

HUNGRY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APPARTEMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

BIG GUY (30s, fat, shirtless) looks at himself in the mirror -  
- depressed, disgusted.

INT. APPARTEMENT/BATHROOM - DAY

He steps on the scale.

INSERT - SCALE

The screen on the scale displays the word "D I E"

BACK TO SCENE

He steps off the scale. With his arms on each side of the sink, he looks at himself in the small mirror above it. He closes his fists.

He gets out of the bathroom with resolve -- he's going to war.

INT. APPARTEMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

He goes through his pantry cabinet, yanks out all the junk food and throws it in a large garbage bag. Boxes of Kraft Dinner, bags of chips, cookies, etc. -- everything!

Same thing with the cupboards -- bag of popcorn, candies...

He rushes to the fridge and continues the genocide. Old boxes of takeout food, big jug of chocolate milk, soda cans...

Up to the freezer -- frozen pizzas, fries, ice cream, corn dogs...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

He dumps the contents of the bags in a fire pit.

He looks at the food as it burns -- good riddance.

INT. APPARTEMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

He arrives in the living room wearing shorts and a T-shirt that scream thrift shop.

INSERT - WORKOUT VIDEO

He lays his phone on the couch in front of him and presses play. On the screen is a workout video. Quick montage with MUSIC of a guy in amazing shape doing various exercises -- the TRAINER.

BACK TO SCENE

Big Guy braces himself. He does what he thinks are stretching exercises while the trainer starts the workout.

TRAINER (O.S.)  
 Alright! Let's get right into it.  
 We're gonna start with some jumping  
 jacks.

Big Guy is already breathing harder from the stretching and the anticipation.

TRAINER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Three... Two... One... Let's go!

MUSIC comes from the CELLPHONE.

Big Guy just shifts his weight from one foot to the other and slightly swings his arms in an awkward way.

TYPING SOUND is heard.

J-CUT TO:

INT. APPARTEMENT/OFFICE - DAY

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

He TYPES "Can you lose weight without exercising?" on Google.

INT. APPARTEMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

INSERT - FRIDGE DOOR

He SLAPS a sheet of paper on the fridge door with a piece of tape. "IT'S ALL ABOUT DIET" is written in large, green letters.

BACK TO SCENE

He steps back from the fridge and admires the result, satisfied.

INSERT - INSIDE THE FRIDGE

TIME LAPSE OF STILL SHOTS. Vegetables and other good food appear one by one on the shelves until the fridge is full of healthy food. The door CLOSES.

INT. APPARTEMENT/LOBBY - DAY

The front door OPENS. Big Guy is back from work.

He puts his coat on the rack and his briefcase on the floor.

He walks toward the kitchen.

INT. APPARTEMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Big Guy opens the fridge, stares at the healthy food with the face of someone at a funeral.

INT. APPARTEMENT/DINING ROOM - DAY

A bowl full of lettuce and tomatoes and brocolis is on the table. A celery sticks out.

Big Guy sighs.

He chews slowly, painfully.

He cries.

INT. APPARTEMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Big Guy's sitting on the couch, playing with his phone. The TV is on in front of him.

BIG GUY'S P.O.V. - CELLPHONE SCREEN

He's on some app. There's a picture of him, and underneath, an "Improve My Pic" button.

His thumb touches the button.

A little wheel turns -- processing...

On the picture, his head explodes.

BACK TO SCENE

He puts his phone down. Back to the TV.

His stomach GROWLS. He glances down at it, then tries to ignore it.

It GROWLS louder. His eyes stay on the TV. A focus worthy of a race car driver.

The commercials come on.

A woman in a bikini licks a large hamburger dripping with sauce.

Big Guy turns his head away from the torture.

When he looks again, another young woman is taking a gravy shower in slow motion.

His stomach GROWLS again, very loudly. The little lamp SHAKES on the end table.

He changes the channel.

A dynamic, epilepsy-inducing ad with punchy sound effects and bright, vivid colors praises the new meal of a fast food restaurant.

ADVERTISER

Bacon! Wrapped around -- Chicken!  
Inside a -- beef patty! Topped  
with -- Pulled pork! All of it  
drenched in our great BBQ sauce --

Big Guy turns the TV off.

He puts his hands in his face and closes his eyes.

A SHUFFLING NOISE comes from the kitchen.

He raises his head. What was that?

It comes again -- something rubbing softly.

He gets up and investigates, with apprehension and carefulness.

INT. APPARTEMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's coming from the pantry cabinet.

He approaches slowly, crouches, and opens it.

On the bottom shelf is a bag of chips.

He stares at it, wondering Why How Who...

The bag SLIDES a little bit toward him.

Big Guy jumps back and SLAMS the door.

He paces around the kitchen, glances now and then at the pantry. He struggles. The temptation is strong.

He rushes to the pantry, gets the bag, tears it open, and goes through the whole thing, like a pig on bath salts that hasn't eaten for a month.

The empty bag drops on the floor covered in crumbs.

Big Guy comes down too, kneels on the floor.

It hurts -- the shame, the guilt, the failure.

He holds in a scream that only seeps out as strangled moans.

He goes down again, lies on his side.

The moans die out.

He's on his back now.

He SINKS into the floor, slowly.

Deeper. Still deeper. He's gone.

FADE OUT.

THE END