

FORMERLY FAT HOUSEWIFE

"Weight Watchers International"

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Weight Watchers International has generated over \$20 billion in revenue since its founding.

It all began in 1961.

TEASER

INT. ASTORIA WEIGHT CONTROL - EXAM ROOM - DAY

JEAN NIDETCH (38) faces off against a manual physician's scale. She's wearing chunky clip-on earrings in hopes you won't notice that her tailored house dress is a size 33.

JEAN

I'm telling you, there's nothing I wouldn't try. Last year I spent two months on a carrot cleanse. I lost fifteen pounds, but my skin turned orange.

A NURSE (20s) motions for Jean to step on the scale. She looks more like a model in her short uniform.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Have you seen that before?

Jean turns to a DOCTOR (50s), a gruff man with a big gut. He's too busy scribbling on a prescription pad to respond.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and the carnivore's plan. I ate nothing but meat and didn't go the bathroom for an entire week. That cannot be healthy.

Model Nurse adjusts the sliding weights.

MODEL NURSE

Two hundred and fourteen pounds.

Shocked, Jean steps off the scale.

JEAN

My mother thinks it's glandular.

MODEL NURSE

There's no such thing. Right, Doctor?

Gruff Doctor ignores Model Nurse and skims Jean's chart.

GRUFF DOCTOR

How tall are you, Mrs...?

JEAN

Nidetch. Five, seven.

He writes one last script and hands the stack to Jean.

GRUFF DOCTOR

If you stay away from fattening foods and stick to my regimen, I'll have you down seventy-five pounds.

JEAN

You really think so?

GRUFF DOCTOR

Look at her. She's my best work.

Model Nurse poses on cue, highlighting her thin waist.

INT. ASTORIA WEIGHT CONTROL - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Nearly every folding chair in the bleak room is taken. Most of the PATIENTS are overweight, some are not. Most are white, some are not. All are women. Jean reads over her new scripts.

Behind the counter, a thin female TECHNICIAN (late-20s) fills white paper baggies with loose brightly colored pills.

THIN TECH

Mrs. *Nee-ditch*.

Jean approaches the counter.

THIN TECH (CONT'D)

That'll be five dollars.

JEAN

I saw in the yellow pages that you offer a free trial for new patients?

THIN TECH

Of course! I didn't realize this was your first time.

Thin Tech dumps corresponding pills into Jean's bag.

THIN TECH (CONT'D)

Take three pinks in the morning, four yellows at night and two reds whenever you feel hungry. The blues are the doctor's own blend. Just one will help with the shaking. Don't worry about it too much though. It's your metabolism working overtime to burn your extra fat.

Thin Tech calls the next patient.

THIN TECH (CONT'D)

Mrs. Stash!

BARBARA STASH (40), a pleasant and portly housewife, hustles over. Jean is about to leave when...

BARBARA

David's mom? Is that you? What are you doing so far from Ridgewood?

JEAN

Barbara, hi. I've heard such good things about these little pills, I just had to give them a try.

(lowers her voice)

The doctor thinks it's glandular.

BARBARA

You poor thing. Well, do exactly what he says. The man's a miracle worker.

Barbara peeks in Jean's bag and points at the blue pills.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

My husband calls those Barb's Baby Blues. You're going to absolutely love them. It sounds crazy, but somehow they make me the woman I've always wanted to be. And I'm down four pounds.

JEAN

You can't beat that. Take care.

Jean hurries out.

INT. NIDETCH APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The space is cramped and dated. Jean opens the medicine cabinet. It's stocked with glass canisters of pills that have been sorted by color -- a drug addict's candy store.

They're mostly AMPHETAMINES to amp her up, but there's also BARBITURATES to calm her down, DIURETICS and LAXATIVES to empty her out, and STEROIDS to boost the rest.

Jean adds her latest loot to the collection. She finds an empty container for the blue pills, completing the rainbow.

She pops four yellow pills and swallows without water.

END TEASER