

CINDY TUCKER, SEWAGE QUEEN

FADE IN:

EXT. SHOPPING STREET - DAY

CINDY TUCKER, 23, heavily obese, blond perm, pink leggings, staggers along the busy pavement.

She wears headphones from the Walkman era and the enthusiasm of her rosy cheeks, the confident smile, her sparkling eyes actually express - I am today's Cyndi Lauper.

However, the other FOLKS rather step out of her way with deprecating stares and pure disbelief.

CINDY (V.O.)

As I told you, women can be
anything they want in this world.
It's just a matter of stance. And,
when I heard, they search for more
female workers in the wastewater
business, I just thought, say
whaaat-- Made for it!

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

BOB, 42, bald with a pimply face, and CARLOS, 28, slim mustache, hop out of a parked van. With their gumboots and overalls, they unload boxed equipment from the car.

While Carlos opens a manhole cover, Bob spots Cindy, trudging toward them.

BOB

Don't let that be the new intern.
Please, veer off now.

CARLOS

What?

BOB

Look at that whale.

Carlos's eyes widen at the sight of Cindy.

CARLOS

Crispy. Mamacita.

BOB

Come on. Just walk into Wendy's or
elsewhere, big girl.

Nope, Cindy doesn't. She just gets closer, reaches out her hand for the last several steps.

Bob scratches his temple.

BOB
(mutters)

No fuck.

CINDY
What did you say? You're Chuck? Hi,
I'm Cindy. Cindy Tucker.

BOB
That's not--

Carlos shoves Bob aside. With a smile from ear to ear, he
kisses Cindy's hand.

CARLOS
Mucho gusto, señora Cindy.

CINDY
Oh, well, thank you not.

She pulls her hand back.

CINDY
I wasn't quite clear the wastewater
business is as sexualized as
Hollywood. Anyway. Maybe later,
Mexiboy. So, guys, is there any
work to do or should we call it a
day?

Bob just shakes his head in disbelief.

BOB
Wait, I'll see if we got some
protective clothes for you.

MOMENTS LATER

Bob hands Cindy a pair of crocs.

BOB
Sorry, this is all that fits.

Cindy puts the sandals on, poses as a top model.

Carlos drools a little.

CARLOS
Dios mios.

CINDY
Seems like a ten, Carlito?

BOB

I never said this before, but can
we just go down there?

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

Cindy's butt dims all daylight from the manhole as she
squeezes herself down the last steps of the ladder.

She drops with her crocks onto the concrete, marvels at the
conditions of the dried and clean sewer.

Every few yards a ceiling light illuminates the huge pipe.

CINDY

Dry as the Mojave Desert.

BOB

And exactly this is the problem. We
got a fatberg. Whole pipe is
clogged. This way.

He points along the tunnel.

BOB

And I want you to go there and make
some pictures of it. Fatberg-
documentation we call it.

He hands her a camera and a whistle.

CINDY

We ain't got no robots and stuff?

BOB

Yeah, this is when reality strikes.
People watch too much Discovery
Channel and think we're into some
Nasa stuff. Then the only friends
we got down here is a shovel and
these little helpers.

Bob shows his palms, turns them.

BOB

Not actually the disco queen world
you would have expected, what?

CINDY

I can do everything and more of
what you can do, you... you pimple
face.

BOB
We will see, Cindy Tucker.

Carlos intervenes from the side.

CARLOS
Can I go with her? Can I?

CINDY
Don't worry, hon, I may need you in
other sphere's of life if you know
what I mean.

She pokes Carlos' bun. He blushes.

CARLOS
Sure, ma'am.

In the middle of the tunnel, Bob arranges a folding table,
which seems to be all their boxed "equipment". There's a
backgammon board stuck to it.

He sits on an upside down bucket, puts dices and backgammon
chips on the board.

BOB
Let her go. It's been three to one
last time, wasn't it?

Cindy trudges ahead, then turns, raises the whistle.

CINDY
So, I'll guess this is our
communication system, Mister Shovel
and Hands.

Bob nods.

CARLOS
Just blow and...

CINDY
Well, as said, my little foal...
later. Let me get the job done
first.

Carlos' lips slightly shiver as Cindy disappears into the
tunnel's darkness.

CARLOS
Salt of the earth.

BOB
Ah, shit. Let's play.

Bob rolls the dices, moves the checker pieces wildly, obviously no clue how the game actually works.

BOB
(shouts)
Backgammon One, Backgammon Two!
Your turn. Roll the dice, Carlos...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

Cindy tiptoes along the darkness.

She reaches a wall of grease, plastic, and feces. The fatberg. It somehow built an emulsion like concrete.

Cindy zooms with the camera. On its display, she detects a single French fry that sticks in the fatberg's surface.

She can't resist and makes a grab for it.

CRACK- crack crack cracks rupture to all sides of the fatberg. A bubbling from behind gets louder and louder.

MOMENTS LATER

Cindy runs for her life. The whistle firm in her mouth, she blows it over and over, FWEET, FWEET.

Behind her, the wave of wastewater and grease comes closer and closer. Rises above her head, breaks and collapses.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

Right under the manhole, Cindy lies prone on the Backgammon table that floats in the knee-deep brown waters.

She breaths deep. With last strength, she blows into the whistle, FWEET, FWEET.

CINDY (V.O.)
When the fatberg exploded, there
were dozens of sewage workers
nearby. And only one came back.
One.

From the manhole's dazzling light...

CARLOS (O.S.)
Mamacita?

FADE OUT.