

SINS: Gluttony

THE TALE OF DONKEY AND TRASH

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

A shiny SUV glides through a posh neighborhood. Stops in front of a gated residence. HONKS.

Gates to the residence swing open. Two older men hustle luggage out to the waiting SUV.

Not far behind them, bounces CHELSEA, mid 20s, a 220-pound Orca. The wind whips her blonde locks like a horse's mane.

She waddles to the SUV. Stops at the side-view mirror.

Fixes her makeup and adjusts her sunglasses.

INT. SUV

Chelsea finally climbs aboard.

ALLY (O.S.)  
Mother fucker.

Chelsea looks ups. Sees a 275-pound, raven-haired woman in dark glasses sitting in back: ALLY, mid 30s.

CHELSEA  
Mother fuck you back. Bitch.

ALLY  
This is supposed to be a private ride. What the hell...?

CHELSEA  
Oh yeah? Mother fuck you, part two. Bitch.

They glare at each other. Chelsea grits her teeth and sits.

ALLY  
Brilliant. I gotta go to Lake Arrowhead with the diva of pop banality.

CHELSEA  
You can stop talking anytime. You're sucking up all my oxygen.

ALLY  
Fart launch.

CHELSEA  
So disgusting.

EXT. STREETS OF CAMARILLO - DAY

The SUV speeds along a sun-drenched street lined with gift shops and hotels. The whiz past a burger joint.

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
Ohmygod, an In-and-Out.

ALLY (O.S.)  
Where?

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
HA. Ya missed it, bitch.

ALLY (O.S.)  
Go chase a biscuit.

EXT. NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY - DAY

Barbed-wire wrapped around a wrought-iron fence. All of that surrounds the place.

The SUV driver reaches out and punches a code box.

Gates swing wide.

Barracks and buildings directly ahead. No people, but lots of open ground.

ALLY (O.S.)  
Uh, did somebody take the wrong turn?

SUV stops in front of a building. The ladies unpile. Look around.

CHELSEA  
Like, where is this place?

ALLY  
I'm gonna fire that son-of-a-bitch manager of mine. It's a frickin' fat farm.

CHELSEA  
How can you tell?

ALLY  
I can read.

SIGN: BAYWATCH CLINIC FOR THE OBESE AT HEART.

The SUV driver unloads the women's bags on the sidewalk. Then drives away.

A huge man in military fatigues stomps out of the building. SARGE, mid 60s. A Great Dane at his side.

SARGE  
Welcome to the Clinic. My name's Sarge and I'm your symbiotic host.

CHELSEA  
Is a refund out of the question?

SARGE  
Relax. Don't judge a book by its cover.  
(smiles)  
Now meet my dog, Kill.

Chelsea looks at the Great Dane and backs off.

ALLY  
Isn't somebody gonna get my bags?

SARGE  
No, ma'am. Your baggage is your baggage. Excess is the devil. Besides, I'm a one-man staff. Follow me, ladies.

He turns and walks back into the facility. Ally and Chelsea look at each.

ALLY  
Excess is the devil?

They grab their bags and struggle toward the facility.

INT. FACILITY CORRIDOR - LATER

Sarge and Kill stand outside of a room.

Ally and Chelsea exit the room. Sarge lights up a cigar.

SARGE

You like your pad?

ALLY

Tell me. This big ass of a place, and I gotta share a room with the Thing?

SARGE

Team work. I'll show you around the place.

They walk the corridor. Sarge's breath trails him like train smoke. The ladies cough.

ALLY

As I was saying, this arrangement was made without my knowledge. I shouldn't be here. I've got a pilot to shoot. You know, for TV. Get a pen and take notes?

CHELSEA

Yeah, ditto me, too.

Kill trots alongside of the Sarge. Sarge stubs his cigar against a wall. He opens a butcher wrap of sliced beef.

SARGE

Rules are rules. And my rules are as straight and narrow as pubic hair. You wanna leave, you drop one-hundred pounds. That's fifty pounds between you two. Or ninety-nine here and one there. Read the fine print of your contract.

ALLY

That's what I'm talking about. I didn't do a contract.

SARGE

Your manager did. However...

Sarge stops and eats slabs of beef. He offers some to his dog. But Kill wimpers and won't eat.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

Sarge pulls a bottle of tabasco sauce from his pocket.

Drenches the meat. This gets the great dane's attention. Kill nearly eats Sarge's hand in his excitement. Inhales the meat.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Crazy, tabasco-loving pooch.

Sarge licks his fingers. Then pulls out a fresh cigar.

He turns to the ladies. Licks the cigar and smiles.

SARGE (CONT'D)

...there is an escape clause.

CHELSEA

...a blow job and an after-dinner mint?

ALLY

Shut up, Chelsea. What's the clause?

SARGE

Death.

Death?

ALLY

Death?

CHELSEA

SARGE (CONT'D)

If someone drops dead before the poundage is dropped, game over. Last woman standing goes home with no further obligations. I'm not implying any foul play take place. That's not my job.

ALLY

This is totally sick.

Sarge walks on, grinning and smoking.

INT. SARGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarge sits in a recliner, sharing ice cream with dog Kill. They watch women's professional wrestling on the TV.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

An old-fashioned catfight between Ally and Chelsea.

Ally cinches a headlock on Chelsea. Chelsea socks Ally repeatedly on her butt cheek, until Ally releases the hold.

ALLY

Time out.

CHELSEA

There's no time out.

ALLY

You're right.

Ally shoots a right cross that cracks against Chelsea's chin. Puts the blonde down like a sack of fertilizer.

ALLY (CONT'D)

It's settled. I get the cot furthest from the door..

LATER

The ladies are lounging on their respective cots.

ALLY (CONT'D)

You wouldn't have a spare candy bar?

CHELSEA

How about sleeping pills?

ALLY

Is there a meal plan around here? I could eat giraffe through a python's ass.

CHELSEA

Me too. But I swear, if I gotta be around the Sarge one more day, I'm gonna get sick. He smells worse than the Mississippi River.

ALLY

You from Mississippi?

CHELSEA

I used to be.

An Intercom crackles in the room.

SARGE (FILTERED)

Dinner at O-Six Hundred, ladies. In the mess hall.

INT. MESS HALL

Ally hogs down pot roast and mashed potatoes. Corn kernels riding her lips. Gravy hanging from her chin.

OTHER SIDE OF TABLE

Chelsea power-suctions a chocolate malt. In her fists are a triple-bacon, cheese burger deluxe and greasy onion rings.

The women glare at each other as they snarl down food.

SARGE

Tomorrow we start the program.

RINGGGGG

INT. ROOM - DAY

Semi-dark. The ladies jump in their beds. Awakened from a deep sleep by an ALARM. Room light pops on automatically.

ALLY

Turn off your damn clock radio, shit-for-brains.

CHELSEA

You turn off your clock, bitch.

INTERCOM:

SARGE (FILTERED)

I want you on the field at O-Five Hundred.

The women crawl out of their cots. Ally looks around for her luggage.

ALLY

Okay, farm cunt, what did you do it?

CHELSEA

Do with what?

ALLY

Don't you make me kick you down south, because it'll fuckin' hurt. Where's my stuff?

Chelsea moans and crawls out of her bed. Looks under the cot.

CHELSEA

That's a good one, bitch.  
You stole my jewelry. Don't  
pretend you don't know, cuz  
you're not that good an  
actress.

The women look at each other and Ally SCREAMS in anger. She turns around and kicks some furniture.

EXT. OPEN FIELD, BAYCRUST FACILITY - DAY

A sliver of morning sun light cuts across a muddy field.

Ally and Chelsea stand at attention. Wearing gray sweatsuits.

Sarge paces back and forth. He cradles a 5-pound breakfast burrito like a baby. Pours tabasco sauce on it.

His great dane watches every move.

SARGE

I know all about you rich,  
celebrity types. You walk  
around high and mighty, step  
all over people. Think your  
shit don't stink.

ALLY

(mumbles)  
That's original.

SARGE

Say what?

Ally is straight-faced. Sarge gets in her face.

ALLY

I said you're a freakin'  
stereotype who can't say one  
original thing. Sir.

SARGE

You made your point. Shit  
don't stink is an old line.  
Just like 'No pain, no gain.'  
Old fuckin', cliched lines.  
But my motto is, old lines for  
an old donkey and a trailer-  
trash whore.

(MORE)

SARGE (CONT'D)  
 If the shoe fits, I don't see  
 the problem...now where was I?

Chelsea snickers. Sarge spins around. Chelsea is stone faced.

SARGE (CONT'D)  
 You have no doubt noticed that  
 I removed all your sweet,  
 pretty, movie star clothes  
 from your room. As well as  
 your other excesses. Cell  
 phones, laptops, calculators.  
 But I did you a big favor.

He looks down at the women bare feet. Caked with mud.

SARGE (CONT'D)  
 (to Chelsea)  
 What kind of shoes you bring  
 to the compound, Young Trash.

CHELSEA  
 ...Bruno Magli's.

Sarge gives the rest of his burrito to Kill.

Then he picks up a duffel bag and pulls out Chelsea's shoes  
 and hands them to her.

SARGE  
 Ooh la la. I like your style.

Chelsea reluctantly takes them.

SARGE (CONT'D)  
 (to Ally)  
 And what kind of shoes you  
 bring, donkey dearest?

ALLY  
 Nike fuck you Air Pegasus.

SARGE  
 Nikes, nice.

He removes the Nikes from the bag and drops them in the mud.

SARGE (CONT'D)  
 Your shoes are your new best  
 friend. They will be with you  
 at all times. You will sleep  
 with your shoes on. You will  
 shower with your shoes on.  
 (MORE)

SARGE (CONT'D)

Your shoes are your breakfast bowl and your dinner plate. And if you feel the urge to vomit, you hurl the sauce into your shoes. Consider your shoes an extension of your body. You will clean them at the end of the day and you will treat them with the utmost respect. Are we on the same page?

Yes sir.

KIRSTIE

Yes sir.

BRITNEY

EXT. MAKESHIFT RUNNING TRACK - LATER

The ladies do laps. Chelsea in her Bruno Magli's and Ally in her Nikes. Ally has a weak smile.

ALLY

How's the Magli's holding up?

Chelsea stops and looks green. Bends over and on the verge...

ALLY (CONT'D)

In your shoes, remember. It's gotta catch all the sauce.

CHELSEA

Fuck you, donkey king.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Chelsea is soaking her feet in a pail of water. Ally is looking out the window.

She spies a vehicle in the distance. Under a street light.

ALLY

Catering truck. Hmmm...

Chelsea SCREAMS. Her water pail spills.

CHELSEA

A roach.

ALLY

Where?

CHELSEA

It went under my bed.

ALLY  
I got first dibs.

Ally peers under Amy's bed. Squints. Reaches and pulls out a driver's license.

She stares at it.

CHELSEA  
What?

ALLY  
Melissa Montgomery. Wasn't she  
the actress...

CHELSEA  
...that got beamed up by  
aliens?

ALLY  
You read World Weekly News?  
Geez, get a clue, dummy. She  
was allegedly abducted.

CHELSEA  
Ohmygod, that's a load. You  
read the Times, don't you?

ALLY  
Listen, what the hell's her  
license doing under your bed?

Ally looks at the license, then looks at Chelsea.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Are you thinking what I'm  
thinking?

CHELSEA  
I think I'm thinking what  
you're thinking. But, what are  
you thinking?

ALLY  
It's obvious she was here.

CHELSEA  
That's what I was thinking.

ALLY  
What if...?

CHELSEA  
Yeah, what if...?

Alley takes another look under the bed.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)  
Are you thinking what I'm  
thinking?

ALLY  
Murder?

CHELSEA  
Catering truck. Midnight  
snack.

INT. CORRIDOR

The ladies ease out of their room. Tiptoe down the hall.

CHELSEA  
Like Sarge doesn't have this  
place rigged with cameras.

Ally pauses, looks around, then whispers to Chelsea.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)  
No way.

ALLY  
Come on. Buy me some time.

Ally sneaks off down the hall. Waves to Chelsea.

Chelsea lifts her sweatshirt. Flashes her boobs. Turns around  
and lifts her sweatshirt again.

She turns around and drops her pants: Moons the hallway,  
east, west.

INT. MESS HALL KITCHEN

Ally bee-lines to the fridge. Cautiously looks around. Checks  
for boobie-traps.

Then opens the fridge door. Warm light bathes her face.  
Ally's eyes open wide.

She carries food to a nearby table. Back and forth with food.

Ally finds a grocery bag and fills it with pizza, pasta, roast turkey, apple pie and French bread slathered with butter.

She lifts the bag and runs back to the

CORRIDOR

Chelsea is doing an all-out strip tease. Totally into the moment, when Ally sprints by with the bag of food.

CHELSEA

Hey.

Ally doesn't stop till she hits the room door.

INT. ROOM

Ally and Chelsea scarfing down food. Savoring each bite. Ally pulls a bottle of wine from the grocery bag. Smiles.

CHELSEA

Why would the Sarge remove the fridge lock?

Ally stops and ponders the question.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Because he doesn't want us to leave. He wants us fat, flirty and dirty.

ALLY

God, you're getting smarter by the minute... hey, Chels. I lied before when I said I was working on a TV show. I can't get job selling Amway.

CHELSEA

Forget it. I always lie. Hell, everybody, my boyfriend included, thinks I was born a woman.

ALLY

...you're not a woman?

CHELSEA

Gotcha. See, I'm a chronic liar.

ALLY

Goddamn it. Anybody tell you  
you're high maintenance?

EXT. ARMORY - DAY

Under a harsh sun, the ladies dig holes. Sarge is watching them. He and Kill share a ham and turkey sandwich.

Sarge points to some untouched turf five feet away.

SARGE

Donkey-potamus, I want you  
digging over there.

Ally looks at Sarge with contempt. Pick up her shovel and looks like she's gonna take off his head.

Then casts a glance at Chelsea, who shakes her head.

Ally calms down and starts digging a new hole.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Today, we are going to bury  
some garbage. Burlap sacks  
filled with rotting animals...  
from the dog pound. Sleeping  
pets, if you catch my drift.  
Snooze you lose.

He laughs his filthy laugh. Chelsea laughs. Then Ally laughs.

EXT. ARMORY - NIGHT

Under a few utility lights inside the armory, Ally drags a burlap sack into a hole. She covers her face and coughs.

Chelsea shovels dirt over the hole.

Sarge swings from a hammock. Chowing down a Philly  
Chessesteak. And then... he SNORES.

INT. SARGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarge lifts his weary eyes. Groggy. He look around, notices that he's stripped down to his boxer shorts. Tied to an office chair.

SARGE

Where'm...I?

ALLY

How was your Philly sleeping pills sandwich?

SARGE

You drugged me?

CHELSEA

Three days ago. Snooze you lose.

Ally and Chelsea are dressed like a dominatrix. Fat dominatrixes.

ALLY

She drugged you. I'm just an accomplice.

CHELSEA

We found these cute outfits among your wardrobe.

ALLY

We know all about you, Sarge. How guests check in and don't check out. Well, you pickes on the wrong two tubbettes.

SARGE

Stupid. You don't get it, do you? The contract. Lemme explain somethin--

Ally stuffs a red ball gag in Sarge's mouth.

ALLY

This gag ball is your new best friend. It goes wherever you go. You gotta vomit? You vomit on the gag ball. You gotta piss? You piss on the gag ball. Your mouth gets tired, the gag ball goes up your ass. It will always plug a hole. North hole, south hole, a fresh hole is a good hole. We on the same page, Sarge?

Chelsea eats a submarine sandwich in front of Sarge. His eyes lock on the sandwich. He moans and squirms.

CHELSEA

You didn't think we had it in us. That we couldn't work as a team. Ha.

They wheel the Sarge out of the office. Down the corridor.

EXT. ARMORY FACILITY

Sarge gets pushed down the sidewalk. Out to the open field.

The girls struggle to push the Sarge and chair on the muddy ground. They stop. Ally wipes her brow.

Ally clamps handcuffs to his wrists. Then she cuts the twine that binds the Sarge to his chair.

Chelsea pulls out a pair of Smith & Wesson ankle cuffs with an stainless, 8-inch chain. She slaps the cuffs on Sarge's ankles.

Chelsea trots down the field.

ALLY

Here's how the game goes, Sarge. You see that card table?

She points down the field, 15 yards away.

ALLY (CONT'D)

There is a nice, sumptuous T-bone steak sitting on a plate, on that table. Your job should you choose to accept it, is to run your ass over there and claim that bitch. Sound like fun?

Ally points far beyond the table. Way out there where Chelsea's standing now – atop a cage.

ALLY (CONT'D)

The tricky part is that you are racing your mutt to the steak. You got fifteen yards and Kill has eighty-five yards. Who will get to the steak first?

Sarge nods. He eyes the prize.

ALLY (CONT'D)

One more thing: You got to run through fifteen yards of hot, slippery-ass shit.

Sarge looks at Ally and frowns. Returns his gaze to the table with the steak.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Ready? Set...Go.

She give Sarge a healthy push. He stumbles and starts running with choppy strides.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Look like Tarzan, run like Jane.

He hits a slick and flops onto his belly. Picks himself up and looks down at his semi-nude body.

DOWN THE FIELD

Chelsea releases the cage door and out flies a starving great dane. Kill is moving at 50 mph toward the steak.

SARGE

looks down at the red fluid that cover his body.

He sees Kill running toward him full blast. Kill whizzes past the table and the steak. He targets the Sarge, who turns and runs back toward Ally. He slips and fall.

Kill is all over Sarge. Stifled SCREAMS OS fill the air.

INT. SARGE'S OFFICE

The ladies are lounging in the office with a beer. Ally works on a Cuban. Her feet on the desk, near a speaker phone.

ALLY

Elmore, you fuck, when I see you, you're a dead man.

ELMORE (FILTERED)

OK, but not before I spill the good news. MTV loved the idea. But they weren't so keen on that last scene.

ALLY

What the fuck are you talking about?

ELMORE (FILTERED)

Your new reality show: "Combatants." Starring you, Chelsea and the Sarege. We set you up to get a natural reaction. You being such a bad actress.

ALLY

We...we were doing a TV reality show?

ELMORE (FILTERED)

What'd I just say?

Ally removes her feet from the desk. She sits up and looks over at Chelsea.

ALLY

You fuckin' slab of shit. This is all your fault.

CHELSEA

Fuck you, part three. Bitch.

FADE OUT.

THE END.