

# *Reality Check*

by  
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EXT. NEW JERSEY - CHARLES STREET - AFTERNOON

We see the rim of a large tyre spinning along the road in the pouring rain.

BROADEN TO REVEAL

A school bus drives through the suburban streets.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

The bus is filled with talkative children. Behind the steering wheel, an elderly man drives. Looking to his right, the driver is confronted with an on-coming semi-trailer.

SMASH!! Glass SHATTERS, metal CRUNCHES, children are propelled in all directions.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - MORNING

Springing up from bed, sits HELEN SANDERS (41), an obese, pale woman. Her heavy eyes indicate a life of pain and abuse. Helen falls back into her pillow, where she turns to a digital clock - 8:12am. Entering the room is TREVOR SANDERS (45). A clean-cut and handsome man, Trevor adjusts the tie around his neck.

TREVOR

Remember your appointment today.

Helen remains motionless, almost zombie-like as Trevor draws back the room's curtains. Sunlight streams in, highlighting small dust particles.

TREVOR

One o'clock with Doctor James.

Trevor grabs his briefcase, kisses his wife's forehead and exits the bedroom.

TREVOR

Love you.

Helen stares into nothingness, unaffected by the show of affection or the intruding sunlight.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - MORNING

In an unkempt kitchen, Trevor pours milk into a cereal bowl. Stacked dirty dishes are piled up in the sink and flies hover over a loaded bin. SARAH (6) runs into the kitchen, placing her schoolbag down as she approaches the table.

TREVOR  
C'mon, c'mon, we're late.

Sarah quickly eats her *Cocoa Krispies*.

TREVOR  
You got your homework?

Sarah nods while chewing. Milk escapes the corner of her mouth as she turns to her father.

SARAH  
Daddy, where's mommy?

Trevor stuffs a sandwich into a pink lunch box.

TREVOR  
In bed sweetheart.

SARAH  
Is she sick?

Trevor pauses.

TREVOR  
No baby, just tired.

Sarah guides the bowl of cereal to her mouth.

SARAH  
She's always tired.

Sarah is on the verge of drinking the chocolate milk when it slips from her grasp, SMASHING on the kitchen floor.

TREVOR  
Sarah!

SARAH  
I fix it.

Trevor jams the lunch box in the school bag.

TREVOR  
We have no time.  
(hands bag to Sarah)  
Let's go.

The two rush to the door as Helen plods down the stairs.

SARAH

Mommy!

Sarah embraces her motionless mother.

TREVOR

Remember, one o'clock. He's the best in new jersey.

(kisses Helen on cheek)

Just give him a chance.

Trevor grabs Sarah's hand escorting her outside. Slowly, Helen trudges into the kitchen, noticing the mess of *Cocoa Krispies*, milk and smashed glass. She pauses, re-directing herself back up the stairs.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Opening a draw, Helen takes out ANTI-DEPRESSANTS and a bottle of VODKA. Swallowing two pills with the alcohol, she closes the draw, looking at her reflection in a mirror. Tears build in her eyes as she de-robes, revealing her hanging BELLY, lumping CELLULITE and hideous BED SORES.

Helen continues staring at her bulging body. She slowly lifts her flabby breast before releasing it, watching gravity pull it back down.

*DING DONG!* - The door chime plays.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR

Dressed in her bathrobe, Helen opens the door revealing a man dressed in a WHITE TUXEDO. This is PETER (32), neat and clean-cut with a charismatic smile.

PETER

Boker tov.

Confused, Helen looks at the stranger.

PETER

It's Hebrew, for good morning.

HELEN

Can I help you?

Peter produces a smile that could cut through glass. He leans in, closer to Helen.

PETER

Can you help yourself, Helen?

Helen slams the door, walking back up stairs. *DING DONG! DING DONG!* The door chime repeats over and over.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Helen picks up the cordless phone, dialing 911. Listening into the phone she hears no dial tone but instead the door chime ringing in fast forward - *DING-DONG-DING-DONG!* Helen throws the phone, running from the bathroom.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Knife in hand, Helen tiptoes down the stairs toward the door. The door chime is playing so erratically now it could malfunction. Helen partially opens the door, ready for anything. There is no one there, just a *SMALL PARCEL* that rests atop the door mat. Cautious, Helen scans her surroundings, she picks up the package before vanishing back inside.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

Entering the kitchen, Helen tosses the parcel on the table and picks up the phone.

HELEN

Hi, it's me. Where we expecting anything in the mail today?

(beat)

You sure?... No I'm okay.

CLICK - Helen hangs up the phone and stares at the parcel. She grips it with both hands, tearing it open, causing a single *DISC* to spill out. Kneeling down, Helen studies the white, untitled disc.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

In a shadowed living room, Helen sinks into her favorite stained couch. She inserts the disc into the her *LAPTOP*. Surrounding her we notice modest, traditional furniture that creates more dust than comfort.

Tacky porcelain figures rest on the old television set. Helen gorges on handfuls of *Twisties* and *chocolate*.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

The disc loads before a count-down is displayed on the screen 5...4...3...2...1... Data now flashes on the screen, information so fast we can't possibly read it. Helen quickly hits "Esc" key... nothing. She continues typing random functions, however the computer keeps speeding through information.

Suddenly, a disc menu appears with a chapter selection of two scenes.

BACK TO SCENE

Helen looks at the screen, focusing on the scene windows. Suddenly her mouth becomes agape. She leans inches from the screen, focusing to see...

INSERT LAPTOP COMPUTER

Live digital feeds of Trevor at work and Sarah at school.

BACK TO SCENE

Confused, Helen peers over her shoulder, unsure on the reality of the situation. Her chocolate-stained index finger moves the cursor to her husband's scene...

INSERT LAPTOP COMPUTER

Data now flashes on the screen before we see Trevor sitting at his office desk, cluttered with folders and photos of his family. He is a man driven by numbers and statistics, working effortlessly, when EVA (24) enters. Her slim physique, moving sexually as she approaches.

EVA

I have the finance report for you,  
Sir.

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

TREVOR

Thank you, Eva.

Eva watches her boss shuffling through loads of paperwork. She smiles with a sexual confidence, a smile that only someone of her charm could possess.

EVA  
How's the family?

TREVOR  
Fine, thanks.

EVA  
Your wife?

Trevor doesn't reply, instead looking up and offering a forced smile. Eva props her ass on the desk, her long, tanned legs ooze sex appeal.

EVA  
You wanna talk about it?

A beat. Then:

TREVOR  
She just reached 260 pounds. Can't remember the last time we -

Trevor looks at Eva, realizing he's said too much. Eva comforts him, placing her hand on his arm.

EVA  
It's okay.

ON HELEN:

Helen watches the screen, overwhelmed, shocked and terrified. Her long, heavy bosoms elevate with every deep breath.

INSERT LAPTOP COMPUTER

Eva slowly slides the files OFF the edge of the desk.

EVA  
We all need someone, Sir.

Trevor stares at Eva's athletic body, which is sitting inches from him now. She laughs flirtatiously and twirls her hair around her index finger, one of the universal signs of interest.

EVA  
Y'know, I've always fantasied about this moment.

Eva spreads her legs revealing RED LACED LINGERIE. Trevor is speechless, stuttering and sweating. Eva moves in, gripping his tie and planting a passionate kiss on Trevor.

ON HELEN:

Overwhelmed, Helen watches in despair. She's breathing so heavily now, she could pass out.

INSERT LAPTOP

Mouths locked together, Trevor pushes Eva away.

TREVOR

I-I can't.

Eva adjust's her dress, breathing heavily. She can't understand how anyone could resist her.

EVA

Forgive me.

Eva hurries to the door, before turning back.

EVA

She's a lucky woman, Mr. Sanders.

Eva exits as Trevor collects himself. Sinking back into his seat, he releases a needed sigh before picking up his office phone.

ON HELEN:

Helen watches the screen, overwhelmed, but relieved.

*RING RING!*

Helen turns to the phone before turning back to see Trevor waiting on the other line. She stands, waddles to the kitchen and picks up the phone.

HELEN

...hello?

TREVOR (O.S.)

Sweetheart?

Helen breaks down in tears, sobbing uncontrollably.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Honey, are you okay? What's wrong?

HELEN  
(sniffing, crying)  
I love you.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
Love you too hun. Do you want me to  
come home?

CLICK - Helen hangs up the phone, unable to speak as tears flood her face.

INT. SONY CORPORATION - TREVOR'S OFFICE

Trevor springs to his feet, running to the exit.

INT. SANDER RESIDENCE'S - LIVING ROOM

Helen continues to sob uncontrollably, crumbling down on the kitchen tiles when the sound of children's laughter fades in. Helen's red, swollen eyes search for the sound. She gets to her feet, following the laughter to the laptop computer.

INSERT LAPTOP

The computer screen displays Sarah in her classroom, children laughing and playing around her.

BACK TO SCENE

Helen sits back down, laptop rested on her legs. She regains her bearings, wipes her eyes and peers into the screen at..

INSERT LAPTOP

Sarah sitting alone in a class room. She seems vulnerable and scared. On the chalk board, a banner is pinned - Mothers Day. Mothers and their children fill the room, while Sarah sits ALONE, eyes watering. The teacher approaches, kneeling down to her level.

TEACHER  
I don't think she's coming.

Surrounding children and mothers look with pitiful eyes. Some kids giggle at Sarah's lonely situation.

ON HELEN:

Helen watches, guilt and sorrow building until... SMASH! She side swipes the *Twisties* and *Chocolate* that rest beside her. She hurls the laptop computer to the floor. Helen screams, breathing erratically. Guilt and rage now at it's peak, Helen suddenly grips her chest. A wave of pain sweeping her body as her eyes begin to bulge. She falls to one knee, collapsing to the floor. Face flushed with panic, we see Helen take a deep breath before her eyes slowly close.

HELENS SUBCONSCIOUS

Helen's life flashes before her eyes. Her slim, athletic figure shows us of a woman that once was. We see her childhood, her adolescence. We see her first kiss, her marriage with Trevor and Sarah's conception.

Darkness...

A scream is heard over the blackness. We then see Helen (34), a victim in a violent street robbery, Trevor lay unconscious on the concrete sidewalk. We see Helen (35), a prisoner in her own house, weight increasing as she eats junk food. We now see Helen in the present day, peering out her bedroom window, watching as the world continues on without her.

BACK TO SCENE

Helen draws a sharp breath, regaining consciousness. Her immediate vision is on the laptop computer that lay smashed on the carpet. She crawls to the humming computer, peering at the cracked screen.

INSERT LAPTOP

The screen shows Sarah's scene fast forward, until returning to normal motion. Sarah sits in the SCHOOL BUS, eating a chocolate bar... SMASH!!! Glass shatters, metal crunches as the children are propelled in all directions.

ON HELEN:

Helen eyes widen in shock. She looks at a near by CLOCK and runs to the front door, collecting a set of KEYS on the way.

EXT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - DRIVE WAY - CONTINUOUS

Barefooted and still in her bathrobe, Helen quickly waddles to their 1987 *Sigma* in the pouring RAIN.

INT. SIGMA

Helen quickly inserts the car key, turning it... nothing. Frustrated, she tries again.... nothing.

HELEN  
(Hitting steering wheel)  
No! No! No! No!

Looking ahead, Helen notices Peter standing beside a 2009 turbo charged F430 FERRARI. Peter jingles a set of keys. Helen gets out, running toward Peter. The stranger tosses her the keys. She gets in the luxurious sports car, starts the engine *VRROOOM!!* Helen looks at Peter through the window. This kind hearted man seems to be completely DRY in the rain.

HELEN  
W-w-who are you?

PETER  
A messenger.

HELEN  
Are you an angel?

PETER  
Angels have wings, a halo. I'm afraid of heights.

Helen is speechless. She guns the accelerator... *Screech!!!* The Ferrari spins off, speeding into the distance, leaving Peter in a mist of smoke.

INT. MITSUBISHI MAGNA

Trevor drives through the streets of New Jersey as the Ferrari speeds past. Trevor quickly looks back.

TREVOR  
Helen?!

EXT. NEW JERSEY - STREETS

The Mitsubishi Magna spins around, taking off after the Ferrari.

ON FERRARI:

The sports car speeds through the New Jersey streets at incredible speeds.

INT. FERRARI

Helen squints through the pouring rain at an approaching intersection. She GUNS the engine, speeding faster and faster.

HELEN - POV - INTERSECTION

The school bus approaches the intersection from one direction, a semi trailer from another.

INT. FERRARI

The window wipers beat heavily against the windshield. Helen can see the potential COLLISION ahead, she accelerates.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - CHARLES STREET - INTERSECTION

The Ferrari speeds along, approaching the semi trailer, *rrrggghh!* The Ferrari breaks, spinning along the wet road like it's on ice.

The truck's wheels lock tight, sliding into the Ferrari... *SMASH!!!* The school bus also locks on the breaks *RRRRGGGGHHHH!!!.... CRUNCH!!* into the sports car.

INT. FERRARI

Helen is motionless in the drivers seat, blood trickles down her head. *WOOF!* Fire spreads through the car like a cancer. The bus driver runs from the bus, inspecting the carnage.

BUS DRIVER

Call an ambulance!

EXT. NEW JERSEY - CHARLES STREET - INTERSECTION

The Mitsubishi Magna arrives on the scene, Trevor running out.

TREVOR

Helen!

INT. FERRARI

Helen blinks, regaining consciousness in a mixture of BLOOD, GLASS and surrounding FIRE.

HELEN

Help!

EXT. NEW JERSEY - CHARLES STREET - INTERSECTION

Trevor runs to the burning Ferrari, grabbing his wife through the broken window.

TREVOR

Hold on!

Trevor tries to pull Helen free from the burning car, her foot is caught within the twisted metal. She screams in agony as surrounding bystanders watch on helplessly. Trevor continues pulling his wife but to no avail. With every pull, Helen screams as the fire draws closer. Overwhelmed with emotion, Trevor begins to cry, pressing his forehead against Helen's in a moment that could be their last.

HELEN

(whispers)

Go. You have to leave me. Be with Sarah.

Trevor begins to cry, great spasms rocking his body. Slowly his hands leave hers as he steps back, away from the inevitable explosion.

TREVOR

(crying)

I love you.

CRACK! Lightning strikes nearby as the rainfall intensifies. Helen's eyes close, waiting for fuel to meet fire. Suddenly everything pauses, rain drops freeze mid air, surrounding witnesses are motionless, the fire is completely still. All is silent as Helen's eyes re-open to the sound of approaching footsteps. Inches from her face she sees white Italian leather shoes step into vision. She looks up to see Peter.

PETER

Salvation is best reached through one's own ability.

Helen lay bleeding and trapped. Her bath robe torn and dirty, hair disheveled, she has been stripped of even the basics of human needs.

HELEN  
(sobbing)  
Why are you doing this to me?

Peter kneels down to her level. A peaceful smile etched in his face. He strokes the hair away from her eyes.

PETER  
Your soul is now cleansed before  
the eyes of God. You have nothing  
to fear anymore.

HELEN  
Am I dead?

PETER  
Far from it. You are reborn now.

Suddenly the sound of moving metal draws Helen to see that her trapped leg is now free. She looks back at Peter to find him gone. A single rain drop falls down, impacting right before her, causing her surroundings to unfreeze. Rain recommences, plummeting down as the fire rages on. Helen crawls from the wreck as Trevor now realizes she's free. He guides her away from the carnage...

KA-BOOOM!!! The car explodes with Helen and Trevor a safe distance away.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Daddy!

Sarah runs to her parents, embracing them in the pouring rain. Amongst all the commotion, Helen notices Peter in the distance. It seems no one else can see him, not even the drug induced JUNKIE (17), who watches the ordeal beside him. Peter smiles, winking at Helen before following the junkie into a seedy alley, continuing his work of salvation.

THE END