

WEIGHTLESS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Morning sunshine comes but does little to brighten the dark expression TARA, late 20s, wears on her face as she sits on the edge of her lonely bed.

Tara looks on her night stand at a framed photo of an overweight version of herself and another overweight friend next to her. They are extremely happy as they both rock large white T-shirts that read BIG, BRIGHT, & BEAUTIFUL.

She slams the frame face down.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Tara steps onto a weight scale. She watches as the weight balances out reading her current weight. When it stops, she stares down at the numbers with an emotionless reaction.

At the mirror, she stares at her reflection with near disgust.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tara pours a hot cup of water. She makes a tea bag dance in the water.

She walks over to a large line graph "My Weight" posted on the wall. She looks at the thick red line connecting the dots in a steady decline.

Her face doesn't reflect any sign of joy of her success.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Tara comes into the room dressed in workout clothing. Her body is very toned and in shape. A body that could stop traffic, unlike the one in the framed photo.

She hits the button on a black box. An automated voice introduces her unread messages.

She works out to the sound of different MALE voices leaving flirtatious and complimentary messages to her.

One male voice makes her stop. It's JAMES.

JAMES

Hey, Tara, it's James, your swim coach. Listen, I'm calling again because I'm worried about you.

Tara's eyes burn.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You haven't answered my calls. I'm almost tempted to come to your house, but I know you wouldn't like that. Can you just call me and, at least, let me know you're okay. I'm sorry about what happened last week, the kiss was inappropriate. I'm sor-

Tara hits the button on the voicemail box. She grabs her keys and leaves.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Tara jogs along the sidewalk. She drowns into her own world as she passes other pedestrians.

A handsome JOGGER notices her from afar. He stares at her as he jogs closer. Tara avoids his eye contact.

As they come within feet of passing each other. The guy calls out to her. Tara runs past but eventually stops.

Without him noticing, Tara squeezes her eyes tight not wanting to be bothered. She takes a breath, plasters on a fake smile and turns back to the man.

MAN

Hi, I'm Michael. How are you?

Tara puts on her best smile.

TARA

I'm great. I'm Tara.

MICHAEL

Nice to meet you. Listen, I've seen you run around this block a few times. I never had the chance to introduce myself. I was wondering if you had a day or so, we could go running together and maybe grab dinner.

Tara stares at the man. She struggles to keep the smile on her face. She nods instead.

TARA
That would be fine.

MICHAEL
Great! I'll give you my number and you can call me and let me know what days you'd be available.

Tara puts the number into her phone.

TARA
Thanks. I'll call you.

MICHAEL
Great. Have a nice day.

TARA
You too.

Tara smiles until Michael goes off down the sidewalk.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Tara enters her home sweaty and tired.

She steps onto a note on her floor. She picks it up to read. It reads, "I won't give up. - James"

She tears the note into pieces.

She takes one of the pieces, retrieves Michael's number from her phone and writes it onto the paper. She drops the paper into a medium-sized glass jar in the corner of the room. "ASSHOLES" is written in large letters on the front of it.

Her phone rings. It's James. She hits ignore.

INT. OFFICE BREAKROOM - DAY

Tara, dressed in a three-piece suit and low heels, she pours herself a cup of hot tea.

A co-worker, JOHN, 30s, jock-in-a-suit, walks up next to her. He studies her toned legs and body in the suit.

JOHN
Hi Tara, how's it going today?

Tara looks up from her tea aggravated. She knows game when she hears it.

TARA

Peachy.

JOHN

Ha! I hear that. Another day in paradise right?

Tara nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I gotta say, Tara, you look really great today.

Tara fires off at the compliment.

TARA

I looked great at 250 pounds John, you just never noticed until now.

She walks away. John leaves embarrassed.

INT. BREAKROOM - LATER

Tara plays with her lunch food. Two gorgeous female co-workers, ANGIE, 30s, and CLAIRE, 30s, enter the break room in the middle of gossip.

ANGIE

Did you see Pearl at her desk forking down those chocolates?

CLAIRE

I know right, looked like a sea cow with all that candy. It's disgusting.

ANGIE

And you wonder why she doesn't have a man.

CLAIRE

Probably ate them all.

The two women laugh.

Tara shivers in her seat. Her face twists with a nauseous look. She runs from the breakroom.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Tara retrieves from the stall flushed and out of breath. She staggers to the sinks.

She dips her face in cold water and looks at the wet face in the mirror. The reflection angers her.

She pounds on the soap dispenser collecting as much soap as she can. She smears the soap over the glass coating it in a white film.

She writes "UGLY" into the foam before tearing out of the restroom.

INT. REDROOM - NIGHT

Tara goes into her closet. She flips through her clothing. She pulls out a thin sexy black dress. Unmoved, she tosses the dress behind her.

One after another, she rips other clothing from their hangers and tosses them behind her.

She comes across a large white T-shirt. The same one from the photo before. The words BIG, BRIGHT & BEAUTIFUL printed on the front.

She gazes at the giant piece of clothing; a moment when she was truly happy.

She hugs it tight as she lies on her bed. She cries.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tara sits on the couch wearing the oversized T-shirt. The room is silent and dimly lit by a small lamp. She chows on a slice of large supreme pizza.

The phone rings. She doesn't even stir to pick it up. Instead, she grabs for another slice of pizza.

The voicemail takes over, it's James.

JAMES (V.O.)

I'm tired of these games Tara. You won't answer my calls or my messages. Did you even get the note I slid under your door? Well, at this point, it doesn't matter. I've tried all I could and clearly that isn't enough.

(MORE)

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So when you're ready to talk, you
know where I am. Goodbye, Tara.

Tara stops chewing on the pizza. She looks over at the glass jar in the far corner of the room.

Tara grabs her keys and the jar.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The man behind the voicemail, JAMES, 30s, physically fit, handsome works behind a desk. He is in the middle of punching numbers in a calculator when he hears a door slam.

He jumps up to check it out. He grabs a baseball bat from behind the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

James goes into the long hallway of the recreation center.

He sees Tara stomping down the hallway in his direction. She is beyond furious and it shows.

JAMES
Tara?

Tara yells at him.

TARA
You want to talk? Huh? You want to
talk? Here!

Within close range, Tara throws the jar at James. James dodges it in the nick of time. The jar flies past him and shatters when it hits the floor, white paper scraps everywhere.

Tara doesn't break stride, she barrels into James screaming, fists swinging and punching him.

TARA (CONT'D)
What do you want from me? Why do
you care? Why aren't I enough? Why?

James defends himself from her wild blows.

JAMES
Tara stop!

Tara keeps swinging and pushing.

TARA

Why aren't I enough? What is wrong
with who I am? Does who I am matter
to anyone? Does it? Answer me!

James throws his arms around Tara pulling her to the floor.

Unable to fight any longer, Tara gives in. She sobs into his chest.

James remains silent as she continues on.

After a moment, Tara sobers. She lies frozen in James' arms.

James pulls himself away gently. He goes over to the spill of broken glass and paper. He examines each piece with a name and number written on it.

JAMES

What is this?

Tara wipes at her face.

TARA

Phone numbers from different men.

JAMES

Why do you collect them?

TARA

To prove a point.

JAMES

What point?

TARA

Body over the mind.

JAMES

I don't understand.

Tara plays with the hem of her oversized T-shirt.

TARA

When I weighed 250 pounds, I
couldn't even get a guy to smile at
me, let alone a phone number. I was
invisible, alone, all the time.
When I started losing weight, they
came at me like flies to a dead
horse.

Tears begin to fall again down her face.

TARA (CONT'D)

No matter where I went, the grocery store, the mall, even the gas station. I can't even jog one mile down the road without a car honking at me or someone yelling out for me. It's disgusting.

James collects the papers.

JAMES

They like how you look.

TARA

That is all that they like. I'm the same person I was 100 pounds ago. Nothing has changed but the number on the scale, James. I see it in their eyes when they come up to me. They see nothing more than a piece of meat ready to be ravished. They care nothing for who I am, but for what I am. And I hate every bit of it.

Tara claws wildly at her arms and neck as if to tear away the skin.

TARA (CONT'D)

This wretched body! This mask! This broken vessel! I want it gone. All of it!

James runs to her and grabs her arms.

JAMES

Stop this. There is nothing wrong with what you have become.

TARA

Is that why you kissed me?

Tara snatches her arms away.

TARA (CONT'D)

Because of what I had become? Attractive. Sexy. Something worth taking to your bed?

James stands towering over her. He points at her.

JAMES

I was there for you from the very beginning.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

I was there through every pound loss. I kissed you because I was fond of you, your drive, your ambition to be better. It was inspirational.

(points to paper scraps)

Don't compare me to them. I wanted you long before you dropped a pound. If you weren't doing it for your health, I would tell you not to change a single detail.

Tara looks up at him astonished.

TARA

I didn't do it for my health.

JAMES

Then why did you do it?

TARA

Why else? Acceptance, beauty.

JAMES

How's that working out for you?

Tara's eyes fill. Pain heavy on her face.

TARA

(voice cracking)

I've never felt uglier and more alone.

Tara buries her face crying. James kneels before her.

JAMES

Come, follow me.

INT. NATATORIUM - NIGHT

James leads Tara into the pool room. A massive blue pool stretches from wall to wall. The still water looks like glass.

JAMES

Get in the water.

TARA

I have no other clothes.

JAMES

Doesn't matter. Get in.

James follows Tara into the water. She shivers from the cold. The temperature doesn't seem to phase James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Float on the water like I've taught you.

Tara slowly leans back into the water allowing buoyancy to take over her body. She paddles her hands under water to keep her afloat. James place his hand gently on the back of her head.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

Tara does as told. James moves them in a soft circle using his hand under her head to direct her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The human spirit is like water. Elegant, beautiful, yet strong and feared. Your body is like a body of water, add more you become an ocean, take away you become a river.

Tara listens to James' soothing voice as she floats on the surface of the water.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Like water, you are a force to be reckoned with. When energy moves through water it creates a wave. The greater the energy, the bigger the wave, like a tsunami. In your own body, you must be one in the same. The greater the positive energy you allow into you, the greater your happiness will be. A happiness no one can take away.

Tara opens her eyes. She looks into James', feeling his words.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It does not matter whether your 400 pounds or 40 pounds, in water you are weightless. You must be the same in your everyday life, weightless, allowing nothing to bring you down or destroy who you are.

A moment of silence falls.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now, take a deep breath, allow
yourself to sink, and count from
ten. Let the broken you drown
beneath the surface. When you come
back up, you shall be reborn.

Tara slowly takes in a deep break. She clenches her body
creating weight and she goes under.

She counts in her head as she allow her body to slowly float
back to the surface.

TARA

(in her head)

10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4...
3... 2...

INT. BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

A pair of eyes open. Tara's eyes. She sits up and turns to
sit on the edge. A smile comes to her face, a much needed
one.

EXT. HOME - MORNING

The sun begins to peak over the horizon.

Tara is dressed in running clothes. She plugs in her
headphones.

She chooses an audio clip on her phone titled "Weightless."
James' voice begins to play.

JAMES (V.O.)

The human spirit is like water...

She pulls the hoodie on her head. A determined look burns in
her eyes.

JAMES (V.O.)

Elegant, beautiful, yet strong and
feared...

She bounces down the steps and breaks into a jog down the
lonely sidewalk.

FADE OUT.

(CONT'D)

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