catches it, is embarrassed, and covers with:

VICKY

(continuing; to
the man)

Better not eat the rolls. You're
getting paunchy.

And she goes, hearing the men LAUGH behind her. We TRACK Vicky through the restaurant... and the eating, and the piles of food, and the waiters serving -- and Vicky trying not to look at passing goodies. She goes to the coin telephone on the wall near the cashier. She gets Joyce's number from her purse, dials, and gets a busy signal.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

She hangs up, turns to watch Marge, now eating the cobbler a la mode, turns away; notices after-dinner mints on the cashier's counter, takes one, almost eats it, puts it back, and dials again. Busy. And she's getting very upset.

31 INT. JOYCE'S DEN - DAY

31

It's an office, with a large desk, covered with papers -- notes, invoices, mail, etc. Joyce (wearing a ratty old muu-muu) leans back in the tilting swivel chair, in a sexy, come-on way, as she talks into the phone... and nibbles on nuts from a bowl on the desk.

JOYCE

Well, I'm wearing a sheer black negligee... Because I knew I was calling you... Now?... In the middle of the day?... No, come on, Max, don't be silly... I didn't call you for that, I called you to tell you that we're having a special on number 20 bonded paper... Just for you, \$3.95 a ream... Well, why don't you place your order, and I'll ask my boss if I can make the delivery in person.

She begins to write the order.

32 INT. RESTAURANT - VICKY ON PHONE

32

She dials again, this time the phone is free. A waiter carries two huge banana splits past her, and she watches, as:

VICKY

(into the phone)

Hello, is this Joyce?... From the ice cream store, and no maraschino cherries?... Yeah, Vicky... Oh, I'm fine -- no, I'm not... I just had lunch --
(shrugs)

No, I didn't have dessert.

It's like a page out of House Beautiful. Everything Joyce can't put on her body, she puts into her home. She sets out dishes of ice cream for herself and Vicky, who looks at it, worriedly.

JOYCE

It's dietetic. No sugar, no salt, and they don't say how many calories.

As they eat:

VICKY

Marge says she's the only one who's really happy, because she accepts who she is, and enjoys it. And she's right. Patty's got it all, but she isn't enjoying it. I've got everything Patty doesn't have ... and I'm miserable.

JOYCE

I have nothing. No husband, no kids, and a lousy job. And I'm fatter than all of you.

VICKY

What do you want, Joyce?

JOYCE

Husband, kids, and no job. What about you?

VICKY

I don't know... I used to do advertising art. Patty says I should go back to it.

JOYCE

Is that what you want?

VICKY

I'd have to take some classes first.

JOYCE

So take some classes.

VICKY

I'd have to lose weight first.

JOYCE

(understanding)
Big lady wrapped around a little paint brush?

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

I'd look ridiculous.

JOYCE

So go to Jack La Lanne.

VICKY

I was thinking... Calorie Counters?
Will you go with me?

They both think about it, as they scrape all the ice cream off their plates and eat it.

34 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

34

Vicky has on a bulky dress and some junk jewelry -- necklace and bracelets. She is edgy as she checks herself in the mirror and doesn't realize Jack is taking a picture until the flash of his Polaroid goes off.

VICKY

What're you doing?

JACK

That's the 'before' picture. When you get down, I'll take the 'after.'

And Vicky is more edgy.

VICKY

Did I tell you it's \$10 for the first time for registration? After that, \$5 a week?

JACK

You told me, and I'll pay it.

Vicky goes into the bathroom. We SEE her through the open doorway. She gets on the scale and takes off the jewelry, as:

VICKY

You have to pay the \$5 even the weeks I don't go.

JACK

You already planning which weeks you won't go?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

VICKY

I'm trying to be realistic.

The dress feels too heavy, she takes it off, and steps on the scale again -- then in her slip, she comes back into the bedroom to test the weight of other dresses in the closet, as:

JACK

Forget realistic. Lose weight.

A beat. Vicky looks at herself in the mirror.

VICKY

Jack... what do you see when you look at me?

JACK

You trying to get out of going?

VICKY

I'm not asking you to go to bed with me... I want to know how you feel about me.

JACK

I feel... Honest?

VICKY

Honest.

JACK

I feel... betrayed...

A beat. He walks out, and Vicky looks at herself, wondering.

35

INT. A CHURCH SOCIAL HALL - EVENING

35

Under a beautifully-lettered slogan, "God will provide" is a crudely homemade one on paper, "But not too well, please!" And under that "Calorie Counters." The room is filled with people -- coming in, chatting, standing in line to check in, and in another line to get weighed. Joyce and Vicky, wearing a lightweight sleeveless dress, reach the front of the check-in line, and are greeted by SANDRA, tightly girdled into a fairly nice figure. The check-in counter top is covered with pamphlets and diet recipes.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA
(effusively)
Oh, Joyce, I'm so glad you came
back!

JOYCE
I didn't come back. I was dragged
back. This is my friend, Vicky,
she wants to join.

SANDRA
(same tone as
before)
Oh, Vicky, I'm so glad you want to
join!

BEN approaches. He's 40ish, 25 pounds overweight, a
smiling, likeable man.

BEN
(to Joyce)
Couldn't stay away from me, could
you?

JOYCE
Ben! I thought you'd be skinny
by now.

BEN
I was... for about ten minutes.

36 ANGLE - THE WEIGH-IN LINE

Joyce, Vicky and Ben are now together in line, in
that order. A woman, BETTY, 60 pounds overweight, is
in front of Joyce. They move up slowly as:

BEN
I'm giving it one more chance.
After that, I'll start saving up
for a by-pass.

JOYCE
(to Vicky)
Ben's doctor thinks the weight
caused his heart attack.

Vicky looks at him, shocked.

BEN
Actually, I'm not overweight.
My chest just slipped a little.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

It's Joyce's turn. She steps around the free-standing blackboard used as a divider, and gets onto the scale, which is hidden from those in line -- but not from us. As she hands her card to the clerk:

JOYCE

Close your eyes, this is supposed to be private.

37 ANGLE - THE GROUP

37

is now almost seated. As the last people take seats, the lecturer, BRAD, 30ish, very slender, and dressed ultra-mod (with shirt open to the belt line, chains around his neck, etc.), leads the group, singing, as we PICK OUT Vicky, Joyce and Ben sitting toward the back. Vicky is reading the song off a leaflet, but Ben and Joyce know it, and sing along with less gusto than most around them. Several people wear half-masks of pigs' faces. Joyce and Ben hold their masks on their laps.

ALL

(to the tune of
"Home on the
Range")

Oh, give us a shape,
And don't let us escape
To the land where the fat used to be.
Oh, let us get thin
Because thin's always in.
And to happiness it is the key.

Everyone applauds, then:

BRAD

Good evening. I'm Brad.

ALL

(in chorus)

Good evening, Brad.

BRAD

My name used to be Irving. When I weighed 235 pounds. But I look more like a Brad now, wouldn't you say?

The audience APPLAUDS and AD-LIBS approval.

BRAD

(continuing)

Let's see how we did this week.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

AD-LIBBED mixture of GROANS and HURRAHS, as Brad picks up a pile of cards.

BRAD
(continuing)
Betty?

Betty stands at her seat for:

BETTY
Four and a quarter pounds!

APPLAUSE. She sits down.

BRAD
Betty's lost 14 pounds in all.
It won't be long now!

AD-LIBBED approval. Brad looks at the next card.

BRAD
(continuing)
Oh-oh.

AD-LIBBED GROANS of compassion.

BRAD
(continuing)
Now, you know we don't announce
the amount of gain, but we do
want to help... Joyce, what
happened, darling?

JOYCE
(doesn't stand,
comically)
I don't know, I ate like a bird.

BRAD
A vulture?

Everyone laughs, including Joyce... but we CATCH
Vicky's face... she's mortified.

BRAD
(continuing)
Where's your pig mask?

Joyce shows it to him and drops it back into her lap.
AD LIBS: "Put it on." "You have to wear it," etc.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

BRAD

(continuing)

No, let's stop picking on her.
 Joyce, we're glad you came back,
 and we are going to help you...
 if it kills you.

APPLAUSE and LAUGHTER. Brad looks at the next card.

BRAD.

(continuing)

Oh, a new member. Vicky... Vicky,
 where are you? Stand up,
 sweetheart.

Vicky half raises a hand. And everyone cranes to see
 where she is.

JOYCE

(aside to Vicky)

He won't give up.

Vicky stands up.

BRAD

Oh, isn't she pretty?... Vicky,
 we're going to turn you into a
 beauty queen. Aren't we?

APPLAUSE and approval, AD LIB. And Vicky sits down.
 Brad looks at the next card.

BEN

(aside to Vicky)

Here goes.

BRAD

Ben, aw, Ben, why?... You're a
 baaaad boy.

Ben half stands and sits, looking sheepish. AD LIBS
 are more intent: "Put on the mask." "You have to
 wear it." "Pigs have to wear pig masks," etc... and
 we MOVE IN CLOSE to our trio. Vicky is looking at
 Ben, compassionately, and Joyce looks at the grinning
 faces around them.

JOYCE

(aside)

Let's get out of here.

38 INT. THE MATTHEWS KITCHEN - EVENING

38

There are cardboard grocery cartons on the table, and Jack and the kids are putting food from the cupboards and refrigerator into them. Lisa takes a box of cookies from the cupboard.

LISA

What about these cookies?

JACK

Out.

DANNY

But we like them.

JACK

So does your mother.

LISA

(dumping them)

Out.

DANNY

Does that mean I never get to eat junk food again?

JACK

We'll go out once in a while for a treat... Danny, we want Mom to get slim and beautiful, don't we?

DANNY

(remembering the fight)

Yeah... we sure do...

39 INT. A COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

39

Posters on the walls depict various goodies. Vicky, Joyce and Ben are in a booth, drinking coffee. Joyce and Ben eat pie.

JOYCE

My whole family was fat. They liked to eat, and that's the way they raised me. And I'm tired of trying to change.

BEN

I was gorgeous until I got married, and my wife started to feed me...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

BEN (CONT'D)

Boy, did she feed me... It killed her, and it'll probably kill me, too.

VICKY

My husband's slim... and my kids... and my mother, especially my mother.

Joyce and Ben make understanding sounds.

JOYCE

(handing Vicky a
forkful of her
pie)

Here.

VICKY

No... I don't think so... This may not last, but right now, I'm feeling... strong. Do you know this is the first time in years I've ordered coffee and nothing else?

JOYCE

Not because of Calorie Counters?

VICKY

Because I don't want to go back to Calorie Counters.

HOLD on Vicky.

40 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

Jack, still dressed, stands in the doorway, watching Vicky get ready for bed.

VICKY

It was awful... the way they embarrassed people... and that... that poor man's Burt Reynolds who ran the thing...

JACK

But, as long as they help you.

VICKY

They helped me leave, that's how they helped me.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

JACK

... You mean... you walked out on it?

VICKY

We had to. We couldn't stand it.

JACK

Who, we?

VICKY

Joyce, and Ben and I.

JACK

Who's Ben?

VICKY

Joyce's friend... He really likes her.

JACK

How fat is she?

VICKY

You know, there are some men who see past fat.

She's in her pajamas now and sits at the dressing table, to brush her hair.

JACK

If you left the meeting early, how come you're home so late?

VICKY

We went out for coffee.

JACK

(bitingly sarcastic)

And what?

Vicky stops brushing, her hand halfway to her head. Suddenly, she throws her brush at him. He ducks, it misses. Then Vicky starts gathering blankets and pillow off the bed. Used to that, he puts a hand up to catch them.

JACK

(continuing)

Ever notice how you always pick these fights at night, so you can throw me out of my bed!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

VICKY

You picked the fight!... Is it so
you can get out of my bed?

JACK

Well, why not? Nothing much
happens there!

He starts for the door.

VICKY

Sure! Because you're saving
yourself for your chicks!

Jack, at the door, turns sharply.

JACK

That's what you think? That I'm
sleeping around?

VICKY

Aren't you?

JACK

I'm sure as hell thinking about it.

He drops the bedding on the floor and steps over it to
get to the closet. He takes out a sweater and goes
out of the room. A beat, and Vicky chases after him.

41 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

41

Jack strides toward the front door, as Vicky appears
from the bedroom.

VICKY

Where are you going?

JACK

Do you care?

He goes out and slams the door. A beat.

VICKY

(yells to the
door)

Not one damn bit!

And she stands, trying to breathe normally... looking
about as if what to do next... The kids peek from
behind a door.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

VICKY
(continuing;
sharply)
Go to bed.

The kids disappear.

VICKY
(continuing;
to their door)
No, I didn't mean...

She sobs, holds it back... the panic grows... what to do... suddenly she bolts toward the kitchen.

42 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

42

Vicky stands at the refrigerator, staring, infuriated, at two pictures that have been taped to it -- the Polaroid shot Jack just took, and one of herself and Jack on their honeymoon -- at a pool, in bathing suits. Both young -- he, with a head full of hair, she very slim. She tears the pictures down, rips them up, pulls open the refrigerator door -- and it's almost empty. Only some vegetables are inside. Vicky stares at it... open mouthed, in horror. HOLD on her.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

44 CONTINUED:

44

VICKY
My dieting is none of your
business.

LISA
Daddy said --

VICKY
(really furious,
grabbing Lisa's
shoulders)
If Daddy said, 'Jump over a cliff,'
would you jump over a cliff?

HELEN
Jack would never tell her to --

VICKY
What did your precious Daddy
expect you to eat... while he's
having a... a... champagne
brunch at the... the Hilton?

Now she's shaking Lisa, and Helen is trying to pull
them apart, as --

LISA
I want a champagne
brunch, too!

DANNY
How about an Egg
McMuffin?

45 EXT. THE MATTHEWS HOUSE - DAY

45

Danny and Lisa are still finishing their breakfast, as
Helen shepherds them out the door. Vicky, still in her
robe, watches. The kids climb into Helen's car (still
blocking both sides of the driveway) as --

HELEN
Get dressed, and go apologize to
your husband.

VICKY
For driving me crazy?

HELEN
So sit on your pride... alone...
You're just as stubborn as your
father was.

(kisses her)
Eat some breakfast. You look
terrible.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Jack's Olds drives down the street, hesitates at the blocked driveway, and pulls up to the curb. Helen pokes at Vicky.

HELEN

(continuing; aside
to Vicky)

Apologize.

And she hurries to the car. Jack gets out of his car. He's had a terrible night, and it shows. He starts toward Helen's car, and she starts the motor.

HELEN

(continuing)

Hi, Jack... Goodbye, Jack...

LISA

I want to talk to Daddy.

As Helen drives, off, Jack stands near the curb and Vicky at the door, both waving goodbye. Then they look at each other. Jack starts for the house. Vicky goes inside and slams the door. Jack hesitates, takes a breath for courage, and goes to the house.

46 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

46

Vicky cleans up the kids' dishes, as Jack dogs after her.

JACK

Forget the dishes. I want to
take you out to breakfast.

VICKY

Where? To the alley where you
threw the food?

JACK

I said I was sorry!
(trying to control
himself)

I really am, Vicky. I was wrong
to do that.

Vicky hesitates, goes on working.

JACK

(continuing)

Because I know you're trying.

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

(turning on him)

No! Because it's none of your business!

The words just pop out, but now Vicky thinks about them... It's a new idea... and she has to think it through... as she continues cleaning the kitchen Jack plods on --

JACK

I just want to do something to help... but I keep doing the wrong thing... buying small clothes is wrong... and throwing out food is wrong... and telling you you're fat is wrong... and telling you you're not fat is wrong...

(steps in front of Vicky to make her face him)

Vicky, tell me what I should do.

VICKY

Nothing...

(more assured now)

It's just none of your business.

JACK

Vicky... I'm you husband.

VICKY

... Yeah...

JACK

That's how you feel about it? Yeah?

VICKY

That's how I feel about... everything... yeah...

She wanders out of the kitchen still deep in these new thoughts. A beat, then Jack follows to:

Vicky walks about the room, automatically straightening pillows, picking up kids' clothes and toys, etc. Jack follows, as --

47 CONTINUED:

47

JACK

Since when?

VICKY

I don't know... Somewhere between
the ranch house and the station
wagon...

JACK

You wanted them.

VICKY

Yeah....I did, didn't I?...

She puts some kids' clothes in Jack's hands, and buried
in her thoughts, goes back to straightening. Jack,
trying to understand, follows.

JACK

Okay, if you don't want them...
what do you want?

VICKY

I want... I want to... do something
with my life... I want to... be
... somebody...

HOLD ON Vicky thinking.

48 INT. ART ACADEMY OFFICE - DAY

48

The office is small, a chaotic combination of art sup-
plies, snack food machines, paintings and office mate-
rials. Two students -- blue jeaned, slender, young,
are hanging around the snack machines, talking, laugh-
ing, eating.

BOY STUDENT

You have any uppers? I'm
exhausted.

GIRL STUDENT

(as she eats a candy
bar)

Dexadrine -- they don't help me
diet -- but they really keep me
awake.

She hands him some, and he downs it with canned soda.
As they walk out, they pass Vicky coming in, anxiously.
She gazes wistfully at their bodies -- and then they're
gone -- and Vicky is alone with the clerk MIKE, bearded,
blue jeaned and sneakered.

(CONTINUED)

He sits, with his back to her, and types, hunt and peck method, at the moment hesitating and looking for a letter. Vicky, waiting, growing more nervous, finally looks over his shoulder.

VICKY

The z is in the lower left corner.

Mike looks at her, at the typewriter, hits the z, and turns back to Vicky.

MIKE

You just saved my life.

VICKY

I hope you can do the same for me.

MIKE

(comically serious)

I almost made Eagle Scout.

VICKY

That might do it... Is Eric here?

MIKE

(handing her an
entry form)

No. I'm Mike. You want to enroll, right?

VICKY

Actually... re-enroll.

MIKE

You've been in school here?

VICKY

A long -- not too long ago.

MIKE

(takes the form
away from her)

What's your name?

VICKY

Victoria Matthews.

Mike opens a file drawer and begins to look.

VICKY

(continuing)

It was Victoria Broner when I was here.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

Mike closes the file drawer and opens another.

VICKY

(continuing)

It was... twelve years ago.

Mike closes the file drawer.

MIKE

What were you, a child prodigy?

He opens another drawer, and looks for the file.

VICKY

Yeah, I came here straight from
finger painting 101.

Mike looks at her and grins... and in a moment she
grins back.

MIKE

Funny lady.

He finds the folder, and looks at it as he comes back
to the desk, disapproves.

MIKE

(continuing)

Advertising?

Before Vicky can respond, ERIC, a grizzly, 70ish, non-
conformist comes in, overalled and paint covered.

ERIC

Mike, we're running low on turp --
(sees Vicky, studies
her)

Vicky? Is it Vicky?

VICKY

(leaping into his
arms)

Oh, Eric!

ERIC

(to Mike)

Mike, it's Vicky! It's my
darling, funny, sweet Vicky!

(plants a noisy
smack on her cheek)

My most brilliant student!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

VICKY

Oh, thank you! I need that!

She kisses him.

ERIC

You met Mike? My most brilliant student, but a terrible office clerk.

MIKE

Hi, Vicky.

VICKY

... Hi...

They grin... and Vicky begins to relax. She knows now -- she's doing the right thing for herself.

49 EXT. A PARK - DAY

49

We're CLOSE ON Vicky, as she jogs. She's in a sweat suit, soaked with perspiration, but we can SEE she's lost some weight. WIDEN THE SHOT TO INCLUDE Ben several feet in front of her and Joyce several feet behind. As they approach a street corner, Ben, then Vicky, jog in place, waiting for a traffic light to change. Joyce catches up, stops to rest.

VICKY

Don't stop. Jog in place.

BEN

Come on, Joyce -- we're getting skinny.

Joyce's look shows how much she likes him. She starts moving again.

JOYCE

If I get skinny, will you marry me?

BEN

I'll probably marry you anyway, but skinny would be nice.

The light changes, and they move ahead -- with Joyce taking the lead.

50

ANGLE - A HOT DOG STAND IN THE PARK

50

Joyce and Ben sit, exhausted, on the bench at a table in front of the hot dog stand, as Vicky looks at the menu printed on the wall behind the counter, and an ATTENDANT, a pimply youth, waits lethargically, to serve her. The meager offering includes hot dogs, fires, chips, and sugared soft drinks.

VICKY

Don't you have anything like...
cottage cheese... or a salad?

ATTENDANT

All we got's what's on the board,
lady.

VICKY

Oh... What do you put on the hot
dogs?

ATTENDANT

Mustard, catsup, relish, onions.

VICKY

Three orders of onions. And
three glasses of water.

ATTENDANT

I don't have a price list for
onions.

VICKY

Be creative.

51

ANGLE - AT THE TABLE

51

Vicky, Ben and Joyce are eating chopped raw onions out of paper hot dog dishes, and drinking lots of water out of paper cups to help them do it, as --

JOYCE

If we lose too much weight, we'll
get wrinkles, you know.

BEN

So we'll get face lifts.

He pulls his face upward.

VICKY

Then my husband can stop telling
me I look like his mother and
start telling me I look like his
daughter.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

And she thinks about that, frowning, as Joyce and Ben exchange a compassionate look.

JOYCE

Did he really say that?

VICKY

Yep, when I told him I was going back to school.

(checks her watch)

Oh! School! I have a class!

Takes her used dish to trash barrel as:

BEN

Does he still resent your going?

VICKY

... I don't know. We don't talk much -- See you tomorrow,

And she jogs off.

52 INT. ART SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

52

We're ON a life drawing model. A young, svelte woman, nearly nude. WIDEN THE SHOT TO INCLUDE several students all drawing her with various degrees of ability and passing around cookies. Then we SEE Mike. His drawing is impressionistic. The model looks almost Rubenesquely rounded. And then we SEE Vicky, near him. Hers is emaciated. Both are good. Vicky steps back to examine her work... and then notices Mike's.

VICKY

You've put twenty pounds on her.

MIKE

I like my women rounded.

VICKY

(striking a comic pose)

You've got the wrong model.

MIKE

When?

VICKY

I was kidding.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

MIKE

I wasn't. I'd love to paint you.
With or without clothes.

A beat, Vicky can't accept this kind of compliment, it embarrasses her. She turns back to her work.

VICKY

You're crazy.

MIKE

You're very attractive.

Vicky makes a funny face.

MIKE

(continuing)

How about Saturday?

VICKY

I'm giving a party Saturday.

MIKE

Great! What time?

HOLD ON Vicky's reaction... as she realizes he has invited himself.

53 EXT. THE MATTHEWS BACK YARD - DAY

53

We're ON a CLOSEUP of a large birthday cake on which is printed "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JACK"... and 39 lit candles. It's silent for a beat, then:

HELEN (O.S.)

Blow it out before it drips on
the cake.

And several O.S. voices, adult, some children. AD LIB more encouragement. Jack's face, frowning, APPEARS. He blows out the candles, and we WIDEN THE SHOT during applause and singing "Happy Birthday to You"... TO INCLUDE the entire party. The back yard is decorated with the usual crepe paper and streamers -- but with a touch more artistry than usual... and lots of people. Patty (without Phil), Marge and her husband, Joyce and Ben, Mike, Eric, Helen, Danny, Lisa, Vicky, a trio from Jack's office: TOM, 50ish, STEVE, late 20's, and Jack's secretary, KATIE, very young, very cute, and several people from Patty's party. They're all gathered around Jack, as they sing... and he tries not to show how much he hates it.

(CONTINUED)

The song over, people gather into small groups. At the table, Vicky cuts cake, while Helen, Lisa and Danny serve. Vicky puts a piece of cake on a plate, puts her fingers to her mouth to lick off frosting, and then stops at the first taste. She grabs a napkin, wipes off the frosting and hands the knife to Helen.

VICKY

You cut the cake.

HELEN

It's your husband's birthday!

VICKY

It's 500 calories a slice.

She walks away from the table, taking a plate of cake. We GO WITH HER to Jack, who is standing with his office buddies. Katie is hanging on Jack's arm, but pulls away as Vicky arrives.

VICKY

(to Jack)

You get the first piece.

JACK

(taking it, nodding
toward Mike)

Where'd you find him?

VICKY

He followed me home from school,
Come on Jack, enjoy yourself, it's
a party.

JACK

I didn't want a party.

TOM

Jack's mad because we kidded him
about retirement at the office
yesterday.

JACK

I'm only 39.

TOM

But you've been with the company
18 years. Two more years and you
can retire.

KATIE

Oh, don't Jack. Katie doesn't
want to work for anyone else.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2) 53

She bats eyelashes at him and then smiles at Vicky as if 'I'm only kidding' and Vicky walks away.

54 NEW ANGLE 54

Vicky is with Joyce and Ben -- all three of them just drinking coffee, and watching the cake eaters. Vicky sees Jack feeding cake to Katie.

VICKY

I thought 40 was when it hurt.

BEN

No, 39. At 39, you have 365 days to worry about being 40.

55 NEW ANGLE - AT THE PRESENT TABLE 55

Vicky, Patty and Marge are arranging presents as Danny and Lisa round up people. Patty watches Mike, who suddenly swoops Danny up to his back for a piggyback ride, to Danny's delight.

PATTY

(indicating Mike)

He's adorable.

VICKY

He's twenty-seven years old.

PATTY

That's what makes him so adorable.

MARGE

Getting tired of Phil?

PATTY

(as she moves against the crowd toward Mike)

Phil moved out.

As Vicky reacts surprised:

MARGE

Believe me, kid, we've got it better.

Everyone else is now gathered around, some bringing chairs, some sitting on the lawn. Patty sits with Mike. Lisa escorts Jack to Vicky at the table.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

LISA

You have to open them, Daddy,
but I'll help.

JACK

(aside to Vicky)

I didn't want a party, and I don't
 want presents.

VICKY

(aside to Jack)

Then don't open them.

And she leaves.

56 NEW ANGLE

56

Jack is opening gag and real gifts in the b.g. as Vicky
 and Helen watch from across the lawn. Vicky is really
 low now, as:

HELEN

You won't eat his birthday cake,
 you argue with him in front of
 the guests, you... you bring
 hippies to his house! You know
 what your father, may he rest in
 peace, would say to you?

VICKY

I know what he'd say to you, Mom.
 He'd say, 'Leave Vicky alone.'

HELEN

Well, he'd be wrong, as usual.

VICKY

Mom... leave me alone.

HELEN

There you go, listening to your
 father again!

Vicky almost answers, but instead turns away and starts
 into the house. Mike, who'd been wandering on the out-
 side of the gift opening, approaches her.

MIKE

You okay?

VICKY

Not really.

57 ANGLE - OVER JACK'S SHOULDER

57

as he watches Mike and Vicky talking MOS, then sees Mike comforting Vicky in his arms as they go into the house. Jack gets even more upset now and doesn't hear as:

DANNY

Open this one next, Daddy, it's from me!

JACK

You open it, Danny. I'll be right back.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we can SEE Vicky and Mike on the couch, as Jack hurries to the house. Danny looks after him, disappointed, Helen, disapproving, and everyone else puzzled.

58 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

58

Jack marches into the house, as if he expects Vicky and Mike to jump up guiltily. But they don't, they merely look up. Mike's arm is around Vicky's shoulders. He really has been consoling her, but that's not the way Jack sees it. He glares at them a moment, then --

JACK

Take your hands off my wife --
What do you teach at that school?
Wife stealing?

VICKY

He's a student.

JACK

(to Mike)

Well, there're a couple of things
you could learn.

VICKY

Jack, I want to talk to you.

JACK

Yeah, and I have something to
say to you.

MIKE

Go ahead, say it.

JACK

Not to you. To her!

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Mike, please go.

She pushes him to door.

MIKE

If he lays one hand on you...

Vicky gets Mike out the door, but he stands near the window looking in, so Jack pulls the drapes.

JACK

You got something going with him?

VICKY

No. You got something going with Katie, the little lady of the night?

JACK

Don't be gross.

VICKY

Gross? Me? You're the one who's storming around like a gored bull! What's the matter with you?

JACK

Nothing! Everything! I can't stand it anymore!

VICKY

Meaning me?

JACK

Meaning... everything... everything ... something's happening... to me... you... you... you're different... and the kids are... so big... and...and I'm 39 years old...

(really desperate now)

... and... I... I never have any fun.

VICKY

Well... go... have some fun.

JACK

How can I when I'm saddled with a house, and kids, and lawns, and furnaces, and --

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Well, unsaddle. Move out if that's how you feel about it!

JACK

Oh, Vicky, I want to... I need to... please!

VICKY

... What?

JACK

A....a furnished apartment... a ... a hotel room, even... It's probably a phase or something ... but I need to... I need to find out if I'm missing anything!

VICKY

(awed as she realizes)

... You want to... move out?

JACK

Just... to try it.

(kisses her cheek)

Oh, Vicky, you really do understand.

He goes out. A beat. Vicky starts out slowly, almost in a state of shock.

59 EXT. THE BACK YARD

59

Vicky comes out of the living room slowly, looks at the people milling about, laughing, talking, the kids running around, everyone happy... but her. She's standing near the cake table, and half of the cake is still there. She looks at it... and we MOVE IN CLOSE TO HER ... looking at the cake... and hurting..

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

60

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

60

The shades are drawn. Vicky is in bed, staring numbly at the ceiling. Helen opens the door. She's carrying the breakfast tray: French toast laden with jelly, plus juice and coffee.

HELEN

Breakfast.

She puts the tray on a chair, starts opening the drapes, letting in the bright morning sunshine, as Vicky sits up. She's puffy eyed and looks terrible. Helen comes back to put the tray on Vicky's lap.

HELEN

(continuing)

When you were a little girl and you went to bed crying about something, I always made you French toast with jelly on it.

Vicky starts to eat, without enjoyment but rapidly.

HELEN

(continuing)

All right, Vicky, that's enough mourning. It's time to get on with our lives.

VICKY

It's my life, and I don't want to get on with it.

HELEN

We'll start by figuring out how to get him back.

VICKY

I don't ever want to see him again.

HELEN

Listen, Miss America. You think men are standing in line waiting for you?

VICKY

I don't want to see them again, either.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

She finishes eating, lies down, and pulls the covers over her head. Helen looks at the covers, remember:

HELEN

That's how I felt when Jerry died. I never wanted to look at a man again. Then, when I stopped crying, I realized I hadn't been that happy with him in the first place.

Vicky looks out from the covers. As Helen gets on the exercycle, she cycles, Vicky watches. Then:

VICKY

... Why didn't you get married again?

HELEN

I wanted a young man, not an old goat... and all the men I met had the same idea. Vicky, I was forty-six when Jerry died. You're only twenty-eight.

VICKY

Thirty-two.

HELEN

You don't have to broadcast that! Go find yourself a nice young man ... with a decent job... and a good future... Likes kids... doesn't mind mother-in-laws...

As she talks, we FOCUS on Vicky, thinking.

61

INT. A SNACK SHOP - DAY

61

A funky students' hangout, obviously near the art school. A pop art mural of soft drinks, fries, desserts, cover the walls. Vicky and Mike are in a small booth and we MOVE IN CLOSE to them. Vicky is eating a small bowl of cottage cheese, in a dutiful manner, and longingly watching Mike eat his hamburger and fries.

VICKY

(in the same
enumerating tone
Helen was using)

Office girl, gofer, paint brush cleaner, anything.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

MIKE

How about advertising art?

VICKY

No. I have to lose more weight
before I can do any artwork.

MIKE

Why?

VICKY

Did you ever see a fat artist?

MIKE

Sure. And you're not fat.

VICKY

I know, you like your women rounded.

MIKE

(leaning to her)

Very much.

VICKY

Well, I don't... like myself rounded.

MIKE

Do you like yourself -- period?

VICKY

... Not at the moment.

Almost without realizing it, she takes a fry from his
plate and nibbles on it, as:

MIKE

You miss your old man?

VICKY

(shrugs)

I don't know... I just feel so...

MIKE

Deserted?

VICKY

Discarded... discarded is a better
word... I feel discarded... like a
... bag of garbage.

MIKE

Heavy...

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

Vicky looks at the French fry, halfway up to her mouth.

VICKY

Yeah, that, too.

She puts the fry down in her empty bowl.

MIKE

(pushing his
plate at her)

Hey, if you're hungry...

VICKY

(pushing his
plate back)

If I ate every time I was hungry,
I'd weigh 200 pounds.

MIKE

You'd still be adorable.

VICKY

You're crazy.

MIKE

(shrugs)

I like you.

VICKY

Oh... go... pick on someone your
own size.

MIKE

I like you.

62 EXT. A SHOPPING MALL - DAY

62

Vicky, Patty and Joyce, carrying some things they've already bought, walk along, looking in store windows. Joyce is noticeably slimmer. Vicky keeps talking MOS: as they pass a dress shop displaying lean mannequins in slinky clothes, Patty stops to look and then catches up; at the Diet Dessertery Joyce stops to look and then catches up, passing an advertising board displaying a lean, gorgeous couple, eating spaghetti at a candlelit table, and in love. When they're all together again, we MOVE IN CLOSER and can HEAR them.

VICKY

How can he like me?

(CONTINUED)

JOYCE

You're a likeable person. Why
don't you go out with him?

VICKY

He's a baby.

PATTY

I went out with him.

VICKY

You were getting over a broken
romance.

Patty and Joyce stop, looking at her meaningfully, and
Vicky understands. She stops, too.

VICKY

(continuing)

Yeah...

They stop at three adjoining stores: Patty at a
furrier, Joyce at the lingerie shop and Vicky at an
appliance store where she looks at the TV displayed
in the window. A commercial is on: a before and
after ad for a reducing wafer, showing silhouettes of
a fat and slender woman. Vicky joins Joyce.

JOYCE

How would I look in that?

VICKY

Great, let's see if they have your
size.

JOYCE

(walking on)

I don't want it my size. I want
it size 11.

(grinning; she's
been waiting to
say this)

For my trousseau.

VICKY

Ben proposed!

JOYCE

Well, actually I did. But he
accepted.

VICKY

Oh, Joyce!

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

And she hugs Joyce. Patty notices and joins them.

VICKY
(continuing;
to Patty)
She's getting married!

PATTY
Poor thing --

VICKY
(to Joyce)
When's the wedding?

JOYCE
As soon as I can wear my mother's
size 11 wedding gown.
(grins)
About a month.

VICKY
How can you be a size 11 in a
month?

Joyce grins, takes a small plastic bottle from her
purse. It contains a brownish liquid.

JOYCE
With my trusty sword.

VICKY
(taking it,
looking at it)
What is it?

PATTY
Liquid protein.

Vicky gives it back as if she'd touched hot coals.

VICKY
I thought they took that stuff
off the market.

JOYCE
You can still get it some places.

PATTY
Security Drugs carries it.

Vicky and Joyce react, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

JOYCE

You use it, too?

PATTY

When the scale goes up four pounds.
But it usually doesn't. I keep it
under control with appetite
depressants.

They walk on.

VICKY

That stuff's dangerous.

JOYCE

So is being fat. It can give you
diabetes, high blood pressure.
arthritis, colitis, kidney problems...

As they walk AWAY FROM CAMERA:

JOYCE

(continuing)

Patty, can you get me some of those
appetite depressants?

63 EXT. THE MATTHEWS HOUSE - DAY

63

Jack drives a shiny new Mercedes up the driveway.
Danny and Lisa and piles of presents are in the back
seat. The garage door opens automatically, revealing
Vicky's wagon and Helen's Ford parked side by side.
Jack doesn't like his place being usurped.

64 INT. THE MATTHEWS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

64

Vicky and Helen are at the front window, peeking out
through the curtains. We can SEE the kids pulling
Jack toward the house, all of them balancing presents.
As Vicky hurries toward her bedroom, Helen opens the
front door.

DANNY

We went to the baseball
game!

LISA

We had lunch at a
sidewalk cafe!

JACK

... Hello, Helen.

HELEN

Come on in, don't stand in the
doorway like a stranger.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Jack isn't sure, but the kids drag him inside. Helen closes the door.

65 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

65

Vicky can hear them, as she goes to the dresser for her candy bar.

DANNY (O.S.)

We won eleven to five.

LISA (O.S.)

Look at the sweater Daddy got me.
I want to show Mommy.

66 BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

66

as the kids dash into Vicky's bedroom.

JACK

I brought Vicky some sugarless
candy... How is she?

HELEN

Oh, she's fine. Busy, running
around, dates every night.

67 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

67

The kids are showing Vicky their presents as she eats her candy and listens through the door.

JACK (O.S.)

Oh? Great... You think she'd
talk to me?

Vicky shakes her head emphatically "no."

HELEN (O.S.)

Of course.

Vicky struggles to swallow and shoves the rest of the candy away.

HELEN (O.S.)

(continuing;
coming closer
to bedroom)

She's probably be furious if
she missed you.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Vicky puts on a wide grin and opens the door before Helen can.

68 INT. LIVING ROOM

68

As Jack starts toward the bedroom, the door opens. Vicky appears, smiling, wiping any trace of candy from her mouth.

VICKY

Oh, Jack! I didn't know you were here!

69 EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

69

Vicky and Jack walk around the Mercedes, admiring it. Vicky is working hard to keep the casual pose, and Jack is very nervous.

VICKY

Well, I saw it and I'm impressed.

She starts inside, but Jack stops her with:

JACK

Vicky... How've you been doing?

VICKY

Great.

JACK

... You dating?

VICKY

(hesitates, then)

... Mom told you I was.

JACK

That bum at the art school?

A beat... he's getting to Vicky now.

VICKY

Among others.

JACK

You're really living it up, aren't you?

VICKY

And without a Mercedes, too.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

JACK

I need the Mercedes!

Vicky lifts one of the neck chains he's wearing.

VICKY

Can I borrow these sometime?

JACK

Don't get petty.

VICKY

(turns and starts
for the house)Well, thanks for taking the kids
out. See you next Sunday.

JACK

No -- I can't.

Vicky looks back, questioningly.

JACK

(continuing)

I'm... going on a cruise...
with a friend.

VICKY

Oh... Remind her to roll you over
when you start snoring.

And she marches into the house.

70 INT. MIKE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

70

A tiny, one-room garage apartment, funkied up with
Mike's artwork, collections of "found art," pillows
all over the floor. There's no bed. Vicky, in the
same clothes as in the last scene, is still tense
and angry. She paces as Mike sits back on pillows.

MIKE

So what do you care?

VICKY

I care!

MIKE

Do you really want to go back
to that housewife routine?
Don't you want your own life?

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Yes, I want my own life!... and
I also want... I'm lonely...

MIKE

Well, there's always me.

VICKY

Oh, come on, Mike. You're my
friend. I need...

MIKE

A lover.

VICKY

... Yeah...

MIKE

I'm very versatile.

VICKY

Aw, Mike.

MIKE

Try me.

VICKY

Some other time.

MIKE

After you lose weight?

He's pushed a button. Vicky glares at him, then:

VICKY

See, you think so, too.

MIKE

(getting up and
going to her)

I think you're one terrific lady.

VICKY

No, a couple of terrific ladies.

MIKE

(getting romantic)

Stop putting yourself down, Vicky.
You're fun, and you're funny and
you're warm, and bright... and just
generally... great...

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Yeah, great... as in big.

MIKE

No, great as in --
(turns away from
her)

Hell, no. I'm not going to feed
into that game. You want to
think you're a big, fat zero, go
ahead. Only do it somewhere else.

He opens the door and stands as if to usher her out.

VICKY

No, wait. Mike... I want to talk
to you.

MIKE

Enough talk. I want you.

VICKY

You don't.

MIKE

Okay, I don't.

He gestures for her to leave.

VICKY

(not moving)
You do?

Mike gestures for her to leave.

VICKY

(continuing)
You'd really want this?

She gestures at her body.

MIKE

... Damn it, Vicky, I'm interested
in you. Not just your body, all
of you, and don't you dare make
a joke about that.

Vicky was going to, but she holds it back.

MIKE

(continuing)
I dug you the minute I saw you...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (CONT'D)

And I've seen you now, a couple
of different sizes... and it
doesn't matter. I like you. I'd
like to make love to you.

VICKY

(afraid)

... I'd like that.

MIKE

Okay...

He slams the door hard, and a Murphy bed, that had been
hidden by a large hanging, falls from the wall. Vicky
looks at it, surprised, and then back at Mike, nervous-
ly, as he takes her into his arms. They begin to kiss.

VICKY

Turn out the lights.

He looks at her, then very definitely:

MIKE

No.

And he goes back to kissing her. Vicky is stiff and
afraid at first. As she begins to melt...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

71 INT. THE MATTHEWS LIVING ROOM - DAY

71

Vicky, several pounds slimmer, looking good, stands before Helen, Jack, Lisa and Danny. She's just made a speech that has left them all surprised.

LISA

What's the Magic Circle?

HELEN

A fat farm.

JACK

A fat farm?

DANNY

What do they grow? Fat?

VICKY

Knock it off, Danny.

JACK

What's it going to cost me?

VICKY

Less than a cruise.

Vicky and Jack glare at each other, then turn to look at the kids.

LISA

Come on, Danny.

They go out, then:

JACK

You don't need a fat farm. You look... okay.

VICKY

Thank you.

JACK

Must be that... swinging life you're leading.

VICKY

(almost argues,
then cools it)

Could be.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

Jack frowns, but doesn't answer.

HELEN

So what do you need a fat farm for?

VICKY

I've hit a plateau. I have fifteen more pounds to go, and I can't budge them.

Then, overlapping:

HELEN

You know what happens at fat farms? They take it off, and you come home and put it on.

JACK

I agreed on support money, not on fat farms.

HELEN

Who takes care of the kids? The old standby?

Gesturing at herself.

JACK

You can't just walk out on your kids --

VICKY

(topping that)

You did!

That stops them. Jack takes a moment to find a retort, but before he can give it:

VICKY

(continuing)

I'm not walking out on my kids. That's why I wanted this meeting. I have it all planned. The refrigerator is filled. There are some precooked things in the freezer. Jack, you'll stay here with the kids. Mom, you'll be here when the kids get home from school.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

JACK

You know what, Vicky? I liked
you better when you were fat.

VICKY

Yeah, but I like me better now.

HOLD on Vicky, and...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

72 CLOSEUP OF VICKY

72

in a leotard, huffing and puffing, through a rigorous
exercise. But unlike the earlier gym scene, she's
doing it. WIDEN the SHOT and we're in...

73 INT. THE MAGIC CIRCLE GYM - DAY

73

The gym, like everything at this place, is a temple
to slimmess and beauty. Soft colors, slender shapes
in furniture and decor, beautiful employees. A group
of women and some men, of varying sizes, from gorgeous
to mountainous, are doing exercises with a slender,
but muscular woman GYM INSTRUCTOR. The guests wear
a conglomeration of clothes from scruffy sweat suits
to plastic see-through sauna suits to revealing
bikinis. The Gym Instructor and some of the slimmer
people are watching themselves in the mirrored wall
-- the others, including Vicky, are not.

GYM INSTRUCTOR

And bounce and two and three and
four, other way, two and three
and four... and back and two...
and all... the way...

Vicky falters, takes a breath, and starts again.

74 EXT. A JOGGING TRACK - DAY

74

The same group of people, now in jogging suits, one
of them a silver lame, are jogging -- or dragging --
around the track, behind a different instructor, a
slim young woman. A heavy man near the back sneaks
candy from his pocket as he runs. And further back,
a woman pulls an orange blossom from a tree and pops
it in her mouth. Vicky is near the middle. An at-
tractive muscular man, GARY, slows down to run beside
her, smiles at her. Vicky is surprised at first,
and then likes it and smiles back.

75 CLOSEUP OF VICKY

75

as she lies, nude, covered by towels... being massaged vigorously. WIDEN the SHOT and we're in...

76 INT. THE MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

76

Vicky's MASSEUR is a mass of muscles. He pounds away at her relentlessly, as Vicky groans and grunts.

MASSEUR

Tell me if I'm being too rough.

VICKY

No... it's... uh... fine... ow!
... fine...

MASSEUR

You've got great muscle tone. Pull a few more pounds off here... and tighten a bit there... You're a great looking woman.

VICKY

(grins up at him)

I bet you say that to every woman you beat up on.

MASSEUR

No, only the great looking ones.

The massage goes on, and Vicky relaxes, smiling, very pleased with herself.

77 INT. THE GYM - NIGHT

77

The participants are now in casual resort wear, learning disco dancing from the DISCO INSTRUCTOR, a very slender chorus boy type. Vicky is keeping up better than most -- and Gary is right beside her.

DISCO INSTRUCTOR

And dip... and again... and start over -- front left, right, left, kick and turn and -- the same --

And they go on, Vicky getting more sure of herself and adding a frill or two of her own. Gary turns to her, and they become a twosome as the others continue in the straight lines.

The floor and walls are covered with machines to pull and tighten every muscle in the body. Three walls are mirrored. The fourth leads to the jacuzzi, which is an ell off the gym, and the sauna and steam room, visible through steamy glass doors. Most of the machines are in use -- a heavy woman is giggling as the vibrating machine jiggles her bottom, a man struggles unsuccessfully with a pulley, people on slant boards do a variety of things with their arms and legs. A man comes from the sauna, wrapped in a towel, and nearly fainting -- a woman comes from the steam room, also wrapped in towels and nearly fainting -- they stumble past each other; he goes to the steam room, she into the sauna. We MOVE IN CLOSER to the jacuzzi. In the bubbling water, people relax against the water jets, or swim lazily about. We PICK OUT Vicky, sitting beside her jogging partner, Gary.

GARY

Staying long?

VICKY

A week.

GARY

Two weeks. I'm Gary Radford.
Chicago. Single. I'm in
electronics.

VICKY

Vicky Matthews. Los Angeles.
Separated. I'm... an artist...
when I find a job.

GARY

(moving closer)

Oh, an artist. How interesting.

It's a come-on, Vicky knows it, and isn't sure how to react... but she's enjoying it.

The PARTICIPANTS wear bulky robes or glamorous leisure outfits. They sit about tables for four, finishing tiny portions of very dietetic looking food. As we SLOWLY PAN the room, we pick up bits of conversation. First table:

(CONTINUED)

MAN #1

The saddest moment of the day is
when I look down at my plate
and there's nothing left.

Second table:

WOMAN #1

I'd eat until I was sick -- and
then take a triple dose of a
good, strong laxative.

Third table:

MAN #2

I've lost 755 pounds... in between
gaining 874 pounds.

Fourth table:

MAN #3

That wasn't a forward pass, it
was a forward fumble!

MAN #4

They call themselves a football
team!

Fifth table: Vicky sits with Gary; MARV, a paunchy
older man; and SYLVIA, a well-preserved older woman.

MARV

You can't get jobs, you can't
get insurance...

SYLVIA

You can't find a decent dress.
Half the people in the country
are overweight, and all the
stores carry junior miss.

We PUSH IN CLOSE to Gary and Vicky, who are involved
in their own conversation.

GARY

After you start work, I'll come
over and take you away from your
drawing board. I get out here a
couple times a year.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

VICKY

(pleased with
herself)

Okay... a couple of times a year
you can take me away from my
drawing board.

GARY

How about tonight?

VICKY

I don't have a drawing board here.

GARY

I have a room.

VICKY

So do I. A single... But thanks
for asking.

And they grin at each other.

80 INT. VICKY'S ROOM AT THE MAGIC CIRCLE - NIGHT

80

Vicky, in the robe she wore at dinner, is sprawled,
exhausted, across the bed... and talking on the phone.

VICKY

... I sound tired, because I am
tired. But I'm feeling great...
Joyce is picking me up... Mom
... Mom, let me talk to the kids
... Hi, Lisa, how are you?...
That's nice... I never said he
was a bad father. I said... Oh,
hi, Danny, how are you?... Yeah,
Lisa just told me... No, tell
him I don't want to talk...

(cooler)

Hello, Jack... How's it going?

(growing angry)

You can go skiing next week.
The mountain will still be there
... Jack, I'm going to hang up
now... We can talk about it when
I get back... I'm going to hang
up now... Jack, I'm going to --

And she pulls the phone from her ear, as Jack SLAMS
the PHONE DOWN. Vicky looks at the dead phone, and
hangs it up.

It's almost the end of a gym class. The class is on the floor doing sit ups -- with varying degrees of difficulty. Most are exhausted.

GYM INSTRUCTOR

And one more time... all the way
to your toes... and back... slowly
... one vertebrae at a time.

And they finish.

GYM INSTRUCTOR

(continuing)

Not too shabby. Pool exercise in
ten minutes. Let's go.

She bounces up, and goes out. Several people get up, more slowly, and go after her. A WOMAN heads for the scale in one corner. Another WOMAN watches.

WOMAN ON SCALE

One quarter of a pound.

WOMAN WATCHING

Don't drink water -- you'll gain
it all back.

They go out. Then only four people are left including Vicky, Gary, Marv and Sylvia, all lying on the floor, wiped out. They don't move for a moment. Then, still lying prone on the floor:

MARV

You know what we are? We're a
bunch of masochists.

SYLVIA

Not me. I'm a young woman wrapped
in an old package... I'm trying to
doll up the package.

GARY

I'm drying out.

The others look at him, surprised.

GARY

(continuing)

And losing weight. Did you know
a screwdriver has more calories
than a chocolate doughnut?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

A beat.

MARV

So, who needs enemies, we've got ourselves.

A beat, Vicky is really thinking now, really trying to figure it out.

SYLVIA

Not me. I'm good to myself. Too good. That's why I have to come here every six months.

VICKY

That's not being good to yourself, going up and down like a yoyo.

SYLVIA

Well, I like to eat.

VICKY

... I'm not sure I do... Half the time I don't even know what I'm putting into my mouth.

MARV

Or how much.

VICKY

I don't think I eat because I'm hungry either... I don't let myself get hungry.

MARV

Yeah, my mouth's going all day, when does my stomach have time to get hungry?

GARY

(to Vicky)

So why do you eat?

VICKY

I don't know... It's... something ... it gives me something.

GARY

But that's not what you really want.

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

No... what I really want is...

GARY

A job?

VICKY

I want... to like myself.

GARY

What's not to like?

VICKY

Well, I'm...

(looks in mirror)

What's not to like?

(to others)

I'm not some kind of... rotten person, am I?

The others shake their heads in unison, no.

VICKY

(continuing)

There is something to like. I'm a... a good daughter, and a good mother...

(shrugs)

... I wasn't a bad wife...

(intently)

I'm a pretty talented artist...

(looks in mirror)

... And I'm not that bad looking.

Gary wolf whistles.

VICKY

(continuing)

So... I don't have to eat.

Looks in mirror, straightens up, does a bit of a model's stance, likes it, looks back at them, smiling broadly.

VICKY

(continuing)

I don't have to eat!

HOLD on Vicky.

82 EXT. FAT FARM - DAY

82

Gary, Sylvia and Marv wave goodbye as Vicky, in a fitted jump suit, throws her bag into the back seat of Joyce's car and gets in. Vicky is looking slimmer and terrific; Joyce is also slimmer, but very pale and wan.

83 INT. JOYCE'S CAR - DAY

83

as they greet each other with a hug. Vicky studies Joyce worriedly.

VICKY

How are you doing?

JOYCE

(as she pulls away)

Great. Lost six pounds this week.
How about you?

VICKY

Seven.

JOYCE

Ah, but I didn't have to move a muscle.

VICKY

Ah, but moving muscles was so much fun!

JOYCE

Oh?... Tell me about him.

84 EXT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DAY

84

Joyce's car rounds a corner, and pulls to the curb as:

JOYCE (V.O.)

We've set the wedding date. October sixth. You're matron of honor.

VICKY (V.O.)

I'd be honored.

The car pulls up to Vicky's house. Helen's Ford really blocks both sides of the driveway. Jack's Mercedes is at the curb in front. Joyce pulls her car up behind it.

85 INT. JOYCE'S CAR - DAY

85

VICKY
You really going to stay on the
protein until then?

JOYCE
Until I get into that gown.

VICKY
Are you all right, Joyce?

JOYCE
I feel fantastic. And you look
fantastic. Go in there and show
them.

86 EXT. THE HOUSE

86

Vicky gets her bag out of Joyce's car, waves as Joyce
pulls away, and then turns and faces the house. She
pulls her stomach in, stands straighter and starts up
the walk.

87 INT. THE MATTHEWS LIVING ROOM - DAY

87

Vicky stands in the middle of the room and turns,
like a model, as Helen, Jack, Lisa and Danny examine
her. Danny is awed, Lisa unsure, Jack getting turned
on and Helen unimpressed.

HELEN
How long will it last?

VICKY
Thank you, Mother, for the vote
of confidence.

DANNY
You're beautiful, Mommy.

VICKY
(kissing him)
Thank you, handsome. What do
you think, Lisa?

LISA
You're so... different!

And she runs to her own room.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - DAY

The room is combination frilly girl, and leftover child. Lisa is lying face down on the bed, and Vicky goes to her.

VICKY

Hey... Lisa... I'm still me...

LISA

No, you're not. You're different.

VICKY

Look at me.

She picks Lisa up, and turns her so that they're face to face.

VICKY

(continuing)

See? Same face. Same eyes, same nose, same mouth --

LISA

Different chin.

VICKY

I should hope so... Lisa, I feel great about myself. Be happy for me!

A beat.

LISA

Oh, Mommy... don't go away and leave me like Daddy did.

A beat, and Vicky gathers Lisa into her arms and holds her tightly. HOLD on them.

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicky, drained from her session with Lisa, doesn't see Jack lying on the bed, trying to look sexy, as she comes in and unzips her jumpsuit.

JACK

You look fantastic.

Vicky jumps, sees him, and tries to zip the suit back up, but she's nervous and the zipper sticks.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

VICKY
I thought you'd left.

JACK
No... I'm still here...

Vicky can't budge the zipper, she holds the jumpsuit closed and sidles toward the closet.

VICKY
I thought... you'd be happy to get out of here... by now.

JACK
I thought so, too...

Vicky hurriedly gets out of the jumpsuit and grabs something from the closet to put on, a filmy negligee.

JACK
(continuing)
Until I saw you.

Vicky realizes what she's doing, throws the negligee into the closet and grabs a shapeless old chenille robe.

VICKY
So... did you have any problems?

JACK
Yes... I missed you.

She turns away from him, getting the robe on, and Jack hurries over from the bed. When she turns back, he's face to face with her.

VICKY
Oh...!

She moves away from him, and he follows as:

JACK
It's been a long time, Vicky.

VICKY
Not so long... actually...

He grabs at her, and pulls her to him.

JACK
I want you.

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

So how come you walked out on me?

JACK

(shrugs)

Well, you know what you were like before.

Vicky stops struggling, looks at him, and shoves him away.

VICKY

Well, this is after. Get out of my bedroom.

JACK

(getting angry)

Sure!... I pay for that fat farm, and that... that hippy gets the benefits, is that it?

Vicky throws a pillow at him.

VICKY

Out!

JACK

You wouldn't take the weight off for me! Why'd you do it for him?

Vicky throws another pillow.

VICKY

I did it for me! Can't you understand that? I did it for me. For me!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

90 INT. MIKE'S STUDIO - DAY

90

Mike is painting at an easel and looks up to see Vicky, very angry, at his open door. He looks at her questioningly, and she slams the door hard. The bed comes down.

MIKE

(looking her
over)

Hey, you look fantastic!

VICKY

Do you know what Jack said?

MIKE

No. And I don't want to.

VICKY

(a beat)

Neither do I.

And she starts for the bed, taking off her jacket at the same time.

91 TIME LAPSE

91

Vicky and Mike are in bed, they've made love and are now nestled in each other's arms.

MIKE

So what did Jack say?

VICKY

He said that I changed, that I'm a different person.

MIKE

You are.

VICKY

How?

MIKE

You're sure of yourself, you know what you want.

VICKY

... I want a job.

Eric is showing samples of Vicky's work to FRANK LESSER, a handsome, 40ish businessman... as Vicky watches nervously, and Mike protectively. Frank is interested in the work... but is more interested in Vicky.

FRANK

(to Vicky)

You'd have to start as an apprentice.

VICKY

Fine.

MIKE

No, I don't think so.

ERIC

(taking Mike
aside)

Just to start. He's giving her a job.

MIKE

He's giving her the business.

with Mike and Eric still arguing MOS in b.g.

FRANK

There'll be an opening in a week or two. I'll call you.

VICKY

Great.

FRANK

Maybe we can have lunch... or dinner?

He takes her hand. Mike sees, starts toward them, and Eric holds him back. Eric goes to show Frank out, leaving Mike and Vicky alone in the room.

MIKE

What was all that about...

(caricaturing
Frank)

Lunch... or dinner?

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

You almost blew it for me!

MIKE

There's nothing to blow. He didn't offer you a job. He offered you...

(caricaturing)

Lunch... or dinner... and after that, who knows?

VICKY

Mike, he liked my work!

MIKE

He barely looked at your work! The only thing he's interested in is you... as a... a sex object.

Vicky reacts -- her, a sex object?

94 EXT. A WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

94

We HEAR the last strains of "THE WEDDING MARCH," as it ends.

HELEN (V.O.)

It should only happen to you.

VICKY (V.O.)

It did.

95 INT. THE WEDDING CHAPEL -DAY

95

fully decorated for a wedding. Joyce and Ben stand before the minister -- Joyce wearing her mother's wedding dress. It's tight, but it fits. She's really baggy-eyed and very sick looking, but also very happy. As is Ben, also slimmer. Among the guests are Vicky as matron of honor, standing close to the couple, Helen next to her, and elsewhere -- Mike with Lisa and Danny and Patty and Marge. A table laden with rich food and liquor is at the back of the room, waiting. Danny sneaks over for a taste as the ceremony goes on MOS as:

HELEN (V.O.)

It could happen again... you could give up the hippy and find yourself a man.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

VICKY (V.O.)

Shh, I'm listening to the ceremony.

We HEAR the ceremony as an unintelligible MURMUR for a beat, as we MOVE IN CLOSE to Vicky and Helen, then it's MOS again, as:

HELEN

Or, if you came to your senses, you could get Jack back.

VICKY

I don't want Jack back.

HELEN

You can't support yourself.

VICKY

Mom, please --

HELEN

As bad as it was with your father, at least I had someone to take care of me.

Vicky looks at her sharply -- opens her mouth for a sharp rebuttal -- and at that moment the ceremony is over. Vicky and Helen are caught in the mob of people going to congratulate the newlyweds, and others heading for the food; they try to hear each other over that.

VICKY

What was so bad about my father?

HELEN

What?

VICKY

(louder)

Why are you always picking on my father?

A couple of people look their way, and Vicky, embarrassed, takes Helen's arm and steers her away from the mob. As they pass Mike on his way to the newlyweds:

MIKE

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Tell Joyce and Ben congratulations
and I'll be right back.

Helen shrugs an "I-don't-know-what's-going-on" to Mike,
as Vicky pushes her toward the back of the room.

ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE RESTROOMS IN THE CHAPEL

Vicky steers Helen toward the women's restroom.

HELEN

What are you doing?

Vicky opens the restroom door, but the room is packed
with women waiting their turn. She closes the door on
them, and pushes Helen toward the men's restroom near-
by.

HELEN

(continuing)

I knew it, she's going crazy.

Just as they start to open the men's room door, a MAN
comes out, checking his fly.

MAN

What?...

As Vicky shoves Helen inside.

HELEN

We can't go in there!

MAN

You can't go in there!

And the door closes. We can HEAR the lock turn.

INT. THE MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

HELEN

If you have something to do in
here, do it, and let's go back
to the wedding.

VICKY

After we get something settled.

98 BACK TO THE CHAPEL

98

People are milling around now, the children chasing each other. Joyce looks about, sees Mike, who's looking off toward the restrooms. She works her way through the crowd, accepting congratulations, and gets to Mike.

JOYCE

Where's Vicky?

MIKE

In the men's room.

Joyce and Patty, near her, do takes, and Mike shrugs.

99 BACK TO THE MEN'S ROOM

99

VICKY

You're always picking on me,
and you're always picking on
Daddy.

HELEN

What did I say? I said he
supported me.

VICKY

No, what you said is, I can't
support myself. And I can!

100 BACK TO THE CHAPEL - JUST OUTSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM

100

Joyce, Patty and Mike approach the door, and Marge is pushing through people to get to them. Joyce knocks as Lisa and Danny join them.

LISA

Is Mom in there?

101 BACK TO THE MEN'S ROOM

101

HELEN

Look what you're doing to your
life!

VICKY

All right, look what I'm doing!
I have a job -- almost.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Apprentice. Thirty-four years old, and she's going to be an apprentice.

VICKY

Thirty-two!

There's a KNOCK.

JOYCE (O.S.)

Vicky, is anything wrong?

HELEN

You had a husband, and a home, and a decent life --

VICKY

It wasn't enough!

HELEN

Oh, you're so independent!

VICKY

Yes, I am! Finally, I am!

MIKE (O.S.)

Vicky, come on out.

HELEN

How about your children?

VICKY

I'll support them.

HELEN

A child needs a father!

VICKY

A child needs a mother, too!

Vicky and Helen glare at each other, as:

MAN (O.S.)

What's the matter? Is it out of order?

HELEN

I was a good mother... I gave you everything you needed.

VICKY

Food! You gave me food!

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

What should I have done? Starved you?

VICKY

I needed more than that. I needed you to... to tell me that I was... pretty... and smart... and talented...

HELEN

Like your father did. He gave you a big head, your father.

VICKY

He made me feel... like I was somebody.

BEN (O.S.)

What's going on?

LISA (O.S.)

Mom and Grandma are fighting!

DANNY (O.S.)

(excited)

Wow, are they ever!

HELEN

I don't understand that you're talking about.

VICKY

Mom, I needed you to believe in me ... so I could believe in myself.

PATTY (O.S.)

Vicky, are you okay?

HELEN

... Is that why you were so... so tight with him?... Your father?...

VICKY

He believed in me.

HELEN

(wistfully)

You were so close, the two of you.

MARGE (O.S.)

Vicky, please, come out.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

101

VICKY
 (realizing)
 Mom...? Were you jealous?...
 Of me?

Helen's look is the answer -- yes.

MIKE (O.S.)
 Vicky, I'm coming in there!

HELEN
 It was always the two of you...
 together...

VICKY
 He loved you so much...

HELEN
 He was so proud of you.

VICKY
 (on an incredulous
 giggle)
 I think we were rivals.

HELEN
 ... That's ridiculous...

She starts to giggle.

VICKY
 Ridiculous...

The giggling grows into a relieved guffaw. Vicky puts her arms out, and Helen, like a little girl, goes into them. They've reversed roles. Vicky rocks her gently, as the laughter subsides.

102 BACK TO THE CHAPEL - AT THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR

102

There's a mob in front of the door now -- all staring as Vicky and Helen, their arms about each other, come out. Over that a high-pitched TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 All your troubles are over --
 or will be --

103 CLOSEUP - TV SCREEN

103

A split-screen picture of a woman -- before and after.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

The before grotesque and frowning; the after, pencil thin -- and smiling sexily.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... after just 14 days in the famous Meltaweigh.

The word "Meltaweigh" appears, superimposed over the slender woman in a space-suit-like contraption hooked to a vacuum cleaner.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Guaranteed to take off a minimum of two pounds a week, or your money back.

(voice changed for disclaimer)

Manufacturer's diet must be followed to take advantage of this offer.

The words move up the screen and the phone number "555-THIN" appears under it. WIDEN THE SHOT and we're in...

104 INT. MATTHEWS KITCHEN - DAY

104

Vicky, slender and cute in her blue jeans, cleans up three breakfast servings and stares at the small countertop TV, only half listening.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Call 555-THIN and ask for Meltaweigh.

It gets to Vicky now, and she switches the channel... to a picture of a rich chocolate cake.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Professional? No, yours? You can make this cake right in your own kitchen!

The Woman Announcer is on camera now -- slender, beautiful, and cutting herself a piece of the cake, as:

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

Your husband and children will adore you when you present them with this moist, rich taste.

VICKY

(looking to the phone)
Ring, damn you!

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

The PHONE RINGS, and Vicky jumps, as if she'd really made it happen. She turns OFF the TV and runs for the phone.

VICKY

Hello?

(disappointed)

Oh, Mike... No, I didn't mean 'Oh, Mike,' I meant, I thought it was Frank Lesser... He will, too, call me... No, not for a date! I mean not only for a date!... Well, then I'll go over there!... Uh, tomorrow. If he doesn't call today, I'll go --

The DOORBELL RINGS.

VICKY

(continuing)

My doorbell's ringing... No, I don't think Frank would come over here... I'm expecting Joyce.

The DOORBELL RINGS again, more insistently.

VICKY

(continuing)

Mike, I have to go to the door... I can't go out with you, I have to wait for his call...

The DOORBELL RINGS nonstop.

VICKY

(continuing)

I have to go, Mike... Well, maybe he would call if you wouldn't tie up the phone!... No, Mike, wait, I didn't mean --

She reacts to the phone being hung up on her. Then hangs up and runs out of the kitchen.

105 EXT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DAY

105

At the front door. Joyce, half-unconscious, leans on the doorbell. Vicky opens the door and Joyce almost falls into her arms.

JOYCE

Vicky... help me...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

Vicky, holding her, is horrified. FREEZE on them.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

106 INT. JOYCE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 106

Joyce is unconscious, hooked up to life supports. Though she can't hear him, Ben talks to her gently, as he holds her hand, and the tears run down his face.

BEN

I didn't fall in love with a size 11... I didn't fall in love with you when you were skinny... why'd you think?... Why didn't you tell me what...? I would have ... Joyce... don't die...

During this we PULL BACK from them, and realize that Vicky is in the room, sitting, numbly, and watching.

107 INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY 107

Surrounded by bustling activity and noise, Vicky and Ben enter and get into line as:

VICKY

(taking coffee for both of them)

And she didn't take the lab tests? Or the supplements for the liquid protein?

BEN

(shakes head, no)

Just appetite depressants, tranquilizers, uppers, downers, who the hell knows what... and all for a damned dress size!... It's not worth it, Vicky! We don't all have to look like sticks!

VICKY

But you were losing weight, Ben. And she was afraid you would find someone else... someone... slender.

They're now at the desserts.

BEN

That's... crazy...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEN (CONT'D)

It's... I love Joyce... I love her!... It's... It's crazy!

(glaring at the rich desserts)

Everyone's throwing food at us... and then, they're saying we can't eat it!... It's on television, it's in the papers, it's on the billboards... It's in the damned restaurants... They're shoving the calories at you, and they're saying come on in, and eat those gigantic plates full of stuff... But!... But you'd better be skinny when you're doing it, or you won't be able to buy clothes you can wear while you're doing it!

Half-crazed with worry and anger, now, he suddenly grabs at a piece of cream pie... doesn't know what to do with it.

BEN

(continuing)

Well... if that's what they want...

He suddenly puts the pie on his tray and begins to grab more pie, and cake, and ice cream, and every no-no he can see, and pile them in a precarious tower on his tray, as:

BEN

(continuing)

If that's what they want... then let's do it... let's eat it all ... this is for us, Vicky... for you and for me... and for Joyce...

In a final burst of frustration, Ben sweeps his arm across the tray knocking the tower of desserts in all directions.

A sterile, cold room, with hard chairs. A window looks out on a parking lot and a billboard of a bikinied beauty standing in front of a low slung sports car. Patty and Marge stand at the window staring out. Vicky sits alone in a corner, deep in her own thoughts.

PATTY

Eventually he would have, you know... left her for a slim young chick.

MARGE

He's not like that.

PATTY

They're all like that.

MARGE

Well... if that's what he wants, she's better off without him.

PATTY

... or dead...

MARGE

(angry, but with
compassion)

Patty, you and Vicky and Joyce and... everyone... you can't buy that dumb hoopla... I'd blow up to 400 pounds before I did that to myself.

Gesturing vaguely toward where Joyce might be.

PATTY

You just don't care how you look.

MARGE

And you don't care about anything else! There's a lot more to life than wearing a size 9!

PATTY

But you don't get it unless you are!... Size 9... and wrinkle-proof.

Marge walks away from that and goes to Vicki. Vicki, deep in thought, doesn't acknowledge her.

MARGE

If you're sitting there blaming yourself --

VICKY

I made her start dieting... she didn't want to.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

MARGE

You didn't turn her into a liquid protein junky. She did that herself.

Patty joins them, as:

VICKY

I've been trying to strike a bargain... with someone... God, maybe... that if Joyce could live ... I'd offer to gain all the weight back again.

PATTY

You don't have to do that.

VICKY

(more guilty)

I can't... I tried to promise... but I can't do it... I'm so... selfish...

PATTY

Vicky, you earned the right to take care of yourself -- Don't blow it now.

Vicky has a moment to think about that, then Ben appears at the door. Worn out, unshaven... Vicky sees him first. She stands, afraid.

VICKY

Ben...?

At beat... Ben manages a small grin... and puts his hands up in a winner's gesture. And everyone relaxes, gathers around him, and hugs him, Vicky sobbing in relief. All AD LIBBING questions, assurances that they always knew she'd pull through, etc.

110 INT. FRANK LESSER'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

110

A large room, filled with artists at drawing tables, office workers... a refreshment cart with soft drinks and doughnuts... NOISE... work. In a sharp business outfit and looking terrific, Vicky comes in from a corridor, looks about, and we PAN the room, her POV ... until we FIND a glassed off partition in one corner. Frank works in there. We APPROACH it.

111 INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

111

Frank works at a large desk. There's a couch across the room. Vicky can be SEEN outside, knocking. And we HEAR the KNOCK.

FRANK

(without looking up)

Come in.

Vicky opens the door, stands in the doorway a moment, and waits. Frank looks up.

FRANK

(continuing)

Yes?... Oh... Eric's most brilliant student, right?

Vicky grins, shrugs, nods. Frank, very interested now, goes to the door to lead her in, and close the door, and the NOISE OUT. He gestures her to the couch and they both sit, as:

FRANK

(continuing)

How nice of you to drop by.

VICKY

Well, I didn't just drop by... you did say... there was going to be an opening.

FRANK

Have you done something to yourself since I last saw you?

VICKY

... Put on a dress... took off a few pounds...

FRANK

Well, you look wonderful! You'll be a pretty addition to the office.

VICKY

Then I do have a job?

FRANK

(moving closer)

Well... let's talk about it.

(takes her hand)

I think we're going to be great friends.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

VICKY

... When can I start?

FRANK

You're divorced, aren't you?

VICKY

Getting.

FRANK

Nice. If it's what you want.

VICKY

(carefully)

What I want... is a job.

(takes her hand
out of his)

Just a job.

And she looks at him, questioningly.

112 INT. MIKE'S STUDIO - DAY

112

The bed is up. Mike works at an easel, as Vicky opens the door.

VICKY

Let's celebrate!

She slams the door hard. And the bed doesn't fall. Both notice it briefly, as Mike comes to the door.

MIKE

Okay, let's celebrate.

(hits the wall,
no bed)

Celebrate what?

VICKY

I got the job.

She puts her purse and jacket down and slams the door again.. No bed.

MIKE

You went to his office?

VICKY

Yep. And I start tomorrow.

(goes to pry
on the bed)

What's wrong with this thing?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

(losing interest
in the bed)What happened there? In his
office?

VICKY

Oh, a little chasing around the
desk.(forgets the bed,
remembering
delightedly)I, Vicky Matthews, was actually
chased around the desk. Isn't
that great?

MIKE

Did he catch you?

VICKY

Of course not. But he chased me!
(goes back to
working on the bed)
What'd you do to this thing?

MIKE

It doesn't come down if the vibes
aren't right.

A beat.

VICKY

Mike, be proud of me! I came out
of my refrigerator and I got a job!

MIKE

It'll be two jobs... one in his
office... and one in his bed.
You can't handle that.

A beat; they're both growing more angry and upset.

VICKY

Oh, Mike... don't...

MIKE

You really think he needs an
apprentice?

VICKY

Mike... don't pull a Jack on me
... Don't tell me how to run my
life...

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

MIKE

Vicky, you don't know what's
happening out there!

A beat. Vicky picks up her purse and jacket.

MIKE

(continuing)

Where are you going?

VICKY

(on her way
out the door)

On with my life.

MIKE

What?

He goes to her.

VICKY

I'm going on with my life... My
life, Mike... not yours...
(kisses him gently)

Goodbye.

She goes, closes the door, just normally. And the bed
falls. And Mike is in the room alone.

113 EXT. MATTHEWS HOUSE - NIGHT

113

Helen's and Jack's cars are parked side by side in the
driveway, as Vicky's car comes down the street... hesi-
tates at the filled driveway... and then pulls into
place at the curb.

114 INT. THE MATTHEWS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

114

Jack is on the easy chair, looking very much at home.
Helen hurries to the door, excitedly, as Vicky enters.

HELEN

(sotto voce)

Jack's here!

VICKY

(warily)

So I see.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
 (standing at his
 chair,
 compassionately)
 I came over as soon as I heard.

VICKY
 Heard what?

Jack looks to Helen, who takes a beat to understand, and then does. She goes about gathering her purse, jacket, knitting, as:

HELEN
 The children were angels, as usual. They went right to bed. It's a good thing Jack came over. I had company.

She's at the door now, and near Vicky.

HELEN
 (continuing;
 sotto voce)
 Whatever is best for you, Vicky. I just want you to be happy.

VICKY
 Thanks, Mom.

HELEN
 (more sotto voce)
 But he's not such a terrible man, you know.

VICKY
 (grins, kisses
 Helen's cheek)
 Bye, Mom.

And Helen looks back at Jack for a final smile, and a wave, and goes. As the door closes, Jack goes to Vicky.

JACK
 I was looking for you... at that school... and Mike told me about your job. Congratulations.

VICKY
 (wary)
 Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

She goes to Lisa's door and looks in on her. Jack follows.

JACK

You're lucky you're rid of him,
Vicky. He's not for you!

VICKY

That must have been some session.

She looks in on Danny -- Jack stays with her.

JACK

When he told me what happened,
I was over here in a flash.
Because I know how you get, and
I wanted to be here for you.

VICKY

Oh?... How do I get?

She goes into the kitchen. Jack follows.

115 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

115

JACK

(as they enter)

I know there are times you have
to eat, Vick. After all, you
need something comforting.

VICKY

I didn't eat.

She starts to prepare tea as:

JACK

(almost disappointed)

Well... well, that's great... but,
I'm just saying, it's all right
if --

VICKY

Don't sabotage me, Jack.

JACK

Vicky, I love you. I'm trying to
tell you that I love you, no matter
how fat you are.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

VICKY

(calmly)

I'm not fat.

JACK

But if you gain weight --

VICKY

I'm not gaining weight.

JACK

Good, I know that. I'm just saying --

VICKY

(looks for his
jacket)I know what you're saying and I
don't want to hear it.

JACK

You're right, you don't need to
hear it.

Vicky nods her agreement and goes back to her tea.
Jack drapes his arms around her.

JACK

(continuing)

And you don't need Mike, and you
don't need that job either... You
need me, Vicky. And from now on,
I'm going to be here for you.

VICKY

(easing out of
his arms)

I don't need you!

She moves so that the table is between them.

JACK

I've changed, Vicky. I understand
you now. I can help you. You do
need me!

VICKY

Like I need a hot fudge sundae.

She goes into the living room and Jack follows.

116 BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

116

They enter, Vicky finds Jack's jacket, gives it to
him and leads him to the door.

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

What I need is more time to myself.

JACK

(solicitous)

You're tired.

VICKY

No -- I'm excited, and proud of myself and I want to relish it all alone.

At the door:

VICKY

(continuing)

I'm going to treat myself to a long delicious bubble bath.

JACK

(coming on)

I'll scrub your back.

VICKY

I can scrub my own back. I can do anything.

(with growing exuberance)

Anything!

She opens the door.

JACK

I'll see you Sunday?

VICKY

(happily)

Right.

Getting him out.

JACK

Want to go to Disneyland with me and the kids?

VICKY

Maybe.

Shutting the door.

JACK

It'll be like old times, Vick.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

VICKY
(warmly)
Good night, Jack.

She closes the door and leans on it, thinking. Then she smiles... accepts what she's done... and likes it... And then, gets a new idea. She grabs her purse, and searches in it.

117 EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

117

There are no cars in the driveway. Vicky's wagon is still at the curb. Vicky runs out of the house, carrying her keys. She hops into the wagon, pulls it into the driveway. The garage door goes up. Vicky drives inside, parking in the middle and taking up both sides. The garage door lowers. We HOLD on that.

FADE OUT.

THE END