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Fat Camp: The Development of a Half Hour Series

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Fat Camp: The Development of a Half Hour Series

by

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Report

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Abstract

Fat Camp: The Development of a Half Hour Series

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This report describes the journey of Chelsea Mahoney as a writer, along with the development and evolution of the half hour series *Fat Camp*. It analyzes the start of the writer's development, to her time at the University of Texas, and the teachers that impacted her strongly. The writer investigates her insecurities and their impact on her writing. Additionally, the paper examines the initial concept of *Fat Camp*, the process of re-writing the script, as well as the finished product.

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Chapter One: Welcome to the Thunderdome

I'm not going to lie. This thesis report really terrified me. I haven't done any kind of long form writing like this since handing in my undergraduate thesis project on Social Media and the New Revolution. In addition, I had no idea what the thesis report really was. Was I reflecting on my writing process? Was I analyzing the rewrite of my script? Was I going to mess it up? So, I read a few of the previous MFA candidate's reports, and realized that the door was wide open.

I decided to go all the way back.

In this report, I will analyze my journey as a writer starting from the beginning—the age of ten. I will discuss the first story I ever wrote. The teachers I've had that impacted my writing for the better. I will examine insecurities as a writer and as a human, and how those insecurities impacted my script, Fat Camp. I will explore my rewriting process, and the importance of outlining a script, among many other things. Some of this will be very personal. Some of it will be broad. But all of it has impacted me, and in turn impacted my story. I can only hope it won't bore the pants off of you.

Chapter Two: Wheelchair Man

I'm an avid reader. I've been an avid reader for as long as I can remember. I spent summer vacations floating around my pool in a neon tube reading everything I could possibly get my hands on. One summer it was the much beloved *Harry Potter* series. Another summer it was any and every book written by Judy Blume (*Forever* changed my LIFE!). Day after day, night in and night out- I binge-read. The *Flowers in the Attic* series? Been there. *Nancy Drew*? Done that. Sometimes, it was as if there weren't enough words to fill my hands. The summer before I went to high school I read strictly classics, poring over worn copies of *1984* and Mark Twain novels. That was when I realized how truly powerful words are.

I wrote my first story when I was ten years old. It was about this girl, who was new at school. She was weird. Another girl, who wasn't new at school, noticed her weirdness but didn't say anything to her friends. One night at a sleepover with the popular girls, the New Weird Girl killed everyone in attendance. Another Girl was the one who found the bodies. It was called *Psycho Path* because that's the street the house was on where the girls were killed.

I had issues. Probably.

I wrote constantly throughout middle school and early high school. In the tenth grade, I took my first creative writing class with a man named Mr. Reilly. He was in a wheelchair and wore sunglasses indoors. We had to write every single draft of whatever we were working on, by hand, and in pencil. Only final copies were allowed to be typed

so we could “see the process.” Once, he needed to erase the top of the chalkboard, and he stepped out of his wheelchair to do so. All of us students started at each other dumbstruck. He sat down, and carried on with the lecture.

No one ever mentioned it.

Our last assignment of the semester was to write a twenty-page short story. I had been working on something independent of class. It was a story about a teenage girl who has a mental breakdown of sorts. It was called *Hey Chuck*. There weren't any characters named Chuck. I was going through a Chuck Pahalniuk phase (I rolled my eyes as I typed that). I handed it in to him, piled up with everyone else's attempt at writing, and passed forward to the class.

Over the next week, he would call students up to his desk to discuss their work. He called my name, and I head up there, he offered a seat to me so I obliged. He looked at me through his ever present sunglasses, flipped through the story as a way to mull time and said the three most important words to me I ever heard:

“You're a writer.”

I smiled, and said thank you, a little embarrassed and a little confused. No one had ever told me I was a writer before. I had never really thought of myself as a writer before. Writing was just something I liked to do.

“Can I keep this, so that when you're a famous writer I can say ‘she started here?’”

I laughed, and told him of course. Take it.

I can't remember any other part of the conversation. From that moment forward, I knew who I wanted to be.

I was a writer.

Chapter Three: My First Love

The first movie I ever saw in theaters was Snow White. I have no recollection of this at all, considering I was an infant. My mother claims I was captivated and didn't make a peep the entire time. If what my mother says is true, than I would like to say that even before reading, before writing, film was my first love.

The earliest memory I have is lying in my mother's bed on a rainy fall day. We had an illegal cable box, and we were able to get all of the pay-per-view channels. Playing on the television was the classic horror film, Poltergeist. I remember clearly the scene in the garage. That moment when the family is hiding in the car but the table saw starts cutting through the roof. I wasn't afraid. I was in love with movie magic.

My mother is a B-Rated horror fanatic. Her mother, my Nonie was a B-Rated horror movie fanatic, a Twilight Zone obsessive, an agoraphobic insomniac who would stay up late playing Pong, or watching Mystery Science Theater 3000. The last time my grandmother left the house to be out in public was to see The Exorcist in 1973. Talk about dedication.

Film played an important part in my mother's life, and my grandmother's life, and then came to play a large role in my life, obviously. My mom exposed me to so many different films. From cheap horror movies, to Rocky Horror, Planet of the Apes, to Thelma & Louise. My mom loves it all. And she made sure I loved it all, too.

Not only did she make sure I loved it, she made sure I knew it. Film trivia was always a hot topic in my house growing up, as it was in my mom's house when she grew up. If my mom asked, "Do you know who her daughter is?" referring to Goldie Hawn, I

had to know the answer (Kate Hudson, duh). We would watch movies based on director, doing a week of Spielberg, a week of M. Night Shyamalan- two directors who came to be my early favorites.

I would say though, that my true love for movies came when I was in middle school. I didn't have many friends, so I would come home after school and watch movies. We still had illegal cable, now in the form of an illegal satellite dish. I had access to so many movies! Oh my gosh, an endless supply. On top of that, I was an avid video-store goer. I started going to 112 Video when I was eight years old, with my mom of course. When I was twelve, I was allowed to have my own membership card. When we signed up for it, the woman at the desk asked if my mom would like to put any kind of restrictions on the movies I was able to rent. She said no. The clerk was surprised.

“Not even NC-17?” he asked, a tad concerned.

“My kids know what is and isn't appropriate. And most of these movies are rated R for sex anyway, which is bullshit.”

The clerk was shocked. But my mom was on to something.

I never rented anything too inappropriate. I wanted to rent KIDS but didn't and waited until college to watch it- thank GOD. But I mostly rented bad horror movies. And 80s adventure flicks.

My parents never felt the desire to restrict what my brother and I watched in movies. I was raised in a household where, if I had a question about something I saw- whether it be sex related, violence related, mentally related- I could reach out and talk to my mom about it, unabashedly.

But THAT was a tangent.

I would come home every day from middle school and watch anywhere from one to three movies a night. I watched anything and everything I could get my hands on. Then I discovered IFC and all of these quirky, weird, independent films. I devoured them. I would get up early or stay up late to watch IFC Short Collections. It was by watching all of these different KINDS of movies that I realized how endless film truly was. Film was a well that I didn't mind getting stuck in.

Movies were my best friend for a very long time and in a lot of ways, they still are. They're there for me when I'm feeling down, when I want to celebrate something, when I want to FEEL something. They're there for me when I need to escape. When I need to forget about whatever is happening to me right now and float above it for a moment. They were there for me during my first terrible break-up. They were there for me when I moved 1,000 miles away from home. Film is truly the love of my life. I would marry it if I could.

Chapter Four: Fat

I can't remember the first time someone called me fat, but I know it was when I was in fourth or fifth grade, and I know it was probably my mother. Growing up, I was always a little chubby. My mom used to call me Lardass as a term of endearment. I have this very clear, random memory of being in my bedroom, and my mother looking at my face, and exclaiming with disgust, "do you have a double chin?"

I didn't even know what a double chin was.

When I reached the fifth grade, I was about 4'10 and 100lbs. I remember stepping on the scale in my parents' room, with my shoes kicked off, and watching the thin red needle jump to 100. I locked myself in my bedroom and cried.

The only reason I had weighed myself to begin with, was because boys at school were calling me fat. Every. Single. Day. From the moment I entered the classroom, until the moment I left. It only takes a few days of that to internalize it. I would go home and read my weight on that scale. And for the first time in my life, I wanted to be dead.

From that moment forward, I obsessed about my weight. Constantly. I was constantly thinking about it- I started chewing bubblegum constantly, so I wouldn't eat more. I started going on walks around my neighborhood. I rode my bike all over town. I did everything I could to FIX myself. I didn't lose a single pound. Instead, I continued to gain weight. When I entered the sixth grade, I was 5'2 wearing a woman's size 10. I hated my body- everything about it. My legs, my arms, my belly. There wasn't a single part of myself I liked. And that was at age eleven.

To be honest, it never got better. By the time I was in eighth grade my weight had redistributed itself, thanks to puberty. My hips were wide and my waist was tiny- but my thighs touched and my arms were flabby. I was wearing a size eight- while the rest of my classmates wore 0s. The number on the scale only went up. So did my self-hatred.

When I looked in the mirror, all I could hear were those boys from my fifth grade class calling me fat. When I put on a pair of jeans, my mother's voice would ring from the hallway: "are you sure you want to wear *those*?" and I would take them off because, according to her tone, they made me look fat. My girlfriends and I would complain about our bodies to each other- make lists of the things we hated most about ourselves. We would pick days where we wouldn't eat- to preserve the "morning skinnies" as we called it. We would try diets together- encouraging each other to be thinner, leaner- which we thought would make us happier. Spoiler alert: it didn't.

When I was a senior in high school, I had my first serious boyfriend. He was older than me- in retrospect, too old. One of the reasons I was so attracted to him was because he liked my body. He cherished my body- he once said to me, "I don't know why girls want to look like models in magazines when they could look like you. You've been carved out of marble." For the first time in my life, someone appreciated my body- loved my body. I thought that if he liked my body, I would like my body too.

I didn't.

We ended up breaking up my sophomore year of college. I still hated my body.

I wear the same dress size I wore then. I wear the same shirt size, bra size, panty size, and so on. Do I still hate my body? Yes. I do. There are mornings I hate my body so

much, I don't want to leave the house. I've canceled plans because I was feeling too fat to go out. But the truth is, I'm not fat. I'm thick, sure. But I'm not fat. Yet I can still hear those boys from fifth grade, clear as day.... "You're so fat."

We exist in a world that puts so much focus on weight and body image. I remember reading once that children start using dieting terms at the age of five. Isn't that wild? That means at five years old, children begin to hate the way they look. This has so much to do with media representation. When young people consume media, they are not seeing people who look like them, which then makes them believe that they are not normal. If they don't believe they are normal, they don't think they are worthy of being treated well. It's a nasty spiral- and it doesn't seem like anyone is doing a thing about it.

This is why I felt like I needed to write Fat Camp.

Chapter Five: The Weirdness

I firmly believe that if everyone retained an ounce of who they were as a teenager, the world would be a much better place. There's something about being a teenager that's unlike anything else. Everything is new, a first, which makes a bad hair day the end of the world, like a kiss could spark dynamite or getting grounded like death row. The volume is turned all the way up, all of the time and you scream the words to every song.

For some reason however, once we turn twenty we seem to forget about all of these times. We write teenagers off as over-dramatic and dumb. We act as though teenagers don't know anything about life because they've never lived it. The thing is, though, teenagers do understand life, and they have experienced things. It's just that they've experienced them for the first time.

When you're a teenager, there's this constant air of Weirdness. Maybe it's hormones, or maybe it's the innocence of youth. Maybe it's that boys and girls are still so foreign to each other- there's still so much mystery in the opposite gender. Regardless, there's The Weirdness. You can feel it at high school football games, the homecoming dance, or prom. There's this... ever-present tension in the air. It goes away with time, and we eventually forget it exists. But I haven't.

I've noticed The Weirdness is one of the hardest things to capture in television programming for young adults. I think it has something to do with how genuine The Weirdness is- it's almost impossible to capture. There have been a couple television shows that I think truly capture the Weirdness in all its greatness. My So-Called Life is one of them. I analyzed the show for my thesis script (**Appendix A**)

My So-Called Life was long canceled by the time I started watching it in 2003, and had been for about ten years. Noggin, a channel affiliated with Nickelodeon, that showed shows like Degrassi and Radio Free Roscoe at night, picked up the series and started showing re-runs, which, in retrospect is strange because the show only lasted a season. I remember my best friend, Jamie and I, staying up super late on a Friday night to watch a marathon. We immediately became obsessed with Jordan Catalano, played by a young Jared Leto. We identified with Angela- she was alternative, like us. She was dying her a dark red, like me. She was in love with a guy who didn't know she existed, like us. She was hanging out with cool, new friends that her mother didn't approve of, like us. There was so much of MSCL that could have been ripped from our diaries. MSCL told the story of a teenage girl unabashedly. I can't think of a single show like it. I can only hope that one day I'll write something half as great as My So-Called Life.

Another show that captures the weirdness perfectly was Freaks and Geeks. I also analyzed this show for my script (**Appendix A**). As far as I'm concerned, Freaks and Geeks was the best show ever on television. It had something for everyone: parents, young women, young men, stoners, nerds, weirdos, jocks- anyone who had ever experienced high school could find something to relate to in Freaks and Geeks. I was about eight years old when Freaks and Geeks both premiered and was canceled. My parents loved it. They would tune in every Wednesday, and then Friday night to watch. They found it funny, smart, and heartfelt. I only vaguely remember it from when it was on air.

When I was a freshman in college and first started using Netflix, I rented the series. And.... It was perfect. I have watched it close to twelve times since, and each time I grow to love it more. Like MSCL, Freaks and Geeks captures the truth about high school- the ugly, not so picture perfect moments that happen in hallways between classes or out in the parking lot at a school dance. It examined the nuances of being a fifteen-year-old girl, like MSCL. Lindsay Weir, the primary character in Freaks and Geeks is identifiable for young men just as much as she is for young women. She is confused, questioning, and intelligent and well spoken. She is trying to live her life as she wants, yet fighting peer pressure and her parents standard. All of these things are a part of The Weirdness. And Freaks and Geeks never shied away from it.

I used both Freaks and Geeks and My So-Called Life as prototypes when working on the revision of Fat Camp. I realized while analyzing them, which they both have something in common- female protagonists who are trying to create a new image of themselves. This is exactly what I wanted my protagonist, Kohel, to desire. This made Lindsay and Angela perfect models. Kohel, like these two characters, is trying to escape her old self, and create a new one- she is trying to not only lose weight, but also create a new image of herself completely. In Kohel's mind, if she loses the weight, she will be liked by her peers, and perhaps even included in the popular crowd- she will be carried from her old life of staying in, and having only one friend, to going out at night to parties, and being surrounded by people whenever she pleases. Of course, what Kohel needs to find is confidence and love within and for herself.

Chapter Six: Brad Korbesmeyer

After coming to terms with my new identity as a Writer, I obviously had to start writing. So I did. Incessantly. I wrote stories, essays, songs. I poured everything I had into my history papers, wrote speeches for competitions, wrote entries on LiveJournal on a daily basis. When it came time to apply for college, I decided I would study political science. I was fascinated by the Supreme Court, and the corruptions within the American government, and used my words to express such. I didn't know what I was going to do when I "grew up," but I knew it was going to have something to do with politics. And words.

When I started my college career, I still wrote. I wrote poems. My first semester however, was a mess. I was overwhelmed by political science courses, a math class, and being so far away from home. I wasn't writing like I did. Not like I was. Not only was I not writing, I was not reading for leisure. I only read assignments for class. My eyes and brain would be so tired after reading ancient political theory, I would crash.

My second semester I signed up for an intro to playwriting class- it satisfied a general education requirement, and I had always enjoyed the theatre.

I had no idea how much impact this course would have.

The first day of CRW 207 was strange. The professor was late, and we were sitting at these round tables, all forced to look at each other. It was pouring out, which was strange- usually, in January, it was still snowing like mad. After about five minutes of strange silence, a burly man with a goatee barged through the door, his brown loafers in his hand. He put his shoes down on a desk and looked around at us.

“Why aren’t I wearing my shoes?”

We stared at him, unsure of how to respond. The rain slammed against the windows, filling the silence. He laughed, and introduced himself. This was Brad Korbesmeyer. This is the man who helped me find my voice.

Over the course of the semester, we wrote various scenes illustrating different types of writing. Forwards, direct exposition, indirect exposition, no dialogue, were a few examples of what we worked on. Not only did we write, but we also read. Every week we would read a ten-page play, and once a month we would read a full-length play. The class was fun, engaged, and interesting. Brad is the kind of teacher who could make learning about mud amusing and interesting. Our final assignment was to write a ten page play. Brad ripped mine apart, and then helped me put it back together. He suggested playwrights for me to read so I could get a better grip on the source material. He asked if I was taking CRW 307, the next level course and I said “duh.”

I was hooked.

The following semester, we had to write a one-act play. I put everything I had into that play. I confronted issues I have with my father, myself, my belief in God. I played with reality and used the stage to my advantage. Brad worked so closely with me on it-giving me honest, genuine, critical, constructive feedback. He encouraged me to enter it into a one-act playwriting contest on campus. I did. I received an honorable mention. The boy who beat me wrote a play about virgins starting a porn studio.

Brad gave me a medium in which to tell my stories. For the first time, I wasn't just rambling onto a page. I was paying attention to story beats, to characterization, to tension. He gave me the greatest gift- the gift of how to tell a good story.

I wrote three more plays during my time at SUNY Oswego. Though I have since become focused on screenwriting, I cannot ignore what an important impact playwriting has had on my screenwriting. I learned so many things from Brad that I never got in a screenwriting class. I learned how to imply action through dialogue. I learned how to reveal backstory without being heavy handed. I learned that character likability isn't always the number one concern of the writer. I learned that tension is the greatest tool a writer has. Most importantly, I learned that by being honest, a writer has the ability to truly impact people.

In the first draft of Fat Camp I lost all of these things. I lost the honesty. I lost my voice. I lost tension, became overly concerned with character likability and the entire story was kaput. In retrospect, this is because I was terrified. I was afraid to confront my own bullshit, and use too much of myself in the script. I was afraid that people would judge me. I was afraid that I would reveal too much about my past. That changed in the rewrite.

I tried to be as honest as possible while re-writing Fat Camp. I delved deep into my own body image issues. I created characters based on girls I knew in high school and elementary school. I would recollect my own (awkward as hell) experiences with boys, and implement them into the script.. Though Brad had taught me that being honest could impact people, I had lost that somewhere along the way- I became obsessed with selling

the idea. What makes the series sellable, which is important, but if the story is not good then the entire thing will fall apart. I started to find that the more honest I was, the better my material was. The more I put my own voice into the script, the more clear the tone became. More or less, the more of myself I put in the script honestly, the better my script became. I was no longer afraid.

Chapter Seven: Austin

When my screenwriting professor suggested I look into pursuing an MFA, I was nervous. I had spent my college career studying political science, and only dabbling in creative writing. The thought of making a career out of being a writer terrified me, and had honestly never occurred to me. I always thought I would write, and do something else- like teach, on the side. My professor assured me that I could teach with an MFA, but that the experience in a program would be beneficial for me, and that I could handle a program despite my age. He gave me a list of schools to look into- USC, UCLA, DePaul, and then finally.... University of Texas. When he said Univeristy of Texas I looked at him, perplexed.

“Seriously, Texas?” I asked, with images of cartoonish republicans holding flags that read COME AND TAKE IT flashing in my mind.

“It’s not Texas. It’s Austin.” He told me.

I went home that night and started looking into programs. USC seemed, based on the faculty, very very competitive. Beyond just the admissions process. In a program of thirty people, it’s hard to stand out, and everyone is trying to stand out. Upon further research, I found that UCLA is USC’s less-expensive cousin. Then I started to look into UT. Not only did the super-small program appeal to me, the more and more I talked about and looked at Austin, it seemed like the place for me. I wasn’t ready to be corrupted by Los Angeles. I wanted to write stories, and work with other people who were passionate storytellers. People who weren’t looking to sell their souls to the industry.... Yet.

I applied to a bunch of programs, but I really wanted UT. I was waitlisted and it started to look sort-of hopeless. It started to get closer and closer to May, and I needed to make a decision. So I sent an email to my old screenwriting professor who was a teacher in DePaul's MFA program telling him I would be attending the school in the fall.

Two days later I got a phone call from an Austin area code, my heart stopped. This was either going to be very great, or very bad. It was Richard Lewis, and he told me that someone had dropped out of the program, and I was next on the waitlist. I was ecstatic. Everything was falling into place.

I moved to Austin that August. When I started the program and met my colleagues, I knew almost immediately that I was in the right place. My classmates were kind, and funny, and so smart. My teachers were engaged and interesting and had a variety of backgrounds. I was exactly where I needed to be.

I've grown so much as a writer during my time in Austin. Thanks to the program, and also thanks to this little city. There is so much creativity and art here. In Austin, there are so many passionate people with fresh stories to tell, and an abundance of film. I've watched so many movies I had never seen or heard of before. Read a ton of scripts for movies I know like the back of my hand and films I've never seen. I've embraced telling stories about women unapologetically. I got to watch the Mad Men finale at a bar dressed up like someone from the early 70s and drink an Old Fashioned in honor of Don Draper surrounded by a bunch of other weirdos like me. Where else could I do these things, besides Austin?

My two years at UT have forced me to grow so much as a writer, and a filmmaker. I was required to confront my issues as a writer, to listen to criticism thoughtfully and thoroughly. I read other people's work and thought critically about it, and gave them thoughtful and useful notes. I read so many scripts. I learned from the greats, and the not-so greats. I wrote every single goddamn day. I learned how I work as a writer (best in the early morning, in a public space). I made connections with teachers who gave me true and honest feedback and made me reach for the best possible writing.

Chapter Eight: Fat Camp? Really?

I have had the idea for Fat Camp in my head for about three years. It all sort of started a couple years ago when I really got into television. Overnight, I became a television addict. I binge watched everything I could- Nip/Tuck, 30 Rock, Parks & Recreation, Mad Men, Breaking Bad, Gossip Girl, Gilmore Girls, Friday Night Lights- anything and everything I could get my hands on. I soon realized that there's very little representation of normal looking women, let alone fat women on television. Even characters that are supposed to be fat, like Betty from Ugly Betty aren't really fat. Liz Lemon, notorious for her junk food eating on 30 Rock weighs 120 pounds, tops. Leslie Knope from Parks and Recreation lives on waffles and whipped cream and is thin as a rail. Meanwhile, back over in reality, the average woman wears a size ten and doesn't exclusively consume junk food.

I don't think the people in charge of the media, whoever they are, understand just how important representation in the media is especially for young people. I spent my entire adolescence, watching television and film with women who looked nothing like me. They weren't thick, and they didn't have soft bellies, and their legs were perfectly supple. They were picture perfect size zeroes. The fantasy. I understand that, to an extent, television and film are fantasy based. Yet somehow Seth Rogen, Jonah Hill, Kevin James and Louis CK have all been able to make careers out of being overweight men. Trust me... they're not the fantasy. They are however, the reality. But where are the women from reality? We raise young girls on these images, and they believe that the fantasy is the reality.

One of the reasons I'm a supporter of the often-problematic Lena Dunham, is that her thighs jiggle, her arms wiggle, and she has cellulite. She looks like me. And she unapologetically shows her body. I have spent my entire life trying to measure up to women like Kate Moss, Blake Lively, and Alicia Silverstone. As beautiful as these women are, their bodies are unattainable. They spend their lives working on their bodies, crafting them into beautiful works of wiry art. Though I care about my health, I simply do not have the time to dedicate several hours a day at the gym. I don't have the money to eat how these women eat. It is utterly impossible for me to resemble them.

I wanted to write something that stars most women. I wanted to create something in which women would see honest and true reflections of themselves. And then Fat Camp occurred to me. Why not write something that stars truly overweight women? Yet, they aren't tropes, or the butt of the joke. They're real. I honestly didn't have the courage to pitch, or write Fat Camp when I first arrived to graduate school. However, as time has gone on, I've started to give less of a damn. I grew tired of thinking about whether or not something is going to sell- I want to write something that I love. And I love stories about women. Not cardboard cut-outs of women- real women. I made sure that when working on my bible, I collected images of girls off of sites like Tumblr, and Twitter that I found under the hash tag #chublove, or #bodyposi to use as inspiration for my characters.

(Appendix B)

When Fat Camp first occurred to me, it wasn't much more than "an all girls' fat camp, but the jokes aren't about them being fat. It's about body image, and self-love." Then, I found out a very close friend of mine attend a weight-loss facility (the real term

for fat camp) when she was in high school. The more we talked about it, the more I realized what a rich landscape for story this would be. Not only do you have the standard drama of adolescence, you have teenagers struggling to accept who they are openly and it affects each one of their camp relationships. There is an endless amount to explore and tell.

Chapter Nine: The Bones

The bones of Fat Camp, which are explored more thoroughly in the show bible (**Appendix B**), were truly missing from the first draft of the script- as well as the first draft of this thesis report. I'm not sure why, but I think it has something to do with not wanting to confront the fact that Fat Camp is just as much about me as it is about a made up fairly land. But, who knows.

The protagonist of the show is Kohel Larson, who I've discussed in the previous chapter. Kohel is attending Camp Shane Trails for the first time that summer, and compared to many of the other girls in attendance, she might be considered thin, even though she sees herself as overweight. She wants to drop weight, but only because she believes that's the way into the popular crowd, and to have friends. She attends Camp Shane Trails in order to lose the weight. Her arch-nemesis throughout the series, or at the very least the first season, is Miranda. Miranda is the queen bee of Camp Shane Trails. She's a fat camp veteran, a beautiful thick blonde, and also the head of the smuggling contraband ring. In the pilot episode, her contraband ring is revealed to camp officials by Kohel- one of the reasons they're arch-nemeses. The other reason Miranda has taken a serious disliking towards Kohel is because Rob, camp hottie, is into Kohel... And not Miranda.

The format and structure of the show will be simple, like a workplace comedy or a standard American sitcom. The a-plot will follow Kohel and her struggles- Miranda, losing the weight, making friends, Rob. The b-plot will have something to do with the rest of the girls in Kohel's bunk: conflicts among one another, the competitive attitude

that comes with losing weight, and the general shenanigans of camp life. The c-plot, on the occasions when there is one, will have to do with Deb or Marc, the two counselors I focus on.

The first season arc will be rooted in the relationships among the campers. Kohel's arc will have to do with her growing relationship with Rob, her relationship with her body/self, and her relationship with her bunkmates. The season arc will also have to do with Kohel's relationship with Rob, as well as her losing weight. The conflict it will focus on primarily will be the feud between Kohel and Miranda.

When people ask me what Fat Camp is about, I'm always sort of at a loss for words. It is, at its core, about a girl who goes to a Fat Camp to lose weight so she can be popular. But it's a lot more than that. It's about body image and dysmorphia. It's about intimate relationships between young women. It's about the intensity of teen love. It's about the journey to self-acceptance and self-love, and all those unsightly bumps along the way.

Chapter Ten: Vomit

A friend of mine once said to me, “writing is basically just puking a bunch of feelings into your computer, and then cleaning them up in a second draft.” I don’t think he’s ever been more right about anything before, or since. First drafts, which I like to refer to as “vomit drafts” are always a mess. The first draft of Fat Camp was no different (**Appendix C**). There was no story, hardly any jokes, and just a bunch of random stuff happening that were totally unconnected to each other. The second draft, was not really better. Neither was the third draft- I had a vague story, a vague protagonist, and made vague jokes. More or less, I had a bunch of vomit in my computer.

When I met with Richard Lewis and Stuart Kelban, my thesis committee, to discuss Fat Camp and how I would move forward on the project, my worst fears were confirmed. Not only was there a vague story, a vague protagonist, and a bunch of vague jokes- absolutely nothing about the story was popping off the page (**Appendix F**). Nearly every aspect of it was falling flat, aside from the Fat Camp World I had created. The strange, zany, and outrageous world I built overshadowed my characters and my story. I didn’t think I could receive any worse information. That was, until they kept going. Even though I was anticipating being told I would have to do an utter rewrite, when the words left Stuart’s mouth it was like he was talking in slow motion. Suddenly months of work flashed before my eyes- hours spent in front of the computer, having to pass on evenings out with my boyfriend because I was writing or analyzing a television show, nights spent up late worried about the dramatization of body image.

I went home that day and ate Popeye’s. I promptly drank myself to sleep.

I sat down the following day in front of my laptop, with my draft and notes pulled up. I stared at the screen for about twenty minutes. How was I going to fix this? There was so much vomit in my computer, I didn't know where to start cleaning it up. What was cleaning it up going to do? I asked myself- is it worth it? All of my doubts and insecurities came flooding into my mind and I couldn't silence them. I got up from my computer and took a drive to clear my head. It didn't help. I walked away from my laptop defeated. You win, vomit. You win.

I went home to Long Island about a week later. It was the first time I saw my family in six months. I spent a grand total of six hours staring at my laptop, hopeless. During my time home, as I mentioned previously, I met with a friend who had revealed to me a few months previous that she had attended fat camp when she was in high school. She promised me I could pick her brain. So, while wallowing through some vomit, I did. I picked the hell out of her brain (**Appendix D**).

We ended up talking for an hour and a half, strictly about fat camp. I asked her about thirty questions all together, from- "what's the proper term for fat camp" to "was losing weight competitive?" to "what about eating disorders?" She was open, honest, and handled my bizarre questions with grace. While we sat at that Starbucks in the old Sears shopping center, the vomit started to disappear. I was able to see fat camp. I was able to see where I needed to fix things, and how to make them feel more genuine.

I went home that day and worked on my outline for over two hours, finally able to clean up the vomit.

Chapter Eleven: Writing is Hard

After the vomit had started to miraculously clean itself up, I buckled down for the complete rewrite. Though I wanted to jump in to writing pages, Stuart made sure to stress outlining. As a writer, I understand the importance of the outline. Without strong bones, your meat will fall off- and not in the good-ribs-that-fall-off-the-bone way. The entire story will collapse in on itself, like a dying star. However, outlining is the not-so-fun part of the writing process. It's the real work. Outlines are the map that move the story from A to Z. And there are a million ways to get to Z, but outlines help you find the best route. While writing Fat Camp- I worked on about seven outlines from the very first draft to the final draft (**Appendix E**). Some of them were god-awful. Others weren't so bad. After my third outline for this new draft, (**Appendix F**) I received the OK from Stuart to move forward. So, I started to write the script- the fun part of writing. The decorating the bedroom in your new house part of writing. The reason writers love to write. However, on this particular occasion.... writing was hard.

Then I remembered- writing is hard. Writing is mostly banging my head against the computer screen, asking the skies: WHY! WHAT NOW? WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE? Even with my trusty outline, I was struggling to fill in the pages. So, I did as I have done before in situations such as this. I vomited. I word-puked into my computer and told myself I would fix it later. All I wanted from the first draft was to get from A to Z. I didn't care about jokes, I didn't care about beautiful sentences. All I cared about was puking up the story. So I did.

Stuart ripped it to shreds, just like I knew he would.

Stuart gave me ideas to fix scenes that were boring. He helped me solve issues with my characters' motivations. He helped me come up with fun and interesting visuals for important moments. He helped me inject my script with exactly what it needed- humor and silly-ness.

After meeting with him, I sat back down at my computer and started to clean the vomit up (yet again). Now, with the new tools in my belt, I was able to dramatize moments, plug in jokes, and make my script fun. I was able to unpack and paint the house without a problem, but in bright yellow. I was having a great time writing. And I think in the final draft, the truly reader can feel that (**Appendix G**).

Chapter Twelve: I've Never Been Good With Endings

As I write this, it's six days away from my twenty-fourth birthday, and I have exactly eleven days before my script and this thesis report are due to the Tower. If you asked me ten years ago if I would be living in Texas writing a half hour sitcom about a fat camp, I highly doubt I would have answered yes to that question. Yet, here I am, sitting on the patio of a coffee shop in Austin, a bit of sweat beginning to bead on my upper lip, pounding away on the keyboard of my laptop.

I've never been good with goodbyes. By goodbyes I mean seeing someone for the last time. Whether they were moving more than a few hours away, whether I was moving across the country, or if they were at death's door. It isn't that I'm insensitive, or don't care about people. I'm just awful with goodbyes. I never know what to say, how to approach it, or what to do. I usually end up crying and making the person very uncomfortable, or saying something inappropriate, or both. Instead I have taken to writing letters and sending them to the person after they/I have left. Most of the time I end up crying anyway.

Along with goodbyes, I've never been great at endings. In elementary school when we first started writing essays, I would always lose points for poor conclusion paragraphs. I continue to have problems with conclusions when writing today. My endings for screenplays are never really satisfying, and every play I ever wrote ends on a forward, not a wrapped up conclusion. Thus, here I am, dilly-dallying before wrapping this thing up. So it goes.

I have grown immeasurable amounts as both a writer and a person during my time at UT. Simply by working on this thesis project, I have grown. I have been forced to work outside my comfort zone, to confront insecurities that have been festering inside me since I was a child, to analyze television shows and films and think critically about not only my own writing, but other people's writing as well. It has been quite the ride. Though I'm nervous about the chaos that will come next, I am ready to embrace it. I am ready to dive in head first- and write.

Appendices

Appendix A: Character & Plot Analysis, MYSCL, FREAKS & GEEKS, 30 ROCK

PILOTS:

My So Called Life

ANGELA CHASE:

caught between two worlds--> old BFF and new BFF (rayan vs)
"when rayanne graff told me my hair was holding me back I had to do something:
she wasn't talking about my hair she was talking about my life"
weird relationship with mom--> typical of HS
(KOHEL RESENTS HER SISTER FOR BEING THIN/SICK)

PLOT:

3min: voice over: set up her 2 worlds, dye job

Freaks and Geeks

LINDSAY WEIR:

insecure
stands up for what's right
"over" high school
a recovering nerd--> wants OUT of that life and into a new one.
genuinely honest
can't lie to her dad (moral)
having an existential crisis
always does the right thing

PLOT: (45 min)

3min teaser --> estb Lindsay & sam, their worlds & lindsays lack of one.

5min: homecoming dance introduced

8min: Lindsay enters the smoking patio. (A-plot for ep, and season. will she ever fit in? should she?)

10min: she asks Eli to the dance to stand up to the bullies.

12min: ask cindy to the dance

22: Eli breaks his wrist

Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt Ep2

KIMMY SCHMIDT:

the smallest things excite her --> light up sneakers, candy for dinner
she talks like an 8th grader from the 90s
hard worker
passionate
she sings / raps
a goody goody
incredibly likable
she likes helping people
"urethera"

PLOT:

The Office

MICHAEL SCOTT:

you're a gentleman and a scholar -- that was a woman.
corporate memo toss
wassssupppp
imitates Hitler
six million dollar man impression
black voice to Stanley
oooo discipline kinky
trying to think of a joke
Michael punks Pam --> despicable but why do we like him?
"it's the people."

PLOT:

literal introductions of primary characters: Pam, Jim talking head, Todd packer call,
Ryan the temp,
2min: throw out corporate memo
4min: me no get an agenda
4min: A PLOT: downsizing --> keep a lid on it for now (sets up premise for first
season) 12min: conference meeting 17 min: Michael plays the joke on Pam 20min:
tells the Guatemalan story
4min: B plot? --> Ryan's first day 13 min: meets Dwight
8 min: B PLOT: Dwight v Jim 13 min: jello joke 17min: Michael plays the joke on Pam
16min: we meet Roy

JIM AND PAM IS THE B PLOT STULID

30 Rock

LIZ LEMON:

crotchety- but wins can she hands out hot dogs to everyone
the stress dream joke "if I go to sleep in the dream I wakeup"
strippers

liz stripping

stands up to jack

PLOT:

3 min: cold open

8min: jack will cut something A plot. 18: cuts Pete 20: liz stands up to jack.

9 mins in: Tracy Jordan mission. B plot & also B plot for nearly every episode. has to
fix s Tracy thing. 18 min: Tracy & liz have a nice moment, then he pees 19: he goes
on stage for 2 mins, it's a riot.

everyone has their own moment: liz hotdogs / jack meeting / Tracey dinner.

Appendix B: Bible

**Fat Camp
A Half Hour Comedy
Series Bible
August, 2015**

Contents:

The World
Camp Shane Trails: A Glimpse
Primary Locations
Characters
Future Episodes
Menu
Schedule

CAMP SHANE TRAILS- THE WORLD:

A **Weightloss Facility** is a lot like a regular camp. There's canoeing, color war, cabins, bonfires, and mosquitos. Except the activities are endless and there are daily weigh ins. And all meals are served in controlled portions. And the s'mores are low fat.

Camp Shane Trails is unlike many weightloss facilities. At other weight loss facilities, like a WellSpring Camp, or a MindStream boarding school. At these schools, fitness and nutrition are approached almost militaristically. Strict, intense daily workouts, required organic and clean cooking classes, sometimes public weigh ins. In some, they even take extreme measures to keep kids from eating- like having a patch sewn onto your tongue to make eating more painful. In addition, at other weight loss facilities there are daily meetings with a personal trainer.

Camp Shane Trails has a different philosophy.

Camp Shane Trails focuses on movement, not exercise.

Camp Shane Trails focuses on healthy eating, and proper proportions, not starving.

Camp Shane Trails focuses on your insides. Which, other camps do, too. But Camp Shame Trails does it a little bit differently.

Daily Affirmations are a big part of it. It usually starts off as a joke among campers, but by the end of their stay they're truly doing it. In the morning, you say one thing you like about yourself. At the end of the day, you reflect on one good thing you did that day.

Be Your Best Self Class is also apart of working on your insides. It's a class that is required for both the boys and girls to take. Brandi, a super old sweet lady, leads the class in discussions about weight, feelings, and relationships. Brandi truly wants to get to the heart of why these kids seek food as a coping mechanism. What happened that makes you need food? Brandi also teaches the kids about makeup and clothes. How to dress for your body type. How to enhance your cheek bones. The perfect lip color for your skin tone. Basically, Brandi helps teach the kids how to love themselves.

Camp Shane Trails is about **movement**. It's about fun activities- like softball, or baseball, or dancing, or Zumba. It's about working cardio into your every day life by taking the stairs are doing laps in the pool. It's about making exercise fun and accessible. It's about working movement into your every day life and learning how to love it. Camp Shane Trails also focuses on the mind body connection. If you keep your body moving, you can keep your head clear and help fight all those awful things you feel about yourself.

Along with working movement into a teen's daily routine, Camp Shane Trails also teaches **portions**. Every serving spoon, and every utensil measures a serving. You are allowed one *servin*g at each meal (unless you've reached your goal weight, then you are allowed seconds). If a camper is still hungry after they've already eaten their portion, they have unlimited access to the salad bar. Dessert is either fruit, or a fat free fudge pop, or popsicle. But just one.

Campers get to make a schedule and choose their own activities. They can take ballroom dancing classes, hip hop, ballet, soccer, baseball, softball, basketball, swimming, water aerobics, regular aerobics, yoga, pilates, track and field, and of course, Zumba. However, there are some classes that are mandatory for all campers. After breakfast, campers must participate in Camp Cardio, which is an hour and a half of a Zumba / Insanity Workout Combination. You have to schedule 4 activities a day, on top of Camp Cardio. You get an hour and a half of free time in the morning- but your movement should never stop.

Since it is a co-ed camp, you have hormones running like crazy. An attendee of Camp Pocono Trails, a weight loss facility in upstate New York said that camp was "**all hormones and no boundaries**." When you pool a bunch of 13-17 year old boys and girls together, there's bound to be secret make-out sessions, hand holding, and general flirtatiousness. Though the romances may only last the summer, they're intense and dramatic.

CAMP SHANE TRAILS, A GLIMPSE:





PRIMARY LOCATIONS:

BUNK 12

MAIN FIELD

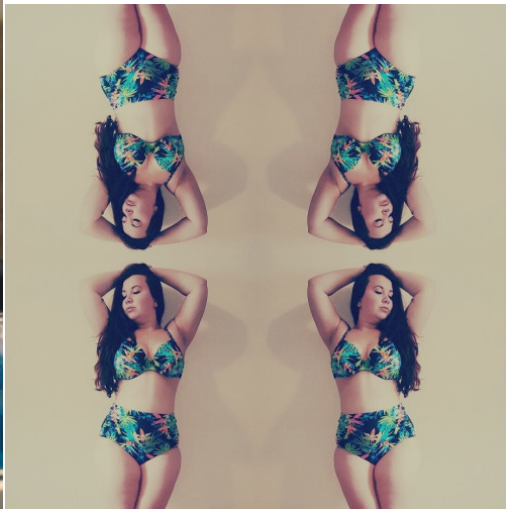
CAMP HEADQUARTERS

DANCE HALL

BATHROOMS

KOHEL LARSON, SIZE:





KOHEL LARSON, AN ORAL HISTORY:

Kohel is the second daughter of Al and Betty. Al, an accountant, is a naturally thin (save for the belly) who supports his daughters in everything they do- unless it's get a tattoo or "put a bone through their nose". His wife, Kohel's mom- also naturally thin, Betty, has been a stay at home mom for majority of Kohel's life, save for a

couple rough years where she had to take up work. That was years ago, though, and the Larson's live comfortably- if Kohel has ever wanted something, she's gotten it- but not without a cost. Chores, babysitting and part-time work has always been a big part of Kohel's life. Her older sister, Libby, is one of those girls that's super skinny, and can eat whatever she wants. She's in her first year of college, which she got into on a full scholarship. She's the golden child. This doesn't mean Al and Betty don't love Kohel- because they totally do. It's just that Kohel has always had to work harder at the things that come so naturally to her sister and her parents. The perfect and most relevant example? Keeping her weight down. She's jealous of her sister even though she doesn't want to be and often resents her for her body.

So, back to Kohel. Kohel doesn't have a lot of friend's at school- but she's by no means an outcast. She has a BFF, April, and the two do pretty much everything together. But Kohel has different aspirations than April. She wants to be popular. In Kohel's mind, being apart of the cool crowd is the only way she will be truly happy. And the only way she's going to get in with the cool crowd, is if she loses weight- even though she's not *really* that fat.

Honestly, she's never had a good image of herself. When she was a kid, her mom would affectionately call her "lardass." Her mom made sure her clothes were always a little loose- "to leave room for supper." And with having a sister who could shove thirty twinkies down her throat and not gain an ounce- didn't really help.

She's got poster's in her room of Katy Perry, Taylor Swift, She & Him, magazine cut-out collages of models in advertisements, along with the words like COOL, HAPPY, FUN.

She's tried eating better- but it was hard because her mom does the food shopping and isn't the healthiest eater. Plus, dinner is done family style, and if you don't take second helpings, mom will ask if something's wrong.

She's tried to exercise- running, mostly. But it makes her tired, and she's afraid it will make her even bigger, not thinner.

She even tried the Master Cleanse- but gave up after the third or fourth day because she couldn't handle it. A box of Whoppers at the movies broke her. Her and April were going to see that Battleship movie with Rhianna.

She loves music- all different kinds. In order to have stuff in common with her peers, she listens to pop- but she truly loves vintage indie music, like Belle & Sebastian, Built to Spill, Pavement, and Weezer. She also loves Beyonce, and a lot of rap- Drake, Kanye, A\$AP Rocky. She's not super into TV because it's hard for her to keep up with shows, since she's super active in school- 3but she loves movies, especially romantic comedies- Sweet Home Alabama, It Happened One Night, and When Harry Met Sally

are some of her all-time favorites. And her favorite foods... well, this is complicated. As much as Kohel loves food, she hates it. It's like a bad boyfriend who's a really good kisser. You keep going back for more. Especially when the bad boyfriend is a vanilla frosted donut with chocolate sprinkles. The absolute best. She also LOVES Eggplant Rollitini. And Mac & Cheese. And Whoppers. Whoppers- they can bring a strong girl to her knees.

She's totally still a virgin- and between us, has never been kissed. One of the main reasons she wants in with the cool girls, is because they hang out with the cool guys. Her and April don't have any guy friends, let alone boyfriends. Kohel thinks it's because she's fat but really... it's because she THINKS she's fat. Does that make sense? Anyway, Kohel's in love with this guy Peter- he's got this whole, Tyson Ritter pre-rehab thing going on, and she eats it up. They communicate only in glances across the lunchroom- I don't think she's talked to him even once. If she has, I don't even think Peter knows about it. I mean, not that it matters really- Peter has been dating Amy, since like, the ninth grade. They're planning on going to Chapel Hill together for college. Kohel thinks she doesn't stand a chance but- like, if Amy and Peter ever broke up, it would totally work. Except she doesn't think that.

So anyway, I'll get to what you're truly wondering about her- what pushed Kohel to go to fat camp. Everybody knows about it, of course- it's a small town and an even smaller high school. And this? This was an especially fucked up situation.

Let's start at the beginning- the cool November day that Betty went into labor.

Just kidding- we'll start at breakfast.

Kohel was at McDonald's for breakfast, waiting for April to come and meet her. They were supposed to go to the mall, or something. Anyway, Kohel is about to walk in, when Peter and Amy roll up behind her, the rest of the popular folk in tow. Kohel, being the decent human she is, held the door open for all of them- Peter was the last to walk in, and she SWEARS they made out with their eyes. So, then Peter holds the door open for her. She's weird about it, of course, says something like "tanks" or whatever, and they both walk in. As she enters, one of the women from behind the counter says, loudly- "KOHHEL! Haven't seen you in a couple days, how are you dear?"

Wait, I'm not done yet.

Then, she smiles, quietly places her order: a steak egg & cheese mcmuffin with hasbrowns and an order of cinnamon melts for dessert. Except, she's ordering so quietly that the woman behind the counter can't hear her.

"Kohel, honey, what was that?"

"A steak egg & cheese McMuffin with Hasbrowns, and cinnamon melts"

"Louder honey, I can't hear you."

“A STEAK EGG & CHEESE MCMUFFIN WITH HASHBROWNS AND CINNAMON
MELTS” She SCREAMED at the top of her lungs.

Then it was like everything stopped- the ENTIRE place was staring at her- Peter and Amy included. Then, like lightening or something, her order was slid over to her on a tray. She grabbed the tray, and started to walk to a seat, but as she did, she tripped over- well, air, and the tray got all over her chest.

The place was STILL silent. Peter’s douche friend Brian started a slow clap, which then caught on, and Kohel looked at Peter, who wasn’t clapping and then she ran out of the Mickey D’s crying.

While she walked home she noticed the hashbrown was stuck in her bra. She pulled it out and started to eat it, grow more disgusted with herself with each bite, spit it out and ran all the way home.

She blew past her mom and her sister as she walked in, stormed up to her room and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror.
She stopped

Started to look at herself- looked at how her love handles come over her jeans, that her shirt was a little too tight and you could see her belly. She bent down to pick at her thighs when- her pants ripped.

And that was it. That’s the thing that pushed her over the edge. Not only had food, McDonalds, for chrissake, totally betrayed her- but her pants had their fill as well.

Then Libby- perfectly slender Libby, came knocking on the door. Literally, the last person Kohel wanted to see at that moment of sheer vulnerability, curled up underneath her favorite pink blanket- chenille that belonged to her grandmother. Libby sat at the egde of the bed- barely making an imprint on the mattress- and asked Kohel what was wrong. Kohel asked her to leave- that she wouldn’t understand. Libby gave her-

“Try me”

“Well, I’m fat.”

“No you’re not”

“Yes I am. I’m fat, and it sucks and there’s nothing I can do about it.”

“Yes there is-“

“I tried dieting, I tried cleansing, I tried exercising- but I’m still like this. But you- you’ve never had to worry about any of this so don’t even try to tell me you know how to fix it”

“I wasn’t saying that I was-“

“Just leave me alone.”

Libby sat there for like, a second and then got up, shut the door and left.

Kohel's never cried that hard in her life. At that moment, April tried to call, and she ignored it.

Later that day, Kohel was flipping through the channels- which all seemed to be those fitness infomercials. You know, that Tony Gazelle freak, 30 Second Abs, freakin' Weight Watchers.

She hopped on her laptop, pulled up the Weight Watchers website. Dissatisfied (keeping track of points? Please.) she kept digging on the internet- for something easier, something quicker- when she found-

Camp Shane Trails: A Weight Loss Facility.

That night at dinner, she only ate a salad and proposed the idea to her parents. The first thing out of her dad's mouth was "how much?" and the answer was too much. He told Kohel it was never going to happen, she would have to diet and exercise at home.

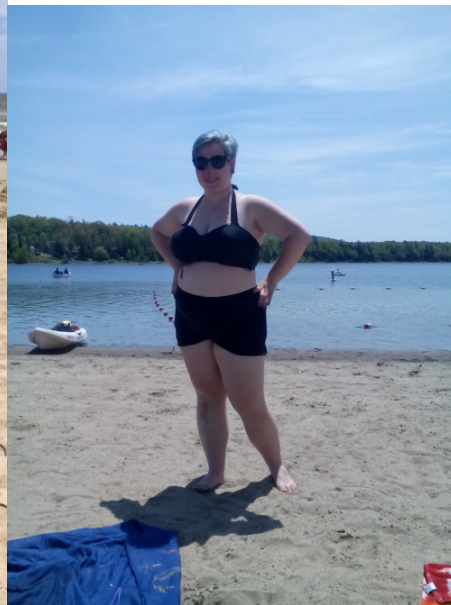
Kohel re-visited the website and noticed, in a teeny-tiny font in the corner, a link that read SCHOLARSHIPS. She clicked it- all she had to do was write a 500 word essay explaining why she deserves the scholarship. So, she did.

She got a call from the owner of the camp- Shane Peabody, who then asked her more about herself. Why does she want to lose the weight? What does she feel she's doing wrong? What can the camp do to help? Kohel answered honestly and earnestly- she wants to lose the weight because the weight makes her feel ugly, and unhealthy. She feels that she's doing everything wrong- she doesn't know how to eat properly, or how to make exercise interesting or fun- and she believes that the camp will help her learn all of these things- it will teach her how to eat right, to make exercise a habit, and it will help her feel BETTER about who she is.

She was awarded the scholarship on the spot.

A week later, Kohel disappeared. No one's seen or heard from her since.

SOPHIE, AN ORAL HISTORY:





Sophie. Sophie, Sophie, Sophie. Sophie doesn't give a fuck. She sees through your bullshit and will call you out on it. She's fat- she knows that she's fat and she doesn't think fat is a dirty word. Call her fat, she'll say thank you. "At least I know how to live." Her parents have been shipping her off to fat camps since she was 12- not that they're concerned about her health, rather they're concerned about THEIR appearance. She's basically a fat camp aficionado. And like I said- Sophie gives no fucks. She's literally been kicked out of every Fat Camp *except* Camp Shane Trails. Not even for Contra! For like, refusing to participate in activities- for instance- a Wellspring camp she was at in Texas- the kind of place where they put a blue patch on your tongue to keep you from eating- did this thing called Patriot Week. Every day of the week you had to wear red white & blue, or your bunk lost points. You also had to sing patriotic songs while you performed whatever activity you were assigned to that day. Weird, I know. Well, Sophie wore black everyday and anytime a counselor told her to sing God Bless America, she screeched Anarchy in the UK by the Sex Pistols instead. When she came out wearing an upside American flag as her shirt, her parents were called and she was forced to leave. Without refund. For any "normal" American family, this would be a huge dent in the pocket. But, like most of the families who send their children to fat camp, it was chump change and they promptly signed her up for another place- which she then swiftly got kicked out of. A lot of Sophie's rebellious attitude comes from her Grandmother, weirdly enough. Her Nana was a no-nonsense old lady who, like Sophie, didn't give much of a fuck. She passed away last summer, and Sophie took it hard. She gained 20lbs last year. Her parents told her if she got kicked out of Camp Shane Trails, she couldn't come home.

Her favorite music spans a lot- she loves early era CBGBs punk- Misfits, Blondie, Talking Heads, and of course, the Ramones. She has a sweet record collection at home, that she keeps hidden from her parents who would- without a doubt- confiscate it immediately if they found it. She actually snuck a record player

into camp (don't ask me how, because I have NO idea) and brought 3-4 albums with her. She's waiting on Sara to send her more via plush. She likes movies, but definitely prefers TV. Her favorite shows are The Gilmore Girls, Buffy, and Impractical Jokers. She doesn't really dabble in TV Drama yet, but she's getting there.

Unlike a lot of the girls at camp, Sophie truly likes her body. It's her parents that hate it.

MIRANDA, AN ORAL HISTORY:



Miranda. How do I describe Miranda to you? Well, I guess first off- she's a total bitch. Like, just a mean girl. Why? Well- she hates herself. And for some reason, she can't do it in the normal, cry while looking in the mirror way the rest of us do. She's super insecure in her skin and takes it out on anyone else who's making progress. Even girls who aren't making progress, and just like themselves. Like Sophie, for example. Miranda gives Sophie the hardest time ever, but it's because Sophie doesn't give a fuck. The thing is though, is that Miranda isn't always like this. Oh, no. During the school year, back at her high school, Miranda is at the bottom of the totem pole. Actually, she's not even *on* the totem pole. Her life starts and ends at Camp Shane Trails. She's been coming since she was 12 years old. And she has gained back any weight she has ever lost. Literally, all of it, if not more. Since she was 12, she's actually *gained* 15lbs. Which is... disheartening for her. Her younger sister, Mags, joined her at camp this summer and it's totally cramping her style because 1.) Mags knows the truth about Miranda's popularity and 2.) Mags is a TOTAL loser. Miranda doesn't even want people to find out they know each other, let alone are related to one another. Miranda loves Taylor Swift and that's about it. Old Taylor Swift, new Taylor Swift. All of the Taylor Swift. And her favorite movie is Mean Girls, although, I'm pretty sure she got the wrong message from it. Miranda smuggles in Contra- except, she uses it to her advantage- a power move, if you will. She and the other girls in her cabin get the girls at the camp what they want. But for a price.. If you want it, she'll get it for you. Any food at anytime. Contra is like, no big deal for her. She has her older sister, Sara- who hates her parents just as much as Miranda does- send her Hershey bars, Skittles, Circus Peanuts- whatever your hear desires. You're probably thinking "no way, that's too easy" but it really *is* that easy. Well, almost anyway. So like, when you have packages sent to you, you have to open it in front of a counselor in the Camp Room. You dump it out in front of them, they peek around it a little bit, and then you're on your merry way. No, Sara doesn't just send her candy. Instead, Sophie has quite the stuffed animal collection. Sara sends Sophie a new stuffed animal once a week in a care package. When you rip that stuffed animal open- out pours the Contra. It's flawless.

DEB, AN ORAL HISTORY:

Deb is... if I could use one word to describe Deb it would be- sugar. I know that's not like, technically an adjective or whatever, but it's so... DEB! She's always hyped up, even when she's not- and she's CONSTANTLY moving. The woman literally never stops moving. She'll break into jumping jacks during the morning announcements just to get her "heart moving." She's like... Tinkerbell, if Tinkerbell snorted a pixie stick and drank three Red Bulls. It's hard to like her because she's so damn nice. But, if you sit and actually have a conversation with her, you'll find out she's pretty cool when she's not moving a mile a minute. She's struggled with body image her whole life, but finds that exercise and movement keeps her mind clear and her endorphins up. For most of her teens and early twenties, she suffered from

depression. All jacked up on pills, a suicide hotline she would call frequently (not because she was going to kill herself, but because she needed the company) suggested that she try exercising daily. The next morning she went for a run. And she was hooked.

THE GIRLS IN BUNK 12:

Bunk 12, historically, has been the nerdiest bunk at Camp Shane Trails. And I don't mean like, the cute nerdy girl who likes video games. I mean true nerds. Acne ridden, in oversized-t shirts, and were at one time into wrestling. The WWF kind.

MAGS:

Mags is a newbie to CST. She's 13 and she plays the drums in marching band, but would love to start a band of her own. Her older sister is none other than Miranda, and the two couldn't be more opposite- or so they think.

STACEY:

Stacey plays World of Warcraft. She's a level 100, and could sell her account for literally thousands of dollars. During the summer, during which she has no access to her computer, she leases out her account for 400\$ a month. She's recently gotten her acne under control, but most of her t-shirts are made by BLIZZARD. She hangs out with a lot of guys, but has never been kissed. She has a huge crush on her BFF, Sam.

MAE:

Mae is 16 and a CST vet. She's lost her weight, but that doesn't mean her interests have changed at all. Mae plays Magic- and is actually one of the top ten players in Ohio. She's even got a Magic tattoo on her forearm- of her favorite card, WAREWOMAN. This summer, she's back at camp to get the last few pounds off, and hopes not to come back next summer.

HANNAH

This is Hannah's first summer at CST. She wants to lose 20lbs, and head back to school with good spirit. Hanna loves Disney. Like a lot. Like too much for a 15 year old girl. Her favorite movie is Toy Story- she also has a little bit of an infatuation with Woody?

LORI:

Lori is 17 years old- the oldest girl in the bunk, and she's been at CST for two summers and has lost over 50lbs during her time here. She hopes to come back next summer as a camp counselor. Lori's brand of nerd is Star Wars, which she knows is a total cliché, but can't help herself. She's saving her virginity for Han Solo.

TONY:

How do we describe Tony? Tony isn't necessarily a nerd. She doesn't like things that make someone nerdy. But she's a social reject nonetheless. Is it her dry sense of humor? Maybe. The way she wears her hair super short? Maybe. That she wears the same t-shirt everyday? Probably.

POSSIBLE FUTURE EPISODES:

301: Kohel is split up from her bunk for a camp wide game of COLOR WAR- and naturally, she's paired with Miranda and Rob. Miranda will do anything she can to keep the two apart.

401: Sophie gets an outside source for contraband and wraps Kohel into her scheme. Bunk 17 declares war on Bunk 12 for contraband territory.

501: FAMILY DAY! Everyone's parents come to camp for the day. Kohel is forced compete with her sister for her parents' attention.

MENU:

Breakfast:

Egg white omelet with cheese
Apple
Orange
Raisin bran
Skim milk
Banana
Yogurt (plain)

LUNCH:

Chicken Wrap (NO MAYO)
Minestrone Soup
Stawberries
Salad Bar
Diet Jello
Pita Pizza
Skim Milk
Apple Vegetable Soup
Salad Bar

SNACK:

Fruit.
Popsicle.

DINNER:

Grilled Chicken
Baked Tater Tots
Veggies
Salad Bar
Rice
Grilled Steak
Watermelon

SNACK:

Granola bar
Pretzels

Working it off

The time it takes an average elementary school child to work off a 150-calorie can of soda:

15 MIN.

Stair walking
Shoveling snow
Running 1.5 miles
Jumping rope
Bicycling 4 miles

20 MIN.

Playing basketball
Swimming laps

30 MIN.

Raking leaves
Water aerobics
Dancing fast
Shooting baskets
Walking 2 miles

45 MIN.

Playing touch football

60 MIN.

Washing, waxing a car
Playing volleyball

Source: US Health & Human Services Dept., St. Louis Post-Dispatch

CAMP SHANE TRAILS SCHEDULE: KOHEL LARSON

CAMP SCHEDULE: MONDAY

8AM: WAKE UP CALL
8:30AM: BREAKFAST (SEE MENU)
10AM: FREE TIME (CLEAN BUNK, GO FOR A WALK, SIT BY THE POOL, SCHEDULE ANOTHER ACTIVITY)
11:30AM: CARDIO
1PM: LUNCH (SEE MENU)
2PM: SECOND ACTIVITY (HIP HOP)
3:30PM: **BE YOUR BEST SELF** (Weekly class with Brandi- a wise crackin' no bullshit old lady, who digs in deep to figure out why you find solstice in food)
5:00PM: DINNER (SEE MENU)
7:00PM: BONFIRE
10:00PM: LIGHTS OUT

CAMP SCHEDULE: TUESDAY

8AM: WAKE UP CALL
8:30AM: BREAKFAST (SEE MENU)
10AM: FREE TIME
11:30AM: CARDIO
1PM: LUNCH (SEE MENU)
2PM: SECOND ACTIVITY (HIP HOP)
3:30PM: THIRD ACTIVITY (SWIM CARDIO)
5:00PM: DINNER (SEE MENU)
7:00PM: BONFIRE
10:00PM: LIGHTS OUT

CAMP SCHEDULE: WEDNESDAY

8AM: WAKE UP CALL
8:30AM: BREAKFAST (SEE MENU)
10AM: FREE TIME
11:30AM: CARDIO
1PM: LUNCH (SEE MENU)
2PM: SECOND ACTIVITY (HIP HOP)
3:30PM: THIRD ACTIVITY (GAGA)
5:00PM: DINNER (SEE MENU)
7:00PM: BONFIRE
10:00PM: LIGHTS OUT

CAMP SCHEDULE: THURSDAY

8AM: WAKE UP CALL
8:30AM: BREAKFAST (SEE MENU)
10AM: FREE TIME
11:30AM: CARDIO
1PM: LUNCH (SEE MENU)
2PM: SECOND ACTIVITY (HIP HOP)
3:30PM: THIRD ACTIVITY (SOFTBALL)
5:00PM: DINNER (SEE MENU)
7:00PM: BONFIRE
10:00PM: LIGHTS OUT

CAMP SCHEDULE: FRIDAY

8AM: WAKE UP CALL
8:30AM: BREAKFAST (SEE MENU)
10AM: FREE TIME
11:30AM: CARDIO
1PM: LUNCH (SEE MENU)
2PM: SECOND ACTIVITY (HIP HOP)
3:30PM: THIRD ACTIVITY (MINI GOLF)
5:00PM: DINNER (SEE MENU)
7:00PM: BONFIRE
10:00PM: LIGHTS OUT

CAMP SCHEDULE: SATURDAY

8AM: WAKE UP CALL
8:30AM: BREAKFAST (SEE MENU)
10AM: FREE TIME
11:30AM: CARDIO
1PM: LUNCH (SEE MENU)
2PM: SECOND ACTIVITY (HIP HOP)
3:30PM: THIRD ACTIVITY (BASKETBALL)
5:00PM: DINNER (SEE MENU)
7:00PM: BONFIRE
10:00PM: LIGHTS OUT

SUMMER IS 8 WEEKS LONG

4 FIELD TRIPS: WATER PARK, MOVIES, MUESEUM VISIT, PLANET FITNESS
NIGHTLY BONFIRE ACTIVITIES SUCH AS, BUT NOT LIMITED TO: LIVE MUSIC
(CAMP COUNSELORS PLAYING DAVE MATTHEWS BAND COVERS), MOVIES ON THE
BIG SCREEN, BOARD GAMES, SNACK TIME (BAKED CHIPS, PRETZELS, CARROTS,
BEETS)

BE YOUR BEST SELF: A WEEKLY- AND COED- CLASS WHERE BRANDI TEACHES
GIRLS HOW TO DO THEIR MAKEUP, HOW BOYS SHOULD RESPECT WOMEN, AND
HOW TO LOVE YOURSELF.

COLOR WAR, TALENT SHOW.

Appendix C: November 2014 Draft 1

INT. MALL - TRENDY FITTING ROOM - DAY

Bright light that delightfully brings out our imperfections reflects off the white walls of the fitting room.

The recognizable grunts and sighs of STRUGGLE pour over a door--

Meet KOHEL LARSTON- 16, a brown-haired Lena Dunham type raised in a Kate Moss world.

She tries desperately to zip up a pair of skinny jeans. And it's not happening.

A KNOCK at the door.

KIM - 16, thin, blonde, in the skinniest of skinny jeans, stands impatiently with her cronies MADDIE and JILL 16, just as skinny and even blonder, stand beside her.

KOHEL
Just a second.

KIM
It's been like, several seconds.

Kohel catches a glimpse of herself- her muffin top, her belly, her thighs.

Defeat.

She struggles back out of the jeans--

Opens the door.

KIM (CONT'D)
It's about time. Let's go, I'm starving.

KOHEL
I'll meet you at the food court.

KIM
Hurry. Jill's mom is coming in like, twenty.

They leave. Kohel closes the fitting room door, looks at her reflection- pulls the pudge of her stomach in her hands. Ugh.

INT. MALL - TRENDY STORE - DAY

Kohel carries the unwanted jeans over her arm and heads to the return rack where ROB SMALL- 16, a little chubby with a kind face who will wear skate sneakers until he dies, folds clothes.

ROB
I'll take those.

She hands them over, nervous- will he see the pant size? She looks around- notices a HORRENDOUSLY DRESSED MANNEQUIN.

She laughs.

He notices.

ROB (CONT'D)
I call it "Basic Gone Bad"

KOHEL
But she's missing something-

Kohel looks around- finds a DISCARDED STARBUCKS CUP. Grabs it, places it in the hand of the mannequin.

ROB
Nice work.

She curtsies- notices the OTHER MANNEQUINS, all dressed just as poorly.

ROB (CONT'D)
It's my way of stickin' it to the man.

KOHEL
And no one cares?

ROB
It's Ugly Chic, very hot right now.

She giggles. Rob tries to secretly check her out.

ROB (CONT'D)
Any plans for the summer?

KOHEL
Not yet. You?

ROB
I go to this camp- Happy Springs-

Kohel's phone BUZZES- it's KIM.

KOHEL
I'm sorry, I have to go-

She leaves. He watches her go.

ROB
Have a good summer!

Folds the jeans.

ROB (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Good goin', dude.

INT. MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY

SHOPPERS mingle at The Great American Institution the mall food court.

Two small round tables are pushed together.

Kohel sits at one, her Taco Bell spread before her.

The girls are grouped around the other table, Diet Coke and untouched fries sit in front of them.

Maddie SIPs her soda. They watch Kohel eat. Look to each other. Who's gonna start?

KIM
Kohel.

KOHEL
What?

They all stare at her.

KIM
We've brought you here today-

KOHEL
I don't know what was going on with those jeans, I usually have no problem at Holl-

MADDIE
It's not about that.

JILL
Well it sort of is, right? Like, for the test?

ACT ONE

EXT. SUBURBEAN STREET - DAY

It's early morning and the street is empty. WE HEAR- feet pounding on the pavement as KOHEL jogs up the hill into view.

BEYONCE blares in her headphones and she heaves for air.

She pulls the ear phones out, checks the RUNNING MATE app on her phone-

It's only been a quarter mile.

She lays down on the pavement, defeated.

A CAR pulls up and HONKS at her.

DRIVER

Get outta the street! What are ya doin?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Still sweaty from her attempt at fitness, Kohel empties a bag of LEMONS onto the kitchen counter, fishes cayenne pepper from a cabinet.

Her 18 year old sister LIBBY- luscious locks and an enviable figure, enters.

LIBBY

What is this?

KOHEL

The Master Cleanse. Beyonce did it.

LIBBY

This is a one way ticket to Anorexia Village.

KOHEL

Shut up.

LIBBY

You hate lemons.

KOHEL

When life hands you lemons-

LIBBY

You throw them back.

Kohel starts to squeeze the lemons into a jug.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
That's gonna make you crap your
pants, you know.

KOHEL
Be supportive!

Libby takes a bite out of a Ho-Ho.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

AL, Kohel's Dad, knocks on the door.

AL
You okay in there, hon?

KOHEL
Yeah!

She GROANS. Libby walks up-

LIBBY
Told you so.

KOHEL
Shut UP, Dad make her go away.

AL
Leave your sister's bathroom habits
alone.

INT. KOHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kohel now wears pajamas and chews unhappily on carrots, while researching THE LAP BAND on her laptop.

She sighs-- when a POP-UP blares across the screen for--

HAPPY SPRINGS- THE PERFECT CAMP FOR YOUR WEIGHT LOSS JOURNEY!

She clicks, and digs deeper-- picturesque pools, FAT KIDS who look happy, a gorgeous lake, a HOT CAMP COUNSELOR--

AWESOME ACTIVITIES!

GOOD EATS!

AVERAGE WEIGHT LOSS: 50 LBS A SUMMER!

She is SOLD.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Kohel sits at the family table with her Al, Libby and her mom, BETTY. Libby's thin waist takes after Betty. Kohel burdens her father's genes.

It's silent.

KOHEL
Mom, Dad?

AL
Daughter?

KOHEL
I... I want to go to camp this summer.

BETTY
That's great, hon.

AL
Aren't you a little old for that?

LIBBY
You literally threatened to lock yourself in your bedroom for an entire summer if we went to camp.

KOHEL
Well, it's not a regular camp.

LIBBY
Well you hate space, so it's not space camp which means-

KOHEL
It's the perfect camp for my weight loss journey.

LIBBY
Oh my god.

BETTY
A what?

AL
That's great, baby!

LIBBY
Are you serious? You're like, fifteen pounds overweight, and you're gonna go to fat camp?

BETTY
Honey, you're beautiful.

AL
This will be good for her. She
needs something like this.

LIBBY
She's right there, Dad.

AL
It will be good for you, sweetie.

BETTY
This is my fault, I taught you to
be an emotional eater. My god.

KOHEL
It's not anybody's fault. I'm doing
this because I want to learn-

BETTY
I shouldn't have baked so much. We
should have forced you to eat more
greens.

AL
They're not gonna put one of those
patches on your tongue, are they?

BETTY
Honey, you're so beautiful you
don't need this. You're perfect.

AL
She'll learn how to be healthy.

LIBBY
And subsequently develop an eating
disorder.

BETTY
Libby!

LIBBY
Just being honest here.

KOHEL
Don't you get it? I can finally be
the skinny friend!

BETTY
What?

LIBBY
Did that stupid Kim put you up to
this?

AL
Language!

KOHEL
Who?

LIBBY
Your "friends" ?

KOHEL
It's important for me to do this.
For my health.

AL
See! Good job, baby. Her health.

LIBBY
You don't need fat camp. You need
to like, start running or
something.

KOHEL
I have some radical changing to do.

Libby gets out of her seat, walks over to Kohel, shines her
phone's flashlight in her eyes-

KOHEL (CONT'D)
Stop it!

BETTY
Cut it out!

LIBBY
Her pupils are dilated. We have a
body-snatchers case on our hands.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HAPPY SPRINGS - DAY

Beautiful woods give way to a wooden sign that reads HAPPY SPRINGS, a shimmering lake, and cabins. Your standard American summer camp.

But wait-- is that a ropes course? And stairs that lead to nowhere? And why does the cafeteria have a sign that says CLEAN HALL ?

Al's mid size SUV rides down the dirt road.

INT. AL'S CAR - DAY

The family sits in the car, and take in the sights. Betty reads from a pamphlet.

BETTY

And you can learn that mixed martial arts, baby!

KOHEL

Looking forward to it.

BETTY

Oh! And gaga! What do you think gaga is?

LIBBY

They make you suck on a pacifier every time you want to eat.

AL

Hey! None of that. Even your mother's being positive.

LIBBY

Horrah! Fat Camp!

EXT. HAPPY SPRINGS - DAY

They pull up under a banner that reads REGISTRATION in colorful hand-painted letters.

DEB- 19, more pep than a cheerleader, her blonde hair pulled into a ponytail and through a visor- holds a clipboard and talks to CAMPERS- of all sizes.

The family piles out of the car.

DEB
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome!

LIBBY
Oh my god.

AL
Hi there, miss-

DEB
Oh I'm Deb! Call me Deb. And you
must be--

She refers to her clipboard, flips through pages with
PICTURES OF CAMPERS, NAMES, and BIOS.

DEB (CONT'D)
Kohel!

KOHEL
That's me.

She embraces Kohel, who isn't sure how to react.

AL
Yay!

DEB
You're a newbie, so I'll take you
back to your bunk and fill ya in on
all the AWESOME STUFF happening
today!

AL
You hear that, babe? Awesome stuff!

They start to head back, through hordes of Zumba-ing TEENS.

KOHEL
When's the first weigh in?

DEB
Oh don't you worry about that just
yet! First you have to meet your
bunk mates!

Through an intense looking boot-camp style workout--

BOOT CAMP MAN
Stand up straight or be a bitch!

BETTY
Did he just call them "bitches" ?

DEB
Oh that's just how boot-camp works.
Tear ya down to build ya up again.
It's optional for first years.

Through a game of European Handball-

DEB (CONT'D)
You're in for so much fun! Today,
you'll take your fitness test to
properly place you in the athletic
group that's JUST RIGHT for you!
Then! We'll make some beautiful
success charts! After that, dinner
time! Tofu dogs! Yum! Oh, and Mom?
Don't worry. The boys and girls are
TOTALLY separate ninety-nine per
cent of the day.

They approach CABIN 12.

DEB (CONT'D)
And here we are, Cabin 12. Now
please, drop your bags.

Kohel does as she's told. Deb unzips them, begins to rifle
through them--

KOHEL
What are you doing?

DEB
Checks... in order... to find...--

She pulls out a bag of M&Ms.

DEB (CONT'D)
Contraband. Absolutely no outside
food or drink are allowed. If
you're found sneakin' some sugar,
you'll be assigned a lap on The
Stairs for each piece of candy. All
packages will be inspected by your
counselor for contraband.

She motions to the STAIRS we saw earlier- 4 flights of stairs
headed to heaven.

DEB (CONT'D)
All right! We will see you on the
main field in thirty minutes. It
was great meeting you folks!
Remember! Everyday is a winner!

Libby rolls her eyes.

BETTY
Well, I guess this is good bye for
the summer, then.

Betty hugs Kohel.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I love you, baby, good luck and if
you want to come home, just call me
and I'll come get you, I swear.

Al joins the hug.

AL
You're gonna do great! Tone
yourself up.

BETTY
Don't be crass.

AL
I'm supporting her.

Then Libby.

LIBBY
If you ever need to be un-
brainwashed I'll sneak you in some
Circus Peanuts.

KOHEL
I love you guys.

Squeeze.

LIBBY
All right that's enough. Disband.

They do so. Betty starts to well up.

AL
Oh, come on, Bits, it's summer
camp.

BETTY
Stay strong baby!

Libby shoots her sister a wink and they head back to the car.

Kohel turns to the cabin and sighs. She grabs her bag and
heads inside where-

INT. CABIN 12 - DAY

SOPHIE reads a worn copy of DAS KAPITAL on the bottom bunk, she peers over it as Kohel starts to unpack and make her bed.

SOPHIE
Did she make you run yet?

KOHEL
Who? Run to where?

SOPHIE
Deb LOVES making us do the stairs.
I'm Sophie.

KOHEL
Kohel.

Sophie- 16, her drugstore colored black hair falls in front of her face while she checks Kohel out, tries to peg her-

SOPHIE
Where else you been? Wellspring?
Pocono? One of those camps down in
Mexico City, with the tongue patch?

KOHEL
Nope, this is my first- uh- fat
camp.

SOPHIE
Really? You have "gained twenty
pounds during the school year"
written all over you.

KOHEL
Thanks?

Sophie sits on Kohel's bed while she unpacks- notices a pack of CIRCUS PEANUTS.

SOPHIE
You're gonna need some help. You
know. Figuring out how stuff works
around here. The ropes. And I've
been to all the camps. Could be
your tour guide-

KOHEL
I don't know. I just want to lose
the weight, really.

SOPHIE
What's your Promise Weight?

Kohel looks at her- what?

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
How much do you want to lose?

KOHEL
Thirty five pounds.

SOPHIE
That's doable.

KOHEL
Yeah?

She takes a photo out of her nap sack- her and THE BLONDES we met earlier, having fun at a lake. Kohel's in a tankini.

SOPHIE
You're a popular girl, aren't you?

KOHEL
What?

SOPHIE
In school.

KOHEL
We don't have popular kids.

SOPHIE
Spoken like a true popular girl.
Have you thought about where you'll stand here?

KOHEL
Not really, I guess.

SOPHIE
I'll save you from social suicide
for that contra.

The circus peanuts--

Kohel, uncertain, hands them over.

A SIREN goes off, startles Kohel. Sophie pops a peanut in her mouth.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
These taste like cardboard. Sweet,
sweet cardboard. Lace up. If we're
late Deb will add a thousand steps
to your Walk-A-Bout Goal.

EXT. HAPPY SPRINGS - DAY

Sophie starts to jog towards the main field. Kohel follows suit. Other CAMPERS jog as well.

A group of THIN, TONED AND TAN GIRLS jog past them briskly. THE LEADER- who we will come to know as MIRANDA, pushes Kohel out of the way.

KOHEL

Hey!

They continue to jog.

SOPHIE

Skinny Bitches.

MAGS- 13, awkward and chubby, runs up to Miranda-

MAGS

Hey Mir-

Miranda sprints ahead, leaves Mags in the dust.

MAIN FIELD

Groups of CAMPERS of all different shapes of sizes congregate around the OBSTACLE COURSE.

Here, we see all the CLIQUES in their forms.

Kohel starts to notice-

SOPHIE

Ah, so you see-

She pulls her hair back.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It's pretty classic actually. Over there, you've got the Lifers-

She motions to a group of girls who are heavy- and not in a curvy way. We can feel their low self esteem from the other side of the field.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

They start every summer saying this will be the last summer but, here we are again.

She motions to a group of THIN GIRLS who stand out starkly from the rest of the camp- they CLEARLY don't belong here.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The Obsessives, who don't really
need to be here anyway.

A group of THICK GIRLS who are having a blast, wearing tight
shirts, loving themselves.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The Hot Girls, who found Nicki
Minaj and never looked back. Their
parents probably make them come,
maybe their doctors, but they
actually like themselves. Much to
the distaste of The Obsessives.

A group we have already come to know and loathe- the SKINNY
BITCHES, with Miranda, looking bitchy as every.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The Skinny Bitches, as you know.
And then there's us. The Others.

KOHEL

But the Skinny Bitches are on top,
huh.

SOPHIE

They definitely live up to their
name.

Deb holds her clipboard and stands next to SMITH- 28, a
freelance model and perfect human specimen and SARAH- 30,
skinny as a rail and a no-nonsense bun.

Sarah grabs the megaphone.

SARAH

Welcome campers! Who's ready to
embark on their weight loss
journey?

Campers CHEER. Sophie pretends to hang herself.

SARAH (CONT'D)

That's right! Let's get started on
the placement test! Smith, Deb and
I will be making rounds and keeping
track of time, agility, and ease.

She hands the horn to Smith, and her excitement deflates.

SMITH

All righty, everyone pick a station
and when Deb blows-

Deb blows the whistle.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Not yet.

DEB
Sorry.

Campers begin to disperse.

SMITH
Wait!

They stop-

SMITH (CONT'D)
Ugh, whatever. G'head.

Deb blows it again. They head to their stations.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Ready. Set-

She blows it again.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Goddamnit, Deb!

DEB
Sorry I just LOVE this whistle!

Kohel stands in line for the obstacle course. Sophie jogs up behind her-

SOPHIE
Start off easy. Go for the laps.

Kohel nods and looks to the track-- where the Skinny Bitches jog elegantly.

She heads over to them, begins to jog with their group.

They stare, one GIRL giggles.

MIRANDA
Can we help you?

KOHEL
No, just trying to keep pace.

MIRANDA
First summer?

KOHEL

Yeah.

Deb BLOWS the whistle-

SMITH

Get down and give us 20!

Everyone drops, some KIDS can't push up, others do so weakly, Miranda and the Skinny Bitches do so with ease.

Kohel struggles to push up.

A HEAVY CAMPER combating the obstacle course VOMITS.

MIRANDA

Welcome to Fat Camp.

SMITH

Keep it together, keep it together.
Nice work Miranda.

Deb BLOWS the whistle-

SMITH (CONT'D)

New challenges on three- one, two-

Deb BLOWS it again.

The campers switch to a new task. Sophie crosses paths with Kohel, who walks with the Skinny Bitches.

SOPHIE

Make sure not to do the obstacle
course until last- that way they'll
go easy on you. Hi, Miranda.

Miranda tosses her a dirty look. She jogs off.

MIRANDA

You know her?

KOHEL

We're bunkmates.

MIRANDA

Ew.

Another Skinny Bitch- ALLIE chimes in-

ALLIE

She's SUCH a loser. Or should I say
gainer.

MIRANDA

Known for her yo-yoing. Doesn't stand a chance at ever being thin. Plus, she's been kicked out of every fat camp from here to Mexico City for smuggling in contraband. Ruins everything for everybody.

DEB

All right girls, jumping jacks, ready...

She BLOWS the whistle. The girls start.

DEB (CONT'D)

Squat thrusts!

They drop.

CALLIE

Plus she is just such a downer. Always talking about how God is dead or whatever.

SEAN

New stations everyone!

Deb BLOWS the whistle.

Kohel, the Skinny Bitches, and Sophie head to the obstacle course.

SOPHIE

I see you've made some friends.

MIRANDA

Lord know she needs somebody to save her from you.

SOPHIE

That's nice Miranda, how's that attempt at bulimia coming along?

SEAN

Ready, set-

Deb BLOWS the whistle. The girls start on the obstacle course, and there's no room for chit-chat.

Miranda PUSHES Sophie to the side and gets to the front.

It's on.

Kohel struggles through the course, as do the rest of the CAMPERS.

Sophie catches up, and hip checks Miranda. Miranda falls on the ground. Hard.

She gets up.

She hops back onto the course, now far behind Miranda-- but Kohel is on Miranda's tail.

SOPHIE
Finish her!

Kohel looks to Sophie, back at Miranda, back to Sophie and promptly VOMITS all over Miranda's back.

Sophie squeals with delight.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MAIN FIELD - DAY

Miranda and Kohel stand mid-Obstacle Course, Miranda's hair and back covered in Kohel's vomit.

MIRANDA
You BITCH!

KOHEL
I'm so, so, so sorry, I don't know
what got into me-

SMITH
We got another puker on the course!
It's all good, this your first
summer?

He helps Kohel up-- and Kohel is immediately enchanted.

She nods, helplessly.

He gives her a water bottle, pats her back.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Walk it off. Miranda, go to the
showers.

MIRANDA
(re: Kohel)
You're dead.

She heads to the showers.

Deb BLOWS the whistle.

SMITH
All right! Everybody back to
center!

Campers groggily walk back to the center of the main field.

SOPHIE
Nice work. Couldn't have done it
better myself.

DEB
All righty campers

The campers do as their told.

DEB
Now, tell your reflection "you're
perfect the way you are"

Silence.

DEB (CONT'D)
Go ahead, tell your reflection!

The campers do so. Sophie pretends to GAG.

Miranda turns her mirror to shine light in Kohel's eyes,
Kohel tries to return the favor, but shines it in Deb's eyes
instead.

EXT. MAIN FIELD - DAY

Potato sacks are laid out.

SMITH
Mags! Miranda! Sophie! Kohel! Over
here!

Sophie, Kohel, and Mags walk over.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Where's Miranda?

MIRANDA (O.S.)
Over here!

She waltzes over.

SMITH
Cool. So, you gals are gonna have
yourself a little potato sack race.
It's only a quarter mile. So you're
gonna start here, obviously, and
head to the Squat Tree, then turn
back around. You'll be competing in
pairs so... Sophie and Mags,
Miranda and Kohel. Pick your sack!

SOPHIE
Sup.

MAGS
Hi.

SOPHIE
You want to walk this one out? Not
feelin' the whole sack race today.

Mags nods.

MAGS
Won't we get in trouble?

SOPHIE
You think I'd do that to you?

Miranda steps in a sack.

KOHEL
I'm so sorry about what happened
earlier, I'm not really sure what
made me do that-

MIRANDA
No worries. Hakuna Matata. What's
done is done. Since we're going to
see a lot of each other, let's
start anew. Sorry for being a
meanie earlier.

KOHEL
Wow, really?

MIRANDA
Totally. Weight loss sisters?

She goes in for the hug.

KOHEL
(hesitant)
Yeah!

They embrace.

SMITH
Okay girls, ready, set-

WHISTLE.

Miranda starts off slow, keeps pace with Kohel.

KOHEL
I really appreciate that, like, I
think we could really be good
friends.

MIRANDA
Totally!

Miranda KNOCKS Kohel down.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Get real.

KOHEL
It was only a little puke!

Kohel pulls herself together. No way, this isn't happening.
Not today. Not this time.

She HAULS ASS and is now neck and neck with Miranda, who
struggles to keep up-

SMITH
Woah ladies! You go!

Kohel hits the tree with her hand, turns around, Miranda does
the same, except hers is full of anger.

Sophie and Mags are still in the middle of the field. Callie
and Allie try to keep their hops in unison.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Come on girls! Go for it!

Miranda's ahead of Kohel, Kohel ahead of Miranda, Miranda
ahead of Kohel until-

They are hop in hop over the finish line.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Amazing time ladies! A tie!

MIRANDA
No way, no way I got there first.

KOHEL
No, I did.

MIRANDA
You wanna go for it, bitch?

KOHEL
Let's dance.

Smith steps between the two.

SMITH
Okay, obviously this friendly
competition got out of hand. Head
back to your bunks and cool down
before dinner.

ALLIE
Doesn't look like it. Just put 40
and call it a day.

The girls CACKLE.

Mags and Sophie approach.

SOPHIE
Don't you have some food to push
around on your plate?

Miranda rolls her eyes and they leave.

KOHEL
What's her deal?

After they hand in their BMI sheets, the girls grab food and
head to a--

TABLE

SOPHIE
God, I hate the way I look when I
eat. Is that why they do this?

KOHEL
It's not fair that they're allowed
to treat us like this. With no
punishment.

SOPHIE
Meh, that's life.

KOHEL
No it's not.

SOPHIE
Bad people get away with doing bad
things all the time because the bad
people are in charge. Locke.

KOHEL
Doesn't make it right.

MAGS
She's been like this her whole
life, you know. Even when she
was... fat.

SOPHIE
You knew her the first summer?

MAGS
I've known her my whole life.

SOPHIE
You guys go to a Wellspring school
together?

MAGS
She's my sister.

SOPHIE
GAME CHANGER! What!

MAGS
People think that she only got mean
after she got skinny. But that's
not true.

KOHEL
She's a bully.

MAGS
Through and through.

KOHEL
We could take her down you know.

SOPHIE
No we can't.

KOHEL
We could. This summer could be the
summer that changes everything. We
could bring her down to our level.

SOPHIE
If she's always been like this,
there's no way we'll change her.

KOHEL
Yes there is. We just need to find
her weakness.

They both look at Mags, expecting an answer.

MAGS
She likes donuts?

KOHEL
By the end of the summer, Miranda
Phelan will no longer be a mean
girl.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. BON FIRE - NIGHT

Your classic camp bon fire, except the kids roast celery and make ants on a log in lieu of s'mores.

Sarah grabs the megaphone, musters up some psuedo-excitement.

SARAH

Attention Campers! What an amazing first day! We have divided you up into your proper fitness groups! From here on out, this will be your Weight Loss Team! Your direct line to encouragement, assistance, and friendship!

Deb and Smith hand out bracelets.

A MORBIDLY OBESE GIRL gets a green band, a THICK GIRL WITH CONFIDENCE a yellow band, a MEEK HEAVY GIRL a pink band, and a SKINNY BITCH a purple band.

Sophie gets a pink band, and so does Kohel.

SMITH

Good work today, ladies. Looking forward to the rest of the summer.

He walks away and Kohel lets out a dreamy sigh.

SOPHIE

I know, right?

Sophie grabs Kohel's wrist, looks for The Skinny Bitches-
Smith hands them PURPLE BANDS.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That was a close one.

KOHEL

But there's still room for improvement, right?

SOPHIE

Well this isn't like, a caste system. You can move up throughout the summer.

KOHEL

Good.

SOPHIE

You still want to get in with them?
Haven't you realized they're just
vapid, soul-less creatures?

KOHEL

They seem nice, or like they might
be once you get to know them.

Kohel looks around- for the first time since we've first
arrived, Happy Springs looks like a regular camp. With boys
and girls mingling, laughter, some CAMPFIRE SONGS.

And that's when Kohel notices-- is that?

KOHEL (CONT'D)

Rob?

The GUY FROM THE MALL chats up a SHAGGY HAired BOY.

He turns, smiles, and waves.

END OF EPISODE.

Appendix D: Interview with Danni Zeidler

What's the proper term for fat camp?

Weight loss facility

How did it make you feel when someone referred to it as a Fat Camp?

I didn't care, the owners did. The skinner kids didn't like it being called a fat camp, but I called it fat camp, but it was technically *New Image Weight Loss Facility*. The owner would get really upset if you called it a fat camp. His dad used to run the weight watchers camp, and he remade it using a healthier alternative- you could eat more freely but be conscious of portions and all that.

What was the Mess Hall like?

We were separated into cabins, so we sat with our cabins- each age group sat together, and for lunch and dinner there would be a full salad bar- we could eat as much as we want, with unlimited balsamic dressing. If we wanted any condiments, they were prepackaged and you got one and that was it. For food, you would go up, and tell them what you wanted- but you were allowed X amount until you had like, your proteins, your carbs, your this, your that, and then that's it. If you were still hungry, then you ate salad. But everything was really fresh, really good- we would go- you know the mini-frozen bagels? That's two pieces of bread. Every spoon they had was a measurement- everything was a perfect serving size of whatever it was. For some kids, if they had reached their weight, they had a special bracelet and they could go up for seconds. If they're considered "At Weight" then they could eat extra in order to maintain.

What were the food options?

PB&J, Cheese Sandwich. They would have different things. You could barter with some kids.

Tell me more about that.

I loved their zucchini sticks. Other girls didn't like it so much. But they always served it with other things, so I would be like "if you give me your sticks, I'll give you this." We would get snack, and desert everyday and we would save the things that were in packages- baked lays and stuff. Everyday in the afternoon we'd get an ice-pop, or fruit. And at night we'd all get dessert and we could have chips or sugar free ice pops, like fudgesicles. And at night, they would have a place you could go and get diet soda, or diet iced tea. Your parents would give money to the camp, you would get camp money- little tickets- and use it to get knick-knacks, or diet soda, iced tea. Gum wasn't allowed- they wanted us to get out of the habit of constantly chewing on things. But the counselors would sneak it in for us.

What were your counselors like? Your relationships?

There was a lot of issues when we first got to camp. So they did a lot of switching around of them- issues with girls in the bunks. I had this girl named Becky, she was awesome, then we were left with Harriet- you'd think old lady, right? She was a size 0, personal trainer-esque type. She was nice, she was always there to help us if we needed it. We had this heavy black woman- she didn't take shit from anybody. If anyone gave us a hard time, she'd start fuckin' shit up. She brought a DVD player into camp, and when- half of my bunk was terrible, the other half was great. We would stay up all night, on like the one corner of the bunk, and she would like, bring us magazines- just for us- and we would watch movies. They would search our bunks though. If someone said you had something you couldn't have- hiding candy, food, flat iron- if they found it, then you had to go home. No refund. And it was expensive.

Contraband?

You get packages mailed to you, you have to open them in front of a counselor in the camp room. But they just kinda look in the box. They would sew them into stuffed animals- the kids would know exactly where to open and get candy bars. Anywhere from 25-50 dollars a piece. Kids would bring cash in, to then buy contraband- but we would go onto field trips. No cell phones- people would hide those. You wouldn't get it back until the end of the camp- and your parent had to do it.

What about bartering for contraband?

It was mostly just cash. They were all Jewish, and very rich. And they all had money, and they liked to buy dumb things with it. Cash is king.

So, how did people feel in the mess hall?

It was comforting. I have a big issue eating in public- but when I was there, I didn't care. No shame. Among anybody. It was mostly the thinner kids with the complexes. They were so uncomfortable with themselves they couldn't understand how we were so comfortable. They would eat like, cross their legs, take awkward tiny bites. Looking around to see what everyone is doing. Everybody there has their own set of issues, and you could see how different people cope with things. Everybody like, clicked together. The mean fat girls? Got together. The people who didn't give a fuck? Me and my friends. Then the shy kids, the athletic kids, the foreign kids. A lot of them by states. One of the girls there- she was from Spain. Her dad owned a fancy high end restaurant, in Spain famous people went there and stuff and everyone was really mean to her. She was beautiful. They found the camp online and sent her there for 8 weeks. She was a little bottom heavy but I'd never consider her to be fat. She was there because she was uncomfortable- and around the famous rich people- they were so thin. She's Spanish, she was hippy. But she hated it.

When it came to actual weight loss, was it competitive?

Yes and no. Ideally, as long as we were losing weight that all they really cared about. **[ON WEIGH IN]** you would walk into a room and there were three people there- the owner of the camp, this guy Joe- you would get weighed sort of in private. They would set it up in the auditorium. If we even lost one pound, they would be psyched about it. But other girls could see it- I didn't care. Some of the girls cared. I would take off my shoes, socked, short shorts and a tank top- I didn't care. Some girls stayed in sweatpants and a sweatshirt because they were embarrassed. I was so close with my friends, we were so encouraging of each other we disregarded other people. Some girls didn't feel so good if they couldn't keep up. I had a knee problem but I was always moving. Some of them- their parents sent them, but they didn't take it seriously. For the ones of us who chose to go- we all took it for full advantage. The ones who's parents made them- it was their 6th year coming, because they gained back the weight every year because they weren't taking advantage of what it has to offer.

Take me through a day at camp.

You wake up. You walk up a big hill, say the pledge, morning announcements- what activities we were gonna do that night, or color war, things like that- then we had breakfast. After breakfast we had 45 minutes of downtime to hang out in the bunks. Then we'd go, an hour and a half of cardio every day- except for Sundays. It was essentially a mix between Zumba and kickboxing- and all the girls together, and we would just GO. We would run laps. We would have a morning activity- then we'd have lunch. Some morning activities were like, every day we would be assigned something different- every Tuesday it would be a dance class, or pool, or mini-golf, and Be Your Best Classes. With Bobbie- little old Jewish lady, teaching us how to love ourselves. But she made us do that in co-ed groups, because she said we need to stop that pressure between male and female because we felt similar about things. We learned makeup, or about ourselves to feel confident. A different activity every day. Then lunch. Then an hour, hour and a half where we did an activity. I took hip-hop classes every day- we performed for the camp. Then we'd have another activity- then a snack, then another activity, then dinner. And then we'd go for- night was free roaming of the camp. Certain nights they'd have stuff planned, but generally it would be bonfires with seats, and playgrounds, and the whole camp would meet in the middle- there were boundary lines for boys and girls. And we would just hang out- you could stay in your cabin if you wanted to if you didn't want to go out. I didn't hate for a while. It was fun. We got to go to like, Sundays were a lazy day where you didn't have to do anything if you didn't want to, but Sunday night there would be a movie, or a dance, or capture the flag. Then we had color war.

Tell me about that.

Cabins didn't matter, you got picked out of a hat. The theme was Disney, so we were Mickey Mouse. IT was an epic, week long- everything that we did was tallied. Basketball, softball- for competition. Apparently I'm a master at capture the flag. Won us the game which won us the tournament. People gave me deserts, and their

snacks and stuff. Every Sunday night before we did our activity, we'd all go into the auditorium, we would have camper of the week. They'd give a speech for the person and why they picked them. And they called me up, and I wasn't paying attention- you get a plaque, you get your picture taken- because like, "while you couldn't do everything physically, you didn't stop trying. You are the kids you want to come here." They knew my situation- that my grandparent's were paying for it and stuff.

So color war was competitive?

Not everyone would compete in everything. They'd ask what you were good at- but it was broken down, as a whole as long as you were being active you'd get points. You would get deductions for acting out of line. It was basically like Hogwarts. But color- was basically like one giant obstacle course across the camp, which is HUGE. It would be like, a race to see who would do it faster- you would have to run up a hill, find somebody, and give them this, or how far can you throw the ball, and they'd measure the total distance, and the distance = points. We were completely segregated by color- when we went to eat, we weren't allowed to speak during meal times or we got penalized. We had to sit in silence. They didn't want us talking to the enemy- they didn't want people taunting each other because it was the only downtime we ever had. They didn't want us to pick on each other, but they'd make it like fun and competitive. We would have war paint on and stare at people. Lots of intimidation tactics. It was a lot of staring down, or walk by and knock something off the table.

What was it like doing the activities?

I didn't care. You could tell some girls were uncomfortable. I was when I first got there. I would always be in t-shirts, really baggy sweatpants- but by the end of the summer I was in short shorts and tank tops and my tummy was hanging out and I was lovin' it. You go in like, everyone is gonna judge me and do this and in the end you realize everyone feels the exact same way- and you stop giving a fuck. A couple girls got kicked out of camp for like, stealing, and contraband, sneaking into boys camp. But it was nothing ever for anything bad. The one girl in our bunk stole from all of us- we'd ask for mascara, and she'd pull out our own.

So you went from being uncomfortable, to becoming comfortable.

Yeah. Every week in camp is equivalent to a month in real life. So eight weeks, is like eight months. IT was a week after school ended then about two weeks before school started. Kids would go for like, two weeks for a refresher, or the maximum. Some kids would go for the maximum every summer- some kids would gain the weight back, some kids bonded so closely with everyone that was there, that you can't ever have that with other people. One of my best friends in the whole world, we could not see each other for years and it's like we never left. Me and another girl, we bonded because everyone hated her because she was pretty. There was a lot of that. A lot of jealousy. A big thing I learned from camp was how to talk to everybody- there was this kid at a fourth of July thing, he was sitting by himself, and Ariana said she was gonna sit with him- he was shy, kinda dorky- so we did. And then our other friend camp, and then someone else- he became our best friend. It made me accept people

more= seeing people and knowing I could go up to talk to them. What's their story and what's their about. You don't know their insecurities, or troubles.

The mean girls in your cabins?

It was the three of us that they were mean to- the girls in our bunk. It was isolated. Didn't happen in other bunks. We would hang with girls in other bunks. Heather, was a girl we hung out with- the thinner she got, the meaner she got, and got in with the mean girls. She destroyed some really great friendships.

So weight loss wasn't super competitive but it might have been for some of the girls, and color war was the most competitive-

Yeah. They wanted us to have fun together, but also show us that the real world is competitive. But like, show us that we could still love other people. They would intentionally split up best friends- me and Marley got put on different teams. We couldn't talk to them. And then at the end, we had a huge party- a BBQ. On Sundays on our lazy days we would have BBQ's. You'd get 1 hot dog or hamburger, and salads. And little sides because of the carbs in the bread. But we didn't care because we were sitting by bonfires with our friends, livin' it up. I got so tan that summer, it was great. Towards the end of the summer our parents came to visit.

Tell me about that.

They walked right past me. They didn't even recognize me. I had lost like, thirty pounds in four weeks and I was tan. I was like "hello?" and they turned like, oh my god! They took me out shopping to the outlets- parents were allowed to take us off site. We went, they bought me a new outfit. We had to dress really nice. I think I lost of total like, **sixty something pounds** that summer. The average weight loss was 40lbs. But there was a lot of girls with issues One of the girls was bulimic, so she would eat, throw it up. She was heavy. And she would gain weight. She had to leave camp 2 weeks early because she had a mental breakdown. She was one of those overly obnoxious, trying to get sympathy instead of just being a genuine person. No one wanted to deal with her, so she left.

Was there a lot of eating disorder stuff?

A lot of body dysmorphia stuff- mostly in the guys. You never really think of that being like, a guy thing. There was a large handful of guys, who could eat second portions cuz- they were going through that phase, they were a little pudgy. It bothered them. They thought in their mind they were huge. But they weren't.

Let's go back to your parents-

It was one day. It was fun- they brought my sister, and she didn't really like it too much, she likes the attention. Which was uncomfortable for me. Like, the day before my parents came to pick me up she had a breakdown and had to go to the hospital- it was like a chore for my parents. I had lost sixty pounds and we couldn't even celebrate me. I'm used to it. Everything I do. And it's different things like that- a lot

of girls there, their family would come to visit but their- if they had younger siblings, they were with them. Then there were some where you could see they had a big complex where their super athletic sisters would come and it would be uncomfortable for them. You'd see them go from outgoing, to totally shy. It would take a couple days for them to get out of that funk. It was sad.

How did the counselors deal with stuff like that?

We had counselors on staff 24/7. So if we ever needed someone to talk to, we would just say something. And it was an environment where that was okay. My first couple nights there, I would sit in bed and cry. And they would come sit with me, see what's up. Made me feel like I had someone to talk to- even the counselors that were thin made me feel comfortable.

What about the thin ones?

They were all thin. But some of them used to be heavy- one of them, she lost 200 pounds, and kept her skin- it was a reminder of who she was.

What did girls wear during the day?

It's just so damn hot. The least amount of clothes we could wear without getting in trouble, essentially. The pool- it was an issue- at the beginning of the summer, all those swim dresses but- at the end of the summer, I was wearing someone else's bikini and didn't care. Towards the end, none of our clothes fit- so we would depend on someone else who lost weight to give us clothes. Just to be nice girls would offer clothes. And we would all like- I learned it was way more social than another camp. Everyone becomes like your family. Some girls were mean, and you could tell because no one would talk to them and you could tell. By being mean they exiled themselves from being able to enjoy camp.

What was the boy situation?

Everybody dated somebody. I had like, three boyfriends. I had my first kiss at fat camp. His name was Evan Mosovitz. His dad looks like Albert Einstein. We dated for 2 weeks- 2 months in summer camp time. Our first kiss was like a movie. There was a lot of animosity towards girls, for dating boys that other girls had already dated. Girl on girl shit. For me, it wasn't that big of a deal. I had like, 3 boyfriends at camp. One of the guys I dated after camp. He had bad body dysmorphia- a soccer player. For the guys, it's a lot harder to disclose their stuff to other guys, so they all had a female friend to talk about stuff with.

What about your friends?

They went on their own choice. It was Marley's second year- she came in 2 weeks after the start of camp. The guys liked her because she was beautiful, and she got along with me and the pretty girl. We were a trio. Other girls didn't like that. Marley would sit by the pool during her free time. She was super artistic. She would read, not swim.

Did you talk about weight stuff?

We talked about everything else. We all knew why we were there, and our issues- but this was our chance to talk about our everyday lives that we had never talked about before because people didn't understand the struggle of the fat kid. I finally made relationships I wanted to make. All my friends at home were super super thin, pretty, lots of boyfriends. I was the funny fat friend. Then you go to camp, you find kids who have the same struggles as you. You were able to talk about things in life, and they know exactly what you're talking about. "Oh, I was in love with this guy for 2 years and my BFF dated him" we could talk about things with each other and understand why we feel this way.

So your experiences as an overweight teen your friends' also understood- and it wasn't a question of "I don't know what that feels like" because they did.
Right. It was nice. Different.

So, again, how did those relationships make you feel?

Good. I didn't feel so alone. You always think "am I crazy for thinking this?" am I the only one? And you get out of your natural environment and you get thrown in with hundreds of kids with the same struggles and issues, and you finally have people you can talk to- you don't get judged. We all had our own issues. But to be able to see such a diverse group of people that all had significant insecurities in them made them much easier to be around.

If you had to compare camp, to high school, where would you draw the comparison/differences?

It's better than high school because, the things that people are being mean about have nothing to do with your weight. Just because you're overweight doesn't mean you're all nice. There's still cliques everywhere you go. You feel much more comfortable. Makes you understand high school more. You get why people are acting like this or that. The mean girls would break down, and they'd be vulnerable and you know that just them being mean is a front. But in high school you're never gonna get that from people. I had one moment in HS, at prom, this popular girl came up to me and told me she was jealous of me. "I was always really jealous of you, because no matter where you were and what you were doing you were smiling and you'd have somebody there. And you would always have people yelling down the hallway and you could walk into a room and just, make friends. I could never do that. You never gave a shit about what anyone thought of you and I couldn't do that. I was always so jealous of you." She broke down. That was the only time, in camp, we had moments like that all the time. You'd call people out, and talk to them about it, and that's the difference. Camp was like a second home. High school is like torment.

The video was all about being your best self, and positive affirmations- was there a lot of that at camp? Or is it just something in the video?

A lot of kids would push Bobbie away- but girls would wake up early and go look in the mirror when they thought no one was watching and say "you did good today." That positive reinforcement. They were embarrassed. But me, I went in every morning and did it. I named my stomach. Tom. IT really does help. Everyday, we would wake up and say one physically good thing about myself. I love that I'm gonna do so much this week or whatever. Then every night we'd say something good we did that day and why. It starts out superficial, but then it gets deeper as it goes on. "I talked to this person today and it changed me and lalala" You want to care more about others. Your own insecurities go out the window, and you start wanting to make other people feel that way. Girls would say they hated things about themselves, and you'd say "why? Because you don't look like that? Who cares! Love you, do you." Bobbie would make us stand up and say what we don't like ourselves. And she'd ask why we were so hung up on our physical appearance. Then she would say that doesn't matter- what don't you like about you. Your insides. And how can you change that. Why do you do that. Make us confront why we do things, and how we can fix it to be a better person. People think it's about your outward appearance, but it's about healing your insides. I love food. You know I'm upset- it's so easy, fast food. Eating makes me happy. But when you don't have that luxury you find other ways. There was no electronics. No society. I found I could make myself better with friendships and relationships. Talking to people. There wasn't the social pressure to look or feel a certain way. It was, are you happy with the way you look? Then who cares what anybody else thinks.

Appendix E: Outline November 2014

pilot outline

COLD OPEN:

KOHEL stands in a trying on room, desperately goes through different pairs of jeans-- none of which fit. Her THINNER FRIENDS call for her, ask for her to model, but Kohel is having a meltdown in the trying on room. Due to her inability to say NO, she models for them anyway, the girls uncertain how to react. One girl snaps a PHOTO.

ACT ONE:

It's the last day of school. Kohel empties out her locker, finds a cut out picture from a yearbook of a HANDSOME GUY. She looks a few lockers down, and there he is. She throws some stuff away, she walks over to the GUY and his FRIENDS-- they laugh about something-- on his phone-- she sees that it's the picture of HER.

Dinner that night, she asks her PARENTS if she could go to Happy Springs that summer. It's late registration, but she did the research and she could still join. Her mom is shocked, is thrilled, LIBBY knows what happened at school that day, calls her out on it. Kohel storms off.

Kohel packs up her things, Libby sits on her bed. Libby asks why now, why fat camp of all things, and Kohel tells her that she's been thinking about it a lot, and it's time to make a change. Plus, there's no way fat camp could be like high school-- everyone there works together to help each other achieve health, there's a support system, there's no room for bullies, etc. etc. Libby tells her this is an important summer-- the summer everything starts (reminds about her summer at 15) tells Kohel she shouldn't waste the summer just because some boy thinks she's fat. Kohel tells her it's more than that (but we're not sure if it is...)

They arrive at Happy Springs-- it looks just like any summer camp except-- all of the CAMPERS are running? DE meets them, takes them to Cabin 12, where Kohel will be staying all summer (get a run down for how the camp works). Her parents and Libby say goodbye, She meets Sophie, they head to the CLEAN (EATING) HALL. They walk in and at first, you can't tell the divisions-- but then Sophie points it out (think cafeteria scene in mean girls) The SKINNY BITCHES, the OBSESSIVES, the LIFERS, and then... where they sit... the OTHERS.

Welcome to Summer Camp.

ACT TWO:

After lunch, it's time to make your SUCCESS CHART -- a CBT based thing (current weight, midway goal, end goal, and how you're going to get there) and stare into a mirror and say a bunch of positive affirmations while the Camp Counselors circle around you.

Then it's time for mid-day activity-- mile long potato sack race (absurd enough?)
INTRODUCE: Miranda Phelan in all of her bitchiness. She sacks up next to Kohel, tells her to get out of her way, trips her as the race starts.

Kohel can't believe this bitch-- musters up strength, catches up to Miranda, who does something else to sabotage her (not sure what) Kohel catches up to her again, Miranda wins.

Dinner → introduce insane calculations one must do in order to eat (fat content, below 1,200 calories, your BMI, etc). Miranda terrorizes Kohel at the Others table, with ANNIE by her side. After Miranda leaves, congratulates Kohel. "Looks like you won the draw this summer." Meaning, Miranda chose Kohel, out of ALL THE GIRLS, to terrorize this summer.

[NEED ANOTHER BEAT HERE, NOT SURE WHAT HELP]

That night's celebratory first day of camp bonfire-- Miranda does **SOMETHING** to try and sabotage Kohel (making she pulls up the picture of Kohel on the movie screen?) Kohel **diverts** it (fronts Miranda, makes a speech to the camp about embracing your flaws?)

Then-- the BOYS come. The entire atmosphere changes (becomes lighter, more like a normal environment). Kohel had no idea about the brother camp, she's embarrassed--

Until she sees ROB.

END OF EPISODE.

Appendix F: Outline July 2 2015

TEASER:

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS – DAY

KOHEL steps out of a mini-van with a duffle bag in hand. We HEAR “I love you!” and “good luck” from her parents. The door SHUTS behind her. Bustle surrounds her- it’s clear she missed bunk assignments. She looks around for someone in charge, finds DEB. Deb already knows her name- she’s the only camper who hasn’t checked in yet. WALK & TALK through the camp, to BUNK 12.

INT. BUNK 12 - DAY

Her BUNKMATES dress up a football. Deb tells them they have to get up and practice for the POWEDERPUFF FOOTBALL GAME THAT NIGHT. Kohel asks where her bed is. Deb tells her she’ll have one by that night. Probably.

ACT ONE:

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS – MAIN FIELD – DAY

Bunk 12 practices for the game, around the other bunks. The boys practice cheerleading routines. While trying to catch the ball, she bumps into ROB, knocks him down. He’s sweet, and cute, and wearing a Pavement t-shirt. Kohel compliments it, gets called back to her team.

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS- MAIN FIELD – DAY

Bunk 12 is a shit show. No one can throw the ball properly; some of the girls don’t even care. Kohel scopes out the other teams- notices that most are just as bad as they are- except for THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS: Bunk #17. Not only are they great at football, they look great doing it. Graceful. Like ballerinas. Thick ballerinas, but ballerinas. Kohel looks to her team- pimply girls in Star Wars t-shirts whose skin hasn’t seen the sun since last summer. Kohel asks SOPHIE why they’re even bothering to practice. Sophie tells her that 1.) if they get caught standing still, they’ll have to run stairs and 2.) there’s a nice cream party with your brother bunk for whoever wins. Kohel casually asks if their brother bunk is Rob’s bunk, but alas- it’s another nerdy group. Sophie notices her despair. “Hey, at least there’s ice cream.”

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS – MAIN FIELD – DAY

It's hopeless. Kohel tries to get the team to rally, but they lay on the ground instead.

One of the girls from the bunk says she's going to run to the bathroom, but heads towards bunk 17 instead. Weird. Kohel watches her for a moment, and then sees her sneak off with another Bunk 17 girl. Kohel starts to follow them- to the bathrooms- where the two barter an exchange- the girl from Bunk 12 gets handed REESES CUPS.

DEB comes around, the girls beat it.

She let's everyone know it's almost time for mid-day activity. Kohel tells Deb she has no schedule, Deb hands her one. Since she arrived late, she doesn't get to make one. Her next activity is Be Your Best Self Class.

INT. BUNK 12 – DAY

Kohel splashes water on her face- looks at her stuff piled next to a bed that isn't hers.

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS – MAIN FIELD- DAY

Deb continues to rally people up- Kohel asks if it would be possible for her to hop into Bunk 17, since she still doesn't have a bed or anything, and it wouldn't be much trouble. Deb tells her absolutely not, but if there's some chance that someone would switch with her, Deb might consider it.

ACT TWO:

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS – DAY

Kohel pores over a map of the camp, looking for THE BONFIRE, where her next class is. Rob sees Kohel, catches up with her and asks where she's headed- she tells him. They walk together, he asks her name. Before she can answer, Miranda runs up behind them. Pulls Rob's shoulder. Flirt-ily asks where he's going, ignores Kohel's presence. Rob shakes her off, turns back to Kohel instead. Kohel introduces herself. Miranda blows her off. Another BEAUTIFUL GIRL approaches the three. She smiles at Kohel. BRANDI- the head of Be Your Best Self, tells everyone to stop flirting. They head over to THE BONFIRE.

EXT. BONFIRE – DAY

Kohel introduces herself to the other beautiful girl, PAYTON. Miranda trails ahead of the two a little bit. She asks, even though they just met, if maybe they

could trade bunks. Payton asks what bunk she's in, and Kohel tells her. Miranda starts to laugh, and scoffs at her.

Everyone sits down for class. Sophie next to Kohel, Kohel next to Rob, Payton next to Rob, Miranda next to Payton.

Brandi starts the class by asking a general question, "who would like to tell me why they're here?" no one raises their hand, thus leading her to pick on someone at random. That person happens to be Kohel.

Kohel stands up, starts to sheepishly tell her story, as she does, Miranda starts to scoff. Brandi picks on her- "Miranda, do you have something to add?" And boy, does Miranda. She starts to go at it with Kohel- make fun of her sheepishness, her having the audacity to ask to switch bunks, makes a fool out of her. Kohel tries to stand up for herself, **but can only come up with one insult and it's about Miranda's body**. Miranda laughs and adds one more super biting comment about what Kohel shared, and Brandi steps between the girls and takes them both to town. She's not here for your bullshit. After Brandi's done, and they move onto a new exercise- Miranda shoves Kohel. Kohel looks to Sophie, who scowls at Miranda.

INT. DANCE HALL – DAY

Kohel checks her schedule- she's signed up for BALLROOM DANCING. She enters, MARC, the dance teacher, is Spanish, sexy, and excited to be there. Since no boys signed up for the class, the girls have to pair up with one another. Kohel sees Sophie is there. She says, much like everything else in her life, her parents make her take ballroom dancing. They start chatting during the dancing (which goes miserably) and Kohel complains about Miranda's behavior. Jokingly says she'd like to seek revenge on her.

EXT. DANCE HALL – DAY

Sophie and Kohel leave dance class, sweaty as hell. As they walk, they see Miranda handing the girl who dealt the Reeses Cups a box of tampons.

Then another girl in Bunk 17 the tampons.

It clicks.

She's in charge of the contra.

EXT. MAIN FIELD – DAY

Bunk 17 tries to practice again but continues to flail with the football, while Sophie and Kohel devise a plan to get Miranda in trouble for smuggling in Contra.

INT. BUNK 17 – DAY

Everyone is at lunch. The girls sneak into Bunk 17. Do some digging- find the Contra, and start to move it onto Miranda's bed.

INT. CLEAN HALL – DAY

Deb makes a comment that the girls are late for lunch, but gives them slack because it's the first day. Kohel says the reason they're late is because they found... a bag of CHEETOS on the ground outside Bunk 17.

Deb confronts Bunk 17 and the girls are mum. She and Marc head to Bunk 17, leave the junior counselors in charge. It's tense in the Clean Hall and everyone eats in silence.

Deb comes back, pulls Bunk 17 outside.

EXT. CLEAN HALL – DAY

Deb tells the girls she found Contra on top of Miranda's bed. A ton of it. They tell Miranda she has to grab her stuff. She asks if she's getting kicked out and they don't respond. She tells them she's been framed but they tell her again to grab her stuff- she lost the right to bunk with the teens, and **will be spending the foreseeable future with a pre-teen bunk (?)**

Sophie and Kohel look to each other, secretly high five.

Marc takes Miranda down to the Camp Room. Deb returns inside- the girls snap back into eating.

Deb approaches Kohel and tells her that it looks like they found a bunk for her.

INT. BUNK 17 – DAY

Kohel moves her stuff onto Miranda's old bed. The girls ice her out. They're getting ready for the powderpuff football game. They don't even give Kohel the right shirt to wear.

EXT. MAIN FIELD – DAY

Bunk 12 vs Bunk 17. Their respective brother cabins cheer behind them, dressed in their Cheer Captain finest. Deb blows the whistle and the girls start to hustle. Even though Bunk 12 is a mess, Bunk 17 is distracted, too. They're putting all their physical focus on Kohel, knocking her around, hitting her, pushing her to the ground. Though they score some goals and are in the lead, they continue to channel all their negative energy on her. Bunk 12 is able to sneak a few by, because the girls are so preoccupied with Kohel. Finally, they shove Kohel into the ground one more time. The game is tied, 18/18 with 10 seconds on the clock. Kohel gets the ball. And she tosses it into the wrong goal. On purpose.

Bunk 12 wins.

INT. CLEAN HALL – DAY

Bunk 12 is awaiting their ice cream eagerly with their brother bunk- they are handed PURPLE COLORED SLOP. Mags asks “what is this” and Deb assures them- “it’s NICE cream. Frozen bananas and blueberries. Yum!”

Everyone groans.

ACT THREE:

INT. BUNK 17 – NIGHT

Kohel enters her new bunk after taking a shower. Her bunkmates are MIA, probably down at the bonfire and her bed, and all of her stuff, is soaking wet.

INT. CAMP HEADQUARTERS – NIGHT

Deb does paperwork at her desk, Kohel barges in. Deb groans at her. Kohel asks if she can be moved back to her old bunk. Deb hands her the clipboard with Kohel's bunk information. “figure it out.”

As Kohel starts to leave, Deb grabs her-

“weigh in.”

INT. CAMP HQ – NIGHT

Deb and Kohel stand in the auditorium, on a scale. Deb figures out her weight and the two start to talk about it. Deb asks why Kohel is here- Kohel gives her a more sincere answer than class earlier.

A moment.

INT. BUNK 12 – NIGHT

Kohel knocks on the door and Sophie answers. Kohel has all her stuff and asks the girls if she can re-join. The girls ridicule her a little at first- the only reasons he wants to come back is because those other girls don't like her. She says that's not it. They tell her to prove it.

INT. DEB'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Deb leaves her office.

EXT. CAMP – NIGHT

Kohel watches from a bush.

INT. DEB'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Kohel sneaks in through a window. Opens the fridge. Finds the Contra- including ice cream contra. She grabs it.

INT. BUNK 12 – NIGHT

She hands over the Contra, the girls welcome her in.

They eat ice cream, laugh, and when someone yells lights out, Kohel makes herself comfortable on the floor. She takes a bite of a Twizzler and smiles.

Appendix G: Draft for Submission

FAT CAMP
PILOT EPISODE

Written by
CHELSEA MAHONEY

3711 Tom Green Street
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TEASER:

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS - DAY

Picturesque woods give way to a wooden sign that reads CAMP SHANE TRAILS, a shimmering lake, and cabins. Your standard American summer camp.

But wait-- is that a ropes course? And stairs that lead to nowhere? And why does the cafeteria have a sign that says CLEAN HALL ?

About one hundred CAMPERS are hard at work, doing laps around the track, water aerobics in the pool, or Zumba in the main field. And there's one thing that's difficult to miss about all of them- whether it's ten pounds, or one hundred pounds- every single camper is overweight.

A MINI-VAN pulls up to a large cabin marked, CAMP HEADQUARTERS.

INT. MINI-VAN - DAY

Nikes fresh out of the box nervously tap the floor.

This is KOHEL LARSON (15). We've caught her in the midst of shoving several TWIZZLERS in her mouth. She's chubby, with thick thighs and full cheeks that make her look younger than she'd like. Her long brown hair is swept up into a pony-tail.

She shoves another Twizzler in her mouth.

DAD (O.S.)
C'mon Kohel, you're already late.

KOHEL
Dad, this is my farewell. Give a girl a moment.

She picks up the package and kisses it.

DAD (O.S.)
Come on!

EXT. MINI-VAN - DAY

The door slides open and Kohel hops out. It's clear that she's never worn work-out gear in her life.

She pulls out an army-style duffle bag from the car.

KOHEL
Love you guys, see you in a few
weeks.

MOM (O.S.)
Good luck honey! Can't wait to meet
the new you!

KOHEL
What's wrong with the me now?

The door SLAMS shut.

She waves good-bye to the car, and makes her way into the HQ.

INT. CAMP HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Anxiety hangs in the air over a line of CAMPERS like smog.

There's a SOBBING GIRL, a BOY who looks like he may vomit at
any moment, and another GIRL who's hyperventilating into a
brown paper bag.

You'd think they were being lead to their execution.

At the end of the line is a scale, and DEB HARRIS- so chipper
she makes you want to die- sits and fills out a clipboard
next to MARC- Spanish, muscular, and charming as all hell.

DEB
All right, Anna- that's a ten pound
weight gain since last summer.

ANNA
What? No, no, no that can't be
true. It CAN'T be. Weigh me again.
Let me take off my-

DEB
I'm sorry Anna but the scale
doesn't lie.

ANNA
BUT IT DOES! THE SCALE LIES!

Deb nods to Marc, who pulls a hysterical Anna off of the
scale.

ANNA (CONT'D)
NO! THE SCALE! IT LIES! WEIGH ME
AGAIN!

Kohel's face has lost all color.

KOHEL
(Fuck that)
No way.

Deb notices Kohel loitering, and leaves the table.

DEB
YOU! Must be Kohel!

KOHEL
Uh, hi?

Deb embraces her- a little to hard-

DEB
Welcome, welcome, WELCOME! To Camp
Shane Trails! Let's get you
weighed!

KOHEL
Uh, can I put my bag away first?

DEB
Of COURSE! Duh, silly me. Let's get
you over to your bunk! MARC!

Marc hurries back, out of breath from handling Anna. There's
a serious looking scratch over his eye.

MARC
Her toes- they were like talons.

DEB
Can you handle the weigh-ins?
Thanks!

MARC
I need tetanus.

Deb starts off and Kohel trails behind her.

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS - DAY

The two walk across the camp towards the bunks, through a
group of GIRLS who play football-

DEB
You're the last camper to check-in!
A little late, so you missed super-
fun-schedule making-

KOHEL
There was a thing, with my mom,
that's why I'm-

DEB
That thing with your mom wouldn't
happen to involve shoving your gob
full of ho-hos, does it?

She hands Kohel a piece of paper from her ever-present
clipboard.

DEB (CONT'D)
You've got ballroom dancing at
noon, right after B.Y.B.S, and then
lunch! Exciting!

KOHEL
Ballroom dancing? So instead of
Dancing with the Stars it's dancing
with the chubby girls?

DEB
(ignoring her)
What's your promise weight?

KOHEL
Do I have to wear a ring for that?

DEB
No, no, no! How much weight would
you like to lose!

KOHEL
Thirty pounds.

DEB
That's a very attainable promise!

They walk through a group of BOYS, performing cheers-

KOHEL
I take it there's some kind of
football game today?

DEB
Quite the eye! Yes! Our annual
Powderpuff Football Game is this
afternoon! You have the morning
open to practice with-

They approach the bunks, rows of tiny wood cabins among pine
trees. The shutters are pink.

DEB (CONT'D)
Bunk 12!

Kohel starts to head inside-

DEB (CONT'D)
Not so fast! Drop everything
please. Except your booty. Get it,
like a booty-drop?

KOHEL
What?

Deb takes the bag from her, starts to rummage through it. She
pulls panties, t-shirts-

DEB
Checks... in order... to find...--

- and a bag of TWIZZLERS.

KOHEL
Those are for my low-blood sugar!

DEB
Contraband. Absolutely no outside
food or drink are allowed. If
you're found sneakin' some sugar,
you'll be assigned put in a pre-
teen bunk until further notice.
Additionally, you'll have to run
the steps for each piece of candy
uncovered.

Kohel looks over her shoulder to THE STAIRS. She sees A POOR
SOUL running them. The soul falls to her knees and screams to
the heavens.

She ushers Kohel into the cabin-

INT. BUNK 12 - DAY

It's a tiny bunk cramped with beds- the teenage girl clutter
makes it feel smaller than it actually is.

There's a poster of Harrison Ford as INDIANA JONES on the
ceiling over a bed. Acting as a headboard on another bed is a
framed drawing of C3P0 with a lipstick print on the glass.

On an end-table is a pink prayer candle. If you inspect it
closely, you'll see it's not a saint, but a squatting Nicki
Minaj in her infamous pink thong.

The GIRLS OF BUNK 12 are gathered around a dresser- where a FOOTBALL sits perched, with a Princess Leia style wig on top of it. One of the GIRLS we will come to know as SOPHIE applies fake eyelashes to the pigskin.

DEB
What are you girls doing?

SOPHIE
Expressing ourselves.

DEB
You all should be on the field practicing for tonight!

MAGS
Sheep don't practice getting lead to slaughter.

DEB
On that note, this here is your new bunkmate! Kohel! Unfortunately we don't have a bed for you right now- but we should by tonight... probably.

Kohel looks to the girls, gives them an awkward wave. She's much thinner than the rest of them- comparatively, she might even be considered skinny.

DEB (CONT'D)
All right you girls get familiar!

Deb leaves. Kohel stands across from the other girls-

KOHEL
Hi.

STACEY
So what, you decided to come to fat camp to feel better about your, around all the ACTUAL fat people?

STACEY's 16 and in a BLIZZARD GAMES t-shirt. You wouldn't want to mess with her.

KOHEL
I am fat.

STACEY
Please. So your thighs are a little chunky. Big whoop.

SOPHIE

Just because you hate your thighs,
Stacey doesn't mean everyone else
does.

STACEY

Every woman hates her thighs. It
doesn't make you fat.

KOHEL

I'm just here to get healthy, I
really don't want to like, start
anything-

STACEY

Whatever.

Stacey blows past her- but she backtracks to stop at the
prayer candle. She does the sign of the cross, and THEN huffs
out.

ACT ONE:

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS - MAIN FIELD - DAY

All of the GIRL BUNKS are practicing football- they run around the field like crazed geese, tossing, catching, weezing, panting, sweating.

Bunk 12, however- the most motley crew by far- is the least coordinated out of the gaggle.

MAE- 16, one of the thinner girls, wears a cami and short athletic shorts shamelessly- if you look closely enough, you can make out a MAGIC tattoo on her forearm, tries to catch the ball, it nails her in the face.

Sophie- 15, bangs cut in her bathroom with heavy drugstore eyeliner, throws the ball on the ground.

MAGS- 13, mostly baby fat, tosses the ball eagerly and ROARS.

Kohel tries to catch it, but it flies over her head.

Bunk 12 Groans.

KOHEL
I'll go grab it.

STACEY
Whatever.

Kohel jogs over to where the ball landed- among a GROUP OF BOYS practicing cheerleading moves. Poorly.

The captain of the team stands in the middle, and rallies the boys up. That's ROB. He wears a baggy Pavement t-shirt tucked into a cheerleading skirt. His hair indicates he's going through a Dylan phase. He's chubby, like Seth Rogan, before he lost all that weight.

Rob picks up the ball and hands it to her.

ROB
Here's your pigskin.

KOHEL
Pigskin, huh? What do you think it would taste like?

ROB
Pork rinds. Definitely pork rinds.

KOHEL
Could be delish if it's seasoned
like a jerky- yanno, cured and
spiced.

ROB
Or maybe- hear me out- soaked in
fruit juice and served like one of
those Fruit Leathers from Target?

KOHEL
Only if it's served a la mode.

They both giggle.

ROB
I'm Rob.

KOHEL
Kohel.

He sticks out his hand to shake Kohel's- how adult. She reciprocates.

In these moments, it's like they're the only two on the field.

Except they're not.

The rest of the BOYS look at the two of them- waiting for something. Kohel and Rob stand in that awkward air reserved only for teenagers.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
Did Pax eat our ball?

PAX, an acne ridden, retainer wearing redhead yells-

PAX
Shut up!

Kohel waves good-bye to Rob, jogs back over with the ball. She hands Sophie the ball-

SOPHIE
That was interesting.

MAE
He's cute.

KOHEL
I like his taste.

STACEY
Camp romances are for nerds.
Y'know, Nicki says that "men want
to be nourished and pet like a
dog." Who wants that?

Kohel tosses the ball at Stacey's face.

STACEY (CONT'D)
Hey!

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS- MAIN FIELD - DAY - LATER

Among the rest of the CAMPERS, who try their darndest but
still seem to fail- Bunk 12 lies there. Literally. It's
hopeless.

SOPHIE
It's not worth it.

KOHEL
What's the prize, anyway?

MAGS
An ice cream party.

MAE
With our brother bunk.

Kohel's eyes light up. She looks over to the cheerleading alt-
rock boy of her dreams.

KOHEL
Well then COME ON!

SOPHIE
Hold your hormones. He's not in our
brother bunk.

MAE
They're our brother bunk.

She motions to a group of BOYS attempting to build a human
pyramid. It's any teenage girl's worst nightmare- they're
basement dwelling, acne ridden, teenage boys.

A little boy riddled with babyfat struggles to climb up to
the top of the pyramid, stepping on the backs of grimacing
boys. He makes it to the top- he lifts his hands triumphantly
and-

-they tumble. In the pile of boys, a little arm pokes it's way up. Kohel lets out a long sigh.

SOPHIE

At least there's ice cream.

A ball gets THROWN at her feet- delicately, in a perfect spiral.

A beautiful thick blonde named MIRANDA jogs over- with the skill of a gazelle, and picks it up. With a year of training, she could have arms like Serena.

Kohel hands her the ball.

MIRANDA

Thanks.

KOHEL

Sure. I'm Kohel, by the way.

MIRANDA

Uh, ok. That's nice.

KOHEL

What bunk are you in?

MIRANDA

Seventeen?

She gestures over to BUNK 17- which is full of beautiful, thick girls. These girls are who Stacey wants to be- they've found Nicki Minaj and they've never looked back. They ooze confidence, and self-love.

Kohel looks down at her body, pulls her shirt down even though it didn't even ride up.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

And you care... why?

KOHEL

Just making conversation. Y'know, like people do sometimes.

Miranda scoffs.

MIRANDA

Whatever.

KOHEL

Maybe you guys could help us train for the game later.

MIRANDA
Is that a joke?

KOHEL
I didn't think so.

MIRANDA
(cackling)
You're going to fit in this bunk
just fine, Hon.

KOHEL
What the hell does that mean?

Miranda jogs back to her bunk.

Kohel looks back to her team. Mae and Mags play Magic on the ground. Sophie pops one of Stacey's back-zits. TONY reads a MAD MAGAZINE.

Back to BUNK 12. Sophie pops another zit.

MAE
C3P0 is not hotter than Indiana
Jones.

MAGS
Um, yes he is. He's way hotter. AND
he's a robot which means he can be
programmed to do whatever I want.

MAE
But Indy's got those arms- and his
charm? Can't be matched.

MAGS
Indiana Jones is afraid of snakes.

MAE
CP30 is afraid of EVERYTHING!

Shit. Not only are they brothered up with the nerds- THEY ARE
the nerds.

KOHEL
I have to pee or something.

Stacey burps.

SOPHIE
Nice.

INT. BATHROOMS - DAY

Kohel hurries into a stall, slams it shut. She starts to breathe heavily, almost on the verge of tears.

A REDHEAD checks under the stalls for feet.

She hears someone's footsteps, pulls her feet up on the toilet.

More footsteps. A GIRL we recognize from BUNK 17.

REDHEAD

Do you have it?

Kohel peers through the crack in her stall to see what's going on.

BUNK 17

Just delivered fresh.

Bunk 17 pulls out a bag for GRANOLA. She hands it to the Redhead, who opens it, takes a big whiff. She pulls out a REESES CUP.

REDHEAD

The good stuff.

BUNK 17

Bitch better have my money.

The redhead pulls out a WAD OF BILLS.

DEB (O.S.)

(over megaphone)

Campers! It is now time to move to your next activity!

Bunk 17 smashes the bills in between her shorts and panties. The Redhead shoves the bag up her shirt. Deb walks up to the two. In the stall, Kohel tries to make herself even smaller.

DEB (CONT'D)

Girls, you know you need a bathroom pass during activity hours.

BUNK 17

I was just- I needed a-

REDHEAD

Tampon.

Deb senses something is up- looks at both of the girls-

DEB
So where's the tampon?

The girls look like deer. Deb starts to LAUGH.

DEB (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding! Of course I know
where the tampon is-

The girls start to laugh, awkwardly.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO:

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS - DAY

Kohel peers over a map of the camp, searching for- THE BONFIRE- near the lake.

She starts to head over there, map in hand, when Rob jobs up behind her.

ROB
Where ya headed?

KOHEL
Umm... something called Be Your-

ROB
Best Self?

KOHEL
Yeah!

ROB
We call it B.Y.B.S, also known as, Bring Your Bull Shit. Like AA, but your rock bottom usually has something to do with pulling a choco taco out of a dumpster.

KOHEL
Or a Snickers out of a urinal?

Rob loses his shit, Kohel beams.

ROB
So, it's your first summer here?

KOHEL
It's the summer I make the-

ROB
The summer of what?

KOHEL
I become less of an chubby duckling. Or whatever.

ROB
I think you're a cute duckling.

Kohel eats it up.

MIRANDA (O.S.)
Happy First Day of Camp, Robbie.

Rob grimaces.

ROB
Hey, you too Miranda. This is
Kohel.

KOHEL
We've met.

MIRANDA
Don't you have like, Star Wars
cards to collect or something?

Another member of BUNK 17- who we recognize from earlier as
the girl who traded Reese Cups for cold hard cash- jogs up
behind Miranda. Her name's MARIE.

MARIE
Hey guys, you headed to Brandi's?

ROB
Yup.

Marie smiles at Kohel, gives her a little wave.

KOHEL
Hi, I'm Kohel.

ROB
It's her first summer here.

MIRANDA
And we care, why?

Kohel shyly smiles, Marie grabs her, pulls her-

MARIE
Ohmigosh! Welcome! Camp is the
best, you're going to have so much
fun! Ohmigosh! I remember my first
summer!

KOHEL
It's definitely been... a trip.

MARIE
Don't worry about Miranda. Her bark
is worse than her bite. You should
try living with her.

KOHEL
Really?

MARIE
Oh my gosh it's awful.

KOHEL
Well, maybe we could like- switch
bunks? I'm in Bunk Twelve-

MARIE
Oh GOD no! Are you crazy? Bunk
Twelve is historically loser-
central. Sorry but like- not sorry.

EXT. BONFIRE - DAY

Everyone's already seated- mostly by bunk. Kohel sits next to
Sophie on the only empty log.

Kohel sits next to her.

Rob, who sits next to Miranda, watches Kohel sit down.

MIRANDA
Isn't that insane, Robbie?

ROB
Yeah. For sure. Hey, listen I'm
gonna go sit over there.

MIRANDA?
What?

He gets up and moves next to Kohel.

MARIE
Wow.

MIRANDA
Shut up.

An old Jewish lady with kind eyes covered in blue eye shadow
walks in front of the unlit bonfire. Her name's BRANDI. If
chicken soup were a person, it would be her.

BRANDI
Welcome! To my oldies, and my
newbies. Now, as many of you know,
this is a safe space. We don't
laugh at one another, we laugh with
one another. And whatever is said
here, stays here. Got it?

Everyone nods.

BRANDI (CONT'D)
All right- let's get started. Now,
who would like to tell me why
they're here?

No one raises a hand. They stare at Brandi fearfully. She
scans the crowd- zeroes in on-

BRANDI (CONT'D)
Kohel, how about you?

KOHEL
How'd you know my name? Are you a
witch?

BRANDI
What brings you to CST?

KOHEL
Well- I uh... I'm fat.

The campers GRIMACE.

SOPHIE
(sotto)
Oh boy.

KOHEL
What?

MIRANDA
Nice.

BRANDI
Do you have something you'd like to
add, Miranda?

MIRANDA
No.

BRANDI
We don't use that word here, Kohel.
This is a safe space.

KOHEL
Oh, jeez I'm sorry- it's just that
I came here because I'm... I want
to lose weight.

MIRANDA
Wow you mean like everyone else
here?

BRANDI
Miranda, knock it off.

MIRANDA
Sorry, but also like... not really?

BRANDI
Excuse me?

KOHEL
What's your problem?

MIRANDA
I mean, look at yourself. You're using the f word. You obviously have no respect for yourself, or any of us.

Everyone turns to Kohel- what's she going to say?

KOHEL
Well, you're- you're... your thighs are huge.

Miranda laughs at her-

MIRANDA
Everyone's thighs are huge, sweetie. You're at a weightloss facility. You're so much of a loser that you think something like that will get to me. And FYI orange is not your color.

BRANDI
Okay, that's enough from both of you. Sit.

Kohel sits, dumbstruck. Looks at Sophie, who scowls.

BRANDI (CONT'D)
Let's move on, shall we?

EXT. CAMP SHANE TRAILS - DAY

Sophie and Kohel walk out among the other campers from B.Y.B.S.

KOHEL
Oh my god.

SOPHIE
That mother-schuker.

DEB (V.O.)
(over loudspeaker)
Hello campers! It's time for lunch!
Make your way down to the Clean
Hall ASAP!

KOHEL
I can't wait to eat.

SOPHIE
It's the only thing that gets me
through this.

Two girls we recognize from Bunk 17 walk by. They toss a ball
among themselves.

KOHEL
We're so screwed.

Sophie shrugs.

Kohel notices Miranda in the distance, among a group of girls-

KOHEL (CONT'D)
Look at her. Her blonde-ness. Her
thick legs that have no cellulite,
or stretch marks somehow.

SOPHIE
What's she doing?

Miranda reaches in her cinch-pack and pulls out a box of
TAMPONS- hands them to a girl from her bunk. She pulls out
another box of TAMPONS- hands them to a girl from her bunk.
Another box-

KOHEL
Oh my god.

SOPHIE
They're all synced up. Weird to see
that stuff in action. I bet the
toilets are going to be clogged all-

KOHEL
No- she's in charge of the
contraband.

EXT. BUNK 17 - DAY

Kohel and Sophie peek through the window.

DEB (V.O.)
(over loudspeaker)
Campers! Please make your way to
the Clean Hall for lunch! Today's
meal is a Chick-Spin-Wrap! Yum!

KOHEL
It's clear.

They hold themselves against walls and sneak into-

INT. BUNK 17 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

- the bunk. It's a Pottery Barn version of Bunk 12. Tidy,
with fashionable bed spreads and posters of shirtless Ryan
Gosling, shirtless David Beckham, and shirtless Michael Cera.

SOPHIE
Whoa. Wait, what?

She points to the Michael Cera poster.

KOHEL
Okay, where in the name of God,
could they possibly hide all that
junk-food-

SOPHIE
Don't speak about my lover like
that. He's not junk. He's
beautiful.

Sophie starts to look under beds and mattresses. Kohel looks
around the bunk, as if she's imagining herself there.

She finds a picture of all the GIRLS from Bunk 17 stuck in
someone's mirror. It's night time- they're all laughing with
their BROTHER BUNK. One of those summer night's you think
you'll never forget- until you do.

She looks in a make-up bag, pulls out a tube of lipstick-
smells it, starts to apply it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

Kohel puts it back in the bag-

KOHEL
What are you doing?

Kohel starts to touch the posters on the wall and notices
something-

KOHEL (CONT'D)

Hey, look-

Kohel lifts up RYAN GOSLING'S ABS- behind them, is a hole in the wall.

SOPHIE

No way.

Kohel reaches in, and pulls out a box of tampons. She opens it. It's full of SKITTLES.

KOHEL

Time to ride the rainbow dragon.

INT. CLEAN HALL - DAY

Sophie and Kohel walk into lunch.

DEB

You're both late.

KOHEL

It's my fault, I needed-

DEB

It's fine. First day. I get it.
Don't make it a habit.

KOHEL

Well, the reason we're late is
because... well we found this...

She holds up a single SKITTLE.

Deb snatches it.

EXT. CLEAN HALL - DAY

Marc and Deb stand outside, survey the grounds- they start to head near the bunks and notice-

A TRAIL OF SKITTLES.

They start to follow it-

MARC

(sings and skips)
Follow the rainbow-skittle-road.

EXT. BUNK 17 - DAY

The trail stops in front of the bunk. Deb picks up the last Skittle. She smells it, and then pops it in her mouth, contemplating-

DEB
Yes, definitely a skittle.

MARC
Did you think it was the droppings
of a magical fairy elf?

Marc opens the door.

INT. BUNK 17 - DAY

They turn the bunk upside down- looking in drawers, under beds- but nothing.

DEB
This is absurd. There's nothing
here but make-up and posters of
half naked... He's cute.

She touches the Michael Cera poster.

Deb flips over Miranda's mattress- marked by a sign that says MIRANDA in girlie bubble print- finds a bag of CHEEZY POOFS.

She reaches in a cubby- pulls out a bag of skittles.

Reaches in her make-up bag- pulls out an empty wrapper for REESES.

INT. CLEAN HALL - DAY

[EXPAND THEME]

Sophie and Kohel sit with the rest of their bunk, and eat their Spinach Wrapped- "Chicken".

KOHEL
I can't believe they make us look
at ourselves while we eat. Do I
really look like this?

Kohel holds up the MIRRORED TRAY. She grimaces.

SOPHIE
We all look like this. I mean,
humans are just animals.

KOHEL
This is the only thing I had and
now it's.... Ruined.

MAE
At the last camp I went to, they
made us put these patches on our
tongues to make too painful to eat.

KOHEL
That's legal?

Mae shrugs.

MAE
It worked.

KOHEL
But food is- it's what gives us
life. It makes me...

SOPHIE
Happy?

KOHEL
I think so.

She looks at herself while she shovels some orange slop into
her mouth. Looks at the orange slop, then smears it all over
her tray, covering the mirror.

She takes a gnarly bite out of her wrap-

KOHEL (CONT'D)
That's better.

Deb and Marc walk in like executioners, head over to Bunk
17's table- and pull them outside.

EVERYONE watches. You could hear a pin drop.

EXT. CLEAN HALL - DAY

Deb and Marc stand in front of the girls, who line-up against
the Clean Hall wall.

DEB
So, it seems there's been some
illegal activity in your bunk.

Silence. The girls try to sneak glances at each other. Is she
talking about what we think she's talking about?

DEB (CONT'D)
Miranda.

MIRANDA
(playing dumb)
What?

Deb reaches in her pocket and holds up a bag of CHEEZY POOFS.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
I've been framed.

DEB
Miranda, please grab your things-
you're headed to Bunk Ten until
further notice.

MIRANDA
But that's a pre-teen bunk!

DEB
In addition, for each piece of
candy found, you're sentenced to
two-hundred and fifty laps on the
stairs. Marc- you take her down to
the camp room to fill out a
demerit.

MARC
But my tetanus!

MIRANDA
No, you don't understand- I didn't
do this!

DEB
Your bed says otherwise.

Marc pulls her off while she continues to yell.

MIRANDA
I've been framed!

DEB
I hope the rest of you were not
involved in this... situation. Get
back to lunch.

The girls go back into the Clean Hall. Deb follows them.

Sophie and Kohel high five with their eyes. Deb approaches
Kohel-

DEB (CONT'D)
Looks like we found a bed for you
after all.

INT. BUNK 17 - DAY

Kohel moves her things into her new bunk, and atop Miranda's
now bare bed.

The rest of the GIRLS get ready for the powderpuff football
game- they black out their eyes, lace up their sneakers, put
on mouth guards.

Kohel notices they're all wearing green shirts- hers is
purple.

KOHEL
Hey could I, maybe get a matching
shirt?

The girls push past her out the door.

EXT. MAIN FIELD - DAY

The entire camp stands around the main field. Two boys bunks-
including Rob's, cheer for the girls.

DEB
(over megaphone)
Allrighty Campers! Our next and
FINAL game will be between Bunk
Seventeen!

Cheers-

DEB (CONT'D)
And Bunk Twelve!

Not as many cheers- but Rob hoots.

DEB (CONT'D)
Ready- set-

She blows a WHISTLE. Bunk 17 snaps the ball back.

A BUNK 17 player KNOCKS into Kohel, she's on the ground.

Another Bunk 17 player kicks dirt in her face.

Kohel struggles to get up- while she does- Mae runs the ball
into Bunk 17's endzone.

DEB (CONT'D)
Touchdown! Bunk Twelve!

SOPHIE
Whoa, we got one?

STACEY
Yasss ladies! Ice cream!

She starts to twerk as we

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Marie runs the ball into Bunk 12's ENDZONE.

Kohel gets knocked on the ground.

Mags runs the ball into BUNK 17's endzone.

Kohel gets dirt kicked in her face.

Miranda runs the ball into BUNK 12's endzone.

Scoreboard: The teams are tied- Twelve/Twelve.

Kohel is covered in dirt, sweat, and... is that blood?

A WHISTLE BLOWS. Marie calls a time out. There's ten seconds are left on the clock.

Bunk 17 huddles up. Kohel gets shoved out of the huddle, pushes her way back in.

MARIE
Okay, Payton you need to get the ball, pass it to me and then I'll run it to the endzone. We need someone to cover Payton-

KOHEL
I can do it.

The girls turn and stare at her.

PAYTON
Sorry hon, but you don't belong here and you never really belonged here, and you probably won't ever belong here- so Anna, can you cover her? Thanks.

Deb blows the whistle-

DEB
Ladies! Let's go!

Bunk 12 has the ball but it's intercepted by Payton- just as planned.

Kohel gets shoved to the ground.

Payton passes the ball to Marie but-

It lands in front of Kohel. She grabs it. Everyone stares at her- what is she about to do?

Five seconds left on the CLOCK.

She stands up, straightens her back, and RUNS WITH THE BALL. With all her might, she flies across the field...

IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. Everyone has stopped what they're doing to watch her soar.

DEB (CONT'D)
What the hell is she doing?

Marie snaps out of it and runs, tries to TACKLE KOHEL but misses- Kohel runs the ball straight into Bunk 17's endzone.

Bunk 12 starts to cheer. Stacey falls to her knees and rips her shirt, Mia Hamm style.

Bunk 17 stares at Kohel. As they walk off, they shove her again.

INT. CLEAN HALL - NIGHT

Bunk 12 and their brother bunk sit and eagerly await their ice cream.

DEB
All right! Come grab a bowl!

Lightening couldn't move quicker. They excitedly sit down, spoon in hand with their bowl when they look down-

It's a vaugishly purple tinged slop.

PAX
Uh, what is this?

DEB
It's Nice Cream!

STACEY

What?

DEB

Bananas and blueberries ! With some
GRANOLA if you're feeling
dangerous! Yum!

Everyone GROANS.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE:

INT. BUNK 17 - NIGHT

Kohel walks into an empty bunk, wrapped in a towel- much cleaner than she was before.

She sits down on her bed- and it's soaking wet.

KOHEL
Did I pee?

Kohel touches the bed, brings her hand to her nose and sniffs. Weird. She grabs a towel from a cubby- a deluge of water rushes out. She grabs a t-shirt- it's wet, too. All of her things are drenched.

INT. CAMP HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Deb does paperwork at her desk. Kohel barges in wearing webt clothes.

DEB
Pleasure to see you too.

KOHEL
Would it be possible for me to maybe move back to my old bunk?

DEB
Figure it out. Get back to me when you do.

As Kohel turns to leave, Deb grabs her-

DEB (CONT'D)
Ah, not so fast! It's time for your weigh-in.

INT. CAMP HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Deb and Kohel stand in the auditorium we saw crowded with teens earlier. It's now just the two of them, and a very scary looking scale.

Kohel kicks off her shoes and steps on.

Deb records her weight. Looks at Kohel, who's terrified-

DEB
Kohel.

Kohel looks up at her-

DEB (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

KOHEL
Well.. I... (beat) I'm... I had
this thing with kids at school.

DEB
What kind of thing?

KOHEL
After a field trip, the lady at
McDonald's knew my name and
everyone heard her.

DEB
Ah. I was at a Burger King- the
cashier noticed my new dye job and
said it looked better than the old
one.

Kohel looks to her- for the first time, as a person instead
of a clipboard yielding weirdo.

KOHEL
I want to make a new me.

Deb puts her hand on Kohel's shoulder.

DEB
There's no such thing. You'll
always be you. You could lose a
fifty- a hundred pounds... but
would that make you happy?

Kohel looks down at her feet.

DEB (CONT'D)
If you don't love you- all that
stuff inside yourself- changing all
of this- it's not going to make a
difference. Unless you're America's
Weatherman, Al Roker. He's always
been a TRIP!

EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT

The bonfire is now lit and campers gather on benches around
it. BOYS and GIRLS mingle and flirt awkwardly, GIRLS giggle
together, BOYS shove each other around. Some CAMPERS roast
carrots and celery on the fire.

INT. BUNK 12 - NIGHT

The girls lounge around the bunk. They skipped the Bonfire because- well, they don't really like anyone anyway.

A KNOCK at the door. It's Kohel, and she has all her stuff.

KOHEL

I was wondering... if maybe I could-rejoin you guys?

MAE

Your new friends not cool enough for you?

KOHEL

I realized that... you guys... you're, smart, and nice and fun and you're not-

STACEY

As Nicki says- 'some friends are like pennies, two faced and worthless'

KOHEL

Can you speak non-Minaj, please?

STACEY

You're only back here because those other girls hate you.

KOHEL

No! That's not it I just, you guys are really great and-

MAE

We know that already.

MAGS

Prove it.

EXT. DEB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Deb leaves her office, locks up.

Perched in a bush, Kohel watches Deb lock up.

When Deb is far enough away, Kohel tries Deb's door- it's locked. She notices a window overhead-

INT. DEB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kohel pulls herself up the window and shimmies in- promptly falls right on her ass.

KOHEL

Ah!

But she's in. She looks around- first in Deb's desk.

No dice.

She looks in another filing cabinet. Nothing, just paperwork.

As Kohel crosses the floor, she catches a glimpse of herself in the floor length mirror beside Deb's desk. Pulls up her shirt, grabs her stomach, sucks it in, lets it back out.

She straightens up, pulls her hair over her shoulder and looks at herself again. She takes her hand and runs it over her body, feeling her curves. She makes a kissy face in the mirror. An overexaggerated frown. She backs up for a moment, to get a better look at herself when-

She hears a SQUEAK from the hardwood floor. She walks back over- hears another SQUEAK.

She gets on her knees and feels the floorboard- it's loose.

She pulls it up, and there in a tampon box is the CONTRABAND.

Score.

INT. BUNK 12 - NIGHT

A knock on the door. Sophie answers it.

Kohel walks in, with boxes of tampons, and drops them on a bed.

MAGS

Sorry but I don't even have my period yet so this is useless.

Kohel opens one of the boxes, and pours out SKITTLES and CHEEZY POOFS.

The girls watch the goodies flow out of the box like diamonds.

LATER:

The girls blast ANACONDA by NICKI MINAJ and dance while pouring baggies of CHEEZY POOFS, TWIZZLERS, and SKITTLES over their bodies and in their mouths in slow-motion. It's like a rap video, but instead of champagne and cocaine- it's snack food.

ALL GIRLS
SCHUCK THE SKINNY BITCHES IN THE
CLUB. I WANNA SEE ALL THE BIG FAT
ASS BITCHES IN THE MOTHER SCHUCKING
CLUB.

Kohel tries to twerk with Stacey- Sophie grabs Kohel.

SOPHIE
We made this for you- we figured
you were good for word.

A bunch of towels and sheets piled on the floor. A make-shift bed.

Kohel grabs a Twizzler, grinds up on Sophie and takes a bite.

END OF EPISODE