

FIT
by
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FADE IN:

INT. "FIT FOR LIFE" HEALTH AND FITNESS CENTER - DAY

The needle on an old-fashioned commercial scale bounces to a stop at 232 lbs on the giant dial.

TONYA, a short hefty black girl, steps off the scale in disappointment. The surrounding CROWD, made up of varying degrees of chubby people, aww's for Tonya.

A shiny red car sits in the middle of the workout room.

A sign by the car reads: Fit For Life's annual weight loss competition. The member with the biggest weight loss during the month of July wins this Honda Fit.

SEAN (30s) looks like a Ken doll with incredible white teeth and the energetic personality of Richard Simmons. He speaks into a microphone.

SEAN

I am so sorry Tonya, but losing six pounds is still a great achievement.

The crowd applauds Tonya as she shuffles off. Sean lowers his voice, speaks with great suspense.

SEAN

With only Rick and Lorna left to weigh in, will one of them be able to beat our current leader's eleven pounds?

The crowd tenses with enthusiasm. Whispers are heard.

Sean turns his attention to LORNA (60) a "big" lady with an enormous butt squeezed into hot pink tights.

SEAN

Lorna, c'mon up here. Let's see how you did.

Lorna's giddy with excitement. She steps up to Sean who takes her hand, helps her up on the scale.

Complete silence while the needle spins around on the dial. It settles on 325 lbs.

Sean double checks a piece of paper in his hand. His face lights up. He flashes a giant grin.

SEAN

Oh. My. God.

(squealing)

Lorna's lost fifteen pounds!!!

The crowd goes wild.

Lorna's jaw drops. She clutches her chest. Her eyes roll around in their sockets. She's dizzy.

Sean grabs her hand, guides her down from the scale.

LORNA

...I...I...won. I won!

The crowd cheers, clap their hands.

Lorna staggers over to the car. She hugs it. Tears form in her eyes.

RICK (58) a stout man with a huge gut coughs to get attention. He's got a ruddy face, perfect brown hair.

The celebration quiets down. Sean turns to Rick.

SEAN

You are so close Lorna, but we have one contestant left before I can hand you the key to this awesome car.

He waves Rick forward to get on the scale. Rick strides up to the scale, takes his shoes off then steps on.

Lorna stares at Rick's shoes. A frown on her face.

The crowd holds their breath. The needle bounces up and down before it settles on 212 lbs.

Sean consults his sheet of paper. After a moment his jaw drops. He lets out a girly squeal. His hand on his heart.

SEAN

I can't believe it. Rick has lost fifteen and a half pounds! We have a winner!

The crowd goes crazy. Some of the women hug Rick. The men slap Rick's back. Lorna's face turns red in anger.

LORNA

He cheated! He took his shoes off!

Everyone stares at Lorna then at Rick's shoes. There's a murmur from the crowd.

CROWD

She's right.

Lorna takes her shoes off. Defiant.

LORNA

I want to be weighed again.

Sean is not quite sure what to say.

CROWD

Let her do it.

Lorna stomps back up on the scale. The needle jerks around then stops at 324.5 Lbs.

There's a gasp from the crowd. Lorna's triumphant. Rick is annoyed.

SEAN

Oh. My. God. It's a tie!

Rick's eyes dart back and forth. His brain works in hyper speed. He gets an idea, pulls off his shirt, tosses it aside then gets on the scale.

The crowd stares at his naked gut in silence.

The scale shows 211.3 Lbs.

Lorna pulls her shirt off. Lots of flab stuffed into a girdle. She yanks Rick off the scale, gets on it herself. The needle stops at 324 lbs. Lorna rips off the girdle.

The crowd stares at the fat-rolls. Some avert their eyes.

The needle stops at 323.8 lbs.

Rick huffs, takes off his pants. There's a big bulge in his shorts. The crowd stares with their mouths agape.

Rick shoves Lorna off the scale, gets on. Frustrated with the reading, he yanks a sock-roll out of his shorts. No more bulge. Some giggles are heard.

Lorna takes off her pants. Pushes Rick off the scale, gets on. Not happy with the result, she pulls out big falsies from her bra.

The crowd stands silent. Eyes bulged out.

Rick's eyes dart back and forth. Another idea.

RICK
I'll be right back.

Rick takes off towards the restrooms.

CROWD
He's going to the bathroom...

Lorna thinks fast.

LORNA
I'll be back too.

Lorna waddles off to the restrooms.

After a short moment some disturbing sounds emanate from the bathrooms. The crowd squirms.

The disgusting sounds soon end. Rick exits first. Toilet paper stuck to the back of his shorts. He rushes up to the scale. It shows his weight is now 207 lbs.

The crowd grimaces. Rick beams as he steps down.

CROWD
Ewwwww.....

RICK
That car is mine!!

Lorna climbs back on the scale. It stops at 319.7 lbs.

CROWD
Ewwwwwwwwww.....

Lorna's ecstatic.

Rick glowers at Lorna, ponders, hesitates then he pulls off his toupee. The overhead lights reflect on the shiny top of his head.

The crowd gasps in shock. Rick pulls Lorna off the scale, gets back on. His weight 206.5 lbs.

RICK

Yeeeeeees!!

(to Lorna)

Take that you lardass whale!

Lorna is pissed! Her turn to come up with something. She pauses, makes up her mind, takes a deep breath. Her hand reaches for her hair, pulls her wig off. She tosses it on the floor.

The crowd goes dead silent. Lorna gets on the scale. The needle stops at 319.1 lbs. Lorna smiles condescendingly at Rick who's red with anger.

Sean is speechless. The mic limp in his hand.

In one final desperate move Rick reaches into his mouth. He pulls out his upper and lower front teeth bridges.

Sean covers his mouth in horror. The crowd is dumbstruck.

Rick gets on the scale. He weighs 206.5 lbs.

Lorna glowers at Rick. In a last desperate attempt, she reaches for her mouth, pulls out her dentures. She hands them to Sean who holds out his hand by instinct.

No one says anything. Complete silence as Lorna climbs up on the scale.

Sean realizes what he holds in his hand. He drops Lorna's dentures on the floor in disgust.

The scale shows 318.9 lbs. Lorna steps off the scale with pride. She's the winner.

The crowd slowly starts to applaud.

Sean fumbles the mic, gets his composure back.

SEAN

Wow....Looks like Lorna's the winner after all.

The applause increases as does Sean's excitement.

SEAN

Congratulations Lorna. You've lost
twenty-one point one pounds!
You're the winner of the Fit!

Rick picks up his belongings. With anger he grabs Lorna's wig on the floor. He rips the hair out in big tufts then throws it on the floor. Stomps on it. Grinds it into the floor with his heel.

The crowd cheers Lorna. Thunderous applause. Lorna's ecstatic. Sean holds the car door open for her.

Lorna squeezes into the car. Sean pushes her rolls of fat in. The steering wheel is squashed into her gut, locked in place between her enormous thighs.

Sean tries to close the door. Doesn't work. One third of Lorna is still outside the tiny car.

There's a murmur from the crowd.

CROWD

...She doesn't fit.

FADE OUT: