

Fat Guy

by

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

No one is on the street. No I lied. SKINNY GUY is on the street listening to some song only you guys can play here. And, behind him a huge sweaty fat guy, with his man tits swinging in slow motion. FAT GUY is shuffling very fast directly toward Skinny Guy.

Skinny Guy looks at Fat Guy.

Fat Guys eyes, focused, prankisk, mean.

Skinny Guys eyes, they are distracted and interested.

Skinny Guy looks behind him. He sees no one anywhere. Not even in the store windows. The city is deserted.

Skinny guy looks back at Fat Guy. Fat Guy is still hustling toward Skinny Guy. Skinny Guy is not liking this.

Skinny Guy takes off running. Fat Guy stops.

FAT GUY

So that's how you're gonna play
huh?

Fat Guy pulls out a box. It's a big box. Fat people can carry big things. But it's too big to fit even in his pocket.

Fat Guy gets down to his underwear. Fat Guy non-chalantly puts on his spandex superhero uniform. Bending over he lets out a long greasy ass flaping rumbler.

He stands ups with uniform on. The symbol on his chest is a golden donut with a bite out it.

SKINNY GUY

Woo-ha-ha-ha!

Skinny Guy is looking back from two blocks away. Skinny Guy chuckles. He slowly turns. Fat Guy is in front of him.

SKINNY GUY

What the fuck?

Fat Guy holds out his massive arms, kind of like he might do a bear hug or something. His arms are bouncing a little. His tricep fat dangles like the fat ladies earlobes with big earrings.

Skinny Guy takes a run for it. He is quickly away.

Fat Guy gives a yeah-right look. He gets ready to run, but stops.

He sniffs. He sniffs again. He turns. Oh my god. It's a donut shop, but he's not looking. Not even out of the corner of his eye. But he knows where it's at.

He turns fast. There are donuts lined up in the window of a shop. They are talking to him. They look like little cherubs in those classical paintings. They call to him.

He looks at his uniform. He gets serious!

FAT GUY

I'll be back to save you babies
later. I am in an cataclysmic
battle with Skinny Guy.

The donuts, cheer him on.

Skinny Guy is in a full sprint looking back at Fat Guy.

Skinny Guy turns away from Fat Guy in his full sprint. When he turns around he see's Fat Guy right in front of him with his arms crossed.

Skinny Guy goes into slow motion bashing into Fat Guy's belly. Skinny Guy rebounds off the warbling belly of Fat Guy.

Skinny Guy goes into fast forward toward a car parked on the other side of the street. He flies into the back seat of the car. He was straight when he flew through the air, but he got skwicked into a crunchy position flying through the door.

The car alarm is blaring. Fat Guy puts his fat finger in the air.

FAT GUY

Fat Guy!