

"A Tight Cage"

By

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A Spec Script for the series finale of "MIKE AND MOLLY"
created by Mark Roberts

COLD OPEN A

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - EARLY EVENING

A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE CITY OVERLOOKING LAKE MICHIGAN

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - SAME TIME

MIKE BIGGS MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE WINDY STREETS WITH TWO BOXES OF DONUTS IN HIS ARMS. SOME CARS PASS BY EVERY NOW AND THEN BUT THE STREET SEEMS MOSTLY BARREN.

MIKE

(TO HIMSELF) Get the fat man to go get donuts. I see how it is.

What is this? Temptation? And it's freezing out here!

(INTO WALKIE TALKIE) Really not cool of you guys to do this to me. It's pretty cruel, actually!

A BEAT.

CARL (O.S.)

Mike, you volunteered.

MIKE

My blood sugar was low! I wasn't thinking straight!

CARL (O.S.)

Well just get back! We're not all on diets over here.

MIKE

Can I have one of the jelly filled ones?

(CONTINUED)

CARL (O.S.)
You're already jelly filled,
don't you think? (A BEAT) Yeah sure
pal, just hurry. It's cold out
there.

MIKE RESTS THE DONUTS DOWN ONTO A MAILBOX. HE OPENS UP A BOX
AND EXAMINES ITS CONTENTS.

MIKE
I am what I eat, I suppose.

MIKE POPS A JELLY FILLED DONUT INTO HIS MOUTH, CLOSES THE
BOX, PICKS THEM UP AND CARRIES ON.

DISSOLVE TO:

COLD OPEN B

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

MOLLY SITS AT HER KITCHEN TABLE WITH HER LAPTOP OPEN. SHE'S
STARING AT THE SCREEN. FINALLY, SHE FEELS THAT SHE MAY
FINISH THE FINAL DRAFT AND BEGIN LOOKING FOR PUBLISHERS. SHE
IS ONE STEP CLOSER TO LEAVING HER TEACHING JOB FOR GOOD.

MOLLY
(TO HERSELF) Just start writing.
It's that simple. Just start
writing.

A BEAT

MOLLY
Now go!

SHE JUST KEEPS STARING AT IT.

MOLLY
Dammit, Molly, if you can't
even write you'll never be
a write-er. It's kind of
the biggest part of it all. You're

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY (cont'd)
so close. Just finish the thing!

A BEAT.

MOLLY
Now go! Oh what the hell.

Snack time!

MOLLY STANDS UP FROM THE TABLE AND HURRIES TO THE FRIDGE.
SHE SWINGS OPEN THE SILVER DOOR AND STARES AT THE CONTENTS.
THEN SHE SWIFTLY SHUTS THE DOOR.

MOLLY
Oh, Molly, get it together!
Maybe you can call Mike. See
how he's doing.

MOLLY PICKS UP THE HOUSE PHONE AND CALLS MIKE ON HIS
PERSONAL NUMBER.

MIKE (O.S.)
Hello?

MOLLY
Mike, there's an emergency!

MIKE (O.S.)
Why are you calling my cell? Call
the police!

MOLLY
It's not like that. I'm starving.

MIKE
Oh. Molly. I'm working.

MOLLY
Want to pick me up some donuts?

CUT TO:

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(CONTINUED)

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MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - A LITTLE LATER IN THE EVENING

MIKE IS FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD STILL WITH HIS DONUT BOXES. THE AIR HAS GOTTEN NOTABLY COLDER AND HE'S RIGID AND SHIVERING AS HE WALKS.

HE STOPS WALKING AND TAKES A REST ON A MAILBOX. AGAIN, HE OPENS UP ONE OF THE BOXES AND TAKES OUT A JELLY FILLED DONUT. IT'S A BOSTON CREAM.

MIKE

Boston Cream, huh? I guess we
can put aside our differences
for now.

A PANICKED CRY FOR HELP STARTLES HIM! HE PANICS AND STARTS CHOKING ON THE DONUT. HE'S FLAILING HIS ARMS AROUND AND TRYING NOT TO SLIP ON THE COLD, SLICK SIDE WALK. HE LOOKS LIKE A GIANT BIRD. THEN, HE THRUSTS HIMSELF AGAINST THE MAILBOX AND THE DONUT HUNK GOES FLYING OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

MIKE

(TO THE DONUT) So much for putting
aside our differences!

A PANICKED SCREAM CUTS THE AIR AGAIN! MIKE NOW REALIZES THAT IT'S SOMEBODY IN TROUBLE. HE BEGINS RUNNING TOWARDS THE SOUND...

EXT. ALLEY WAY - SAME TIME

MIKE TURNS THE CORNER AND SEES AN OLDER GYPSY WOMAN BEING ROBBED. SHE'S CLAD IN PURPLE GARMENTS AND GOLD NECKLACES AND JEWELS. THE ROBBER AND THE GYPSY TUG AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF A LEATHER BAG.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Ay, who's robbing who here!

GYPSY
What do you think!?

ROBBER
Yeah, what do you think!

MIKE
Well, cut it out!

MIKE DROPS THE DONUT BOXES AND PULLS OUT A GUN.

MIKE
Put your hands in the air, slime
ball!

THE ROBBER HAS A DIFFERENT AGENDA. HE YANKS THE LEATHER BAG AWAY AND RUNS TOWARDS MIKE. HE KNOCKS MIKE OUT OF THE WAY AND ALTHOUGH MIKE DOESN'T FALL OVER, HE DOES TOPPLE BACK INTO THE BRICK WALL. THEN HE GIVES CHASE!

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - SAME TIME

THE ROBBER HARDLY EXERTS ENERGY AS HE OUT RUNS MIKE. MIKE, HOWEVER, IS GIVING IT HIS ALL BUT SOON, ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, HE COMES TO A WHEEZING, PANTING STOP. HE GASPS FOR AIR. HE STARTS CLAWING AT HIS CHEST. THEN HIS HEART.

MIKE
Ah! I'm having a - I'm having
a heart attack! This is the worst
feeling. Was it the Boston Cream?
Oh God it was the Boston Cream.

THE GYPSY WOMAN CATCHES UP WITH THE BIG MAN.

GYPSY
Are you sure it wasn't everything
before it?

MIKE
I'm sorry...the guy got away. Don't
tell my wife it was this... Tell

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)
her I died in a cool warehouse
explosion.

MIKE GOES DOWN HARD ONTO THE SIDEWALK. FIRST HE'S SUPINE ON HIS BACK, THEN HIS FEET SHOOT UP LIKE A CARTOON.

CUT TO:

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ACT 1

SCENE B

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

MIKE IS IN A HOSPITAL BED. HE COMES TO SLOWLY. THE ROOM IS WHITE AND STARK. MOLLY IS SITTING AGAINST THE WALL CLUTCHING HER PURSE.

MOLLY
Hey there, Rambo.

MIKE
More like Jumbo.

MOLLY
You always said that if you died
it'd be in an awesome badass
explosion.

MIKE
Well technically my heart exploded
so...

HE SEES THAT MOLLY IS NOT AMUSED. ANGLE ON: MIKE, DURING;

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Molly. Molly I'm so sorry.
I know I must have scared you good.
I let you down and I let the badge
down. And I let that woman down.
And I know this cannot happen
anymore.

ANGLE ON: MOLLY, DURING;

MIKE (CONT'D)
Molly, this won't happen again.

MOLLY STARTS CRYING.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Molly, this won't happen agi-

MOLLY INTERRUPTS HIM.

MOLLY
It *can't* happen again. It can't.
You can't leave me alone.

A BEAT. THEY CRY A BIT. THEN TRYING FOR COMEDIC RELIEF:

MOLLY
You can only die if I'm in that
fiery explosion too. And it's at
the top of a skyscraper.

MIKE
Like Die Hard.

MOLLY
Like Die Hard.

CARL ENTERS THE HOSPITAL ROOM.

CARL
Hey there, Columbo.

MOLLY
More like Co-Jumbo.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Damn, look at her.

MIKE
I already said that joke. Hey Carl.

CARL
I was worried I lost a partner.

MIKE
No. No. I'm still here.

MOLLY
I'll give you boys a moment.

MOLLY GATHERS HER STUFF AND LEAVES.

MIKE
I'm sorry, Carl.

CARL
Look. There's talk around the
station saying you're not fit for
duty anymore.

MIKE
What?

CARL
Mike. I'm forced to agree with
them. You made like eight feet
before you went down.

MIKE
Donald from 'Evidence' is in a
freaking wheel chair.

CARL
That's why he's in Evidence, man.

MIKE
So I'm off the patrol.

CARL
Yeah. Just off the streets until
you lose a couple of pounds.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Well. I'm upset but I understand.

CARL NODS HIS HEAD. HE TURNS FOR THE DOOR.

MIKE

Carl?

CARL

Yeah?

MIKE

I think I'm going to find that
Gypsy woman that got robbed.

CARL

Why?

MIKE

I let the badge down. I let Molly
down. And a citizen of Chicago. I
think it's something my old man
would want me to do.

CARL

I knew you were a glutton, but
not for punishment. You think
she wants to see you?

MIKE

I wouldn't feel right if I didn't
try.

CARL

Mike.

MIKE

Yeah?

CARL

What was it like?

A BEAT. MIKE THINKS HARD FOR A MOMENT.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
It felt like that split second
right before losing a Super Bowl.

DISSOLVE TO:

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ACT 1

SCENE C

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MOLLY SITS ON THE SOFA WITH VICTORIA. IT APPEARS SHE HAD JUST FINISHED CRYING. TISSUES COVER THE AREA. SHE'S CLEARLY FRAZZLED.

MOLLY
It's just scary. It's scary.

VICTORIA
I know, sweetie, I know.

MOLLY
He's always been the one that
has earnestly tried to lose weight.
I've always been the care-free one
and now look. I can't help but feel
a little bit responsible.

VICTORIA
It's not like you were force
feeding him.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
I know. I know. But can I confess something?

VICTORIA
Oh boy. I was about to go get high if I'm being honest.

MOLLY
Victoria, please.

VICTORIA
What's wrong?

MOLLY
I hate my body. I hate it more than anything.

A BEAT.

VICTORIA
Are you sure you don't want to get high?

MOLLY
Victoria, I'm serious.

VICTORIA
I know, it's just really heavy.

MOLLY
That's my problem.

A BEAT.

MOLLY
I've always "loved my curves" in front of Mike and in front of you guys but the truth is I hate them. I just fake like it because...

ANGLE ON: MOLLY, DURING;

MOLLY (CONT'D)
... I don't know. I'm in denial. I hate the way I walk. I hate the way

(CONTINUED)

I get tired climbing the stairs.
But I promise I'm not weak, Vicky.
I always thought that if I stayed
positive then Mike wouldn't be too
hard on himself about *his* weight.
But now.. (SHE STARTS TEARING UP)
It doesn't matter how I act because
we can die any minute.

MOLLY STARTS CRYING.

VICTORIA
Oh, Molly. It won't be just *any*
minute. It'd probably be while
you're yelling, or exercising,
or trying to have sex.

MOLLY
We haven't made love in months.

VICTORIA
But have you had sex?

MOLLY
No. I'm disgusted with myself.

VICTORIA
So? I'm disgusted almost every
time I have sex.

MOLLY
Victoria, seriously.

VICTORIA
Jeez, how long have you felt
this way?

MOLLY
For months now. Christ. Who knows?
After long enough the feeling isn't

(CONTINUED)

new and surprising anymore. My
self loathing just rolls from one
day into the next. And I hide it
with a smile.

VICTORIA
Oh come on. That's some
depressing stuff to drop.
You have a great life. A man that
loves you. A family that loves you.
A fine job.

MOLLY
I'm a failed writer. And
I'm with a man that can't run half
a yard without having a heart
attack.

VICTORIA
You're just as bad, Molly!

MOLLY
I know! I know that! It doesn't
make it much better.

MOLLY STANDS UP AND HEADS FOR THE KITCHEN. VICTORIA FOLLOWS
HER INTO...

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

MOLLY ENTERS THE KITCHEN AND GOES FOR A CUPBOARD UNDER THE
SINK. SHE PULLS OUT A BOTTLE OF BOURBON. IT'S FULL.

MOLLY
I was going to pop this bad boy
when I finished my novel but who
cares? To one more day without a
cardiac arrest.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY UNCORKS THE BOTTLE OF 'WILD TURKEY' AND TAKES A LONG PULL FROM IT. SHE STARTS COUGHING AND CHOKING.

MOLLY
Oh God, I forgot I hate bourbon.

VICTORIA
Why did you buy it then?

MOLLY
I thought its what you do when
you finish a book.

VICTORIA
Maybe that's why
I struggled in school.

MOLLY TAKES OUT TWO CUTE LOOKING MUGS FROM THE SINK. ONE HAS A KITTY CAT ON IT AND THE OTHER SAYS 'NO.1 TEACHER'. SHE POURS BOURBON INTO BOTH AND HANDS A MUG TO VICTORIA.

VICTORIA
Well, I guess sisters that drink
together stay together.

MOLLY
Our bond is no match for the cold
grip of death.

VICTORIA SPITS OUT SOME OF THE DRINK.

VICTORIA
Jesus Molly! Why would you say
that?

MOLLY
Hey, this Wild Turkey is expensive.
Besides, I always thought you
preferred swallowing.

VICTORIA PUTS DOWN THE MUG. SHE DOES NOT LIKE THIS SIDE OF MOLLY.

VICTORIA
What has gotten into you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTORIA (cont'd)
This is pathetic.

MOLLY
So you're not going to accept a
free drink?

VICTORIA
I didn't say that.

VICTORIA FINISHES THE MUG AND SO DOES MOLLY. MOLLY REFILLS THEM.

MOLLY
I *do* love him. I really do.

VICTORIA
Then what's the problem?

MOLLY
I don't love myself. And with his
heart attack it just kind of put
a magnifying glass up to me and
my situation. Does that make sense?

VICTORIA
It sounds like you've somehow made
Mike's heart attack about yourself.

MOLLY
I'm a writer. It's what we do.

VICTORIA
No. You're not a writer. You're
just selfish. A selfish little girl
that's petty and envious. And can't
even be there for someone in need.

MOLLY
Hey I was right there by his bed
his entire stay.

THE TWO SISTERS LOOK AT EACH OTHER. MOLLY LOOKS AWAY INTO HER MUG. SHE DRINKS THE WHOLE THING. VICTORIA FOLLOWS SUIT.

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE TO:

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ACT 1

SCENE D

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NOON

WE SEE A TRAILER PARK LITTERED WITH TRASH. THE GRASS HAS GROWN VERY HIGH AND WILD. A LAWN CHAIR IS TIPPED OVER. THERE IS A SMALL TRAILER WITH ODD TRINKETS AND DO-DADS HANGING FROM VARIOUS POSTS.

MIKE WALKS INTO VIEW, HESITANT. HE IS NOT IN UNIFORM. HE IS ON THE PHONE WITH CARL.

MIKE

I think I found the place. Thanks,
Carl. I owe you one. If I don't
call in an hour or so then they
shrunk my head. Bye.

MIKE HANGS UP HIS PHONE AND PUTS IT INTO HIS POCKET. HE APPROACHES THE TRAILER DOOR. HE KNOCKS ON IT.

AN OLD CRONE OF A WOMAN OPENS THE DOOR. ITS THEY_GYPSY_FROM THE NIGHT OF THE INCIDENT.

GYPSY

Oh look who it is. You're not dead?
Last time I saw you, you looked
like my son's fish.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Hi, ma'am. No, no I'm not dead.

In fact that's what I came to talk
about.

GYPSY

Ah, I see. Come in, come in.

INT. GYPSY TRAILER HOME - SAME TIME

MIKE FOLLOWS THE OLD GYPSY WOMAN INTO HER TRAILER. IT LOOKS
LIKE AN EASTERN EUROPEAN BAZAAR. IT'S SMALL AND CRAMPED.
SOME LIVE CHICKENS CLUCK FROM A TIGHT CAGE. MIKE LOOKS
COMICALLY OVER SIZED FOR THE TINY SPACE.

THE GYPSY GOES AND SITS DOWN AT A SMALL TABLE. MIKE TRIES TO
AS WELL AND THE TABLE TILTS FROM HIS STOMACH. HE'S
EMBARRASSED.

GYPSY

What did you come for, Officer?

MIKE

I, uh... I wanted to apologize.

I let that burglar get away and I'm
just mortified, really.

GYPSY

What exactly happened?

MIKE

I had a heart attack, ma'am. And
I just came here to say I'm sorry
and that I'm not a proper
representation of Chicago's
police department. I let you
down and I let my city down.

A BEAT. THE GYPSY LOOKS LIKE SHE'S CONTEMPLATING SOMETHING.

GYPSY

I lost something quite valuable,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GYPSY (cont'd)
Officer. My chances of being repaid
are no longer. He is gone.

MIKE
I know. I know.

GYPSY
I have eight sons. And I care for
them very deeply.

MIKE
Where are they now?

GYPSY
Oh, out hunting pigeons and
squirrels for dinner.

MIKE
Hm.

GYPSY
Do you have a family?

MIKE
I have a wife, yeah.

MIKE FISHES OUT HIS WALLET AND SHOWS THE GYPSY LADY A
PICTURE OF MOLLY.

GYPSY
Ah. I see. She's very big. Like
you. Very unhealthy.

MIKE
Yeah.. we met an Over Eaters
Anonymous. I like to think it's
our bond. Well, one of our bonds.
She's really great, ma'am. Really.

GYPSY
Do you love this lady?

MIKE
Yeah of course.

(CONTINUED)

GYPSY

Does she love you?

MIKE

Of course. Of course she does.

I mean. (HE HESITATES) Yeah.

Of course she does.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. DESPITE HER SHRUNKEN, OLD APPEARANCE HE STILL IS DWARFED BY HER.

GYPSY

You are here for punishment, no?

MIKE

What?

(cont'd)

Punishment. You are here for punishment. You didn't have to come and find me, but you did. It shows honor. And discipline.

MIKE

Kinda like one of those cool samurais, right?

GYPSY

Let's not get carried away.

MIKE

Sorry.

GYPSY

But it is admirable. So I will offer you something.

MIKE

Is it gas money for coming all the way out here?

(CONTINUED)

GYPSY

No, no, we people do not deal with that money. I can give you a chicken?

MIKE

I don't think my Dodge runs on chickens, but thank you.

GYPSY

Fine, but I will offer this. A chance to redeem yourself.

MIKE

I'm listening.

GYPSY

I'm an old woman. I have no need for your favors. But, to fulfill this personal need you have, this internal void, I will give you a chance to help the one you love.

MIKE

Molly?

GYPSY

Yes. Molly. Redeem yourself in helping her and punishing yourself.

MIKE SITS THERE. HE CONTEMPLATES THIS.

MIKE

Okay. How?

GYPSY

How do you feel about your body?

MIKE

I- uh- you know, I hate it.

(CONTINUED)

GYPSY

How do you feel about your wife's?

MIKE

Oh jeez. Look I don't know what you're getting at. I'm not going to sit here and start trashing Molly. I love that woman and - and -

GYPSY

How do you feel about your wife's body?

MIKE

I love Molly. I love her wholly. But I think she'd be happier if- if she were thinner, maybe. But it's not like we haven't been trying, ma'am. Lord knows. We've gone to the Moon and back with diets and stuff and... Yeah. Yeah I guess she'd be happier if she were skinny. And I'd be happier if she was happier.

GYPSY

You are one of the purest men I've ever encountered.

MIKE

I'm just trying to serve and be honorable I suppose.

THE GYPSY WOMAN STANDS UP AND SLOWLY HEADS TO THE END OF THE TRAILER. MIKE WATCHES HER PASS BY. SHE STARTS DIGGING AROUND IN VARIOUS GUNNY SACKS AND SMALL BOXES. TRINKETS AND DO-DADS FALL TO THE FLOOR.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE LOOKS AROUND THE TRAILER. HE LOOKS AT CHICKEN IN A CAGE. THE CAGE IS FAR TOO SMALL FOR THE CHICKEN. IT LOOKS TRAPPED AND FORLORN.

THE GYPSY RETURNS TO WHERE MIKE IS SEATED.

SHE IS HOLDING A SMALL VELVET GUNNY SACK.

GYPSY
Tonight, before you eat, sprinkle
this into Molly's meal.

THE GYPSY HANDS MIKE THE GUNNY SACK.

MIKE
Okay... I'm guessing it's not
Parmesan cheese.

GYPSY
And for you, Officer.

THE GYPSY GOES TO A SMALL BOX. SHE TAKES OUT A JAR WITH A LARGE SLUG IN IT.

GYPSY
Consume this before you go to bed.

MIKE
Oh jeez, lady, what is that?

GYPSY
It is a Bog Slug. They eat
near everything in sight and grow
to immense sizes.

MIKE
Where is there a Bog in Chicago?

GYPSY
Who says I got it from here?

MIKE
Well then where?

GYPSY
What difference does it make? I
move around. I have a Bog Slug now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GYPSY (cont'd)
It's hardly the strangest thing in
here. I have Crow teeth too.

MIKE
Crows have teeth?!

GYPSY
Forget the Crow, Officer. You must
eat this Bog Slug before you sleep.

MIKE
So... So what's the end goal here?
What's gonna happen?

ANGLE ON: GYPSY, DURING;

GYPSY
When the sun rises, Officer, your
beloved wife will be free from her
excess weight. You, however, will
now carry her burden forever and
always. No matter what she eats, it
will go to you. No matter what you
do, a pound will never decrease.
Only gain. You will only gain.

MIKE
Until?

GYPSY
Until what?

ANGLE ON: MIKE, DURING;

MIKE
Until I learn my lesson? Until I
die? Until what? Or am I just
expected to fatten until I explode?

(CONTINUED)

GYPSY
Officer. This body of yours is a cage. It means nothing. Your spirit is that of a Savior's. What do your mortal fleshy coils matter if your spirit is devoted to the betterment of others? Is that not what's most important?

A BEAT.

GYPSY
Here, Officer. Take these and go on your way. Think it over. You will make the best choice. Of that I am sure.

THE GYPSY STANDS UP. SO DOES MIKE. SHE USHERS HIM OUT OF THE TRAILER.

GYPSY
And here. Take the Chicken with you. I saw how you two looked at each other. Perhaps you'll find his company soothing.

THE GYPSY HANDS MIKE THE METAL CAGE WITH THE CHICKEN INSIDE IT. SHE WALKS HIM OUT...

EXT. TRAILER PARK - SAME TIME

MIKE WALKS OUT OF THE TRAILER ONTO THE OVER GROWN GRASS. HE'S HOLDING THE CHICKEN CAGE. THE SLUG JAR AND GUNNY SACK REST ON TOP OF IT. HE TURNS TO THE GYPSY WHO IS STILL STANDING IN THE DOOR FRAME.

GYPSY
Seek not redemption for the flesh,
Officer. For with your hero's

(CONTINUED)

spirit you can save many.

THE GYPSY CLOSES THE DOOR.

SOMETHING HAS CHANGED. THERE IS ELECTRICITY IN THE AIR. A DEEP STORM IS COMING. AN OVERCAST SKY MAKES THE TRAILER PARK SEEM GRAY AND DESOLATE.

THE VERY TRAILER BEHIND HIM DOESN'T EVEN SOUND OCCUPIED. HE CANNOT EVEN HEAR THE GYPSY INSIDE IT.

MIKE HEADS FOR HIS CAR.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S CAR - SAME TIME

MIKE SITS IN HIS CAR. A HEAVY RAIN BEGINS TO COME DOWN. HIS CAR ISN'T MOVING. HE'S STILL PARKED AT THE END OF THE TRAILER PARK.

HE HOLDS THE GUNNY SACK AND THE JAR AND EXAMINES THEM CLOSELY.

HE'S OBVIOUSLY THINKING THINGS OVER. WHETHER HE SHOULD DO IT OR NOT, AND WHETHER THE GYPSY WAS FULL OF CRAP OR NOT.

HE THINKS LONG AND HARD ABOUT HIS BODY AND ABOUT WHAT WOULD MAKE MOLLY THE HAPPIEST. THE RAIN PELTS THE CAR. THE SOUND IS LOUD. THERE IS A CRACK OF THUNDER.

HE IS READY TO SPIRITUALLY LEAVE HIS FLESHY CAGE AND BE THE SAVIOR PEOPLE NEED.

DISSOLVE TO:

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ACT 1

SCENE E

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

MIKE IS COOKING AT THE STOVE. THERE IS A POT WITH SOUP IN IT. HE'S STIRRING IT OCCASIONALLY. HE TURNS FROM THE STOVE AND STARTS PREPARING A SALAD AS WELL.

HE BENDS DOWN LOOKING FOR COOKING SUPPLIES AND FINDS THE BOURBON BOTTLE, NEAR EMPTY.

HE OPENS IT UP AND FINISHES IT OFF.

MIKE

Oh, God, I forgot I hate bourbon!

HE TOSSES THE BOTTLE INTO THE TRASH.

MIKE

Molly! Dinner will be ready in
a couple minutes!

MOLLY ENTERS THE KITCHEN.

MOLLY

Honey, don't yell. You can't
get your heart going again.

MIKE

I've been out of the hospital a
couple of days now. I can't be
afraid forever.

MOLLY

Where were you today anyway? You
never work on Sundays.

MIKE

I took a drive to see some friends
and people. So did you finish that
novel or just that Wild Turkey?

MOLLY

Honestly, I think the Wild Turkey
finished me. Oh I'm sorry, honey.
I can't be day drinking like a

(CONTINUED)

college girl. I guess just me and Victoria were worried back when you were still in the hospital.

MIKE

Ah it's okay. And, hey, don't worry. Everything is going to be okay from here on out.

MIKE HOLDS MOLLY. HE KISSES HER. A GLIMMER OF PASSION WASHES OVER MOLLY'S FACE. PERHAPS SHE LOVES HIM LIKE SHE USED TO. SHE KISSES HIM AND RESTS HER HEAD ON HIS CHEST.

MOLLY

I can barely hear your heart.

MIKE

Yours can beat for both us.

A BEAT.

MIKE

Go wash up, Molly. I'll set the table.

MOLLY

Okay.

MOLLY LEAVES THE KITCHEN. WHEN MOLLY LEAVES MIKE OPENS A SMALL DRAWER AND TAKES OUT THE GUNNY SACK. HE LADLES SOME SOUP INTO A LARGE BOWL AND PLACES THE BOWL ON THE COUNTER. HE OPENS UP THE GUNNY SACK AND SMELLS THE POWDER. HE SNEEZES INTO IT AND A LARGE TUFT OF POWDER SHOOTS UP AND COVERS HIS FACE AND GETS INTO HIS EYES.

MIKE

Oh Lord, what is this glass and peppers?

MIKE SETS THE GUNNY SACK DOWN AND RUNS TO THE SINK. HE VIGOROUSLY WASHES OUT HIS EYES.

HE CAN HEAR MOLLY COMING BACK SO HE QUICKLY RETURNS TO THE SACK. HE DIPS HIS HAND INTO THE SACK AND SPRINKLES THE WHITE POWDER INTO THE SOUP. HE THEN STIRS IT IN AND SETS IT ON THE TABLE. MIKE TIES UP THE SACK AND TOSSES IT UNDER THE SINK. MOLLY WALKS IN JUST MISSING IT.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
Honey, your eyes. Have you been
crying?

MIKE
Er... I think the soup may be
a masterpiece.

MOLLY
Alright, Ratatouille. Lets eat.

MIKE SITS DOWN ACROSS FROM HER WITH HIS OWN BOWL OF SOUP. HE
LOOKS AT IT LONG AND HARD AND LOOKS AT MOLLY. HE REACHES
OVER AND GRABS HER HAND.

MIKE
Molly, I love you more than
anything.

MOLLY LOOKS LIKE SHE'S KEEPING A SECRET. LIKE SHE'S ASHAMED.

MOLLY
I love you too, Mike.

SHE EATS THE SOUP. THEY CONTINUE EATING AS WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATE NIGHT

MIKE COMES OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR IN HIS PAJAMAS. HE HOLLERS
INTO THE HOUSE.

MIKE
I'm just getting something from
my car! I'll be right up, honey!

MIKE HEADS DOWN THE FRONT STEPS TO HIS CAR. HE OPENS THE CAR
AND REACHES INTO THE BACK SEAT. HE GRABS THE SLUG JAR AND
THE CHICKEN.

HE SQUATS DOWN AND RELEASES THE CHICKEN.

MIKE
I don't know why that lady
gave you to me, Chicken pal,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)
but you're free to roam the
Chicago suburbs.

MIKE RELEASES THE CHICKEN FROM THE TIGHT CAGE. IT LOOKS
CONFUSED AND SCARED SITTING THERE ON THE DRIVEWAY. HE THEN
OPENS UP THE JAR AND TAKES OUT THE SLUG.

MIKE
I hope this thing isn't poison,
little buddy. But you didn't run
away so you're trying first.

MIKE TAKES OUT THE SLUG AND DANGLES IT FRONT OF THE CHICKEN.
THE CHICKEN, CONFUSED, BITES AT IT AND KEEPS BITING AND
EATING BITS OF IT.

MIKE
Are you gonna die?

THE CHICKEN LOOKS AT HIM.

MIKE
Okay. Guess not. Down the hatch.

MIKE EATS THE SLUG.

HE THEN GETS UP AND HEADS BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

MIKE CLOSSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. HE GRABS HIS STOMACH. HE
BURPS. HE GROANS.

MIKE
Oh boy. That was worse than
escargot.

HE DOUBLES OVER AND CLUTCHES HIS STOMACH. HE PLOPS DOWN ON
THE COUCH.

MIKE
Incredible... This is giving
a whole new meaning to the phrase
eating your feelings.

MIKE PASSES OUT ON THE COUCH.

(CONTINUED)

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

SCENE F

FADE IN:

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A SUNNY MORNING. WE SEE THE SUNLIGHT SHINE THROUGH THE WINDOWS. IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S A WONDERFUL START TO A WONDERFUL DAY. UNTIL WE HEAR A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM COME FROM UPSTAIRS. IT'S MOLLY.

MOLLY (O.S.)

MIKE!!! MIKE!!! MIKE!!! Something's

happened, Mike!!!

MOLLY RUNS DOWN THE STAIRS. SHE IS NOW THIN. VERY THIN. GORGEOUS AS ALWAYS BUT SHE RUNS DOWN THE STEPS AND HER BATHROBE BILLOWS BEHIND HER LIKE A CAPE. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME SHE IS NOT WINDED IN HER DESCENT. SHE CAN'T BE MORE THAN 140 LBS.

BUT AS SHE FINISHES THE DESCENT SHE ONLY SEES THE BACK OF MIKE'S HEAD.

SHE APPROACHES THE COUCH AND THE HORROR IS REVEALED TO HER.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE IS NOW LARGER THAN LIFE. HE'S JUST TAPPING 600 LBS EASILY. IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT, INDEED, THE GYPSY WAS RIGHT. HE IS CARRYING MOLLY'S EXCESS WEIGHT.

MOLLY

Mike! Mike look at me! And and
look at you! Look at us! What's
happened!?

MIKE

You're free from your burden,
baby. You're free to live and
be loved...

MIKE GURGLES AND SPITS UP A LITTLE. THE WHITE SPIT UP DRIBBLES DOWN HIS NUMEROUS CHINS.

MOLLY

What are you talking about, Mike?

MIKE

I'm a... a savior, Molly.

MOLLY

You look like Jabba the Hutt.

MIKE

The fleshy temple no longer holds
me down. I'm no longer a slave
to my body. Now, can you turn
my head to you - I want to see
my beautiful wife.

MOLLY

You need me to help you turn your
own head?

MIKE

Yeah but be careful grabbing my
cheeks, my jowls can give me
whiplash.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY JUST WALKS IN FRONT OF HIM. SHE TURNS. IT'S EQUALLY FOR HERSELF AS IT IS FOR HIM.

BOTH OF THEM START GETTING EMOTIONAL.

MIKE

Molly. You're so beautiful. I mean, well, you've always been beautiful but now you look so happy. You're glowing.

MOLLY STARTS CRYING TEARS OF GRATITUDE AND GUILT.

MIKE

No, no, Molly, no, why are you crying?

MOLLY

I'm so confused. I'm so confused. I can't. I just can't process all this right now.

SHE RUNS OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

MIKE

Molly! Molly!

WE HEAR MOLLY SCREAM FROM OUTSIDE.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SAME TIME

MOLLY IS FACE TO FACE WITH THAT CHICKEN FROM LAST NIGHT. IT'S SITTING THERE IN THE DRIVE WAY AND IT'S EASILY THE SIZE OF A VOLKS WAGON BUGGY. IT'S SMALL HEAD LOOKS ABSURD COMPARED TO IT'S MASSIVE BODY. IT SWIVELS AROUND, JUST AS CONFUSED AND SCARED AS BEFORE.

MOLLY TURNS AROUND AND RUNS BACK INSIDE.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

MOLLY

Why is there a humongous chicken outside?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Oh! I forgot about that guy! Is he okay?

MOLLY

He's the size of a Buick.

MIKE

Hey, he's been through a lot, okay?

MOLLY

Mike, I need to know what the heck is going on. I need to know right now.

ANGLE ON: MIKE, DURING;

MIKE

Okay, okay. Look. I went to visit the gypsy woman to apologize for having a heart attack on her. She told me that I had the soul of a savior and if that if I wanted to be forgiven and redeem myself I could do this. Now... well... now no matter how much you eat the weight will go to me... and I guess Mr. Cluckers out there too.

MOLLY IS UNDERSTANDABLY DISTRAUGHT. HER WORLD HAS BEEN RIPPED FROM UNDER HER FEET IN THE BEST/WORST WAY IMAGINABLE.

MOLLY

How could you do this to yourself?

MIKE

My physical self is only temporary. Buddha was this big, you know. I'm shooting for Nirvana, baby.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
(THROUGH TEARS) I think Nirvana
already shot for Nirvana.

MOLLY STARTS LAUGHING AT HER OWN GRIM JOKE, WIPING THE TEARS
FROM HER EYES. MIKE STARTS CHORTLING TOO, A LOW DEEP LAUGH
FROM DEEP INSIDE HIS GIRTH. BUT THEN MOLLY SNAPS BACK TO
REALITY.

MOLLY
Mike, why in the world would you
do this?

MIKE
I'm a Jesus figure, Molly, a Jesus
figure.

MOLLY
I don't think Jesus was that
figure.

MIKE
My fleshy limits cannot contain
my true soul. Now go. Be free! Go
run and frolic and I don't know,
not get that tired.

MOLLY
Run and frolic?

MIKE
Yeah. Go run and frolic.

MOLLY
Mike, how am I supposed to
live with myself? With you
like this and me like... this.

MIKE
Honey... I just wanted you to be
happy. Actually happy. With
yourself too. and now I'm letting

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)
you. Go on now, missy. Go have fun.
Show it off. I'll be right here.
I can promise you that.

MOLLY LOOKS AT MIKE. SHE SLOWLY BACKS AWAY FROM HIM. SHE IS A MIXTURE OF GUILT AND GRATITUDE AND FEAR AND PRIDE. SHE GOES TO THE DOOR.

MOLLY
I'm going to go out and give this a
spin, okay?

MIKE
That's all I ever wanted.

MOLLY WALKS OUT OF THE HOUSE.

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE OF:

- A PAPER BOY THROWING A PAPER AND SHE GRABS IT AND THROWS IT BACK JOVIALY BUT THE KID'S OBVIOUSLY ANNOYED BECAUSE THE PAPER BELONGED THERE.
- MOLLY BUYING PANTS THAT FIT, SHOWING OFF FOR NOBODY IN PARTICULAR. SHE DOES FINGER GUNS TO THE SALES CLERK. HE LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE.
- MOLLY TRYING ON A BIKINI AND THEN ACCIDENTALLY WALKING OUT OF THE STORE WITH IT ON, THEN BREAKING INTO A SPRINT AWAY FROM THE PEOPLE.
- MOLLY JUMPING INTO A GAME OF DOUBLE DUTCH (WITH HER BIKINI ON) BUT SHE CAN'T EVEN DOUBLE DUTCH THAT WELL SO SHE JUST RUINS THE FUN.
- MOLLY AT A MOVIE THEATER AND SHE'S LIFTING UP THE CHAIR ARMS UP AND DOWN LIKE IT'S A GAME. THE GUY NEXT TO HER NOTICES, HE'S WEIRDED OUT BY HER.
- MOLLY WALKING DOWN THE ROAD WHERE SHE SEES A BUFFET.
- MOLLY RIDING A BIKE
- MOLLY EATING AT A DIFFERENT BUFFET

(CONTINUED)

- JOYCE GRABBING HER BAGS AND LEAVING THE HOUSE. MOLLY IS YELLING SOMETHING AT HER. JOYCE IS YELLING BACK IN CONFUSION WITH THE SITUATION. JOYCE GETS INTO VINCE'S CAR. THEY DRIVE OFF.
- MOLLY PLAYING VOLLEYBALL WITH BEACH KIDS, VERY TOP GUN
- MOLLY AT ANOTHER BUFFET
- VICTORIA, BAGS PACKED, LEAVING OUT OF DISGUST. AGAIN, MOLLY IS YELLING SOMETHING. VICTORIA LOOKS SCARED. A BAG OF WEED FALLS FROM HER PURSE AND LANDS NEAR THE PORCH.
- MOLLY CHASES THE CAR DOWN BUT SHE STOPS AND SHAKES HER HEAD MAD
- MOLLY SEES A DIFFERENT BUFFET

FADE TO: BLACK

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- SUBTITLE: "5 Weeks Later"

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ACT 2

SCENE G

INT. BREAKFAST BUFFET - MORNING

WE SEE A LONG, LONG TABLE COVERED WITH A PILE OF PLATES AND DISHES. IT SEEMS THAT ALTHOUGH MOLLY HAS LOST HER WEIGHT, HER APPETITE HAS TRIPLED. SHE IS SITTING AT THE END OF THE TABLE JUST RIPPING INTO THE FOOD. SHE'S PUTTING THAT STUFF AWAY. EVERYONE IS WATCHING SORT OF GROSSED OUT AND SURPRISED THAT SUCH A PETITE GIRL CAN BE DOING SUCH DAMAGE TO THE BUFFET.

FOR A MOMENT, MOLLY STOPS. SHE LOOKS AROUND THE BUFFET. ALL AROUND HER ARE OBVIOUS OVER EATERS. SHE SEES HERSELF IN THEM.

SHE LOOKS AT HER NEW BODY. SHE GRABS AT HER FLAT STOMACH. SHE KEEPS EATING.

(CONTINUED)

FADE TO: BLACK

"Five More Weeks Later"

INT. ASIAN BUFFET - NOON

MORE OF THE SAME. MOLLY IS EATING AN ENTIRE TABLE'S WORTH OF FOOD ALL FOR HERSELF. SHE LOOKS UP AT ALL OF THE OVER EATERS AND SHE EXAMINES HER OWN SITUATION. SHE TRIES TO IGNORE THEM AND KEEP EATING BUT SHE CAN'T MANAGE IT.

SHE LEAVES.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MOLLY ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM AND THERE IS STILL MIKE ONLY NOW HE'S ABOUT TWICE THE SIZE OF THE ENTIRE SOFA, HIS MEAT AND FAT LAP OVER THE EDGES. HIS FACE IS LOST IN HIS GIRTH. HIS SKIN AND CLOTHES HAVE RIPPED FROM HIS SWELLING AND HE SEEMS TO BE A FLESHY MASS OF SHAPELESS FAT. THE COUCH IS BARELY VISIBLE BENEATH HIM

MOLLY

Mike? Mike, how are you feeling today?

MIKE

Oh God... awful, Molly. Just awful. Did you go to another buffet?

MOLLY

I didn't know you could feel that! I was just hungry! Hungrier than I'd ever been.

MIKE

Jesus, you've been "hungrier than you've ever been" for months now. You're ruining me. I can feel it just piling into me. Oh my God. I think I'm going to be sick.

(CONTINUED)

SUDDENLY, MIKE ERUPTS. HE STARTS PROJECTILE VOMITING WITH THE FORCE OF MR. CREOSOTE IN THAT INFAMOUS MONTY PYTHON SKETCH. HE PUKES WITH THE FORCE OF A HOSE AND IT JUST COVERS THE ENTIRE DECOR OF THE ROOM. THE WALLS, THE FURNITURE, EVEN MOLLY.

MOLLY

Oh God, Mike. This again?

HE KEEPS PUKING LIKE A HOSE. MOLLY REACHES BEHIND THE SOFA AND GRABS A BUCKET. MIKE'S PUKE RINGS IN THE METAL PAIL BUT HIS AIM ISN'T TRUE AND IT JUST KEEPS GOING EVERYWHERE.

SOON HE SLOWS DOWN TO A SLIGHT SPUTTER OF PUKE LIKE A BROKEN FAUCET.

MOLLY PUTS DOWN THE PAIL.

MOLLY

Mike, I've been thinking.

MIKE

Okay.

MOLLY

This is freaking nuts. You know that right? I still keep expecting to wake up.

MIKE

Honey, it's real. It's all real.

MOLLY

Well... listen to what I've been thinking. I was just at the buffet again and -

MIKE PROJECTILE VOMITS WITH THE QUICKNESS OF A COBRA SPITTING VENOM.

(cont'd)

- and I saw a lot of over eaters.
I saw them and... and I just
felt so bad that I had such an easy
way out but they're there still

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

struggling. You know?

MIKE

What are you getting at?

MOLLY

Well, Jesus didn't just save one person.

MIKE

Oh my God, Molly are you joking right now? You're skinny for a few weeks and now you pity all of us Over Eaters?

MOLLY

Mike, it's not like that! It's more like... think of all the good you could be doing. Taking on their weight too.

MIKE

Molly, I'm already reaching 800 pounds. I mean look at me! I'm ginormous. Soon you wouldn't be able to see the living room floor. And I can't much spill into the kitchen, Mr. Cluckers has that area occupied.

MOLLY

I'm just saying, Mike. We can turn this situation into a positive.

MIKE

It was already supposed to be a positive! But you're taking

(CONTINUED)

advantage of this! You're supposed to, hell, I don't know, try the thin lifestyle. Not double your weight on me!

MOLLY
Hey don't put this on me! I didn't ask for this! You did it yourself, Mister 'I have a savior's soul'.

MIKE
I do, Molly, I do! I'm Jesus here, you know that? Saving you! But you're Judas! A scrawny little Judas!

MOLLY
Take that back!

MIKE VOMITS AT HER.

MOLLY
Mike, can't you see there's no going back? It's only more and more and more. Help more. Do more.

MIKE THINKS FOR A MOMENT.

MIKE
Do you think they'll be happier?

A MOMENT OF REAL EMOTION...

MOLLY
Mike, you saw how happy I was. You can do it for all the Over Eater's out there. And maybe some of them will not take advantage of it.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Yeah, right.

MOLLY
We won't tell them about the magic.

MIKE
Do more, help more?

MOLLY
Do more, help more.

MIKE VOMITS AT MOLLY. SHE DOESN'T SEEM FAZED.

MIKE
The powders in the kitchen.

Under the sink.

MOLLY WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN AND...

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

...INSIDE IS THE COLOSSAL MR. CLUCKERS. HE'S A BEHEMOTH OF A CHICKEN AND HE'S TAKING UP LIKE 80% OF THE KITCHEN. YOU CAN BARELY SEE THE CRUSHED TABLE UNDERNEATH HIS FEATHERY GIRTH. HIS HEAD SWAYS LIKE A GIANT FLAG AND HIS BEAK CUTS THE AIR LIKE A GUILLOTINE.

MOLLY JUMPS BACK AND IS TERRIFIED.

MOLLY
Jesus! How did you even get

in here?

MR. CLUCKERS LOOKS BACK CONFUSED.

MOLLY
You're weirding me out,

you know that?

MIKE (O.S.)
You're the one talking to a

chicken!

MOLLY TURNS TO UNDER THE SINK AND STARTS RUMMAGING AROUND. SHE TAKES OUT THE GUNNY SACK AND SETS IT ON THE TABLE. SHE LOOKS AT THE CHICKEN AND THEN OPENS THE BAG AND SNIFFS IT.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
How'd I not taste this? Is Mike's
cooking that bad?

MIKE (O.S.)
What was that, honey?

MOLLY
Nothing!

MOLLY RETURNS TO..

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

MOLLY PASSES IN FRONT OF MIKE.

MOLLY
Here it is, huh? This simple
little powder.

MIKE
Changed everything.

MOLLY
Yeah.

THEY LOOK AT THE GUNNY SACK. THERE'S A MOMENT OF MEDITATION.

MOLLY
Am I really going to do this?

MIKE
Go to that Golden Corral and
make me a Saint.

MOLLY
Mike, you should know something.

MIKE
What is it?

MOLLY
Before... THIS... I uh.. I wasn't
happy for a long time. With you.
With me. With everything.

MIKE WATCHES HER KNOWINGLY.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

And, well... obviously this
changed everything. You gave
me something I always wanted.
And I guess the most upsetting
thing now is that you can't even
enjoy it with me.

A BEAT.

MIKE

Go out there and make me a Saint.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUNCH BUFFET - A LITTLE LATER IN THE DAY

THE PLACE IS FILLED WITH OE'S CHOWING DOWN ON A TON OF FOOD.
MOLLY, WITH THE STEALTH OF A NINJA, SAUNTERS UP TO THE LINE
OF BUFFET FOOD. SHE KEEPS THE GUNNY SACK IN HER PURSE AND AS
SHE GRABS A PLATE AND REACHES FOR EACH SPOON/TONGS, SHE ALSO
TOSSES THE POWDER INTO EACH TUB. SHE DOES THIS THE ENTIRE
WAY DOWN THE LINE.

CARL

Molly?

MOLLY FLIPS OUT AND DROPS HER RIDICULOUSLY HIGH PLATE ON THE
GROUND.

CARL

Jeez, Molly, didn't mean to scare
ya. I hardly recognized you, holy
cow. You look incredible.

MOLLY

Oh, thanks, Carl.

CARL

Where's Mike? Where have you guys
been? It's been months and Mike
completely dropped off the face of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARL (cont'd)
the map.

MOLLY
Did you worry we were dead
or something?

CARL
More like hoping?

MOLLY
Very funny, Carl.

CARL
But for real, why hasn't Mike shown
up anywhere? He's, uh, he's been
let go. You can't just not show up
and expect to keep a job, you know?

MOLLY
Yeah, that makes plenty of sense.
To be honest, the heart attack
really did him in. In his head,
you know? He doesn't feel he's up
for cop life anymore. He's uh...
he's uh... he's a librarian now.

CARL
A librarian?

MOLLY
Yes. A librarian.

CARL
Mike? The same man that thought
the Dewey Decimal System was
created by the same guy that made
Mountain Dew?

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
Look, he turned over a new leaf,
Carl. Now I really ought to get
going.

MOLLY TRIES TO MOVE PAST CARL BUT HE STOPS HER.

CARL
But wait, Molly. What about
Victoria? And your mother? I tried
contacting them too but they
seem really distant. I mean I know
we were never close but they're
acting like they were living in a
haunted house or something.

MOLLY
Well they don't live with me
anymore and - and hang on,
you reached out to my sister and
mother? Isn't that a little
inappropriate of you?

CARL
I didn't think so, no. In fact,
it's well in my jurisdiction to
check on a friend, especially a
former partner.

MOLLY
Well he's a librarian now, so.

CARL
Right. What's going on?

MOLLY
I'm trying to leave this buffet,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY (cont'd)
Officer.

CARL
Officer? Christ, Molly. I'm Mike's
friend and I haven't seen the guy
in forever. And now you show up and
you look....

MOLLY
What?

CARL
Not like Mike.

MOLLY
Well I gotta go and get him his,
uh, library card.

CARL
A librarian needs a library card?

MOLLY
They're not above the law, and
I'd expect you to know that.

MOLLY HURRIES OUT OF THE RESTAURANT.

CARL IS LEFT BEHIND. HE IS SUSPICIOUS.

CUT TO:

-
-
-
-
-
-

ACT 2

SCENE H

INT. ABE'S HOT BEEF - NOON

CARL SITS ALONE AT A TABLE AND EATS HIS CHEESE DELUXE BURGER. HE LOOKS PERPLEXED, MULLING OVER THE ENCOUNTER WITH MOLLY.

SAMUEL COMES AND SITS ACROSS FROM HIM.

SAMUEL

Carl, what is the matter?

You haven't even touched your meal.

Are the peppers not abundant
enough?

CARL

No, no that's fine. I'm

just thinking about Mike and
how I haven't seen that guy in
forever. But I ran into Molly
today and she was thin
as a stick.

SAMUEL

Really? Did she say anything
about Officer Biggs?

CARL

Yeah. She fed me this lie about him
being a librarian. But I don't know
why she'd lie to me. It just
doesn't make sense.

CARL STILL CONTEMPLATES.

SAMUEL

Are you going to eat your burger?

CARL

Huh? No just take it.

CARL SLIDES THE PLATE ACROSS TO SAMUEL. HE DIGS IN.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL

Mmmm. Thank goodness I don't eat this stuff too often or my health insurance would go through the roof. Actually, I don't know if Abe even gives me health insurance.

SOMETHING CLICKS IN CARL'S MIND.

CARL

Wait a minute. I don't know a lot about that stuff but... do you think if.. If Mike died would Molly get the life insurance?

SAMUEL

How the heck should I know? I'm from Africa. Our form of life insurance is stopping others from robbing your body.

CARL

And then.. maybe, with that life insurance Molly could get liposuction or something.

SAMUEL

What are you suggesting?

CARL

Sammy, what if Molly killed Mike?

SAMUEL'S MOUTH DROPS OPEN AND HE STARTS SCREAMING.

CARL

Quite down, Sam, you'll make a scene. It's just a theory!

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL

I know, I just didn't realize
how hot these peppers were, wow.
You like this?

CARL

I gotta go swing by Molly's house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATE NIGHT

CARL IS ON THE PORCH AND HE'S TRYING TO LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOW. HE LOOKS AROUND THE OAK PORCH AND SEES FEATHERS EVERYWHERE.

HE SPOTS A BAGGY IN THE GRASS. HE PICKS IT UP AND EXAMINES IT.

CARL

Victoria's weed. Did she
leave in a hurry?

CARL POCKETS THE WEED. HE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. THERE'S NO SOUND. HE TRIES TO PEER THROUGH THE WINDOW AGAIN. HE CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, ALL OF THE LIGHTS ARE OFF.

CARL

Hello? This is Carl! Mike, are you
in there? I swung by your apartment
but I couldn't find you! Mike?

MOLLY (BEHIND HIM)

You should get going, Carl. There's
no one in there.

CARL SPINS AROUND. MOLLY IS STANDING IN THE DRIVEWAY.

CARL

Where is Mike?

MOLLY

I don't know, Carl. Maybe
he's at training.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Librarian training? Look,
I just want to see my friend.

MOLLY
It's too little too late.
You haven't been around for weeks.

CARL
Well I'm here now.

THE SUBURBAN NIGHT LETS THEIR WORDS HANG LOUD AND HEAVY,
BOUNCING OFF THE CONCRETE PAVEMENT AND HOUSE TOPS.

MOLLY
You should get going. I know my
rights. You need a warrant to enter
that house without my permission.

CARL
What the hell has gotten into you?
I'm not trying to police this, I'm
trying to be a friend.

MOLLY
Then leave Mike alone.

CARL LOOKS AT MOLLY. HE LOOKS AT THE DOOR. HE WALKS TO HIS
CAR.

CARL
This isn't over.

HE DRIVES AWAY.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

MIKE SITS THERE EVEN LARGER SOMEHOW ALTHOUGH AT THIS POINT
HE'S HITTING ASTRONOMICAL LIMITS. HIS ARMS AND LEGS ARE LOST
IN HIS GIRTH. HE HAS NO NECK, HIS FACE IS JUST A WEIRD
LOOKING SCAB ON THE ON THE WHOLE OF HIS GIRTH.

MIKE
What was that all about, honey?

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
(SIGHS) It was just Carl.

MIKE
Carl! Why didn't he come in?

MOLLY
Mike. Be real. I can't show you to anybody. Think of the questions. What if word gets out? You're the size of this house, literally. It can't be done.

MIKE
Well what if Vicky or Joyce say something? Huh? How do you plan to keep tabs on -

MIKE SPURTS OUT SOME PUKE.

MIKE
Excuse me, ahem, how do you plan to keep tabs on them?

MOLLY
If they say anything I'll find them and smash their faces into a jelly.

MIKE
...Oh.

MOLLY
I saw Carl at the Golden Corral today. He misses you, I guess.

MIKE
He does!? Oh man, that makes

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)
me feel great. Really.

MOLLY
Mike? Are you ready for tomorrow?

MIKE
You mean with the extra weight?

MOLLY
I think it's going to be an extra..
I don't know... thousand? Give or
take a hundred?

MIKE
I've said it before and I'll
say it again. My fleshy vessel
cannot contain my hero spirit.

MOLLY
How could you possibly be in such
a good mood still?

MIKE
I'm helping. I'm making a
difference in people's lives.

MOLLY GROWS EMOTIONAL.

MOLLY
God. I don't deserve you.

MIKE
Sure you do, Molly. Every great
guy has got a greater girl behind
him. Only I think if you tried to
get behind me you'd need a GPS.

MOLLY
Oh, you're too sweet.

MOLLY WRAPS HER ARMS AROUND WHAT SHE CAN. SHE'S A GOOD YARD
OR SO FROM MIKE'S FACE BUT SHE HUGS HIS FAT TIGHTLY. SHE
KISSES IT.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
Oh, Mike, your skin tastes like
Canola Oil.

MIKE
Yeah I think I started sweating
that stuff over on that hemisphere.
On the other side I started seeping
oatmeal.

MOLLY
My little lunch man.

MOLLY HUGS THE FAT AGAIN.

MIKE HAPPILY PROJECTILE PUKES ON HER.

FADE TO:

-
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-
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ACT 2

SCENE I

INT. ABE'S HOT BEEF - MORNING

WE SEE CARL SITTING AT HIS USUAL BOOTH. ABE'S IS EMPTY. IT'S
CLEAR CARL IS THERE THE SECOND IT HAS OPENED. THE SKY IS
STILL ORANGE FROM THE SUN HAVING JUST FULLY RISEN.

SAMUEL COMES OUT GROGGY AND RUBBING HIS EYES.

SAMUEL
Carl, what brings you in so early?
I haven't even killed the rats yet.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Samuel, I need one plain wiener,
no bun, and hot water with a lemon.

SAMUEL
The Biggs Special?

CARL
Yeah. I'm going to see him today.

SAMUEL
Oh, so you found him? Where is he?

CARL
Not entirely sure but my gut says
Molly's house.

SAMUEL
Ah, using your gut to find his gut.
How poetic.

CARL
Right. Samuel, this could be wild.
Now I don't know what to expect, so
training says to expect anything.
My partner doesn't know about this
so if I'm not back here by noon...

SAMUEL
Call the cops?

CARL
No, wait longer. If I'm still
not back, then come find me.

SAMUEL
This is for real isn't it?

CARL
The realest.

SAMUEL
The realest.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Now get me The Biggs Special.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER IN THE MORNING

CARL STANDS AT THE FRONT DOOR. HE TRIES TO LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOWS. THERE'S AN OMINOUS DREAD SEEPING FROM UNDER THE DOOR. SWEAT STARTS FORMING ON CARL'S HEAD. HE WIPES HIS BROW.

CARL
Mike! Mike, it's your buddy Carl!

Are you in there?

CARL WAITS. HE DOESN'T HEAR ANYTHING. HE SHOUTS AGAIN.

HE SLOWLY PUTS HIS HAND ON THE KNOB AND TRIES IT. IT'S LOCKED.

MOLLY
What did I say about coming around

here without a warrant, Officer?

CARL TURNS AROUND. THERE'S MOLLY. IN HER HAND IS A REMOTE TO THE GARAGE.

CARL DESCENDS THE WOODEN STEPS AND GETS LEVEL WITH HER. THEY'RE STANDING IN THE DRIVE WAY.

CARL
Molly, please just let me see

my friend. What is this about?

What's going on? Look! I brought

him breakfast!

CARL RAISES THE BROWN PAPER BAG.

MOLLY
What's happening here is bigger

than the both of us.

CARL
What the hell does that even mean?

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Don't you get it? Mike has chosen
for himself to disappear. He made
that choice when he went to see the
Gypsy.

CARL

The Gypsy? What the heck does she
have to do with anything?

MOLLY

She did this!

MOLLY MOTIONS TO HER BODY.

SOME SORT OF VAGUE MISERABLE UNDERSTANDING DRIPS ONTO CARL.

CARL

So... not you. What did
the Gypsy do to Mike?

MOLLY

No. What did Mike do to
himself. He's a saint now.
He's helped all of the OE's
in the Chicago area. He took
on their burden. If you see
what he is now he won't be
able to continue. You'll
make him stop.

CARL

What are you doing?

MOLLY

Say Hello to my little friend!

MOLLY PRESSES THE GARAGE BUTTON. THE DOOR SLOWLY INCHES UP
AND REVEALS THE MASSIVE, COLOSSAL, TITANIC, MR. CLUCKERS.

HE LOOKS JUST AS CRAMMED IN THERE AS HE DID IN THE CAGE SO
LONG AGO.

(CONTINUED)

CARL TURNS AROUND AND SEES THE BEHEMOTH. HE'S ASTOUNDED. THE PAPER BAG DROPS FROM HIS HAND AND THE WIENER ROLLS DOWN THE DRIVE WAY.

CARL
That is not a *little* friend.

MOLLY
Feeding time, Mr. Cluckers!

BUT THE CHICKEN WATCHES THE WIENER ROLL DOWN THE PAVEMENT. IT STOPS ROLLING WHEN IT PRESSES AGAINST MOLLY'S FEET. MOLLY LOOKS DOWN AT THE WIENER. THEN UP AT MR. CLUCKERS. MR. CLUCKERS IS LOOKING AT THE WIENER AT HER FEET. HIS GIANT SAUCER EYES ARE EMPTY AND THE GIANT BIRD IS FAMISHED.

MOLLY
Oh no.

LIKE A TITAN, FALLEN FROM OLYMPUS, MR. CLUCKERS, WITH HIS MASSIVE NECK, LUNGES FORWARD AT MOLLY'S FEET. THE GIANT FEATHERY NECK SHOVES CARL OFF HIS FEET AND OUT OF THE WAY. HE SMASHES INTO A PORCH BANISTER.

MR. CLUCKERS OPENS IT'S BEAK AND GOES FOR THE WIENER ULTIMATELY RIPPING OFF MOLLY'S LEGS AT THE VERY JOINTS.

SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND, HER JAGGED KNEE STUMPS SLAPPING AGAINST THE DRIVEWAY THAT'S NOW COVERED IN BLOOD.

MR. CLUCKERS SWINGS HIS HEAD BACK AND SWALLOWS HER SEVERED LEGS.

MOLLY IS SCREAMING IN AGONY AS SHE LOOKS AT HER BEAUTIFUL LEGS HACKED OFF AT THE KNEE. BLOOD PUMPS OUT LIKE A GEYSER ALL OVER THE DRIVEWAY.

CARL IS SCREAMING TOO.

THAT DAMN WIENER ROLLS DOWN THE DRIVEWAY MORE. COVERED IN HER BLOOD, THE WIENER ROLLS AGAINST MOLLY'S WAIST, SITTING ON THE PAVEMENT.

MR. CLUCKERS EYES HER AGAIN AND BEFORE SHE CAN EVEN REGISTER HER DEMISE THE CHICKEN HEAD SHOOTS FORWARD AND RIPS INTO HER TORSO WITH THE FORCE OF CRUSHING WALLS. THE BEAKS RIP THROUGH HER RIBS AND THE FORCE OF THE YANK BACK LEAVES BEHIND A LARGE PUDDLE OF BLOOD, SOME MEAT CHUNKS, AND HER LEFT ARM.

CARL SCREAMS AND SCREAMS AND SCREAMS.

HE CLIMBS OUT OF THE DESTRUCTION AND LEAPS ONTO THE PORCH. HE BANGS THE DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Mike! Anybody! Let me in! Please!

CARL, HAVING HAD ENOUGH, KICKS DOWN THE FRONT DOOR. HOWEVER, DO TO SOME OBSTACLE ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE DOOR DOESN'T OPEN ALL THE WAY, LIKE THERE IS SOMETHING BLOCKING IT. BUT CARL SQUEEZES THROUGH THE OPENING AND...

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

HE SEES THE TRUTH. MIKE HAS GOTTEN SO LARGE THAT HIS GIRTH BOWS AGAINST THE CEILING. CARL IS DWARFED BY THE MASSIVE GIANT. IT'S LIKE HE'S STARING AT A PLANET. THERE ARE NO VISIBLE LIMBS OTHER THAN THE FLESHY PINK AND PURPLE GIRTH OF MIKE. HIS FACE LOOKS LIKE A BUTTON LOST IN A SEA OF FLAB AND ROLLS.

HE'S SO BIG THAT FAT PRESSES UP AGAINST THE WALL THAT LEADS TO THE KITCHEN. HE'S SO BIG THAT YOU HAVE TO CLIMB OVER HIS RIVERS TO GET UPSTAIRS. HE IS THE STAIRS NOW. IT'S HARD FOR CARL TO STEP ANYWHERE WITHOUT STEPPING ON SOME OF MIKE.

AND THE FLOOR, THE FLOOR THAT'S NOT COVERED WITH HIS MASS, IS SLIPPERY WITH GREASE.

AND FLIES TOO. BIG THICK FRUIT FLIES BUZZ AROUND AND COLLECT AT RANDOM PATCHES ON MIKE'S ENORMOUS BODY. IT LOOKS LIKE PATCHES OF HAIR.

MIKE

(JOVIAL) Carl! Carl how are you

doing! Long time no see!

CARL

I'm gonna be sick!

CARL PUKES THE ONLY PLACE HE CAN, ONTO A FLESHY MASS THAT BELONGS TO MIKE.

MIKE

Ah geez, now you're going to

make me puke too. Oh boy. Here

it comes!

BUT THERE IS NO FORCE BEHIND MIKE'S VOMIT. HE JUST OPENS HIS MOUTH LIKE A GATE AND THE VOMIT POURS OUT AT A VERY LOW PRESSURE, JUST MAKING IT'S LONG SLUDGY JOURNEY DOWN HIS BARE SKIN, LIKE A VOMIT WATER RAPIDS.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Mike, what.. what.. what
is this?

MIKE
I'm a savior now, Carl! A real
Buddha! A Jesus guy! Don't be a
Doubting Tom. Or I guess,
a Gressed Out Carl.

CARL
This is what the gypsy did?

MIKE
No, no, this is what *I* did. Where
is Molly? Have her explain.

CARL
Molly.. Molly got eaten by... by..

MIKE
Mr. Cluckers??! No!! No!

MIKE STARTS YELLING A DEEP AND GUTTURAL YELL.

THE HOUSE STARTS SHAKING A BIT.

MIKE STARTS SOBBING. OR SO IT SOUNDS LIKE. IT'S HARD TO
TELL. HIS FACE IS VERY FAR AWAY.

MIKE
Mr. Cluckers did her in? Oh God.
Oh my God. Molly. Molly! No!!

THE HOUSE SHAKES SOME MORE.

CARL
Mike! Mike! What are you doing?
How-how are you even alive?

MIKE
Ah who cares anymore. I don't
want to be. Not without her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)
Not without Molly! Oh God,
Molly!

MIKE COCKS HIS LITTLE BUTTON FACE UPWARDS AND VOMIT CRIES. IT SHOOTS UP AND SPLATTERS AGAINST THE CEILING - RAINING DOWN PURGE ON THE LIVING ROOM. THIS IS THE ROOM'S SELF SUSTAINING ECOSYSTEM.

CARL
Mike, we have to get you help!

MIKE
There is no help to get, Carl! This is it! I've sealed my fate. Sign, sealed, and you know... that other thing!

CARL
Delivered?

MIKE
I'm not a postman, how should I know! It's over for me! Without her there's nothing. No reason to be the hero. No reason for anything.

HE CRIES AGAIN AND PUKES AT THE CEILING TO MAKE IT RAIN SOME MORE.

MIKE
You have to do me in, Carl. Please.

CARL
You want me to kill you?

MIKE
I'll never die like this. That's part of the blessing. You have to shoot me. Right here in the head.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Mike, it's hard to even find your
head if I'm being honest.

MIKE
I wish this was a new problem, am I
right?

CARL
Jesus, Mike. This isn't the time
for jokes.

MIKE
Carl. I'm ready. She's gone first.
I've served my purpose. I'm ready.

CARL
Okay, Mike.

CARL TAKES THE GUN FROM HIS HOLSTER. HE AIMS IT AT THE
BUTTON OF MIKE'S FACE. TEARS RUN DOWN CARL'S EYES.

MIKE
Goodbye, partner.

CARL
Goodbye, partner.

MIKE
Wait I changed my mi-!

BUT CARL FIRES THE BULLET AND IT GOES RIGHT THROUGH MIKE'S
HEAD AND OUT OF THE BACK OF HIS FAT. IT STARTS HISSING AND
BUBBLING.

THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE START SHAKING FROM THE GIRTH'S
UNDULATIONS. CARL STARTS TO PANIC AS THE GURGLING CLIMBS AND
CLIMBS AND CLIMBS - **IT'S GOING TO BLOW!**

BUT CARL SQUEEZES OUT OF THE DOOR IN TIME AND LEAPS FROM THE
PORCH AS MOLLY'S HOUSE EXPLODES BEHIND HIM IN A DISGUSTING
BLAST OF PUTRID STENCH AND MIASMATIC GOOP. ORAGANS AND FOOD
AND MEAT AND YELLOWED FAT GO FLYING EVERYWHERE. IT'S THE
EXPLOSION MIKE WAS DESTINED TO DIE IN.

AND CARL GOES FLYING ONTO THE GRASS COVERED IN THE SLUDGE.

HE TURNS ON TO HIS BACK AND STARTS SCREAMING OUT OF DISGUST
AND CONFUSION.

(CONTINUED)

HE CLIMBS TO HIS FEET AND IS LOOKING AT THE GIANT CHICKEN SNUG IN THE GARAGE CAGE. SOME OF MOLLY'S ENTRAILS DANGLE FROM HIS BEAK.

CARL
Are you trapped in there? Do
you want to be free?

MR. CLUCKERS SWIVELS HIS HEAD.

CARL
I'll go find you help okay?

MR. CLUCKERS NODS. IT UNDERSTANDS.

CARL
Yeah. I'll help you, buddy.

AND WE WATCH CARL LIMP DOWN THE ROAD TO HIS SQUAD CAR. AND AS WE WATCH HIM WE TILT UP TO THE CHICAGO SKYLINE THAT GLIMMERS IN THE SUNNY DISTANCE. THEN WE

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END