

HUGE  
(pilot)

Teleplay by

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Based on the novel "Huge" by Sasha Paley

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FADE IN.

A CHEESY VIDEO BROCHURE: happy, hugely smiling overweight CAMPERS play volleyball, canoe-- WE HEAR A WOMAN'S VOICE:

DR. RAND (V.O.)  
This summer-- become the person--  
you are *inside*.

REVERSE: AMBER, 16, pretty, plump, watches this mesmerized on a school library computer, glancing around furtively to make sure no one's looking.

BACK TO: THE VIDEO: THE FAT CAMPERS run a challenging obstacle course as--

DR. RAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The person-- you've always known  
you can be.

REVERSE: IAN, 16, overweight, adorably awkward, under the covers with his laptop, watches the same video...

SOMEONE POUNDS ON HIS BEDROOM DOOR, he grips the laptop protectively, yells out--

IAN  
*I'm doing homework!*

IAN turns back to the screen:

CAMPERS pass the finish line, hug, cheer--

DR. RAND (V.O.)  
Break free from your past-- and  
take hold of your future.

IAN'S POV: CLOSE ON A GIRL CAMPER'S BREASTS BOUNCING as she cheers and high fives her friends. DR. RAND enters this scene: a slim, type A disciplinarian in her 40's.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
Great hustle, Monique!

She turns, addresses the camera--

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
Hello, I'm Dr. Dorothy Rand,  
director of Camp Victory, where we  
help teens gain confidence as they  
shed unhealthy pounds-- and  
attitudes.

REVERSE: WILLAMINA (WILL), 16, sardonic, fat, watching this on TV in her luxurious, messy bedroom, HER FACE UNREADABLE.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
 (attempts warmth)  
 We're proud to offer a summer of  
 health, self esteem, and most of  
 all--  
 (tries to smile)  
*fun.*  
 (dead serious again)  
 That is my promise. To you.

As the CAMPERS BEHIND HER jog off. Rand motions to viewers--

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
 So come on. Join us.

REVERSE: AMBER'S FACE-- SEEING GOD.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
 What have you got to lose?

Rand jogs jauntily off.

REVERSE: WILL, INSCRUTABLE, clicks off the video.

WILL  
 Eat me.

IN THE NOW BLACK TV SCREEN, WE SEE HER REFLECTION AS SHE RIPS  
 OPEN A BAG OF CHIPS, SHOVES A FEW IN.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - WEIGH-IN TENT - DAY

CAMPERS in bathing suits, lined up: boys in one line, girls  
 in another. Kids self consciously adjust themselves--  
 covertly tug at their waist bands, hold in their stomachs--  
 in general try to pretend they're not dying of embarrassment.

One by one, A MALE AND A FEMALE COUNSELOR stands each camper  
 in front of a backdrop, snaps their photos, mug-shot style.

ON: WILL. The only camper not in a bathing suit. She wears  
 her usual uniform: baggy boys' shorts, and a punked-out tee.  
 She regards the scene around her with disbelief.

WILL  
 Can we like take a moment and just  
 ponder how sick this is? Just get a  
 bunch of fat kids, stick 'em in  
 bathing suits, and-- add cameras!  
 Wasn't this like *outlawed* by the  
 Geneva Convention?

The girl next to her in line, BECCA, painfully shy, looks up  
 from reading ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE...

WILL (CONT'D)

But I get it, I do-- cause maybe we don't feel *bad enough* about ourselves. What if we've thus far retained some *shred* of dignity?  
 (before Becca can speak)  
 I said "thus far." That's how upset I am.

BECCA

They just-- can I say something?  
 (off Will's look)  
 They do this so you can compare the pictures at the end and see how much weight you lost.

WILL

Whatever. They can't make me lose weight.

FIND: ON THE OTHER SIDE OF BECCA-- CAITLIN AND CHLOE. Two of the thinnest girls at camp. Both look up, overhearing this.

WILL (CONT'D)

I won't do it. In fact--  
 (mocks Rand's delivery)  
 --that is my *promise!* To you.

Caitlin leans over to Will.

CAITLIN

Um, they don't let you do the picture with clothes on.

WILL

Oh my God, I would never have guessed that, *thank you*.

Caitlin turns back to Chloe-- "do you believe her?"

WILL (CONT'D)

(for Caitlin to hear)  
 In fact, this could be my summer to *gain* weight! I feel like-- inside me? There's an even *fatter* person trying to get out.

Becca pushes herself to say... something.

BECCA

It's not that bad here once you get used to it. This is my second time. I lost twenty six and a half pounds. Then I gained some of it back. Basically all of it.

For some reason, Becca now can't stop talking.

BECCA (CONT'D)

But you meet people. People hook up a lot. Not *everyone*, but-- it's kind of like Bizarro World. Cause everyone's overweight. So the playing field is more-- like, there *is* one.

WILL

(has to admit)

That's somewhat cool.

WILL'S POV: THE BOYS LINE. Specifically, TRENT (a chunky yet hunky jock type) who stands with his TWO HEAVY SET JOCK PALS.

TRENT seems to look back at her with interest. Then she realizes he's looking past her. She follows his gaze to

AMBER. The thinnest girl present. Will turns back to Becca, who has witnessed this.

BECCA

Okay, it's not *that* different from the real world.

Will's still staring at Amber--

WILL

What is she even doing here?

ON: AMBER, watching Caitlin and Chloe gab. Focused on the DIAMOND BRACELET sparkling on Caitlin's wrist. Then she looks self-consciously at her frayed friendship bracelet. She slips it off, lets it fall. She glances around, suddenly sees

TRENT, checking her out. Amber immediately sucks in her stomach, both uncomfortable and pleased with this attention.

CAITLIN AND CHLOE approach her.

CAITLIN

Hi, we hate you. Just kidding.

AMBER

Oh. Okay.

CAITLIN

Cute suit.

CHLOE

I tried that one but it gave me back rolls.

AMBER  
Oh, I totally feel you.

She twists around to show them her back.

IN THE BOYS LINE, ALISTAIR (sweet, odd, very heavy, wearing sandals and socks) studies various people's feet. Flustered, he spots

CHLOE, across from him in the girls line. He tries subtly to get her attention--

                  ALISTAIR  
Hey-- umm--

Chloe pretends not to notice him, focuses on Amber...

                  CHLOE  
Are you kidding? You are *so thin*.

                  CAITLIN  
Yeah, look around! You're totally the thinnest girl here!

                  AMBER  
That can't be true.

But she's realizing: It *could* be true.

                  ALISTAIR  
(sotto voce, to Chloe)  
Are we supposed to take our shoes off?

Chloe glances at him; blatantly ignores him.

                  AMBER  
I mean, look at me.

                  CHLOE  
Look at *me*!

                  CAITLIN  
Okay, by the end of the summer, we're all gonna be so hot it *hurts*.

Caitlin notices Amber's ex-bracelet. Picks it up.

                  CAITLIN (CONT'D)  
Is this yours?

                  AMBER  
No.

Caitlin slides it on next to her diamond bracelet.

CHLOE  
Ew, it's dirty.

CAITLIN  
It's good luck.

Amber and Caitlin share a smile. A friendship is born.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)  
I'm Caitlin, she's Chloe.

AMBER  
Amber.

Chloe, not listening, is staring at the boys' line.

CHLOE  
Check out the *blue shorts*.

She points subtly. Amber and Chloe look; burst into GIGGLES--

AMBER  
Oh no!

ON: IAN. In blue shorts. He notices the group of girls looking at him, giggling. Are they interested in him? Flustered, he pretends to clean his glasses.

BACK ON AMBER AND COMPANY:

AMBER (CONT'D)  
I would *die*. Someone should tell him.  
(they look at her)  
No. No!

They all GIGGLE more.

ON IAN: Aware of Amber approaching. He struggles for cool.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
Um, hi...

IAN  
Hey.

AMBER  
I just thought you should know you have a hole in your bathing suit.

Ian turns red, looks down for the hole--

IAN  
Oh, crap. Uh--

AMBER

In back.

Ian covers his ass with his hands. AWKWARD.

IAN

Thanks.

AMBER

You're welcome.

Amber walks back to her amused new friends. As Ian watches her go, wanting to die...

DR. RAND appears, moves through the crowd, greets campers...

DR. RAND

Hey there-- good to see you. Hello--

Rand comes to a stop in front of Becca and Will.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)

Becca, good to see you again!

BECCA

(blurts out)

I gained back the weight.

DR. RAND

Well, I'm proud of you for coming back. And welcome--

(reads Will's name tag)

Willamina. I'm Dr. Rand.

WILL

I prefer Will.

DR. RAND

Noted. I just wanted to say welcome, and remind you that all campers need to be in their bathing suits for the Before Picture. No street clothes. No exceptions.

WILL

Why?

DR. RAND

Because, Will, this is the beginning of an important journey.

The campers nearest Will are following this with interest.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
 And we ask you to begin this  
 journey by taking an honest look at  
 yourself.

WILL  
 That sounds so great, but-- I lost  
 my bathing suit.

DR. RAND  
 I see. No problem. You can use the  
 community suit.

At the words "community suit" the campers within earshot  
 react with dread. Becca signals a vigorous "no" to Will.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
 Just be sure to leave your  
 underwear on.

Cornered, Will pulls at the neckline of her t-shirt--

WILL  
 Oh! You know what? I found my suit!  
 This is weird. It was on my body!

DR. RAND  
 Good.

Rand remains there, waits for Will to disrobe.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
 Well--?

Everyone's now staring at Will. The pressure's on, and Will,  
 desperate to hide her discomfort, shrugs her t-shirt off one  
 shoulder in a parody of sexiness. There are A FEW GIGGLES.  
 Encouraged, she starts to hum "Big Spender" as she swings her  
 hips, performing a cheesy striptease. Now people are riveted.  
 HOOTS AND WOLF WHISTLES. Becca is entranced-- by Will's  
 boldness. Amber, Caitlin and Chloe are also riveted.

CAITLIN  
 (sotto to the other two)  
 Okay, *nobody* wants to see that.

CHLOE  
 Seriously.

AMBER  
 We're lucky. It could be so much  
 worse.

AMBER watches Will with a mixture of disgust and fascination.

ON WILL: Deep into it now. Kids start to CLAP ALONG as she whirls her shirt over her head and tosses it to the crowd, then drops her shorts and slaps her own butt. People CHEER WILDLY. Rand watches, impenetrable. Will stops dancing, looks at Rand: a challenge. Rand stares back for a suspenseful beat. Then, as if nothing happened--

DR. RAND  
Chloe-- good to see you again!

Rand moves on. Some KIDS CLAP. Will bows, goes back to Becca--

WILL  
(sotto voce)  
Oh my God, why did I just do that?!

Will LAUGHS at herself. Becca's blown away.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK POPS, the "before" pictures are snapped: Alistair gives two thumbs up; Becca blinks; Ian is caught in mid glasses-push; Will points a finger-gun at her head; Amber strikes a would-be sexy model pose, then, after the flash:

AMBER  
Wait-- can we do one more?

INT. CABIN - DAY

Will, Becca, Amber, Caitlin, Chloe, and THREE OTHER GIRLS enter the cabin. Their counselor POPPY (20, way too perky) greets them.

POPPY  
Hi! I'm Poppy. Welcome to the first day of the rest of your lives! So find the bunk with your name on it!

ON WILL AND AMBER: finding their shared bunk at the same time. They try to be cordial.

AMBER  
You want the top?

WILL  
You can have it.

Will puts her stuff on the bottom bunk. Amber gets on top and takes out a folder of magazine cutouts of skinny models. Will watches as Amber tapes up the pictures around her bunk.

POPPY  
Okay, so the first thing we're gonna do is-- contraband check!

Caitlin and Chloe groan--

POPPY (CONT'D)  
I know, but we'll feel *so good*  
after!

Poppy drags a trash can to the middle of the room.

POPPY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna come around and look  
through your bags. If you have  
*anything* that's not allowed, just  
throw it out now, no questions  
asked. That means any kind of food,  
even gum.

CHLOE  
What if it's sugar free?

POPPY  
Is it gum?

Chloe sadly throws her gum in the trash.

POPPY (CONT'D)  
(consulting a manual)  
This also includes cigarettes,  
breath mints, lozenges, certain  
forms of lip gloss...  
(looks up, spots Amber)  
What's that?

AMBER has a toothpick in her mouth. Hastily removes it, as...

AMBER  
Toothpick.

POPPY  
Is it flavored?

WILL  
(close to losing it)  
It's *wood!* It's wood flavored.

Troubled, Poppy consults her manual. Finally--

POPPY  
I guess it's alright.

Poppy goes bunk to bunk, inspecting luggage. Meanwhile--

Amber runs out of tape, hops down from off her bunk and  
crosses to Caitlin, who also tapes up decorations--

AMBER  
Hey, can I borrow some tape?

CAITLIN  
Go for it.

Amber takes the tape, looks at the paper in Caitlin's hands: a handwritten affirmation, decorated with doodles and sparkles, that reads "BEAUTY COMES FROM WITHIN."

CAITLIN (CONT'D)  
I always bring this with me so it's  
the first thing I see when I wake  
up.

She tapes it above her bunk.

AMBER  
That's cool.

Chloe moves past them, and almost bumps into Becca.

BECCA  
Sorry--

Noticeable tension between them. Becca approaches Will--

WILL  
Hey.  
(then)  
What's wrong?

BECCA  
The girl behind me? She and I--  
(Will starts to turn)  
*Don't look!* She and I were really  
good friends last summer. Then she  
lost a bunch of weight and started  
hanging out with the popular girls.

WILL  
(feels for her)  
Uch-- that makes me want to set  
someone on fire.

Becca notices the WALL OF MODELS. Will follows her gaze.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Don't look at them too long--  
they'll take your soul.  
(Becca LAUGHS)  
Don't laugh. These are her only  
friends.

Amber returns to the bunk just in time to hear this. Tension.

AMBER  
They're thin-spiration. And you  
don't have to look at them.

WILL  
 Actually, I do, because they're  
 here and I have eyes.

AMBER  
 Well, you can decorate *your* bunk  
 how *you* want.

They glare at each other. Poppy pops in.

POPPY  
 Hi!  
 (to Amber)  
 Willamina?

AMBER  
 She is.

POPPY  
 (to Will)  
 Oh! Hi! Can you just open your  
 suitcase for me?

Will does, waits, impatient, as Poppy searches her bag.

POPPY (CONT'D)  
 What do you think of camp so far?

WILL  
 It's really something.

Poppy doesn't pick up on the sarcasm, continues to dig--

POPPY  
 I totally have this shampoo!

WILL  
 Mm.

Suddenly Poppy stares into the bag, her face darkens.

POPPY  
 Wait-- what's this?

A FLICKER OF PANIC crosses Will's face. She swallows hard.  
 Poppy reaches in, pulls out-- cough drops.

POPPY (CONT'D)  
 Cough drops count as lozenges. Do  
 you have a cough? You can totally  
 go to the nurse!

WILL  
 (relieved)  
 I'm fine.

Poppy tosses the cough drops.

POPPY  
Congrats Willamina, you're clean!

BECCA  
She prefers Will.

POPPY  
(winks)  
Got it!

Poppy moves on. Will crouches down; the lid of her suitcase blocks her from view. She unscrews her giant shampoo bottle to REVEAL: IT'S FULL OF M&Ms. She covertly pops one, smiles like the cat that caught the canary.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO:

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

Campers line up, in sweat clothes as Dr. Rand addresses them:

DR. RAND  
You'll be getting at least three hours of exercise every day, whether it's through team sports, games, or working out at the gym. We also offer classes in Tae-bo, yoga, waterskiing...

ON WILL AND BECCA: Whispering to each other.

WILL  
So what's Dr. Rand allegedly a doctor of?

BECCA  
I guess-- nutrition?

WILL  
Fat-ology. With a minor in Chub-onomics.

ON DR. RAND:

DR. RAND  
Now let's meet your fitness coaches.

SHAY, a late 20s Jillian Michaels type, steps forward--

SHAY

Hi, I'm Shay, your worst nightmare.  
I'll be whipping you into shape  
this summer!  
(the returning kids CHEER)  
You will beg for my mercy!!

The kids CHEER louder. ON WILL: totally freaked out by this.

FIND: AMBER, CAITLIN, AND CHLOE-- Amber chews a toothpick.  
Caitlin holds her hand out. Amber automatically puts another  
toothpick into Caitlins hand, as--

CHLOE

She *lives* to make people cry; I  
love her.

Suddenly Amber's mouth drops open, her TOOTHPICK FALLS OUT--  
WE FOLLOW HER STUNNED GAZE TO:

GEORGE, 20. An adonis. Dr. Rand moves over to him--

DR. RAND

And I'm pleased to introduce our  
new assistant fitness coach--

GEORGE

Hey, I'm George.

ON AMBER: Struck dumb. Totally smitten.

George THROUGH AMBER'S POV: Close on his sweaty BICEPS and  
full LIPS, his HAND, pushing back his hair.

Amber exchanges a "OMFG" look with Caitlin and Chloe.

EXT. JOGGING TRAIL - A LITTLE LATER

George leads the campers in a run. The kids PANT, MOAN...

GEORGE

Just a few more laps, guys! You can  
do it!

A determined Amber pushes through the crowd until she gets to  
the front next to George. As she runs she tries to wipe her  
sweat and fix her hair a little--

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey, check you out! What's your  
name?

AMBER

(winded, can barely speak)  
Amber.

GEORGE  
Keep it up, Tara! You're doing  
great!

Amber tries to be thrilled.

FIND WILL, struggling. She sees BECCA, NEARBY, IN TEARS--

BECCA  
I can't do any more!

Shay bears down on Becca, roars like a jungle beast--

SHAY  
THERE. IS. NO. "I CAN'T" Do you  
hear me?!  
(Becca can't talk)  
DO YOU HEAR ME?!?!

Will, seeing Shay busy with Becca, takes this moment to bolt--

BECCA  
(upset, to Shay)  
Yes!

SHAY  
Don't let me EVER hear you say that  
again! UNDERSTAND?!

BECCA  
Yes!

SHAY  
Now GIVE ME TWENTY JUMPING JACKS!

Becca starts jumping. We move past this spectacle to

THE BACK OF THE LINE, WHERE THE STRAGGLERS, including Ian and  
Alistair, stumble forward, drenched in sweat.

IAN  
Oh God, my lungs are trying to  
escape my body--

Alistair struggles to keep his game face on:

IAN (CONT'D)  
I should've just gotten that lap  
band thing.

ALISTAIR  
(breathing raggedly)  
I know a guy who got that. His Dad  
had to get a second mortgage, to  
pay for it.  
(MORE)

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

His stomach was the size of a walnut but he kept eating and he stretched it back out. And put back all the weight. And they lost their house.

IAN

Great story. Tell it again.

Alistair suddenly stops, doubles over. Ian stops short.

IAN (CONT'D)

You okay man?

Alistair plops down on the ground, pulls out an inhaler and starts breathing into it. Ian stands there, concerned.

UP AHEAD the group disappears around a bend.

IAN (CONT'D)

Don't die, okay? They'll think I did it.

Alistair's BREATHING normalizes, he removes his inhaler--

ALISTAIR

(weak)

I smell-- chocolate--

IAN

Isn't that the first sign of a stroke?

WILL POPS out of a nearby bush. She's eating a candy bar.

IAN (CONT'D)

Uh-- Hi.

The boys stare dumbstruck at Will's candy bar. Until--

WILL

Um. I have another one.

IAN

Is this a trick? Are you like a plant that the camp set up to see how we react?

WILL

Yes. I'm actually a robot, built by Dr. Rand.

(they're staring at her  
chocolate)

Sorry-- nevermind.

IAN  
 No, wait--  
 (to Alistair)  
 You wanna split it?

Alistair hesitates, then shakes his head no. Ian looks back to Will. She produces a second bar. He takes it, digs in.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 My last chocolate for eight weeks.  
 (then)  
 What's your name, mysterious  
 stranger?

WILL  
 Will.

IAN  
 I'm Ian.

ALISTAIR  
 Alistair.

Alistair wipes off his sweaty hand, holds it out to shake.

WILL  
 Cool name.

ALISTAIR  
 Thanks, I hate it.

IAN  
 So are you trying to get kicked out  
 of camp, or what?

WILL  
 My parents said if I get in trouble  
 here they'd send me to one of those  
 boot camps you see on Jerry  
 Springer. Trust me, I do not intend  
 to get kicked out. Nor do I intend  
 to lose weight. I said *nor*,  
 something's wrong with me.

Alistair suddenly sees something terrifying in the distance:

ALISTAIR  
 She's coming back!!

REVEAL: Shay. Coming towards them. All three of them leap up in fear, start desperately jogging again AS WE HEAR:

SHAY (O.S.)  
 Slackers will suffer! That means  
 YOU!

INT. THE CAFETERIA - DAY

Will stares at a little menu sign labeled DINNER:

WILL  
 "Poulet à la Basquaise in rosemary-  
 basil glaze with steamed vegetable  
 pate and whole wheat focaccia."

She looks down at the teeny portion of unidentifiable food on her tray, unable to reconcile it with the description.

ON DR. RAND at the head of the room. With her is JOE SALZNIAK, 70s, curmudgeonly. Not slender.

DR. RAND  
 Attention, new campers, I'd like  
 you to meet our resident chef, Joe  
 Salzniak, who carefully plans and  
 executes every meal.

SEVERAL RETURNING CAMPERS HOOT:

RETURNING CAMPERS  
 Whoo!!! Salty!!!

DR. RAND  
 Chef Salzniak is dedicated to  
 creating well balanced, low fat,  
 sustainable nourishment.

SALTY  
 No seconds.

He shuffles back into the kitchen.

Will sits down at a table where the other girls from the cabin are deep in conversation:

CHLOE  
 My mom makes these incredible  
 mashed potatoes with white cheddar  
 and garlic... I miss those potatoes  
 more than I miss her.

Will tastes a bite of camp food, reacts with disgust, as...

CAITLIN  
 Here's what I do: Cookie dough ice  
 cream. Microwaved. Then peanut  
 butter on top. And then, Captain  
 Crunch.

A few of the girls MOAN.

CHLOE

Ewww!

CAITLIN

No, it's *so good*.

ANOTHER CABIN GIRL

(to Amber)

Okay, your fantasy meal. Go.

AMBER

Honestly, this is it.

Will SNORTS. Louder than she meant to.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Cause there's no guilt. Like, it doesn't taste good for real, but it tastes like, the sweetness of being thin later.

WILL

(sotto to Becca)

That was deep.

AMBER

I might actually skip my dessert.

WILL

I'll take it.

AMBER

You really think that's a good idea?

Oh snap!

WILL

Absolutely. If I'm gonna gain weight here I need to fully commit.

Only Becca grins. Amber thrusts her dessert at Will--

AMBER

Whatever.

INT. ANOTHER AREA IN THE CAFETERIA - A LITTLE LATER

As Will exits, Caitlin grabs her--

CAITLIN

Hey. I heard you're holding.

WILL

What? What do you mean, I don't--

CAITLIN  
Relax. I don't want to bust you. I  
want to buy some.

This hadn't occurred to Will.

WILL  
Oh.

CAITLIN  
Come on. Please?

WILL'S FACE: She can't think of a reason not to.

MONTAGE:

WILL pours M&Ms from a shampoo bottle into a plastic baggie,  
then hands the baggie to Caitlin, for a wad of cash.

EXT. LAKE FRONT - DAY

The campers play volleyball on the sand. George has his arm  
around Amber showing her how to serve. He's professional, but  
she's into it on a whole other level.

ON WILL, away from the game, building a sand castle.

INT. THE CABIN - DAY

Will waits impatiently for her turn at the sink while Amber  
painstakingly blow-dries her hair in front of the mirror.  
ANOTHER CABIN GIRL tugs Will's sleeve, she turns--

CLOSE ON Will's hands:

-Opening a maxi pad box-- filled with snack cakes.

-Pulling marshmallows from a bag of cotton balls.

-Lifting the false bottom of her suitcase to reveal a  
cornucopia of junk food: Chips, jerky, cheese whiz, etc.

-Counting up her cash.

INT. CAMP OFFICE - DAY

Will and Becca giggle, Xerox unseen images from an ART BOOK.

EXT. THE CABIN - DAY

Another candy transaction, with THREE CAMPERS this time (one of them is Caitlin.) Will flips through a huge wad of cash, looking like a total drug dealer with sunglasses and a lollipop sticking out of her mouth like a cigarette.

INT. GYM - DAY

Campers practice Tae-bo moves on one another in a class: Will and Becca next to Ian and Alistair.

IAN'S POV: AMBER, a few yards away, practicing with Caitlin.

Distracted, Ian accidentally kicks Will. She playfully retaliates.

INT. THE CABIN - LATER

Amber is shocked and furious to find that the models in her wall collage have been pasted over with voluptuous women from classical paintings. She glares at Will and Becca, who barely contain their giggles before totally losing it.

Amber snatches down the art pictures angrily--

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

While the others sleep around her, Will munches a candy bar in the bottom bunk. We pan up to AN IRRITATED AMBER in the top bunk, wide awake, forced to listen to her CRUNCHING.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS -- DAY

A co-ed group of campers sit in a circle, sharing feelings. Ian is mid-share.

IAN

You know that Doors song "People Are Strange?" I feel like that all the time. Like I'm looking at the world through this like-- haze. Of-- ugliness. I mean, for a long time I didn't see myself clearly. I knew I was big, but--

Will stares at the ground with intensity, riveted to Ian's every word but so uncomfortable that she can't look at him. Alistair nods, empathic.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 There was this kid-- Kyle Biederman. He was like-- the fat guy. In our school. And I like clung to that. I would always look at him, and think-- at least I'm not him. And then one day, after P.E., we were at the sinks at the same time.

TRENT and his buddy are focussed, grinning, on something in the grass-- they LAUGH and nudge each other.

IAN swallows, nervous, glances over to  
 AMBER, who is distracted by Trent.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 I could see us both in the mirror. And I was as fat as him. Maybe fatter. It kind of shocked me.

TRENT LAUGHS OUT LOUD. Ian stops himself from saying more.

DR. RAND  
 Trent, is there a problem?

TRENT  
 Sorry. We found a caterpillar!

Amber, Caitlin, Chloe and a few others GIGGLE. Rand glares.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
 (abashed)  
 Sorry.

DR. RAND  
 Thank you for sharing, Ian.

Rand looks over at Will.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
 Who's next. Will?

WILL  
 Pass.

DR. RAND  
 You don't have to say much, just tell us a little about what brought you to camp.

WILL  
 My parents.

DR. RAND  
And how do you feel about that?

WILL  
Whatever. I'm used to them being jerks.  
(beat)  
Look, I'm down with my fat. Me and my fat are like-- BFF.

Amber's look says "Bullshit."

WILL (CONT'D)  
Who says fat has to be this horrible thing? A few hundred years ago, this was the hottest look on the block. In some parts of the world, it still is. It's our culture that's screwed up, not us.

Amber whispers something to Caitlin that we don't hear.

DR. RAND  
I agree, it's hurtful to put pressure on people, to conform to a certain look. But there's also the question of health.

WILL  
Oh right, *health*. You want to tell me *she's* here for her *health*?  
(points at Amber)

AMBER  
Don't say what I'm here for, you don't know me!

DR. RAND  
Girls! Okay. There's obviously a lot of emotion here. Which is why--

Rand passes around small notebooks, they each take one, as...

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
--I want you all to start keeping a journal. Every day. It's important to get your thoughts and feelings out. So you can face them.

WILL  
Will you be checking these?

DR. RAND  
No. They're just for you.

WILL  
So really, we could not write in  
them and you wouldn't know.

DR. RAND  
The choice is yours.  
(beat)  
Like all the choices you make.

Will frowns. Rand looks around, addresses the group.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
So-- nobody's mentioned what it's  
like to go without your favorite  
foods. How's it feel?

Silence. Then... Caitlin raises her hand.

CAITLIN  
It feels really good.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS -- A LITTLE LATER

Sharing's over, kids disperse in twos and threes-- Chloe  
chats up Trent and his friends, then looks up to see:

CAITLIN AND AMBER head off together. Chloe turns back to the  
boys, struggling to shake off the rejection.

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Amber and Caitlin walk back to the cabin...

AMBER  
How can they expect us to get that  
personal, in front of everyone? I'm  
just gonna make stuff up.

CAITLIN  
No, you should be honest. People  
are really supportive here. I mean,  
this is like-- the only place where  
I feel like people actually care.  
At home my mom just rides me about  
how fat I'm getting.

Amber looks at her-- empathic. Caitlin lightens the moment.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)  
So next time we share, you have to  
say how you're in love with George.

AMBER  
Oh, like you're not!

CAITLIN  
 Hey, if you like 'em older, you can  
 have Salty!

Amber swats Caitlin, who LAUGHS, runs away, Amber follows.

EXT. LAKE FRONT - LATER THAT DAY

Will wanders out onto the dock, studying her cell phone,  
 trying in vain to find reception...

WILL  
 (under her breath)  
 Come on... gimme one bar!

Frustrated, she snaps it shut, shoves it in her pocket. All  
 at once, she realizes she's hearing FAINT MUSIC-- A simple  
 acoustic melody. She looks around, confused, then kneels  
 down, leans over the edge of the dock--

REVERSE: WILL'S UPSIDE DOWN FACE peeks under the dock--

HER POV: IAN, strumming his guitar, in his own world.

Will watches him: Curious, awed, scared to interrupt. He  
 looks up-- stops playing.

IAN  
 Hey.

WILL  
 Sorry. I didn't mean to--

IAN  
 No worries.

She jumps down off the dock, approaches him--

WILL  
 How long you been playing?

IAN  
 Just like twenty minutes.

WILL  
 I mean how long--

IAN  
 I know. Three years.

WILL  
 You're good.

IAN  
No I'm not. This isn't even my good guitar.

WILL  
It looks like the one Frank Black plays.

Ian lights up.

IAN  
I can't believe-- I'm so happy you know that.

WILL  
I'm obsessed. I saw them play in London last year--

IAN  
What?! *What?!* Ohh, I hate you!! I don't hate you. That must have been--

WILL  
It was, Frank's sweat was literally dripping on me.

IAN  
Wow.

WILL  
I know. Stiff Little Fingers opened. I really like them too.

IAN  
I only know that one song--  
(SINGS)  
"Something, something-- barbed wire love--"

WILL  
(SINGS)  
"All you give me is barbed wire love--"

IAN  
For so long I thought they were saying "barber love." Like the love you have for your barber.

They LAUGH a little. Beat. He looks at her.

IAN (CONT'D)  
You've been to London?

EXT. CAMPGROUND - LATER

Will and Ian walk back to the cabins, deep in conversation--

IAN  
I can't believe I was scared to  
talk to you.

WILL  
(LAUGHS)  
*What?!*

IAN  
No, I just thought-- you were too  
cool, or whatever.

WILL  
Why would you ever think that?

IAN  
(overlapped)  
Well you did that-- dance thing.  
The first day. That was like--  
balls.

WILL  
What can I say. I am too cool.  
Maybe you should walk a few paces  
behind me.

But Ian is distracted by-- AMBER. Coming towards them.

IAN  
Do you know that girl?

Will notices the way Ian is looking at Amber.

WILL  
Sort of. Why?

IAN  
Just wondering.

His interest is obvious. ON WILL, swallowing disappointment.

Amber comes right up to them. Ignores Ian and glares at Will.

AMBER  
Dr. Rand's looking for you. She  
wants you in her office.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE:

INT. DR. RAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Will faces down a stern Dr. Rand. Will tries to play it cool, but she's a little intimidated in spite of herself.

DR. RAND  
Any idea why you're here, Will?

WILL  
Actually, I've been thinking about it? And I prefer Willamina.

DR. RAND  
(tries not to strangle her)  
We try to create a controlled environment here when it comes to food, Willamina. But there are always some campers who feel the rules don't apply to them. Who try to have their cake, and eat it. So to speak.

WILL  
What kind of cake?

DR. RAND  
You tell me.  
(beat)  
What if I were to say I had received a letter. From my *Uncle Hershey*?

WILL  
Who?

DR. RAND  
It's a code. A secret language for buying and selling contraband food.

WILL  
Okay...?

DR. RAND  
I've heard some troubling rumors. Which is why we'll be performing random cabin checks throughout the week. Anyone caught with food will face serious consequences. I trust you understand *that*.

WILL  
Yes ma'am.

DR. RAND  
I prefer Dr. Rand.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

Trent and his posse are seated on the couch opposite the TV, watch a football game. Nearby, Will and Becca play foosball. Becca watches the clock on the wall anxiously--

WILL  
So-- somebody ratted me out.  
Probably someone in our very cabin.

BECCA  
Who?

WILL  
I don't know. Yet.

Becca gives another anxious glance to the clock.

BECCA  
It's almost on.

WILL  
Just ask them!

BECCA  
I can't-- they're already--

WILL  
It's easy, watch!

Will strides over to the guys, who don't look up.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Uh, my friend is really into  
*Battlestar Galactica*, and it's on  
in like three minutes?

Will waits. The jocks glance at her, then at each other. Before they can respond--

Amber, Caitlin and Chloe enter. Caitlin leans flirtatiously on one arm of the couch towards Trent.

CAITLIN  
Hey-- are you like, watching this?

TRENT  
Uh, sorta.

CAITLIN  
Cause there's this thing? That we  
seriously need to watch?

CHLOE  
Yeah, it's serious.

ON WILL: In disbelief.

WILL  
Uh, excuse me? We were here first.

BECCA  
(tugs her, uncomfortable)  
It's fine, I'll just get my Mom to describe it to me...

Trent looks from Caitlin to Will, shrugs lamely:

TRENT  
Sorry.

Trent hands the remote to Caitlin. The other guys make room on the couch. Caitlin and Chloe sit down, but there's no room for Amber. She stands there, awkward, until--

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Come here--!

He pats his lap. Amber hesitates. Is he serious?

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Come on, best seat in the house!

As Caitlin clicks channels, Amber cautiously lowers herself into Trent's lap, trying not to rest her full weight on him. She looks at him covertly, checking to make sure he's okay. He smiles. She starts to let herself enjoy this moment.

Will watches this, furious. Becca: Longingly.

Meanwhile, Caitlin finds what she's looking for:

ON THE TV SCREEN: THE OPENING OF A REALITY SHOW.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
One beefy bachelor! Fifteen large and luscious ladies! All stuffed into one super sized villa! Who will find the love of their dreams-- and who will be sent packing?

ON SCREEN: A MONTAGE OF SCENES FROM THIS FAT REALITY SHOW-- plus size women sob, frolic in the surf, receive roses...

CAITLIN AND CHLOE clutch each other in excitement. AMBER is also riveted. Will watches this like it's a train wreck.

TRENT  
What is this crap?

CAITLIN

Shut up!

ON THE TV:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It all. Happens. NOW. On *Love Handles*.

Ian and Alistair walk in, cross to Will and Becca.

IAN

Hey-- oh, my mom loves this show.

Will closes her eyes in agony.

ON THE TV: A plus-size HOST addresses the contestants.

HOST

There are twelve of you left. And the competition is about to heat up because tonight... your date... will take place... *in a sauna*.

ON SCREEN CONTESTANT (COCO)

When I heard the date would be in a sauna, I started to sweat.

WE CONTINUE TO HEAR THE SHOW IN THE b.g. as--

WILL

This is unwatchable.

INT. REC ROOM - FORTY FIVE MINUTES LATER

MORE CAMPERS are now gathered around the TV, totally absorbed in the show. Will stands exactly where she was, watching.

ON THE TV: An elaborate elimination ceremony.

BACHELOR

There are eleven onion rings in this basket. When I call your name, please step forward. Shasta.

SHASTA steps forward. The Bachelor hands her an onion ring with grave solemnity. She tears up.

TRENT

I can't believe he didn't pick Albany first.

AMBER

Wait.

Ian, off to the side near Will, Becca and Alistair, can't stop staring at Amber. Will notices this, as...

BACHELOR (O.S.)  
The next name I'm going to call  
is... Albany.

All REACT. Becca SQUEALS involuntarily. Will turns to her in disgust. Ian watches as Trent high fives Amber.

TRENT  
You called it!

Will can't take anymore, stalks off.

EXT. GIRLS SIDE OF CAMP -- A LITTLE LATER

Amber, Caitlin and Chloe walk back to their cabin. Amber is beyond hyped--

AMBER  
You guys-- oh God, I'm shaking--

CAITLIN  
Your teeth are chattering-- come  
here--

Caitlin offers half of her hoodie. Now they're walking like Siamese twins. Chloe tries to appear not left out.

AMBER  
Thanks.

CHLOE  
When Coco passed out in the hot  
tub... do you think that was fake?

AMBER  
You don't understand-- I was on his  
*actual lap!* I just-- have never  
done that before! Ever!

CHLOE  
(to Caitlin)  
Remember last summer when you sat  
on Mike Duffy's lap at movie night?

CAITLIN  
Mike Duffy was so gay!

AMBER  
And he smelled amazing. I've never  
smelled a guy like close up before.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)  
So-- was I okay? Did I seem like a normal person?

CHLOE  
Sort of.

AMBER  
Why, should I have flirted more?

CAITLIN  
You were great! Just-- don't get tied down the first week. Remember, this isn't like the real world. You could seriously have any guy here.

AMBER  
(it's hitting her)  
Oh my God. This is *so huge*.

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

All prepare for bed. Chloe, in pj's, reads aloud the table of contents of a teen magazine while Caitlin paints her nails. Amber studies her body in the mirror; turns sideways, sucks in her stomach.

CHLOE  
"Boy Behavior Decoded: What His Texts Really Mean," "Inside Taylor Lautner's iPod," "What Your Eye Makeup Says About YOU--"

CAITLIN  
That one.

AMBER  
Do I look any thinner to you guys?

CAITLIN  
I can't tell.

CHLOE  
(overlapped, reads)  
"When you glam up for a night out, do you reach for A) a thick eye crayon in bad girl black...

ON WILL: Watching Amber tug at the waistband of her shorts.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
B) a dewy shimmer, hold the mascara or C) long false lashes, the wilder the better!

Will appears in the mirror behind Amber, staring her down.

AMBER  
What.

                  WILL  
You been talking about me?

                  AMBER  
No.

Caitlin and Chloe put down the magazine to watch this--

                  WILL  
Then why does Rand think I'm  
selling food?

                  AMBER  
Uh, maybe 'cause you are.

                  WILL  
Or maybe *someone* has a problem with  
me. Which they should take up with  
me instead of tattling.

                  AMBER  
I didn't say anything. Get over  
yourself. I don't care what you do.

Will doesn't know whether to believe her. Neither do we.  
Amber pointedly turns her attention back to the mirror. Will  
retreats.

                  AMBER (CONT'D)  
I just feel like nothing's  
happening.

As Will watches Amber from afar, she gets an idea...

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Will takes wet clothes from the washer as Becca tapes up A  
FLYER: "Interested in LARPing?" See Becca, cabin 4!!"

                  BECCA  
What exactly did Rand say to you?

                  WILL  
She wanted to buy some Mallomars  
off me. There was like *begging*, and  
tears... it was sad, really.

During the above, Trent walks by with a basket of clean  
laundry, stops to read Becca's flyer. Becca lights up  
expectantly. Trent exits. Crushed, Becca turns back to Will.

BECCA  
No, really, what happened?

Will shoves her wet clothes into a dryer, as--

WILL  
What do you think? "Troubling rumors, serious consequences... we're here to *help...*"

BECCA  
Well, but-- she is.

WILL  
Right. She's making money off us being here-- she's never gonna tell us we're fine the way we are!

Becca squelches her real feelings, per usual. Will holds up a pair of wet, pink shorts--

WILL (CONT'D)  
(sing song)  
Look what I stole!

BECCA  
Are you sure this isn't too mean?

Will ignores her, throws the shorts into the dryer-- and turns the DIAL TO EXTRA HOT.

WILL  
No, it'll be hilarious, just--

She clams up as CAITLIN enters. She and Caitlin share a look.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - A LITTLE LATER

Caitlin follows Will--

CAITLIN  
How much further?

WILL  
Look for two big branches, next to a rock-- oh, here we go--

CAITLIN FOLLOWS HER GAZE: Two branches and a rock on the ground. Will moves them aside, digs with a serving spoon. Caitlin waits awkwardly as Will unearths a plastic bag, brushes off the dirt, and pulls out a shampoo bottle.

WILL (CONT'D)  
How much you want?

CAITLIN  
I'll take the bottle.

Caitlin puts it in her backpack, and hands Will the cash.

WILL  
So does Amber know that you partake  
in the black market?

CAITLIN  
Yeah. She does. I know her, she's  
not a snitch.

WILL  
Come on.

CAITLIN  
Whatever, you just don't like her.  
(then)  
I mean, I get it. Her whole "I'm so  
fat" thing can be kind of annoying.  
It's like, if you think you're fat,  
what am I?

The irony that she's saying this to the much-heavier-than-her  
Will is lost on Caitlin, but not on Will.

WILL  
Right.

CAITLIN  
But she's a good person. She  
wouldn't do that. Even to you.

She exits the clearing, leaving Will alone.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Amber struggles to zip her shrunken pink shorts. Will lies on  
her bunk, peeking at Amber covertly, a smug grin on her face.  
Becca watches from her own bunk, worried.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

George is leading today. An obstacle course has been set up.

GEORGE  
Okay, listen up guys! This is one  
of the races you're gonna be doing  
for the color war at the end of the  
summer. So form a line-- I'll be  
timing you-- you're gonna run  
through those tires and over the  
climbing wall.

ON WILL, zoned out, iPod earbuds in her ears.

WILL'S POV: George's mouth moves, but all we hear is Riot Grrl music. Suddenly Ian pops up in front of her. She takes her earbuds out.

IAN  
Dude. That mix is amazing.

WILL  
Oh, good. I tried to pick stuff you  
wouldn't already have--

As they start to get into line with the other campers--

IAN  
The last song? "All My Friends Have  
Been Replaced By Cities"?

WILL  
Right?

IAN  
So good. Now I have to make you  
one, pressure's on.

WILL  
It better be *perfect*. None of your  
Taylor Swift nonsense--

IAN  
(over her, laughing)  
Shut up, you cannot make fun of me  
for that!

ON GEORGE:

GEORGE  
Don't worry, I'll be right there to  
make sure you don't fall. Okay, on  
your mark, get set-- Go!

The first KID takes off through the course, his FRIENDS cheering him on. Amber is the next in line: tugging surreptitiously at her too-tight shorts.

AMBER  
I'm having some serious muffin top  
issues right now.

CHLOE  
Please don't mention muffins.

AMBER  
I can't be gaining, that's not  
possible, right? Where's Caitlin?

CHLOE  
Probably playing sick.  
(trying to be a friend)  
Maybe it's a metabolism thing.  
Cause-- if you're suddenly burning  
so much more calories, maybe your  
metabolism like, got confused.

AMBER  
Is that a real thing?

CHLOE  
I don't know, I'm not a scientist!

The kid tags Amber's hand and Amber takes off. When she gets to the climbing wall, she's a little daunted, but George is right there to guide her--

GEORGE  
Make sure you grip the handholds--  
that's it; you're doing great.

AMBER  
I have a thing about heights--

GEORGE  
Don't worry. I've got you.

He smiles at her and she melts a little... But her pleasure turns to panic when he puts his hands lightly around her waist. She keeps climbing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
There you go, one step at a time--

Suddenly Amber's shorts RIP, revealing embarrassing granny panties that say "Tuesday" on the butt. The campers react-- some laugh, some (like Ian) wince.

ON WILL AND BECCA: Becca can't help herself-- SNORTS with laughter. But suddenly it's not so funny to Will.

ON AMBER: Freaking out. Dying of embarrassment.

AMBER  
Let me down--

GEORGE  
Uh, okay, just lower your foot--

AMBER  
Let go!

George lets go of her waist and Amber scrambles down, taking a little tumble to the ground.

GEORGE

Oh my God, are you okay?

But she's already getting up, unable to face him or anyone--

AMBER

I'm fine!

She runs away. George is unsure of what to do--

GEORGE

Okay guys, just-- uh--  
 (checks his watch)  
 --head back to your cabins, and  
 I'll see you tomorrow.

He takes off after Amber.

ON WILL: racked with guilt.

EXT. EXERCISE BUILDING - DAY

Amber leans against a building-- she sees

GEORGE, winded, obviously looking for her. Amber tries to walk in such a way that the split in her pants is concealed, which isn't easy. Or possible. George sees her, calls out--

GEORGE

Tara! Wait!

ON AMBER-- caught. Humiliated, she reluctantly stops. George catches up to her. She can't look at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Tara, I'm so sorry.

He's so sweet, she can't bring herself to correct him.

AMBER

It wasn't your fault.

GEORGE

Well, let's face it, I've still got  
 a lot to learn.

Despite everything, Amber starts to relax slightly--

AMBER

You do?

GEORGE

Yeah! This is my first time  
 actually working at a camp.

Neither knows what to say. Amber self consciously adjusts her shorts. George takes off his hoodie, holds it out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Here-- maybe tie it around your waist.

Amber, blown away by his chivalry, takes the hoodie, ties it around herself...

AMBER  
Thanks.

GEORGE  
Listen, don't be embarrassed, okay?

AMBER  
How can I not be?

GEORGE  
I swear to you, every person here has had embarrassing stuff happen. Probably this week! If I told you some of the stuff that's happened to me--

AMBER  
Like what?

GEORGE  
Well-- okay. I'm deaf in one ear.

AMBER  
Oh.

GEORGE  
So there's stuff I miss. Like senior year-- I was at this party, and this girl kept turning around and looking at me. And finally she said: "Wanna make out." And I was like: "Whoa, I mean-- sure!" And she gave me this weird look. And it turned out she was saying: "You're on my coat."

AMBER  
Wow.

GEORGE  
Yeah. So-- you're not the only one.  
(he leans in, solicitous)  
Just remember, you're a really cool girl, Tara.

AMBER  
                  (can hardly talk)  
                  Thanks.

He smiles down at her for a beat too long. She finds herself leaning closer, to be kissed. Then George gets a grip--

                  GEORGE  
                  I better--

                  AMBER  
                  Yeah--

Both get up, uncomfortable.

                  GEORGE  
                  Shay's gonna freak when she finds  
                  out I sent those guys home early.  
                  (beat)  
                  I'll see you later.

He lopes off, leaving Amber to process what just happened.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - SAME TIME

                  IAN  
                  Wow. That was epic humiliation. And  
                  I could not stop staring at her  
                  ass. I can still see it! I'm a  
                  horrible person.

Ian realizes that Alistair has stopped walking. He stops too.

                  ALISTAIR  
                  You have to help me.  
                  (beat)  
                  I bought all this crap from Will.  
                  Chips and jerky and-- snack cakes.  
                  And I know I'm gonna eat it. You  
                  have to take it from me. Okay?

                  IAN  
                  No! Then I'll eat it!

They look at each other. Now what?

INT. THE CABIN - MINUTES LATER

Amber enters, upbeat, still wearing George's hoodie, to find

THE OTHER GIRLS, crowded around an uncharacteristically somber Poppy.

CHLOE  
What do you mean, what happened--

POPPY  
I'm sorry, I'm not supposed to  
discuss it.

Amber now sees:

CAITLIN'S NOW EMPTY BUNK, stripped of its sheets.

AMBER  
What's going on?

CHLOE  
Caitlin's gone.

AMBER  
What?! Why?

POPPY  
Her mom came to get her.

AMBER  
Oh my God--

POPPY  
I'm really not supposed to discuss  
details yet, Dr. Rand's coming by  
later, to talk to you.

AMBER  
Wait, is she okay? What happened?

CHLOE  
(angry)  
We have a right to know!

POPPY  
(uneasy)  
Yeah, she's okay. Um-- I heard her  
throwing up.  
(beat)  
I thought maybe she was just sick,  
but then I found out-- she's done  
it before. I had to go to Dr. Rand.

WILL  
So they kicked her out?

POPPY  
I know this is upsetting, but I  
think we should wait til Dr. Rand  
gets here. I'll see if she's in her  
office-- just stay here, okay?

Poppy exits the cabin. The girls stand there, some sit down on their bunks. The mood is somber. Will breaks the silence:

WILL

I can't believe they kicked her out.

AMBER

That's so screwed up! I thought this place was about helping us, they could have given her counseling or something!

BECCA

It's a liability. If she hurt herself, her parents could sue the camp.

CHLOE

So who told Poppy she'd done it before?

She glances at Becca.

BECCA

Why are you looking at me?

WILL

Wait, did everyone know she was--?

AMBER'S FACE: She knew. The other girls exchange glances.

ONE CABIN GIRL

I didn't.

ANOTHER CABIN GIRL

I thought maybe.

(beat)

You ever look at her fingers? Right here? That's where the teeth hit when you--

She mimes putting her fingers in her mouth.

BECCA

We were in the same cabin last year, you kind of couldn't not know.

Chloe turns on Becca:

CHLOE

So did you tell on her?

BECCA

No, but I'm glad someone did!

AMBER

Why?!  
 (getting emotional)  
 So she gets kicked out?

Will jumps to Becca's defense--

WILL

(to Amber)  
 Cause it's the right thing! At  
 least she can get help now.  
 (including Chloe)  
 Didn't you ever think you should  
 say something? You're supposed to  
 be her friends.

CHLOE

I was *being* a friend! You don't  
 know anything. Home is the *last*  
 place she should be.

AMBER

(to Will, furious)  
 You're the one who gave her all  
 that *crap* to eat. What did you  
 think was going to happen?!

This is like a punch in the gut to Will. She doesn't know how to respond. Amber turns to Chloe. Will stands there, facing Amber's "thin-spiration" wall. She scrambles up Amber's bunk-- and starts tearing the pictures down.

AMBER (CONT'D)

*Hey!*

WILL

And *you're* the one who made her  
*LOOK AT ALL THIS CRAP!*

Amber tries to pull Will down, punching her legs-- Will tumbles to the floor, knocking Amber over. Becca GASPS. Chloe tries to pull Will off of Amber. The other girls SHRIEKING-- Poppy returns with Dr. Rand--

POPPY

Oh no--!

DR. RAND

Amber! Willamina! Stop this  
 immediately!  
 (yanks them apart)  
 Physical violence will *not* be  
 tolerated.

Will, shreds of thin-spiration still in her hands, rushes into the bathroom. Becca follows her. Rand turns to Amber.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)  
 Alright-- what happened.

AMBER  
 Nothing.

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Becca tries to put her arm around Will-- she shakes it off.  
 Becca's hurt. A beat.

WILL  
 Do you know how to get to the main  
 road from here?

BECCA  
 What? Yeah, why?

WILL  
 I'm busting out of here. Tonight.

END OF ACT 3.

ACT 4:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Will sneaks through the bushes lugging her duffle bag,  
 followed by a paranoid Becca.

BECCA  
 You can't just bolt like this.  
 (beat)  
 At least stay til the morning, then  
 you can ask to leave.

WILL  
 I can't deal with Rand-- I'm gonna  
 hitch a ride to my uncle's place.

BECCA  
 Hitch?! You can't! I won't let you.  
 I've watched too many specials  
 about serial killers!

WILL  
 Becca, I've done it a million  
 times.  
 (then)  
 I'm not staying here another night.

She plows ahead. Becca stops walking. Stands there, upset.

BECCA  
I'm really gonna miss you.

This gets to Will, even if she doesn't know quite what to say in return. She turns around.

WILL  
Come on, this isn't the end. We'll talk on Facebook.

She awkwardly hugs Becca. Suddenly the SOUND OF SOMETHING--

BECCA  
What was that?

The sound gets closer. Both girls are terrified-- until Ian emerges from the woods.

IAN  
*There* you are!

BECCA  
Shh!

WILL  
What are you doing here?

IAN  
Alistair said Becca said you were leaving. I can't believe you weren't even gonna say goodbye, jerk!

WILL  
I'm not that good at goodbyes.

IAN  
Well, I wanted to give you this before you go.

He hands her a mix CD decorated in sharpie. Will is touched.

WILL  
Thanks. This is-- thanks.

IAN  
I wrote my email on there too. You better write me.

This goodbye is getting harder for Will.

WILL  
I'm gonna write! To both of you. I promise.  
(afraid to linger)  
I gotta go.

IAN  
Good luck.

Ian and Will move in for a hug and a handshake respectively, and end up in an awkward half-hug.

WILL  
Bye.

BECCA  
Bye.

Will waves one last time, then turns and walks out of the woods onto the main road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Will walks down the side of the road with her thumb out. A car slows and then stops. She hops in.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Amber sleeps. We hear MUFFLED CRYING from OS. Amber cranes her neck to see where it's coming from and sees the empty bunk beneath her.

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Amber tiptoes in, following the sound of the crying, and finds Becca on the floor.

AMBER  
Hey.

She grabs a roll of toilet paper and offers Becca some. Becca blows her nose.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?  
(sensing it's related)  
Where's Will?

BECCA  
She left.

AMBER  
Like, left left?

BECCA  
She's hitchiking to Montera.

AMBER

To where?

(Becca starts to explain)

Nevermind. I don't care.

(beat, can't leave)

That's a really stupid idea.

Amber reels. Sits down next to her.

BECCA

And it's partly my fault. I told  
Rand about her stash.

(off Amber's surprise)

I didn't want to get her in  
trouble, I just couldn't take  
having that stuff around anymore.

AMBER

Look, she hated it here. It's  
better that she's gone.

BECCA

I'm a horrible friend.

AMBER

No. I am.

(beat)

I told on Caitlin.

BECCA

Oh.

AMBER

I didn't know they could kick you  
out for that. I'm so stupid.

(beat)

You can't tell anyone.

BECCA

Neither can you.

Amber nods. They sit there in silence.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Will sits in a booth, orders from the WAITRESS--

WILL

I'll have the disco fries. Extra  
gravy. And a chocolate shake.

The Waitress goes off. Will pulls out her CD player, pops  
Ian's CD in, puts in earbuds. We hear A MELANCHOLY SONG as  
she looks around the diner, noticing the LONELY LOOKING  
PEOPLE around her. All eating.

Suddenly Will does a double take, yanks out her ear buds--

WILL'S POV: DR. RAND! In a booth, engrossed in a book and a salad, across from Salty, equally engrossed in his chili and newspaper. Salty glances up from the paper to Rand--

SALTY

That Beyonce-- she's everywhere.

Will ducks behind her menu; peeks out at Rand, who doesn't yet see her. Will starts to sneak towards the door. The WAITRESS'S VOICE rings out--

WAITRESS

Where ya goin' sweetie?

Everyone (including Rand) looks up. Will freezes.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

I got your fries here!

Will stands there, no idea where to look.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

You want them or not?

Rand crosses briskly to Will.

DR. RAND

She does.

She escorts Will back to her booth. The waitress sets down Will's food. Rand sits down opposite Will. RAND'S GAZE moves from the shake and fries to-- Will's DUFFLE BAG.

DR. RAND (CONT'D)

I'd hoped that you'd be able to take advantage of what we offer here. That you might face some personal issues, and grow.

WILL

You mean shrink.

(beat)

So- what happens now?

DR. RAND

Well, I know your parents are in Europe for the summer-- there's a relative they mentioned--

WILL

(can't look at her)

My uncle.

DR. RAND

Right. I have his contact information. We'll call him as soon as we get back to camp.

(beat)

It's funny, isn't it. The way--

She breaks off, because SALTY is standing there. He puts Rand's salad and her open book down, in front of her. Salty looks briefly at Will, then--

SALTY

I'll be in the truck.

He exits. Will glances into Rand's open book-- a line of print jumps out at her:

**"Faith has to work twenty four hours a day in and through us, or we perish."**

Before she can read more Rand shuts the book, shoves it away. A beat, then...

WILL

You said something was funny--?

DR. RAND

Oh. Yes. Well, the last train's come and gone; there's no bus service on Sundays. So you were probably planning to hitchhike. Which means-- you'd rather risk your life than change it. Not so much funny as sad, really.

(chews, swallows)

Your fries are getting cold.

WILL

I don't want them.

DR. RAND

Go ahead-- you're not a camper anymore.

WILL

I'm not eating them in front of you, okay!? And no, I *don't* want to change! Why should I? Just cause my parents are ashamed of how I look?!

Silence. Dr. Rand stops eating. Looks hard at her.

DR. RAND

I should have realized this wouldn't work out.

(MORE)

DR. RAND (CONT'D)

The campers who get something out of our program are here because they want to be.

(beat)

Listen to me, Willamina--

WILL

Will.

DR. RAND

(almost smacks her, but--)

I know why you're running away, I know you're scared--

WILL

I'm not scared! I just think everything you stand for is crap. No offense.

Rand takes a moment, then turns to the waitress.

DR. RAND

Check!

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Everyone's asleep. Except Amber, rifling through Will's stuff with a flashlight. She unscrews a shampoo bottle, turns it over into her palm-- it's shampoo! Damn. Suddenly she hears LOW VOICES from outside.

EXT. THE CABIN - SIMULTANEOUS

Dr. Rand walks Will to the cabin steps.

DR. RAND

Get some sleep. We'll call your uncle in the morning. If he can't come and get you I'll speak with your parents and arrange something.

Will isn't listening. She's staring at:

INITIALS, NAMES, AND DATES, CARVED INTO THE WOOD RAILING OF THE PORCH. The dates go back to the nineteen sixties. Will touches one of them. Then, without looking at Rand...

WILL

I want to stay.

(turns)

I mean as long as I started this thing I should finish it. Right?

(beat)

So can I? Stay?

Silence. Will realizes there's something she needs to say.

WILL (CONT'D)

It was messed up for me to sell  
food. But I vow. That I will never  
do it again. Ever. I said vow,  
that's how serious I am.

Rand looks back at her, impassive.

INT. THE CABIN - SIMULTANEOUS

Amber listening to this at the window. Then, she hears  
footsteps, scurries back to bed.

EXT. LAKE -- DAWN

In the dim light, WE SEE A RIBBON OF SMOKE. FIND:

IAN AND ALISTAIR standing at a small contained fire at the  
waters edge. Alistair empties a bag of chips into the flames,  
WE WATCH THEM BLACKEN...

INT. CAFETERIA - THE NEXT DAY

As the other cabin girls CHATTER and finish breakfast, Will  
captivates Becca with her story:

WILL

So she *refuses* to call my uncle--  
and she's all like: *What are you so  
afraid of, Willamina?* Then she  
drags me back here, in this really  
gross *truck*.

ON AMBER: Listening in. Knowing the truth.

WILL (CONT'D)

I gotta give the woman credit for  
how committed she is to ruining my  
summer.

BECCA

Well, to be selfish, I'm glad  
you're back.

Chloe glances across the table at Amber, who avoids her gaze.  
Chloe offers an olive branch.

CHLOE  
 Wow. Amber.  
 (Amber turns to her,  
 distrustful)  
 Your face really looks thinner.

AMBER  
 (lights up)  
 Really?

CHLOE  
 Totally.

Amber and Chloe share a tentative smile. Will observes this.

WILL  
 How about me? Do I look any fatter?

Before they can respond, George appears at their table.

GEORGE  
 Uh, hi.

It takes Amber a few seconds to realize he's addressing her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 You wanna walk with me to the Life  
 Saving Demonstration?

The girls at the table: OMG! (Even Will, though she covers it.) Amber can't speak. Chloe nudges her into saying:

AMBER  
 Sure.

Amber stands, exits with George. Becca stands, turns to Will.

BECCA  
 Let's go. I wanna change my shoes  
 before the Life Saving thing.

WILL  
 I'll meet you. There's some stuff I  
 gotta do first.

EXT. PATH TO THE LAKE - DAY

Amber and George walk. Amber's hyper aware of him near her.

GEORGE  
 So-- look. I feel really stupid--

AMBER  
 Oh my God, me too!

George stops walking.

GEORGE  
Wait, why do you?

AMBER  
(panics)  
Uh... why do you?

GEORGE  
Cause I just found out I've been  
calling you the wrong name all this  
time.

AMBER  
(relieved)  
Oh, that's okay--

GEORGE  
No it's not-- your name's Amber!  
(insecure)  
Right?  
(she nods, transfixed)  
Anyway. I will never call you Tara  
again. So-- wait, why did you feel  
stupid?

AMBER  
I don't.  
(then)  
Just cause-- I should've said  
something.

GEORGE  
No, it was my responsibility. I'm  
the counselor here.

Amber had almost forgotten.

AMBER  
Right.

GEORGE  
If I ever get something wrong like  
that again, just yell into my good  
ear. Which is this one--  
(points)  
Okay?

Amber nods, crushing hard. As they both turn, start walking--

GEORGE'S POV: DR. RAND, at the lake shore, observing George  
and Amber together as CAMPERS GATHER NEARBY.

Self conscious, George breaks into a run toward the assembly.  
This pops Amber out of her love-fog. She runs after him--

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

Will stares down at:

THE MOUND OF DIRT WHERE SHE BURIED HER CONTRABAND. THE TWO  
CROSSED BRANCHES; THE ROCK NEXT TO THEM.

Will hesitates, then-- grabs the branches, hurls them along  
with the rock into the woods, kicks at the dirt mound until  
it blends into the ground. Then she breaks into a run, as--

PRE-LAP: CAMPERS VOICES, SINGING THE CAMP SONG

CAMPERS  
All hail to Thee,  
Camp Victory,  
Sing praises loud and clear

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Campers stand in a circle holding hands along with counselors  
and Dr. Rand. All sing--

CAMPERS, COUNSELORS AND RAND  
For though the summer sun may set,  
We promise we'll not soon forget  
The courage and the friendship we  
found here.

WILL ARRIVES, breathless, tries to slip unobtrusively into  
the circle next to Becca, she sees

RAND, looking at her. Will avoids her gaze, starts singing...

CAMPERS, COUNSELORS AND RAND (CONT'D)  
So here's to thee  
Camp Victory  
Where hope shines like a star  
And when our summer days are gone  
Within our hearts you will live on  
Camp Victory  
How wonderful you are.

INT. GIRLS CABIN - THAT NIGHT

Girls get ready for bed, brush teeth, put in retainers, pop prescription pills. Will, on her bunk, writes in her journal.

WILL (V.O.)  
 So this is me. Actually trying.  
 What have I got to lose? HA. It's  
 not like my life can get any worse.  
 I don't want to become a  
 superficial weight obsessed freak,  
 like-- some people. So what do I  
 want to get out of this?

Will looks over at Amber, on Caitlin's old bunk, toothpick in mouth, wearing George's hoodie. Sewing the shorts she split.

AMBER  
 These are never gonna look right  
 again.

WILL  
 Sorry.  
 (Amber looks up)  
 I mean-- that sucks. I mean, it  
 must've sucked. When it happened.

AMBER  
 (removes the toothpick)  
 Whatever.  
 (can't resist saying)  
 George gave me his hoodie.

She snuggles it around herself. After a beat--

WILL  
 Got any more of those?

Amber wordlessly hands Will a toothpick.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 I've only been off sugar twenty  
 four hours and I already feel like  
 defacing public property.  
 (hard to ask)  
 How do you do it?

AMBER  
 The first few days are the worst.

WILL  
 And then it gets easier?

Amber hesitates, not sure how to describe it.

WILL (CONT'D)

Great.

Amber hands Will a whole pack of toothpicks.

AMBER

Here. I've got tons.

Amber spots something peeking out from behind the bunk frame-- pulls out Caitlin's now torn and dusty "BEAUTY COMES FROM WITHIN" sign. Holds it in her hands.

WILL

You miss her, huh.

AMBER

(doesn't look at Will)

Yeah.

Amber dusts off the sign, puts it among her things.

POPPY

Lights out ladies! Sleep tight!

The girls climb into their bunks. THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Amber and Will lie in their bunks, in the dark. They whisper.

AMBER

It's not that it gets easier... but you start wanting it.

WILL

I won't.

(beat)

I'm so damn hungry. That toothpick made it worse!

AMBER

(not unkindly)

Shut up.

WILL

I should have had that shake, when I had the chance. I had a double chocolate shake right there, in front of me.

Silence. Around them, girls are falling asleep. Amber seems to be too. Until--

AMBER

You mean, like extra large? Or double scoops of regular chocolate?

WILL  
Both.

CABIN GIRL  
(calls out from her bunk)  
Shush!

Will and Amber go silent. Then... very quietly...

WILL  
The chocolate ice cream itself was  
like-- double.

AMBER  
Go to sleep.

WILL  
Plus the chocolate syrup.

AMBER  
I'm not listening!

WILL  
I know.  
(yawns, then, softly)  
I ordered fries too. The curly  
kind.

As Will snuggles into sleep, WE PULL BACK, UNTIL  
WE CAN SEE THEIR LITTLE CABIN, IN THE WOODS.

FADE OUT.

THE END.