

GLUTTONY AND A WHITE TUXEDO

by

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EXT. GREEN PASTURES - DAY

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 rainfall showers over green pastures and tree-covered peaks. Cows graze across acres of lush paddocks.

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

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

An intersection cuts through the hinterland. We've arrived just after a collision between truck and school bus. We slowly pan toward the wreck, through smoke and broken glass.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

An elderly driver is slumped over the wheel. We continue further inside to see the full extent of the destruction.

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

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - MORNING

Heavy eyes open. The eyes of HELEN SANDERS (41), 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 be awake for day time.

HELEN

.....

SARAH

The sun be awake.

Entering the room is TREVOR SANDERS (33). 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 to her apathy. Trevor draws back the curtains.

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

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

Trevor's cell rings, faceplate coming to life with a gorgeous woman. Trevor silences the call, takes his leather briefcase, kisses his wife's forehead and exits the bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

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

Helen trudges into the kitchen, takes a carton of 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 Goodwin... Yes, that's
right. I'd like to cancel.

LATER

Helen sits in a recliner watching television. This is her life. What she does on a daily basis.

We enter time lapse photography of Helen watching various programs. Days of Our Lives. Judge Judy. Commercials.

The sunlight through the window gradually sweeps across as Helen begins to drift asleep when, finally, the time lapse slows back into real time when, -- DING DONG.

Helen's eyes open. Then close. The door chime continues -- DING DONG. DING DONG. DING DONG. DING DONG. Fast and faster.

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

.....

PETER

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 which you have one child. You used to be a teacher, a good teacher. But now spend your days watching TV and creating chocolate sandwich combinations.

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

INT. CORRIDOR

Helen walks back through the hallway, toward the kitchen. DING DONG! The door chime plays. Helen ignores it.

DING-DONG! DING-DONG! DING-DONG!

Helen reaches for the phone, dials a number when the door chime stops. Helen freezes, waiting for a ring tone.

Helen looks into the phone and disconnects the call. She takes a nearby kitchen knife and scans out the window.

INT/EXT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR

Knife in hand, 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 walk their dog. Helen vanishes inside...

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Helen sits in her favorite stained couch, watching infomercials on the TV. She eats baked beans on toast, mouth coated in a thin layer of tomato syrup.

The knife rests on a neighboring coffee table.

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 absorbs her trusty knife then picks it up before getting to her feet and walking to the window.

Helen slowly peers through the small gap in the curtain when she's suddenly confronted with the smiling face of Peter!

Helen jolts back with a gasp and falls onto her ass.

The door bell rings over and over. Fast, repetitive and aggressive. Each chime, striking fear with Helen.

Helen worms along the floor, face red from the effort. She staggers up and makes her way to a table where she snatches..

A MOBILE PHONE

Helen takes the phone, looks at the faceplate with bulging eyes as she's met again by the smiling face of Peter. He's in her iPhone, smiling through the LCD screen as he says...

PETER

Open the door, Helen.

HELEN

Get away from me!

Helen throws the phone across the room. 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

Calm down and take a breath.

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, not missing a beat, exhausted with effort.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

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

I suppose television is the only way. This cubed device has been your world for many years now hasn't it?

Helen grabs the knife.

PETER (CONT'D)

But now I'm going to show you another program. A program directed by you, Helen. See, I'm going to show you something far more real than any reality show. Far more educational than any documentary. Sit down, please.

Helen has no choice, she's exhausted.

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

The television comes to life with flashing numbers before a disc menu appears with a two scene chapter selection.

Helen squints into the screen, focusing on the chapter selections. Her mouth opens. She leans 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 the door, arrives the seductive queen, EVA LEE (24), slim and tall.

EVA

Excuse, Mr. Sanders. I have the finance report you asked for.

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

Anything else I can do?

TREVOR

No, that's fine.

EVA

How is the family?

TREVOR

Fine.

EVA

And Mrs. Sanders?

TREVOR

Fine.

EVA

So life must be pretty fine then?

Trevor doesn't reply, instead forcing a smile. Eva props her ass on the desk, her long legs ooze sex appeal.

EVA (CONT'D)

You know, if you wanna talk I'm always here. Believe it or not but 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 said I'm the best in the class.

TREVOR

.....

EVA

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

So does that mean you can't as well? C'mon and live a little.

TREVOR

.....

EVA

If you say yes, I'll leave you alone. I totally promise.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Helen watches, 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

I feel it.

EVA

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

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Helen watches the television screen. Sweating. Breathing. Whimpering. Her eyes water. Her breathing is heavy.

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. It's not right.

EVA

What?

TREVOR

I have a family, Eva.

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, Mister Sanders. Better than her.

TREVOR

Stop it.

EVA

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

TREVOR

Please, just go. Take the rest of the day off, okay?

EVA

She doesn't care about you.

Eva sniggers and turns, walking out of the office. Trevor sits behind his desk, rakes his fingers through his hair.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Helen is silently crying, head in her hands, sitting on the carpet. Suddenly, her attention returns to the screen.

Data flashes up. Streaks of coded information scan through before we see Sarah sitting in her classroom.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASS ROOM (TV SCREEN)

On the chalk board, a banner is pinned - "Mothers Day". Families fill the room. Sarah sits alone, looking vulnerable.

The teacher approaches, kneeling down to her. She shakes her head. Surrounding children and mothers watch with sympathy.

INT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Helen can't take it. She stands, throws the remote down. The TV goes into fast forward mode. She then topples the TV over.

HELEN

No! No! Stop! Just stop it!

BAM! She grips her chest. Face flushed, eyes bulging. She falls to one knee, collapsing to the floor, eyes fading out.

EXT. GREEN PASTURES

A flower meadow on a clear day. Picture perfect. Vibrant colors of red and yellow flowers cover the ground.

From nowhere, Helen sits up.

She absorbs the beauty around her, notices Peter with his back to her. Helen gets to her feet, approaches him.

She arrives to see Peter drinking a coffee, staring down over a valley with a single road slicing through.

PETER

What was going through your mind
when he put that gun in your face?

HELEN

I thought I was going to die.
He took my purse. My jewelry.
Then knocked me to the ground.

PETER

And on the ground you stayed.

HELEN

.....

PETER

You did die that night. Not in
your physical form.

HELEN

I was afraid.

PETER

And you have been ever since.
Courage is not living without
fear, Helen. Courage is being
scared to death and doing the
right thing anyway.

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

PETER (CONT'D)

You can let things consume you
or you can adapt. Move on.

Peter then bends down, takes a rose and pins it over the stain, smiling at his accomplishment.

Helen absorbs his actions before the sound of a diesel engine draws her attention to the road below - a school bus.

BACK TO SCENE

Helen lies in front of the toppled television. Her eyes open to see the screen on fast forward. Helen finds the remote.

PLAY

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!

She looks at a nearby clock and with get effort, gets to her feet and runs to the door, collecting a set of KEYS.

EXT. SANDER'S RESIDENCE - DRIVE WAY - CONTINUOUS

It's raining. Barefooted and still in her bathrobe, Helen quickly waddles to an old run down car in the driveway.

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 gets out and approaches him in the rain.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Is this some kind of joke?!
What the hell is going on?!

PETER

.....

HELEN

Tell me who you are?!

PETER

Think of me as a turning
point in your life, Helen.
A turn so very much needed.

HELEN

What do you want?! Who are you?!

PETER

It's not important what I am.
Rather what you are. What you
have become, Helen.

HELEN

My daughter. Is she in danger?
Is the bus going to crash?

PETER

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

HELEN

No, no, no! Don't you take her!

Helen backtracks and falls onto the wet lawn. She turns to see Sarah's Barbie bike. She turns back - Peter's gone.

EXT. STREET

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

INT. MITSUBISHI MAGNA

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

TREVOR

Helen?

EXT. STREETS

The Mitsubishi spins around and takes off after the Helen.

ON HELEN:

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

The few neighboring houses that pass by are now replaced with a beautiful countryside of open green pastures.

Grazing cows watch as the Helen races across the open road. Enclosed by distant mountains, the peaceful settings are at contrast with her desperate situation.

Helen notices an intersection on the horizon and rides harder. She 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, unknowing the dangers ahead.

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. Rain buckets down.

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

Both bus and truck lock brakes but at that speed and in the rain, they skid along the road, skidding toward 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 hit. Suddenly everything pauses, raindrops freeze in mid air.

All is silent...

Helen's eyes re-open to see a world on pause and Peter leaning beside the frozen semi-trailer.

HELEN

Am I dead?

PETER

Far from it.

HELEN

What's happening to me?

PETER

Life.

HELEN

Life?

Peter approaches Helen, gently takes her by the hand and covers her hand over her beating chest with a smile.

PETER

Do you feel that? Do you remember it? Let it guide you. It whispers, so listen carefully.

A single rain drop falls, causing things to unfreeze. Rain recommences. Truck and bus hurtling at her!

The walls of metal skid.

Helen closes her eyes, awaiting impact. The chrome push-plate of the truck and steel grill of the bus skid to a stop inches from her figure.

Helen opens her eyes to be confronted with her reflection in the polished chrome framework. She can't believe it.

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.)

Mum? 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.