

FINAL DRAFT

December 12, 1979

THE FACTS OF LIFE

"Emily Dickinson"

Written by

Stan Dreben

Directed by

John Bowab

A
T.A.T. COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY
PRODUCTION

SHOW: #0106
TAPE: 12/13/79
AIR: TBA

THE FACTS OF LIFE

"Emily Dickinson"

#0106

CAST

MRS. EDNA GARRETT. CHARLOTTE RAE
STEPHEN. JOHN LAWLOR
BLAIR. LISA WHELCHER
NANCY. FELICE SCHACHTER
MOLLY. MOLLY RINGWALD
SUE ANN. JULIE PIEKARSKI
TOOTIE KIM FIELDS
NATALIE. MINDY COHN
CINDY. JULIE ANNE HADDOCK
JASON. DUANE LE DAGE

SETS

COMMON ROOM
GIRLS' ROOM
GARRETT'S ROOM
EXT. PORCH

"FACTS OF LIFE"

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE FOR DECEMBER 7 THRU DECEMBER 13, 1979

#0106

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1979

REHEARSAL
LUNCH
REHEARSAL

REHEARSAL HALL "E" (x1820)

10:00AM - 1:00PM
1:00PM - 2:00PM
2:00PM -

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1979

REHEARSAL
LUNCH
REHEARSAL

REHEARSAL HALL "E" (x1820)

10:00AM - 1:00PM
1:00PM - 2:00PM
2:00PM -

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1979

REHEARSAL WITH PROPS
LUNCH
REHEARSAL
RUN THRU
NOTES WITH CAST

REHEARSAL HALL "E" (x1820)

10:00AM - 1:00PM
1:00PM - 2:00PM
2:00PM - 3:30PM
3:30PM - 4:00PM
4:00PM -

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1979

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

STAGE #7(x1554,booth 1556)

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

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1979

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

STAGE #7(x1554,booth 1556)

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

*PREVIOUSLY 4:30

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

FADE IN:

INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

(TOOTIE, NATALIE, SUE ANN AND
CINDY ARE GLUED TO THE TV SET,
AS THEY PERFORM THE SUNDAY NIGHT
BEAUTIFICATION RITUAL. NATALIE
HAS A BLOW DRYER, WHICH SHE
TURNS ON. THE PICTURE ON THE
TV SET GOES HAYWIRE)

CINDY

Great. Natalie, your hair blower fouled
up the horizontal again.

(NATALIE TURNS OFF THE BLOWER
AS BRADLEY ENTERS)

BRADLEY

Oh, boy... doesn't that TV ever go off?

NATALIE

Give us a break, Mr. Bradley. This is
Sunday and we've devoted our evening to
mindless drivel.

BRADLEY

I'm sure you've all finished your poetry
assignments for tomorrow.

CINDY

Oh, that mindless drivel.

SUE ANN

Hey, that poetry assignment counts for
half our grade.

BRADLEY

(INTERRUPTING)

Look, I know some of you think poetry is
a bunch of flowery words, but it's not.
Some of lifes great truths are echoed by
poets... like Kipling, Shelley, Wordsworth...

TOOTIE

And Tootie. ^{damn} You're gonna love my poem,
Mr. Bradley. Listen to this... "How it
rates... to make your dates... clean your
plates... do figure eights... all on
skates." By Tootie Ramsey.

(SHE CURTSIES)

BRADLEY

That's a catchy title.

TOOTIE

No, that's the whole poem.

BRADLEY

Oh? Then let me give it a title. "Ode
To An F Minus?"

TOOTIE

That's okay. I've got a back-up poem.

(GARRETT ENTERS)

GARRETT

Hi, gang.

(THEY AD LIB "HELLO")

CINDY

Oh, Mrs. Garrett, the TV's not working again.

BRADLEY

I'll fix it. We don't need Mrs. Garrett.
(HE STARTS FIDDLING WITH THE
SET)

GARRETT

The tube's on the fritz again? I'll
give it a shot with my TV tenderizer.
(SHE TAKES OUT A MEAT TENDERIZING
MALLETT FROM HER APRON)

BRADLEY

This is not Hamburger Helper. It's a
sensitive piece of electronic equipment.
I've been fixing TV's since high school.

NATALIE

Oh, they had TV's back then?
(GIRLS LAUGH - BRADLEY REACTS)

BRADLEY

Oh, here's the problem.

SFX: A POP!

(AS THE LIGHTS GO OUT - GIRLS
AD LIB "ANNOYANCE")

GARRETT

Oh, terrific, Mr. Goodwrench...
Tell me, did you fix fuse boxes in high
school?

BRADLEY

No.

(TAKES OUT A CANDLE FROM HER
APRON AND LIGHTS IT)

GARRETT

Good. Then we've got a chance
(SHE STARTS TO LEAVE)

Follow me.

(BRADLEY CATCHES UP WITH HER)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Tootie, give a yell when the lights
go back on.

TOOTIE

Roger!

SFX: LOUD CRASH

(AS BRADLEY TRIPS OVER A CAN)

GARRETT

Oh, Mr. Bradley, you poor dear.

(THE GIRLS START TO GIGGLE AS
BRADLEY AND GARRETT EXIT. THE
FRONT DOOR OPENS AND THE GIRLS
ABRUPTLY STOP LAUGHING. BLAIR
AND A BOY, JASON, ENTER. LIGHT
FROM THE PORCH SHINES IN)

BLAIR

Everybody must be asleep. Good night,
Jason. I thought the play went very well
tonight. It was a good rehearsal.

JASON

I could use some more practice on the
love scene. You're a great Juliet.

(HE KISSES HER ON THE LIPS)

(BLAIR BREAKS OUT OF KISS &
PULLS AWAY)

BLAIR

Good night, Jason.

JASON

I thought you liked me.

BLAIR

I do. But, I've got a poem due tomorrow
and I haven't even started it.

JASON

I'm great on poetry.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

(JASON IS KISSING BLAIR'S FACE)

BLAIR

I'll count them. You're too busy.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

Has anything turned on yet, Tootie?

(JASON AND BLAIR ARE STILL KISSING)

TOOTIE

Yeah, but it's not the lights.

(LIGHTS GO ON)

GIRLS

Hi, Blair.

BLAIR

Hi.

(BRADLEY AND GARRETT ENTER)

BRADLEY

Blair, what's going on here?

GARRETT

Think hard, you'll figure it out.

BLAIR

Hi. This is Jason Haas. He's my leading man in the play.

JASON

We were just rehearsing.

BRADLEY

Well, rehearsal's over

BLAIR

Well, it's certainly been a stimulating evening...

(GIRLS REACT TO THIS)

(SHE SHAKES HIS HAND)

JASON

Right.

(HE EXITS)

BRADLEY

Blair, I know you have a very full schedule. Starring in the school play, rehearsing with your leading man... but getting back to our hum-drum world of education... have you finished your poetry assignment?

BLAIR

Oh, well... sure... I'm just doing a polish on it.

BRADLEY

I don't care if you polish it or not was
it, but I want it on my desk tomorrow.

(HE EXITS)

GARRETT

Do you really have a poem?

BLAIR

Yeah... I've got it right up here.

(POINTING TO HEAD)

I just have to put it down on paper.

GARRETT

You can't put it on paper, until you put
this...

(PATTING BLAIR'S BEHIND)

... down on this...

(PATTING CHAIR)

... up there.

(POINTS TO UPSTAIRS)

BLAIR

Okay.

(GARRET PATS HER ON THE SHOULDER.

BLAIR TURNS TO GO, THEN TURNS

BACK AND PATS GARRETT'S BEHIND.

GARRETT SCREAMS)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE TWOINT. GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

(BLAIR IS SITTING AT HER MIRROR,
SURROUNDED BY JARS, TUBES AND
BOTTLES OF NIGHT CREAMS. SHE'S
PUTTING SOME ON. TOOTIE COMES
IN ON SKATES BRUSHING HER
TEETH AND IS WEARING PAJAMAS)

TOOTIE

Blair, what are you doing up so late?

BLAIR

(LOOKING IN MIRROR)

I'm writing my poem.

TOOTIE

You mean, you haven't finished it yet?

BLAIR

I haven't even put on my moisturizer.

TOOTIE

Never mind your moisture. Mr. Bradley is
going to hang you out to dry if you don't
come up with some poetry.

BLAIR

I will. First I've got to get inspired.

TOOTIE

Should I send for Jason and his magic lips?

BLAIR

Tootie! You're talking about the man I
may be pinned to... if he gets into the
right fraternity.

TOOTIE

You better stop dreaming about Jason and
start thinking about Bradley.

BLAIR

You're right. Maybe it would help if
I looked at some poetry. Inspiration
is all I need.

(BLAIR PICKS UP A BOOK OF
POETRY AND STARTS READING IT)

The poems of Emily Dickinson? She
can't be much... look at the way she
wears her hair.

(READING ALOUD)

'Beauty crowds me til I die
Beauty mercy have on me
But if I expire today
Let it be in sight of thee'

TOOTIE

I don't understand a word of that.
It must be good.

BLAIR

You know, Emily Dickinson writes the
way I'd write if only I had the time.
It's a beautiful poem.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

(WRITING)

I'll just change a few lines to give it the Blair touch.

TOOTIE

You mean touch it up so they won't recognize it. You don't have to be Nancy Drew to figure out that's cheating.

BLAIR

Who's cheating? I'm just borrowing a poem from a woman who died in 1886. It's not like I'm copying from the girl in front of me. Besides it's only cheating if someone finds out about it. And the only ones who know are you and me.

TOOTIE

Sure. And you're not gonna tell.

(STARTS TO EXIT)

Good night.

BLAIR

Tootie, you will keep my secret, won't you?

TOOTIE

You know me.

BLAIR

I sure do. Everything I tell you, goes in one ear and out your mouth.

TOOTIE

Blair, don't worry. I just hope I don't talk in my sleep.

BLAIR

Exactly what would make you shut up in
your sleep?

TOOTIE

(TOOTIESQUE)

If I weren't under so much pressure.

BLAIR

All right, what pressure?

TOOTIE

Well, I gotta make my bed every day.

BLAIR

Okay, I'll make your bed.

TOOTIE

And clean my room every day.

BLAIR

(RESIGNED)

Got you.

TOOTIE

And press my uniform every...

BLAIR

Alright, Tootie... and that's it.

TOOTIE

Hey, this is too much... having a white
maid. By the way, I like hospital corners.

(BLAIR REACTS, AS WE:)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE THREEINT. COMMON ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

(MRS. GARRETT IS TINKERING WITH
THE TV SET WITH PLIERS AND
SCREWDRIVER. SHE'S LEANING OVER
THE FRONT OF THE SET FOOLING
AROUND WITH THE KNOBS IN BACK)

GARRETT

Well, the vertical's fixed. How's
my horizontal?

SUE ANN

It's blocking the set.

GARRETT

(MULLING THE REMARK)

I guess that's not an insult. It's
only a nineteen inch screen.

(GARRETT EXITS. NANCY CROSSES
DOWN TO SWITCH TV)

CINDY

Put on the football game.

(NANCY SWITCHES THE SET)

MOLLY

Not the Dallas Cowboys. They exploit
women by using cheerleaders as sex objects.

NATALIE

You won't feel that way when you have
your own set of pom poms.

NANCY

How about "Little House on the Prairie"?

BLAIR

I can't relate to people in covered wagons.
(BRADLEY COMES IN. THE GIRLS
IGNORE HIM)

NATALIE

Don't change it. Michael Landon's horse
is pregnant.
(GARRETT HAS ENTERED AS GIRLS
CONTINUE TO IGNORE HIM)

BRADLEY

Girls, did you know Erik Estrada's
right outside?

GIRLS

What???

BRADLEY

Now that I have your attention... here
are your poetry grades.

TOOTIE

Quiet! This is big.

BRADLEY

(HE STARTS TO READ THE GRADES)

Blair, A plus.

(GIRLS AD LIB ENTHUSIASM)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Sue Ann, B minus.

(SHE SHOWS DISAPPOINTMENT)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Molly, C.

MOLLY

You're kidding?

BRADLEY

Cindy, C.

CINDY

What?

BRADLEY

Nancy, C.

NANCY

"C"?

BRADLEY

(HE REPEATS IT)

C... Natalie, C minus.

NATALIE

Oh, no, I'm below "C" level.

BRADLEY

Tootie, you have...

TOOTIE

(STOPS HIM)

Please. Let it be our secret.

(BRADLEY HANDS TOOTIE HER PAPER.

HE LOOKS AT IT, REACTS, AND STUFFS
IT IN HER SHIRT)

Nobody will look for it in here.

SUE ANN

How'd Blair get an A+?

GARRETT

A+. Blair, that's wonderful. But why
did the other girls get such low grades?

BRADLEY

I marked them on the curve. You know how
I feel about poetry. Unfortunately, the
other poems suffered in comparison to
Blair's.

NANCY

Suffered. Mine is writhing in agony.

BRADLEY

Blair, I'm sorry the most I could give you
was an A+.

SUE ANN

What else could he give her? A weekend
in Bermuda.

GARRETT

Mr. Bradley, there's something I'd like
to say. Don't you think it's unfair to
lower the other girls' grades, just because
one girl wrote a poem that tickled your fancy.

BRADLEY

Life isn't always fair. Blair is
exceptionally gifted. Let me read a
couple of lines.

(READING POEM)

'Beauty crowds me til I die
Beauty mercy have on me...'
The eloquence... the simplicity. It's
you, Blair. It's you.

(HANDS POEM TO GARRETT)

GARRETT

(READING BLAIR'S POEM)

Blair, it is extraordinary. What a
nice surprise.

TOOTIE

Oh, I'm not surprised.

BRADLEY

Girls, there's a lesson here. Eastland
doesn't settle for mediocrity and neither
should you.

GARRETT

Mr. Bradley. You... this is just a
suggestion, but don't you think each poem
should be graded on its own merit. I
don't see how you can grade poems on a
curve.

BRADLEY

Tough rockers, Mrs. Garrett. When
they make you headmaster...

(CHUCKLES)

... you can grade any old way you want.
Until then...

(SINGING)

I'LL DO IT MY WAY.

GARRETT

If you'll excuse me, I promised the girls I'd bake one of my famous blueberry cheesecakes.

BRADLEY

Oh, good, that's my favorite.

GARRETT

Oh, that's too bad. There won't be any left for you.

BRADLEY

Why?

GARRETT

Because I'm baking it on the curve.

(GARRETT SMILES AND EXITS)

NANCY

After those lousy grades, we need something to cheer us up. Let's turn on the TV.

BRADLEY

Sorry, girls. I'm pulling your plug.

(HE CROSSES TO THE TV AND UNPLUGS IT)

GIRLS

What???

BRADLEY

So you can learn something around here.

CINDY

But we won't be able to watch TV.

BRADLEY

See, you're learning already. And you know how you can learn even more? By writing another poem. And this time, take it as seriously as Blair did.

BLAIR

Mr. Bradley, my poem wasn't that great.

BRADLEY

Blair, I've never seen you this modest before. I'm not sure I can handle it.

TOOTIE

Me neither. I think I'm gonna be sick.

BRADLEY

Okay, girls, upstairs and start rhyming. Poetry is like love, it is better the second time around.

TOOTIE

I haven't even had my first time around.

(BRADLEY EXITS)

SUE ANN

What a drag. I broke my back on that and what did I get? A chance to write another poem.

(SHE EXITS UP THE STAIRS)

CINDY

O'mon, Tootie, let's get to work.

TOOTIE

I'll be there in a minute. I'm just gonna stand next to Blair. Some of that genius may be catching.

(THE GIRLS HAVE ALL EXITED,
EXCEPT BLAIR AND TOOTIE)

TOOTIE (CONT'D)

What're you gonna do now, Miss Emily Dickinson?

BLAIR

What can I do? If I turn myself in, Bradley'll kick me out of the play and maybe out of school.

TOOTIE

Oh, I'd hate to see you get kicked out of school. You have been a gem of a maid. By the way,

(INDICATING UNIFORM)

these pleats aren't as sharp as I like them.

BLAIR

(THREATINGLY)

Tootie!

(BRADLEY STICKS HIS HEAD IN. HE'S HOLDING A COPY OF BLAIR'S POEM. AT THAT MOMENT GARRETT ENTERS WHIPPING HER CAKE IN A BOWL)

BRADLEY

Blair, I almost forgot the most important thing of all. I just couldn't keep your talent a secret. I've entered your poem in the New York State Poetry Festival.

(BLAIR REACTS)

BLAIR

You didn't

(BRADLEY NODS SMILING)

TOOTIE

(TOOTIESQUE)

Oh, Blair, you're gonna be... famous.

GARRETT

Marvelous. I bet the Judges will never forget this poem.

(ON BLAIR'S TORTURED EXPRESSION, WE:)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE ONE

FADE IN:

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

(ALL THE GIRLS, EXCEPT TOOTIE
AND BLAIR ARE THERE, DOING THEIR
POEMS, GARRETT IS HANGING UP A
PICTURE. NATALIE GROANS AS SHE
TEARS A SHEET OF PAPER OFF PAD,
CRUMBLES IT AND TOSSES IT ONTO
COFFEE TABLE. BLAIR ENTERS)

BLAIR

Hi, everyone.

NANCY

Well, look who's here... if it isn't
Elizabeth Barrett Brownnose.

CINDY

Good one.

GARRETT

Nancy, just because you girls have to write
another poem, don't take it out on Blair.

(TOOTIE SKATES IN, CARRYING
TWO PIZZA BOXES)

TOOTIE

Hot stuff coming! Hot stuff coming!

(SHE STOPS IN FRONT OF COFFEE
TABLE -- A BEAT, THEN:)

And the pizzas are warm, too!

(TOOTIE STARTS TO PULL SOME
MONEY OUT OF HER JEANS)

TOOTIE (CONT'D)

This is our lucky day. The pizzas should've
been twelve dollars, but the waitress
goofed and I've got all this change.

GARRETT

Tootie, you're not gonna keep it.

TOOTIE

Of course, not. I plan to split the lost
with everybody.

GARRETT

Tootie, you have to take that money back.

TOOTIE

Gee, what do you think, Blair?

BLAIR

It's wrong, Tootie.

TOOTIE

Sheesh... look who I asked for a second
opinion. You mean, it would be kinda
like cheating, huh, Blair?

(BLAIR JUST NODS "YES")

MOLLY

We can't exploit a waitress of the working
class. It's a tainted pizza.

NATALIE

(KIDDINGLY)

No, it isn't. It's mushroom and anchovies.

GARRETT

Molly's right. I used to wait tables when I was young and everytime I made a mistake, it came out of my pocket. You don't want the waitress to be out that money.

TOOTIE

You're right, Mrs. Garrett. Just 'cause she's dumb doesn't mean she has to be broke, too.

(TOOTIE EXITS)

GARRETT

Tootie, you're all heart.

MOLLY

Okay. I pronounce this pizza untainted.

GARRETT

And cold.

NATALIE

I'll warm it up.

MOLLY

I'll go with you.

NANCY

Yeah, we don't trust you.

(THE OTHER GIRLS FOLLOW NATALIE
INTO THE KITCHEN, EXCEPT BLAIR)

GARRETT

Blair, since when are you allergic to pizza?

BLAIR

I'm not very hungry and I didn't sleep
very well last night, either.

GARRETT

Sounds like an acute case of Jason.

BLAIR

No. It's that poem Mr. Bradley
entered in the contest. It isn't
even mine. I copied it from
Emily Dickinson.

GARRETT

Oh, Blair! Sheesh. Why?

BLAIR

I kept putting it off. I panicked.
It is kinda like cheating, isn't it?

GARRETT

Kind of? It's stealing.

Blair, you copied that poem, but
did you happen to read it?

BLAIR

(NODDING)

Yeah, it's about feeling beautiful.

GARRETT

Hmm and how do you feel right now--
in there?

BLAIR

Rotten.

GARRETT

(NODDING)

Livin' with a lie is like goin'
through life with your handbag
full of hog slops. You can spray
it with Chanel number 5, and other
people may not smell the difference--
but you still know it's hog slops.

BLAIR

(AMUSED, TOUCHED)

You're saying I'd better clean it out.

GARRETT

That's up to you. You're the one
with the smelly handbag.

BLAIR

You're saying I should tell Mr. Bradley
the truth.

GARRETT

You said it, Blair. And while you're
cleaning up your act, you owe yourself
one more thing.

BLAIR

What's that?

GARRETT

A poem.

BLAIR

Right.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

(JASON STICKS HIS HEAD IN)

JASON

Hi, Blair.

BLAIR

(EXCITEDLY)

Oh, Jason! What are you doing here?

JASON

I'm leaving tomorrow for my college
interview. I came over for one
more rehearsal.

BLAIR

Gee, I'd like to, but it's a school night.

(BRADLEY ENTERS)

BRADLEY

Hi, Mrs. Garrett... Blair...

(SNIFFING THE AIR)

Pizza...

BLAIR

Mr. Bradley. Can we have a talk?

(MULLING A DECISION)

BRADLEY

Sure.

(SHE CROSSES TO BRADLEY)

BLAIR

I have a problem.

BRADLEY

No, you don't. I know it's a school night,
but go ahead and rehearse. Just stay on
the school grounds.

BLAIR

But, Mr. Bradley.

BRADLEY

(ESCORTING HER TO JASON)

Blair, don't be such a goody-goody. Get
going.

(AS JASON LEADS BLAIR OUT, BLAIR

SHRUGS AT GARRETT. JASON AND

BLAIR EXIT AS GARRETT AND

BRADLEY WATCH THEM GO)

BRADLEY

Quite a girl we've got there. I wish we
had a hundred like her.

GARRETT

One is plenty.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE TWOEXT. PORCH - NIGHT

(IT'S DARK, EXCEPT FOR THE MOON SHINING DOWN. BLAIR AND JASON ARE SITTING SIDE BY SIDE. HE SQUIRTS SOME BREATH FRESHENER INTO HIS MOUTH. AS HE TALKS, HE MOVES HIS HAND OVER HER SHOULDER. SHE REACTS)

JASON

Well, this is it. Tomorrow I'll be gone.

BLAIR

I know.

(SHE LOOKS AT HIS HAND, WHICH IS AROUND HER SHOULDER)

JASON

Who knows when I'll be back.

BLAIR

Yeah.

JASON

Or what's in store for me out there.

BLAIR

Jason, you're going to college for a crummy interview, not into combat.

(HE KISSES HER ROMANTICALLY WITH
HIS EYES CLOSED. HERS REMAIN
OPEN. SHE'S NOT INTO IT. AFTER
A FEW BEATS, HIS EYES OPEN AND
HE PULLS AWAY)

JASON

How can you kiss with your eyes
open? Only fish do that.

BLAIR

Jason, I'm really not into this.

JASON

Well, I am.

BLAIR

I feel guilty.

JASON

(REMOVING HIS HAND)

Guilty? We haven't done anything.

BLAIR

Yeah, but I have.

(HE REACTS)

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I cheated on my poetry assignment.

JASON

Oh, is that all? Everyone does that.

How do you think I'm gonna get into

Yale? Come here.

(HE KISSES HER)

BLAIR

(GETTING UP)

Jason, I'm sorry. I've got to
write a poem.

JASON

I don't believe this.

BLAIR

(HUGGING HIM LIKE A BROTHER)

Have a good time at Yale.

(SHE EXITS)

JASON

Yeah... Boola, boola.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE THREEINT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

(TOOTIE, NATALIE, SUE ANN,
MOLLY, CINDY AND NANCY ARE
THERE WITH MRS. GARRETT)

TOOTIE

I'm glad Bradley gave us a chance to do a
second poem. This one is gonna knock his
socks off.

CINDY

I'm trying to write one about tennis.
What rhymes with Bjorn Borg?

NATALIE

Who cares? Bjorn is gyorgeous.

CINDY

That's close enough.

(BLAIR ENTERS)

GARRETT

Blair, I thought you were rehearsing with
Jason.

BLAIR

I was. But, I have to tell the girls
something... You know that fantastic,
terrific, stupendous poem I wrote?
I didn't write it.

SUE ANN

Who did?

BLAIR

Emily Dickinson.

SUE ANN

Are you kidding us? You cheated!

BLAIR

Ask Tootie. She was there.

NATALIE

Tootie, you kept a secret! There is a God

CINDY

Blair, you are the lowest.

BLAIR

I'm sorry, you guys. I feel worse than you do.

NANCY

Give me a break.

SUE ANN

Are we supposed to feel sorry for you?

NANCY

Yeah, your cheating put our grades in the
dumper.

CINDY

You can't go through life cheating.

MOLLY

Yeah, if you cheat your way through school,
you're in trouble.

NATALIE

Unless you go into politics.

MOLLY

Yeah, Blair, why don't you run for President?

BLAIR

I told you I was sorry.

NATALIE

I don't blame Blair. At midnight Sunday,
help is where you find it.

SUE ANN

Sure, take care of number one. What's the
difference if the rest of us got lousy
grades.

NANCY

And we had to do these dumb poems all over
again.

CINDY

I think Jason's wrong. You're a rotten
Juliet.

GARRETT

Girls... that's enough!

BLAIR

That's okay, I've got it coming.
But I did want you to know, I finally
wrote my poem.

GARRETT

Good, Blair. I'd love to read it.

(BRADLEY ENTERS)

BRADLEY

Good, everyone's here. I've really got some
terrific news.

GARRETT

I don't think we can handle any more terrific
news.

BLAIR

Mr. Bradley, I've got something important to tell you.

BRADLEY

This is more important. I just heard from the contest judge. Your poem won third prize.

BLAIR

Mr. Bradley, honestly, I don't deserve it.

BRADLEY

Frankly, Blair, your modesty is getting to be a bore.

GARRETT

Mr. Bradley...

BRADLEY

Now, the first thing we're going to have is a Blair Warner Day.

(HE EMPHASIZES BY HAND GESTURE,
DESCRIBING BANNER)

GARRETT

Mr. Bradley, I...

BRADLEY

We'll get pictures of you with the trophy.

GARRETT

Mr. Bradley, you...

BRADLEY

Your mother'll be so proud.

GARRETT

(YELLING OPERATICALLY IN
BRADLEY'S FACE)

Mr. Bradley!

(BRADLEY IS STUNNED)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(DEMURELY)

Blair has something to tell you.

BLAIR

Mr. Bradley, I cheated. I copied that poem
from Emily Dickinson.

(BRADLEY REACTS, SHOCKED)

BRADLEY

Emily Dickinson... Blair, what the hell
are you talking about.

GARRETT

(UNBELIEVING)

Oooh...

BRADLEY

I didn't mean that. Yes I did.

TOOTIE

I was shocked too, Mr. Bradley.

BRADLEY

Blair, how could you do this to Eastland...
to me? How could you let me go on praising
you when you knew it wasn't your poem? I
feel like a complete idiot.

NATALIE

Does this mean Blair Warner Day is off?

(BRADLEY REACTS)

GARRETT

Mr. Bradley...

BRADLEY

(SHARPLY)

What!

GARRETT

You're right, this is a serious offense.
And yes, Blair did make a terrible mistake,
but she also had the courage to admit it...

BRADLEY

That doesn't excuse her.

GARRETT

I know that and she knows that. She's
written a poem of her own.

BRADLEY

Big deal.

GARRETT

Mr. Bradley, if you know what's good
for... her. I think you should listen
to her.

(HANDS POEM TO BLAIR)

BLAIR

Please...

BRADLEY

All right, I'll listen.

BLAIR

(HANDS POEM TO GARRETT)

Mrs. Garrett, could you read it? I
get too emotional.

GARRETT

Sure, Blair. "Reflections", by Balir Warner.

(READING)

I never thought it possible,
but when I look into the mirror,
I don't like what I see.
What I behold is a tarnished image
of a betrayer of friends...

(GIRLS LOOK AT EACH OTHER)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

... and a cheater of self.

(LOOKING UP_

That's eloquent, Blair.

(READING AGAIN)

Where is that Blair of yesteryear
that reflection that we held so dear.
Those perfect eyes.
Those pearly teeth,
that adorable perky nose,

(LOOKING UP)

Blair, I think you're being too harsh
on yourself.

BLAIR

I deserve it. Go ahead, read the part
about the soft, cascading hair...

BRADLEY

Okay, you've made your point, Blair, but
still I'm gonna make your punishment very
tough.

BLAIR

That's all right. I can take it,
because I've gotten all the guilt out of
my system.

GARRETT

And how do you feel?

BLAIR

Beautiful.

(LOOKING BACK INTO MIRROR)

Hi, I'm back.

GARRETT

(HOPEFULLY)

Well, Mr. Bradley...?

BRADLEY

Alright, Blair, your extra curricular
activities are getting in the way of
your school work. You will have to
withdraw from the play.

(BLAIR REACTS)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

And, you will also be grounded for a month.

(BLAIR REACTS)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

And, of course, you flunked English Lit.

BLAIR

Flunked?

(THE GIRLS REACT)

SUE ANN

Gee, that's rough, Blair.

NANCY

I'm sorry for all the things we said.

GARRETT

(HANDING BLAIR A HANDKERCHIEF)

Here, this is for your perky little nose.

(THE GIRLS START TO EXIT)

TOOTIE

Blair, I'm sorry for everything I put
you through. But can I still have
you for a half a day on Thursday?

GARRETT

Mr. Bradley, thanks.

BRADLEY

For what.

GARRETT

You could have expelled her.

BRADLEY

I know.

GARRETT

But you were thinking of Blair without
any concern for your own problem.

BRADLEY

My problem? What do you mean?

GARRETT

Well, you're the man who majored in English
Lit. and you're the man who has to call
those poetry experts and tell them they just
gave third prize to Emily Dickinson.

(BRADLEY MOANS AND WE:)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO