

GLUTTONY AND A WHITE TUXEDO

by

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EXT. GREEN PASTURES - MORNING

A beautiful countryside enriched with greenery and wildlife. As the tranquillity of the scene is absorbed, children's laughter disrupts the peacefulness.

Their chatter and giggles continue as light rainfall showers green pastures and tree-covered peaks. Wet cows graze across acres of lush paddocks.

Suddenly, a vehicle's horn rips through the countryside, sending flocks of birds skyward.

EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

An intersection cuts through the hinterland. We've arrived moments after a collision between truck and school bus.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

An ELDERLY DRIVER slumped over the wheel.

Children lay sprawled. Some moving. Most not. Some cry. Shards of glass and blood everywhere. A small girl's unconscious face. Her eyes spring open.

INT. SANDERS' RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Heavy eyes open. The eyes of HELEN SANDERS (43), an obese woman with a double chin and disheveled hair.

In bed beside her is Helen's daughter SARAH SANDERS (4), vibrant, cute. She pulls at her mother's soft, white arm.

SARAH

It's day time now, mommy.
The sun awake for day time.

Helen sighs.

SARAH (CONT'D)

The sun be awake now.

Entering is TREVOR SANDERS (36). A presentable, clean-cut man, Trevor adjusts the tie around his neck.

TREVOR

Get dressed, Sarah.

Sarah skips out of the bedroom, leaving her mother in her trance-like state. Trevor draws back the curtains.

Sunlight streams in, highlighting microscopic dust particles. Helen remains holding a thousand yard stare.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Remember, one o'clock. I'll
have an Uber pick you up.

Trevor's cell rings, faceplate coming to life with a gorgeous woman. The name of Eva labeled above.

Trevor silences the call, takes his leather briefcase, kisses his wife's forehead and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah packs her school bag as Trevor walks to the enormous flat screen TV. He takes TWO remotes from a coffee table.

Trevor walks the remotes to a glass cabinet. He opens the door and hides the remotes behind a family picture from years ago - happier times.

INT. BEDROOM

The top window shows a sedan reverse out of the driveway as Trevor and Sarah leave.

Helen Sanders is still in bed...

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

The place is filthy. Flies bounce off windows. Clothes are strewn everywhere. Random bowls are coated with rough layers of petrified food from days of neglect.

Heavy footsteps...

Helen trudges into the kitchen, takes a carton of full cream milk from the table and gulps it down.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The shower runs in the background as Helen stares at her reflection in a mirror. Tears build as she de-robes, revealing her hanging BELLY, lumping CELLULITE.

We notice long keloid scars, etched over her breasts and bloated stomach as she pops two pills.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Helen is on the phone.

HELEN (V.O.)

Hello. My name is Helen Sanders
and I have a session today with
doctor Ruttley... Yes, that's
right. I'd like to cancel.

LATER

The hunt is on. A daily ritual. We see a series of
shots of Helen searching the house....

... She looks under the couch cushion.

... She looks under the kitchen sink.

... She looks in Sarah's sock drawer.

... Bingo. The china cabinet. Helen swipes aside the
family photo to reveal the two remote controls.

LATER

Helen sits in a recliner watching television as we
enter time lapse photography of her watching various
programs. Judge Judy. Kardashians. Commercials.

While watching, Helen multitasks with her smartphone.
Facebook, Youtube, Snapchat and Instagram.

Now, the food. All deep fried. Leftovers. A halo of
calories surround her as she eats.

The sunlight through the window gradually sweeps across as
Helen begins to drift asleep when, finally, the time lapse
slows back into real time as Helen's heart beat fades in...

.. Tu tump. Tu tump. Tu tump. Tu tump -- DING DONG.

Helen's eyes open. Then close. The door chime returns
-- DING DONG. Helen's eyes open again.

DING DONG. DING DONG. DING DONG.

INT/EXT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR

In her bathrobe and obviously irritated, Helen opens
the door, squinting from the sunlight to see...

... a man dressed in a white tuxedo.

PETER (52), an impeccably neat, clean-cut man with a wicked smile and charismatic face.

PETER
Boker tov.

Helen sighs.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hebrew for good morning.

HELEN
Look, whatever you're
selling, I'm not interested.

PETER
What I have for you is
not for sale, Helen.

HELEN
Excuse me?

PETER
Helen Sanders. Born in 1981.
You married your high school
sweetheart with whom you have one
child. You used to be a teacher, a
very good one at that -

HELEN
-- Who the --

PETER
-- But now spend your days glued
to technological screens.

And with that, Helen closes the door on Peter's smile, a smile that could cut glass.

INT. CORRIDOR

Helen walks back through the clothes-cluttered hallway, toward the kitchen when again - DING DONG!

The door chime plays.

Helen freezes mid-step and slowly looks over her shoulder toward the front door.

INT. KITCHEN

Helen reaches for the phone, dials a number before pausing, caught in two minds.

She looks over her shoulder, toward the front door then disconnects the call...

INT/EXT. SANDERS' RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR

She opens the door and edges outside, but there is no one, only Sarah's Barbie bike on the front lawn.

Cautious, she steps out. Birds chirp. A couple walks their dog, staring at Helen.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Helen sits in her favorite stained couch, typing away on her Facebook account - *"Worst morning ever. FML"*

LATER

Watching TV, Helen eats baked beans on toast, mouth coated in a thin layer of tomato syrup.

She's watching a cooking show, eyes glued to the television. Helen takes some potato chips, sprinkles some into her baked beans with great care.

She's about to take a bite of her new creation when, almost on cue - DING DONG.

Helen freezes.

She reaches to her side and takes a butter knife that's handle deep in a tub of peanut butter.

Helen rises from the couch as springs squeak under her heavy load.

She slowly peers through a small gap in the curtain when she's suddenly confronted with the smiling face of Peter.

Helen jolts back with a gasp.

She hurries to her cell phone, looks at the faceplate with bulging eyes as she's met by the smiling face of Peter, smiling from the LCD screen...

PETER

Open the door, Helen.

Helen drops the phone. She tries to think through her desperation, mind racing, heart pounding.

She staggers through the house, bouncing off the walls, knocking over an old family photo of happier times.

She makes her way through the kitchen and veers toward the back exit where she swings open the door and hurries outside.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

As soon as she breaks outside she slams into Peter. His posture straight, hands behind back... and that smile.

PETER

Relax and take a breath. I can hear your heart from here.

HELEN

Help me! Somebody help!

PETER

Words you should have said a long time ago, Helen. And that's what I'm here to do. I want to --

-- But she's not listening as she runs back into the house, exhausted from the effort.

INT. SANDERS' RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

She hurries back, staggering through the living room where she's about to veer upstairs when she falls heavily against the couch. Unable to continue, Helen sucks in breaths as...

The TV turns to static.

At wits end, Helen can't move. Heart pounding in her chest, she looks at the flat screen television through watery eyes.

Peter flashes up.

PETER

Ironic isn't it? The only thing you can't turn away from and here I am. What are you going to do, Helen? Hmm? Turn me off? When was the last time you turned your back on a television?

Helen watches.

PETER (CONT'D)

You're in for a treat. I'm going to show you a movie, Helen. A movie directed by you, starring you and produced by you. I'm going to show you something far more real than any reality show. Far more educational than any documentary. So sit back Helen. Relax and enjoy.

And with that, Peter winks, before the screen suddenly goes blank. Helen looks around. Is this real?

The television comes to life with flashing black and white numbers 5...4...3...2...1

Elevator music plays as a main menu appears with a two scene chapter selection.

Helen squints into the screen, focusing on the chapter selections. Her mouth opens. She leans in, inches from the screen, focusing to see...

Two live digital feeds...

Trevor at work and Sarah at school.

Confused, Helen peers over her shoulder, unsure on the reality of the situation. She takes the remote control.

CLICK...

Data now flashes up. Streaks of coded information scan through before we see Trevor sitting at his office desk.

INT. OFFICE (TV SCREEN)

Cluttered with folders. Trevor is a man driven by numbers and statistics. At his office door arrives the seductive EVA LEE (24), slim and tall.

EVA

Excuse me, Mr. Sanders. I have the finance report.

TREVOR

Thank you, Eva.

Eva approaches and places the file on the desk. Trevor can't help but notice the sculptured shape of her enhanced breasts, visible through a sleeveless turtleneck.

EVA

Like another coffee?

TREVOR

No, thanks.

EVA

How about those small sandwiches?

TREVOR

No, thanks.

Trevor's awkward with this sexual bombshell of a woman, trying his best to avoid eye contact.... and breast contact.

Eva props her ass on the desk, revealing her long, brown legs. Trevor looks up through his glasses.

EVA
So how's the fam?

TREVOR
The fam?

EVA
The family.

TREVOR
Oh, they're fine.

EVA
You know, if you wanna talk I'm always here. Believe it or not I'm a pretty good listener.

TREVOR
I'm sure you are.

EVA
I can do a lot of things pretty good. I've just started pole dancing and my instructor says I'm the best in the class.

Trevor forces a smile.

EVA (CONT'D)
Omigod! I have to show you how we stretch. It's amazing. Come and lie on the floor.

TREVOR
Eva --

EVA
-- C'mon. When was the last time you stretched? It's good for you. You can go home and show Mrs Sanders.

TREVOR
She's not the stretching type.

EVA
Why doesn't that surprise me. Come on, the floor.

INT. SANDERS' RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Helen's glued to the television, mouth agape. A cold sweat passes over her. Her long, weighted bosoms elevate with every breath.

INT. OFFICE (TV SCREEN)

Trevor lies flat on his back in front of his desk. Eva then squats down over his face and reaches forward.

EVA

Now, bring your legs up.

Trevor does as Eva takes his legs and slowly pulls, stretching Trevor's hamstring while squatting over his face.

EVA (CONT'D)

Do you feel that? It should feel really nice. Feel it?

TREVOR

Uh-uh.

EVA

The key to this is to relax. So just breathe nice and slowly.

TREVOR

Eva -

EVA

- And no talking. You have to concentrate on those muscles.

INT. SANDERS' RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Helen stares at the screen, tears forming in her eyes.

INT. OFFICE (TV SCREEN)

Eva starts to moan as she stretches Trevor out. Every passing moment turning more sexual until Trevor pushes her off, stands and hurries back around his desk with a flushed face.

EVA

What's wrong?

TREVOR

I'm sorry. I just can't do this. I have a family.

EVA

You have a wife who does nothing but watch TV all day. You said it yourself.

TREVOR

I know I said that and I shouldn't have. It was wrong.

EVA
 You deserve better,
 Mr Sanders. I mean look
 at you and look at her.

TREVOR
 Stop.

EVA
 So she got mugged a year
 ago. Get over it already.

TREVOR
 I said stop.

EVA
 That's no excuse to let
 herself go like that --

TREVOR
 -- Get out. Just take
 the rest of the day off.

Eva absorbs the rare rejection, turns and walks out of the office. Trevor slumps behind his desk with a long sigh.

INT. SANDERS' RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

By now Helen is on all fours, face inches from the screen as tears roll down her cheeks.

Peter sits behind her. She takes a bag of chips, looks inside the packet for any remaining treats before...

PETER
 Tell me. What was going through
 your mind when he put that gun
 in your face?

HELEN
 What?

PETER
 The gun. Your face. But what
 about your mind?

HELEN
 I don't... I --

PETER
 It was late at night. You were
 walking home, and....

Helen closes her eyes, trying to block out the thoughts as Peter takes a chip and pops it in his mouth, crunching.

HELEN

It was so fast. He took my
purse, knocked me to the ground.

PETER

And on the ground you stayed.

HELEN

I thought I was going to die.

PETER

You did. But not in your
physical form.

HELEN

I was scared okay? I still
am scared. Why are you doing
this? Who are you?

PETER

Fear is only temporary Helen.
But regret, well regret lasts
forever. Regret like that...

Peter chews, gesturing toward the TV. Helen looks at the
TV screen fast forwarding through Sarah walking alone.

PETER (CONT'D)

You never fail until you've
stop trying.

HELEN

Who are you to judge me? You
don't know me. You don't know
how that fucking felt --

-- Taking a sip, Peter spills some coffee on his
white tuxedo, the stain soaks into the fabric.

PETER

Let things consume you or
adapt. Evolve. Get back up.

Peter pulls out a single rose, discards the stem and
pins the flower over the stain with a smile.

Helen absorbs his actions before the sound of a diesel
engine draws her attention to the TV. Then a HONK!

TELEVISION SCREEN

Children lay sprawled in a school bus. Some moving. Most
not. Shards of glass and blood are everywhere. We close in
on Sarah's unconscious face. Her eyes spring open.

Helen's eyes widen in shock, she crawls to the cracked television screen as Sarah's eyes drift shut.

HELEN
No, no, no, no! Sarah!

PETER
Everyone dies. It's how we live each day that counts.

HELEN
No, no, no. Please. Don't you take her. You leave her alone!

PETER
Let things consume you or adapt. Evolve, Helen.

Helen looks at the flower on Peter's suit. She then looks at a nearby clock and with effort, gets to her feet and runs to the door, collecting a set of KEYS.

EXT. SANDERS' RESIDENCE - DRIVE WAY - CONTINUOUS

Barefooted and still in her bathrobe, Helen quickly waddles to an old run down car in the driveway. Rain plummeting.

INT. SIGMA - CONTINUOUS

Helen inserts the car key, turning it... nothing. She tries again.... nothing. The engine won't catch!

HELEN
Come on, come on!

Helen hits the steering wheel then notices something at the edge of her bonnet, directly in front of her in the rain.

Peter. Soaking wet in his white suit. He stands looking at Helen who panics as she whispers to herself...

HELEN (CONT'D)
Adapt... Evolve... Adapt....
Evolve... Ada --

-- Sarah's Barbie bike on the front lawn.

EXT. STREET

Riding as fast as she can on the small pink bike. It's pouring rain as Helen's heart pounds.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR

Trevor drives through the neighborhood, cell phone against ear. Suddenly, Helen rides past. Trevor looks back.

TREVOR

Helen?

HELEN:

Helen's legs pump the bike faster and faster. She's exhausted but determined, water splashing her eyes.

The few neighboring houses are now replaced with a beautiful countryside of green pastures.

Grazing cows watch as Helen races along the open road.

She notices an intersection on the horizon and pumps her fat legs harder. Helen sees the school bus approaching the intersection from one direction, truck from another.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

Children talk and laugh. We see Sarah looking out the window, deep in thought.

EXT. GREEN PASTURE

Helen can see the potential COLLISION as she brakes in the middle of the intersection, spinning along the wet road like it's on ice.

Exhausted, Helen dumps the bike and stands defiantly between the bus and semi-trailer. Rain plummeting.

Both bus and truck lock brakes but at that speed and in the rain, they skid along the road, both bearing down on Helen.

Horns blare...

Helen doesn't budge, standing defiantly in the pouring rain. Two walls of metal closing in!

Helen's eyes close, waiting for the walls of metal to sandwich her. Suddenly, all is silent...

Helen's eyes re-open to see the bus and truck frozen with Peter leaning beside the semi-trailer's grill.

HELEN
Am I dead?

PETER
Far from it.

HELEN
What's happening?

PETER
Life.

HELEN
Life?

PETER
You've been down so long,
it's difficult to tell. But
stay down long enough and
you'll find that life breezes
right over you.

Peter approaches Helen, gently takes her by the wrist and places her hand over her beating chest.

PETER (CONT'D)
Do you remember that?
Listen to her.

Peter smiles. Helen cries, closes her eyes and leans into Peter's embrace, sobbing hysterically now.

BAM! The sound of the horn fades in as the truck and bus unfreeze and skid toward Helen! She opens her eyes! Peter's gone! Only walls of metal closing in!

The chrome push-plate of the truck and steel grill of the bus skid to a stop inches from Helen.

Helen opens her eyes to be confronted with her reflection in the polished chrome framework.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Helen!

Trevor runs toward her, desperation in his stride. They embrace and crumble to their knees. Weeping. Breathing.

The bus and truck driver get out. School children align the windows, watching. We see Sarah shouldering through.

Helen and Trevor are still embraced when...

SARAH (O.S.)

Mom? Dad?

Sarah runs to her parents, embracing them in the pouring rain. Amongst all the commotion, Helen looks up at the sky to see the sun breaking through the clouds.

FADE OUT.