

WEIGHT LOSS CLUB

Written by

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CLOSE-UP ON:

Computer screen Photoshop application - a picture of a very big guy is being drastically manipulated to make him look thinner.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

FARLEY, the guy in the picture, is trying his best to do the impossible. He's big. He's bald. He's not a graphic artist, and this is already comically frustrating. He makes faces at the screen.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

TOM hasn't bathed or shaved in a week. He's a little overweight and puffy. He is also working Photoshop and is easily cutting his head off of a picture.

INTERCUT BETWEEN FARLEY AND TOM

Farley is very frustrated.

FARLEY

Arggh. Come on. One fucking picture
for Facebook. That's all I ask.
Bald's bad enough.

The photo looks pretty fake. Farley GROWLS at it.

Tom carefully places his head onto a naked man's body. He proudly looks at the new image and adjusts the angle of his head a bit. He studies the image and then highlights the man's penis and begins to enlarge the image. The new penis is comically large. He loves it.

Tom clicks a couple of buttons and a screen pops up that says: "Load image to Fuckbuddies.com?" He Clicks "YES".

Farley also clicks "YES" and his manipulated face replaces his icon on the screen. The image looks like Farley has had the worst possible plastic surgery.

Farley's computer makes a PING. He switches over to another window. It's a Facebook event invitation for his high school reunion. This one is special - it's in Hawaii.

Tom is also reading the reunion notification. He is obviously excited.

TOM

Sweet! High school pu-na-ni... Oh,
wait. Not in high school anymore...

With disappointment he realizes the women will be older.

Farley is sweating at the thought of going to his reunion.
He glances down at his gut and pokes his fat with his finger
as he lets out a long sigh.

Farley puts his palms to his eyes in frustration. He has a
thought. He gets up and leaves.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farley flips on the light and enters the bathroom. He gets
down on all fours and digs around under the sink.

He brings out a dusty SCALE and wipes/blows it off. He sets
it down and stands up.

With some trepidation, he steps on and peers down at the
reading.

CLOSE-UP ON THE SCALE: A LOT.

Farley reacts with a little surprise. Gears turn.

He strips. Clothes drop onto the floor all around him.

He steps back onto the scale.

CLOSE-UP ON THE SCALE: THE SAME.

Farley is disappointed.

He flips open the lid of the toilet and starts to pee. He has
a better idea. He sits down.

TIME CUT TO:

Farley stands and flushes the toilet. He steps back onto the
scale.

CLOSE-UP ON THE SCALE: THE SAME.

FARLEY

What the hell?!

He hastily grabs his clothes and moves out of the bathroom.

EXT. FARLEY'S STREET - DAY

Farley comes to the sidewalk outside his house and looks left and right. He does the smallest amount of perfunctory stretching and tries to look like he does this all the time.

He starts off running down the street.

This is painful and he almost immediately is very red, sweaty and winded.

He comes to a slow walk with a stitch in his side. He takes his pulse in a panic that he might die.

He checks back behind him towards his house to see how far he's come.

With some effort, he turns and tries to jog back.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Farley comes into his bathroom with anticipation. He quickly strips and steps onto the scale.

CLOSE-UP OF SCALE: THE SAME.

FARLEY

Damn it!

INT. TOM'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom lounges on his couch watching an infomercial. The place is a disgusting mess. He's mostly drunk.

He tries to take a drink from a tallboy PBR, but it's empty. He tosses the can aside apathetically.

He decides to buy the stupid product they're selling on the TV. He picks up his phone and dials.

TIME CUT TO:

Tom is still on the phone and has his credit card out.

TOM

Well try it again! It worked yesterday. I want that frickin' Snuggie.

He listens a moment with irritation.

He suddenly hangs up the phone without saying anything. He grabs a pair of scissors and cuts up his credit card. He flips the pieces into the air. He walks into kitchen.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom stumbles to the refrigerator and looks inside.

SHOT OF THE REFRIGERATOR: A BOTTLE OF MUSTARD AND A PBR.

He takes the PBR, pops the top and takes a big swig.

He opens a few cupboards, but doesn't find much. In a drawer he finds a half bag of CHEETOS. He starts to take them into the living room, but comes back to grab the mustard.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom sits on the couch and applies a dab of mustard to each Cheeto before eating it without any pleasure.

He's watching television, but the signal suddenly goes out, replaced with techno-snow.

TOM

Oh, great.

INT. FARLEY'S WORK - DAY

Farley comes into work. BRETT, a thirty year old thin douche with a faux-hawk, walks up annoyingly with a box of donuts. Farley eyes them with temptation.

BRETT

Did you hear they made the announcement for the new senior manager position?

Farley perks up with hope.

FARLEY

Did they?

Brett nods with deceitful wide eyes. Farley dares to hope.

BRETT

Yeah, they picked the best man for the job... Me.

Farley is crestfallen.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Good news is, you still get to
 dress up as Santa at Christmas,
 tubby.

Brett winks at a nearby female co-worker, SAM, who's
 embarrassed for Farley. Farley shrinks into his chair.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Donut?

Farley shakes his head with resolve.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Farley is in his bedroom telling his plan to his attractive
 and relatively fit wife, SUSAN. She's sitting on the bed
 folding clothes while he stands facing her, as if giving an
 enthusiastic presentation.

FARLEY
 (He hesitates, it is tough
 to talk about)
 So... I've decided to lose some
 weight.

SUSAN
 (she's heard it before)
 Okay.

FARLEY
 According to the BMI, I just need
 to lose a hundred and forty-seven
 pounds to get to my goal before the
 reunion.

Susan is a little surprised and nods her head slowly as she
 tries to form her words.

SUSAN
 I'm glad that you want to get
 serious about losing weight
 honey...

FARLEY
 But what?

She tries to be delicate.

SUSAN
 Well, that's an awful lot of weight
 in a pretty short time.

FARLEY
It's nine months!

SUSAN
It's just over eight.

He waves off her concern.

FARLEY
Those people on TV do that and more
all the time.

SUSAN
Maybe, but that's all they do while
they're on that show. And they have
professional trainers and doctors.

FARLEY
I can't believe this. You don't
think I can do it.

SUSAN
Look, Farley, I love you. And I
worry about your health, so I think
it's a good thing to try to lose
some weight and start getting some
exercise. I just don't want you to
set some kind of really unrealistic
goal and then get discouraged if
you don't make it.

He's frustrated by her lack of enthusiasm, but he knows she
cares about him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Do it for yourself, not just
because of some stupid high school
reunion. You never went to any of
them before, why do you care about
it now?

FARLEY
In high school I was awesome,
Susan. I was like the king of the
school. Then after graduation, I
just kinda started gaining some
weight, and then we got married,
and you bake all the time, and I
was embarrassed.

SUSAN
Oh, it's my fault that you gained
weight?

FARLEY

No, not really, but... I miss that me...

SUSAN

Farley, just promise me that you'll go to the doctor before you start some crazy diet and exercise plan.

FARLEY

I will. I'll go tomorrow. And nothing crazy. Just hard work and discipline. You'll see.

She gets up to put away the stacks of clothes. She pauses, smiles a little and kisses him as she passes as a sort of reconciliation.

SUSAN

You want me to bake you a pie?

Farley looks at her, puzzled.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

As kind of a farewell to baked goods? A last meal, before you get serious.

FARLEY

That's probably not a great idea.

She walks away and he thinks about it.

EXT. DEL TACO DRIVE THRU/INT. FARLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Farley pulls his car up to the menu board to order.

DEL TACO PERSON (O.S.)

Welcome to Del Taco, can I take your order?

FARLEY

Uh, yeah, I'll have the Muy Macho burrito combo with Coke. And with chili cheese fries.

DEL TACO PERSON

Did you want the macho taco today?

FARLEY

You know me too well. Yeah I'll take one.

DEL TACO PERSON
OK, anything else?

FARLEY
(resignedly)
Might as well give me a churro too.

TIME CUT TO:

Feeling guilty, Farley sits in his car in the Del Taco parking lot eating his final meal by himself.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom walks the room holding his laptop in various places trying to pick up a wireless network signal.

TOM
Oh, come on! Why do you people need
network passwords?

He finds a signal in an almost out of reach place.

TOM (CONT'D)
Aha! Here we go.

His computer gains access to a porn website and the sounds of a video start to play.

He awkwardly tries to pull down his shorts and start jacking off with one hand while holding the laptop in the proper spot.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Reading a children's magazine, Farley waits.

A nurse opens a door and calls his name.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Farley sits on an examination table in his underclothes. A DOCTOR is referencing some printed pages.

DOCTOR
Frankly, you're in terrible shape.

FARLEY
Is it that bad?

The doctor nods his head gravely.

DOCTOR

Yes. These test results are shocking. It's as if your veins were filled with refried beans and donuts...

EXT. PARK - DAY

Farley and Tom meet at the park to play chess. They are part of a small group of people that do this regularly, mostly men. There are a few nerdy types with poor hygiene, a few very serious pseudo-European types, a few very old men, and one guy in a Lord of the Rings-style cape using an eccentric "wizard chess" set.

Farley and Tom square off over a board on a picnic table trying to talk privately.

FARLEY

High blood pressure. Borderline diabetic. And my cholesterol,
(he shakes his head)
It's a long list.

TOM

Like my johnson. Hahaha.

Farley looks at him flatly. Tom's attempt to be funny is lame. He moves a chess piece.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sorry. Check.

FARLEY

So I'm finally doing the "d" word.
And I'm going to start walking.

TOM

Is Marianne going?

FARLEY

What? Who? Is she going where?

TOM

Don't act like you're not thinking about her. You guys were hot and heavy in high school. Prom king and queen. You haven't gone to any of the other reunions because you're afraid to see her.

FARLEY

That's not true.

TOM
I heard she ended up marrying
Scotty Watson.

FARLEY
They got a divorce.

TOM
Ha! I knew it.

FARLEY
No. Even if it wasn't for this
reunion, I need to get in shape.
I'm a little scared about the
medical stuff.

Tom thinks.

TOM
I should get in shape before the
reunion too. Since I lost my job
I've just been sitting on my ass on
my couch all day. I need some
exercise.

Farley shrugs.

FARLEY
My doctor said to just start with
walking.

TOM
OK, to kick it off, we should have
one last big fatty meal. Like your
final meal when you're going to be
executed.

FARLEY
What? No.

TOM
Come on. We deserve it. Breakfast!
Tomorrow morning. Then we'll get
serious about getting healthy.

FARLEY
Naw. It'll be easier if we just
start from now.

TOM
Farley. Don't be a pussy. You love
breakfast. You're gonna miss it.
You need like, a big farewell.

FARLEY
'Cause I'm going to be executed.

TOM
Right. Checkmate.

Farley rolls his eyes and concedes.

FARLEY
Fine. I'll pick you up.

TOM
Good. And you can pay, because I'm broke. Sally took all my money when she left me.

FARLEY
You're a loser.

TOM
I know.

Tom walks away. He calls out.

TOM (CONT'D)
A weight-loser!

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Farley is getting into bed when Susan peeks her head out from behind the door and gives him a mischievous look.

SUSAN
I've got a little surprise for you,
honey.

Farley gets a sly smile and sits on the edge of the bed facing her.

FARLEY
Oooh, what is it?

SUSAN
Just a little something I got to help motivate you.

She slinks out from behind the door wearing a cheerleader's uniform.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I know you've got high school on your mind, with the reunion and all.

Farley likes what he sees.

FARLEY

Are you going to do a little cheer
for me?

SUSAN

Do you want me to?

She gives him a smoldering look. They have a comfortable bond
and this type of thing isn't unusual for them.

FARLEY

And who do I play?

SUSAN

You're the captain of the football
team. And I'm going to shake my pom
poms while you try to score.

FARLEY

Hmm. I think I might like this one.

She crosses to him, playfully sexy, and puts her arms around
his neck and gives him a little kiss.

Farley tries to be cute and work within the fantasy.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

So should I make a pass?

She nods cutely and gives him another little kiss.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Run up the middle?

She raises her eyebrows a little in mock naughtiness and
gives another little kiss.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Do a little dance in the end zone?

She cocks her head to the side a little with playful eyes and
gives him another little kiss. Farley gets a little over-
confident.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Two point conversion? On-side kick?

Susan suddenly looks a little puzzled and mentally tries to
grasp at the metaphor, but comes up empty.

SUSAN

Yeah, you kinda lost it there...

FARLEY

Too much?

She nods a little.

SUSAN

Uh huh...

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Farley snorts himself awake and looks around. He's alone in bed. He gets up and wanders out of the room.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The kitchen light is on and Farley stumbles toward it to investigate.

FARLEY

Susan?

No answer as he walks into the kitchen:

INT. FARLEY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Farley turns the corner and is stopped in his tracks by what he sees. Every imaginable baked good -- cookies, pies, cakes, brownies, donuts, etc -- lay spread out before him.

Farley notices a note sitting by a glorious cake. He picks it up and reads the note: "Since you've been so good, you should be a little bad"

FARLEY

I should, shouldn't I?

Farley tosses the note and begins to eat. He picks up a donut and begins to lick it. He keeps liking it until:

CUT TO:

INT. FARLEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Farley's face is being licked by his dog and this wakes him up from his sugar orgy dream. It takes a second to figure out what is going on and then it clicks and Farley pets his dog's head.

FARLEY

Good girl. Save me from the sugar.

Next to him in bed, Susan shifts in her sleep.

INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

Farley and Tom are sitting in a booth looking at menus.

FARLEY

I went like, seven and a half hours
without sugar yesterday and I had
crazy dreams all night. I'm
probably addicted. I think I'm in
withdrawal.

TOM

I bet.

FARLEY

Yeah.

TOM

Well might as well go ape-shit now,
'cause it's on after this.

Farley feels kinda guilty. The waitress comes.

WAITRESS

You guys know what you want?

FARLEY

I can't decide between the Farmer's
breakfast and the Lumberjack
breakfast.

TOM

Just have both. Come on.

Farley looks at him like he's being a dick.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to the waitress)

Bring him both. Me too. And
coffees.

FARLEY

I don't like coffee.

TOM

Whatever. Bring him a Coke, please.

WAITRESS

Really? You want the Farmer and the
Lumberjack? Each?

FARLEY

No.

TOM

Yes. Eggs over-medium.

FARLEY

I guess I'll have scrambled. And make the Coke diet, please.

She eyes him with some contempt.

WAITRESS

Yeah, that's what I figured. You guys must be hungry.

TOM

We're just manly.

He tries to be flirtatious, but the waitress is more disgusted than impressed. She walks off.

FARLEY

Real smooth.

The waitress relays the order to her colleague, who looks at them with disgust.

TIME CUT TO:

Farley and Tom are finishing eating their huge breakfast.

TOM

Yeah, time to diet now.

People sitting around look at them and shake their heads.

FARLEY

Urgh. I feel kinda sick.

TOM

Good. It's like aversion therapy.

Shaking his head, Farley sits back and looks at him across the table.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, since we're going to be doing this whole big diet and exercise regimen, I was thinking I should be, like your personal trainer and diet coach. I could stay in your spare room.

Farley sees through this.

FARLEY
Why? Something wrong with your
place?

Tom shrugs like it's no big deal.

TOM
Eh. They're kinda foreclosing on
it.

FARLEY
You're kidding me.

TOM
They do that when you can't pay
your mortgage.

They stare at each other for a few moments.

FARLEY
You probably need to get a job.

Tom shrugs.

FARLEY (CONT'D)
Don't you get unemployment?

TOM
The mortgage is more than that.
Plus child support. And I gotta
eat.

FARLEY
(sarcastic)
Yeah, you gotta drink too.

TOM
What? Be nice to me. It's
embarrassing enough to be jobless.
Can I stay over there for a while
or not?

Farley is reluctant.

FARLEY
I gotta clear it with Susan.

Tom takes that as a yes.

TOM
Cool.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Farley enters looking around for his wife. Tom follows with a big duffel.

FARLEY
(calling)
Susan?

SUSAN (O.S.)
Upstairs!

FARLEY
(to Tom)
Just hang tight for a minute.

He heads upstairs. Tom plops down on the couch and turns on the television like he owns the place.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Farley and Susan are in the middle of it.

SUSAN
No!

FARLEY
It's just for a few days.

SUSAN
Absolutely not. He's a slob. He's an asshole. He's a slob-hole.

FARLEY
Shh. He's downstairs. They foreclosed on his house.

SUSAN
Not my problem!

FARLEY
He'll stay in the spare room, you'll hardly ever see him.

SUSAN
It's not a spare room. It's an office.

Farley tries another tack.

FARLEY
He's gonna lose weight with me.
We'll go walking together.
(MORE)

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Like workout buddies. For mutual motivation.

She stops what she's doing and turns on him. She's super irritated.

SUSAN

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard! It's not even the same problem. He could probably lose a few pounds, but you're fat! Look at you. The doctor said morbidly obese, right?

This hits Farley like a brick. He looks at her with painful disbelief. She has the beginnings of regret.

FARLEY

Wow, why don't you say what you really think?

He walks out. Full regret washes over her and she starts to move after him lamely.

SUSAN

Farley...

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farley comes into the room with resolution.

FARLEY

Let's do this. I'm all in.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Farley and Tom are walking semi-briskly, their breathing a bit labored.

TOM

When do you have to go to work?

FARLEY

I clopen.

Tom looks confused.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

I close tonight and open tomorrow.

TOM

Ah.

FARLEY

How about you? What are you going to do about work?

TOM

It's hard. I only want to do what I want to do. The idea of taking just any old job sucks.

FARLEY

How long do those unemployment checks last?

TOM

Not too much longer.

FARLEY

Well...

They walk for a few moments. They pass near enough to their group of chess-playing friends that the group watches them strangely. The exchange uncomfortable glances.

TOM

Maybe we should join a gym. Then we could work out with those machines.

FARLEY

No, everyone is all buff and sexy yoga pants - it'd just make me feel self-conscious.

TOM

Yoga pants sound OK. But this is kinda boring. And slow. We should kick it up a notch.

FARLEY

Like how?

TOM

I don't know. How long do you have before the reunion? Eight months? We should run a marathon.

FARLEY

What? I couldn't run a marathon if zombie clowns were chasing me.

TOM

Eww. Wait, slow zombies or fast?

FARLEY

What?

TOM
Like Dawn of the Dead or 28 Days?

FARLEY
Later.

TOM
What?

FARLEY
28 Days Later was the zombie movie.
28 Days is a Sandra Bullock flick.

Tom just stares at Farley.

FARLEY (CONT'D)
The fast ones. The ones with Rage.

TOM
Oh yeah, they were scary.

FARLEY
Yeah.

TOM
I don't remember the clowns though.
Or Sandra.
(He thinks for a beat)
I used to run marathons.

FARLEY
You ran one. Like 20 years ago.

TOM
Still. You just have to work up to
it. If we run like, a mile today,
and then run two miles tomorrow,
and so on, then pretty soon we
could run a marathon. Come on,
let's jog a little!

FARLEY
No, I can't run, Tom. I'm supposed
start slow and build up.

TOM
You can do it, don't be a candy
ass.

Tom starts jogging at Farley's walking pace.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on, it's like Fight Club! We just have to beat the shit out of each other, then we'll feel like men! It's like Weight Loss Club!

He punches Farley in the shoulder.

FARLEY

I can't run a marathon yet! And neither can you. Stop trying to act like you can. Maybe something else.

Tom slows to a walk and starts to have plotting thoughts.

Two hot moms pass them with jogging strollers. Tom checks them out and elbows Farley, who nods appreciatively.

TOM

See? Marathon.

He scopes out the park.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on, let's head that way.

TIME CUT TO:

They arrive at the play area. There are a few kids playing and some moms sitting on benches.

Tom surveys the equipment.

FARLEY

I'm not pushing you on the swing.

TOM

Come on, we have to step it up. Do some pull ups. Lift some stuff.

FARLEY

I'm not going to bench press children either. Come on, let's go.

TOM

I didn't say that. We just gotta get motivated. Come on. Weight Loss Club!

Tom makes grunting strong-man poses. Farley concedes reluctantly.

FARLEY

OK, fine. What do you want to do here?

TOM

Uh,
(looking around)
Rope climb! Over here, on the swings.

FARLEY

Those are chains. Plus, there's no way I could climb that.

TOM

Come on! Weight Loss Club! Get amped up! Mutual motivation! Think about that reunion.

Farley shakes his head resignedly and follows as Tom moves to the swing set and starts to grab one of the chains.

Some moms turn to watch curiously.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on now, grab one of these. We'll do it together. Imagine awesome, ripped arms.

Farley rolls his eyes and moves to grab one of the chains.

FARLEY

Ripped off arms.

They face each other, hands gripping the chains. Tom is making overexaggerated panting breaths.

TOM

All right, come on! Let's climb!

They both try to climb. It's sad. It hurts their hands.

A little kid is curious and grabs hold of one of the nearby chains. He climbs up several feet. His mom yells at him to get down.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's all right. We just have to work our way up to it. We're still badass. Come on.

Tom goes searching for something else to train on. Farley shakes his head.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Farley leads Tom down the pet products aisle. They stop by the dog food. Farley starts pulling big bags off the shelf and stacking them in the aisle.

TOM

What are we doing?

FARLEY

I want to show you something.

He stacks seven 20 pound bags and one smaller 10 pound bag.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

This is how much weight I need to lose. In eight months.

TOM

Wow. That's a lot of dog food.

FARLEY

I know. So I need you to be serious and help me stay motivated.

TOM

I will.

FARLEY

Don't get all crazy and distract me like you always do.

TOM

I won't. You can do this. I know you can. I need to lose like, three of these myself.

FARLEY

All right. Let's do it.

Tom tries to look gravely serious.

TOM

Weight Loss Club.

FARLEY

Whatever.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Farley and Tom are making a juice in the blender. Tom is referencing a book. There are myriad fruits and vegetables out on the counter.

TOM
Spinach, kale, ginger, garlic.

FARLEY
That sounds disgusting.

TOM
I know. But it says it's good for
the cleanse.

They share a look.

They add ingredients experimentally, blend.

Susan walks in, observes them with some curiosity as they
pour out glasses.

They taste. Susan smells it and makes a face that seems to
indicate they are idiots. Farley and Tom try to be positive,
but it takes effort. They kind of have to chew the drink. It
looks so disgusting that Susan leaves.

FARLEY
Well, I'll lose weight if this is
all I consume. I couldn't possibly
overeate.

Tom references the book.

TOM
It says you have to drink seventeen
glasses of that today.

FARLEY
Why?!

TOM
That's the only way to get all the
vegetables we need. For the
cleanse.

FARLEY
What are we cleansing?

CUT TO:

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY

Tom is waiting anxiously outside the door. Inside, the sound
of FLUSHING and WASHING.

Farley exits the bathroom, having just fought the good fight
with his bowels.

FARLEY

Oh my god.

Tom nods in understanding and pushes his way in.

TOM

Yeah, yeah. I know.

Tom reacts to the smell.

TOM (CONT'D)

Holy shit, man.

FARLEY

More like green lightning.

Tom shuts the door hastily.

Farley calls to him.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

I know what we're cleansing now!

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Exhausted, Farley and Tom sit on the couch.

FARLEY

Should we try to get some exercise?

Tom checks the time.

TOM

Dude, we have to have more juice.

FARLEY

Fuck. Really?

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on the couch with a glass of nasty-looking juice, Tom watches some cheesy softcore on the television.

Susan gets home. She puts down her keys and things and steps into the living room, clearly annoyed by the smell.

SUSAN

Where's Farley?

TOM

At work.

SUSAN

Oh. I thought he had day shift today, so I came home early.

Tom seems surprised that she thinks it's early and checks the time.

She regards him for a minute with some disgust while he watches.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And what are you doing?

Tom is slightly puzzled and a bit irritated by her passive-aggressive tone. He gestures at the TV.

She grunts with displeasure and leaves.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan is trying to sleep, but the PORN SOUNDS of Tom's video are too loud to allow her any peace. She is frustrated and gets up with a grunt.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

With extreme irritation, Susan tosses a sleeping pill out a bottle and pops it in her mouth. She chases it with a glass of water.

She turns to leave and catches sight of Tom's nasty dirty underwear balled up on the floor.

SUSAN

Eww. Gross.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arriving home from work, Farley comes into his bedroom. He's got on his work uniform. Susan is asleep. The house is quiet.

He crosses to the bed and sits down next to Susan. He smiles at her briefly and decides to gently shake her awake.

FARLEY

Hey honey, you wanna fool around a little?

She is in a deep sleep, but she mumbles.

SUSAN

Eww, gross...

Farley is shocked. He sits there for a moment and contemplates. He gets up quietly and leaves the room.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Farley enters covertly and opens the refrigerator. He wants to eat something, but knows he should be disciplined.

He closes the refrigerator door with some effort but opens a few cupboard doors. He suffers some and tries to muster willpower.

He ends up getting a glass of water with dissatisfaction and walking out with it.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Farley flips on the light and sets down his glass of water. He pulls out the scale and positions it with his foot.

He steps on and waits for it to register. He takes a look at the reading. It isn't bad, but he isn't very pleased and frowns mildly.

He pushes it back to where it was with his foot and leaves with his water.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Sitting on his makeshift bed looking at a job board website with a tallboy can of cheap beer and Cheetos, Tom listens with some guilt to the sounds of Farley weighing himself outside his door. Tom squeezes his belly some and grimaces.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM/EXT. PORCH - DAY

The DOORBELL rings. Tom gets up off the couch and answers it. There are three neighborhood CHILDREN standing there.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 1

Hey, you want us to cut your lawn?
Twenty bucks.

TOM

The people that live here aren't
home.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 1
So? You want us to do it?

TOM
I don't have twenty bucks.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 1
How about we wash your car? Fifteen
bucks.

TOM
I can wash my own car.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 2
Cheapskate.

Tom is flummoxed.

TOM
Why do you need money so badly?

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 1
None of your fricken' business.

Tom laughs.

TOM
Whoa. Sorry.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 2
Come on, this guy sucks.

They turn and leave. One of them waves Tom off with disgust.

Tom closes the door and stands there for a minute in
astonishment.

He has a thought.

EXT. FARLEY'S STREET - DAY

Tom comes out to the sidewalk looking for the three
neighborhood children.

He sees them walking across the street and begins to
surreptitiously follow.

The children walk up to another house and knock on the door.
Tom watches curiously. They seem to strike a deal.

TIME CUT TO:

The kids are finished cutting the grass and the homeowner comes out to look at their work. Tom is still clandestinely observing.

The homeowner hands over money. The kids leave.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Farley and Tom are on the grass attempting to do exercises.

FARLEY

This sucks ass.

TOM

No it doesn't. We just have to stay motivated.

FARLEY

No, I'm motivated. I'm just starving. This stupid juice thing is ridiculous.

TOM

Yeah. I'm pretty hungry for some real food.

FARLEY

My poop smells awesome though.

TOM

I wish I had a sandwich.

FARLEY

Does your poop smell good?

TOM

No.

FARLEY

Well, better?

TOM

I don't smell it. It's bright green though from all the frickin' kale.

FARLEY

And I think my skin is smoother. Is your skin smoother?

Tom checks. He shrugs.

TOM

Maybe a steak. I could use a steak.

FARLEY

Yeah, I don't think I can do juice for eight months. Maybe we should try something else.

TOM

Maybe we should beat the shit out of each other.

Farley looks puzzled.

FARLEY

How about if we just try to do a regular diet and forget about the juice.

TOM

Fine. But if we're going to give up on the juice thing, then we should have a final meal.

FARLEY

What? Like a farewell gallon of spinach juice?

TOM

No, fuck that. Let's just say we're going to start over, and so we have a final meal. Like at Del Taco! I'm dying for a mucho mucho burrito.

FARLEY

A macho burrito.

TOM

Whatever. I'd kill an old lady with a bucket of kale for one right now.

FARLEY

That doesn't make any sense at all.

TOM

Who cares? I'll stab her with a carrot stick. Disembowel her with a ginger root.

FARLEY

What about mutual motivation? You're not helping me at all.

TOM

Yes I am. We're exercising! You probably lost fifty pounds by now.

FARLEY

Seven. I've lost seven pounds. In three and a half weeks. I'm never going to make my goal weight by the damn reunion. Probably because that stupid final breakfast set me back like ten pounds.

TOM

Pshh. You're probably just moving weight around because you're getting stronger. Building muscle mass. You're doing great.

Farley looks at him and wishes he had more self-discipline.

FARLEY

A muy macho burrito sounds pretty good.

TOM

Yeah. Fuck the juice. Let's start over.

FARLEY

Alright, fine. A more sensible diet from tomorrow, OK?

TOM

Absolutely.

They start to move away.

TOM (CONT'D)

Weight Loss Club!

He makes stupid grunting muscle poses.

EXT. DEL TACO DRIVE THRU/INT. FARLEY'S CAR - DAY

Farley and Tom drive up to the window to collect their order. The Del Taco Person recognizes Farley.

DEL TACO PERSON

Hey! I haven't seen you in a while. Have you been out of town?

FARLEY

No, I've been trying to cut back...

TOM

He looks good though, right?

The Del Taco Person scrutinizes Farley but doesn't see it and makes a face like he's trying to figure a way to say so.

Farley looks at Tom sideways and takes the bags of food from the worker with some disappointment in himself and some embarrassment.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Farley finishes up brushing his teeth and pulls out the scale. He steps on and checks the reading with a grimace.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Farley walks in to find Tom with meat products all over the counter.

FARLEY
What's all this?

TOM
Watkins diet. You don't eat any
carbs. It's famous.

FARLEY
You mean Atkins?

TOM
Whatever.

FARLEY
I thought we were going to just do
a regular, sensible diet. With
regular food.

TOM
This is regular food. Look at it.
And it's meat! So satisfying!

FARLEY
How'd you buy all this?

TOM
(cryptically)
I did a few jobs.

FARLEY
So you're off Unemployment?

TOM
No, these pay cash. Under the
table.

FARLEY

Please don't tell me you're dealing
drugs out of my house.

TOM

No. Nothing like that.

FARLEY

How do you even support your kids?
Why don't you just get a regular
damn job?

TOM

'Cause I don't want to settle for
some stupid hourly job where you
have to wear a uniform and punch a
clock! That's loser bullshit.

FARLEY

What are you trying to say? You
think I'm a loser? Sorry to
disappoint you.

Farley shakes his head.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

You're a dick. And I'm not going to
eat bacon for every meal. High
blood pressure, remember? Fucktard.

Farley leaves. Tom laments. He calls out.

TOM

You don't have to just eat bacon!
You can have steak! Or pork rinds!

Farley's gone and Tom looks around at all the meat. He begins
to realize he's been an ass.

TOM (CONT'D)

(sarcastically, to self)
Weight Loss Club...

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Farley has dozed off with a nightstand light on. He wakes
when Susan tries to come in quietly.

FARLEY

Hey.

SUSAN

Hi, sorry.

FARLEY
That's all right.

She moves around undressing. He sits up in bed.

SUSAN
You get my message?

FARLEY
Yeah, everything OK?

SUSAN
Oh, yeah. Work, you know. I took an extra shift.

They study each other for a moment as if there is something that needs to be said. She waves it off and changes the subject.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
What's up with all the meat in the 'fridge?

FARLEY
Don't ask.

She understands.

SUSAN
Well, I'm proud of you. I can tell you're really trying to make this diet thing work.

She sits on the side of the bed and lets out an exhausted groan.

FARLEY
Come here, let me rub your feet.

She looks over at him for a moment before registering and then swings her feet up into his lap.

Farley takes one of her feet in his hands and starts to knead it. She responds to the relaxing effect.

SUSAN
Mmm. That feels good.

She enjoys it for a few moments.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Maybe YOU should play the sexy masseuse sometimes.

Farley smiles lightly at her.

FARLEY
I can do that.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Standing at the side of the bed, Tom shakes Farley awake. Farley wakes in a haze and then suddenly realizes Tom's in his bedroom.

FARLEY
What? What the fuck are you doing
in here?

TOM
Get up. I got you a present. To say
I'm sorry.

Farley is sleep addled and wants to close his eyes.

FARLEY
Can't we do it later? Leave me
alone.

TOM
No, it has to be now. Get up. It's
a surprise.

Farley begrudgingly starts to extricate himself from his bed.

FARLEY
Why are you telling me about it,
then?

EXT. FARLEY'S STREET/INT. TOM'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Dressed in workout clothes, Farley makes his way out to the car where Tom is waiting. He gets in.

FARLEY
Where are we going?

TOM
It's a surprise. I wanted to get
you something to apologize. I know
I was kind of a jerk.

Farley isn't exactly placated. He puts his seat belt on.

TOM (CONT'D)
Here, I brought you a coffee.

FARLEY

How long have you known me? You know I don't drink coffee.

TOM

Dang, grumpy. Fine, I'll drink it.

They drive off.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT/INT. TOM'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Tom pulls into the empty lot and parks.

TOM

Here we are.

FARLEY

At the beach? How romantic.

TOM

Come on, let's go.

They get out and head out onto the sand.

EXT. BEACH - EARLY MORNING

There is a grumpy looking DRILL SERGEANT waiting for Farley and Tom as they approach. He stands in front of a small group of Boot Camp TRAINEES.

When they get close the Drill Sergeant starts to yell at them.

DRILL SERGEANT

Move your damn asses, you lazy pieces of shit! I've seen more motivation in a pack of girl scouts!

The yelling shocks Farley and Tom. Farley is scared, Tom is elated. They can't help but comply and move the last several yards in haste to join the others.

DRILL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Now get down here and start jogging in place, you maggots! I want knees high and lots of energy! One two, one two, one two!

Farley is completely disoriented and tries to do what he's told. He flinches at the screaming.

Tom is beaming.

DRILL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Now when I say "hut" you hit the deck, roll over and bounce your pretty asses right back up! You get me?!

Trying to jog in place, Farley and Tom don't respond. The Drill Sergeant's face turns red and veins bulge. SHAWN, a portly hipster, gets in Farley's face, trying to be a devoted sidekick to the Drill Sergeant.

SHAWN

He said, do you get him?!

The Drill Sergeant looks at Shawn with crazy eyes, but turns back to Farley.

DRILL SERGEANT

I said, YOU GET ME?!

FARLEY

(trying to yell)

Yes, Sir?

Shawn menacingly uses two fingers to point at his eyes and then to Farley to indicate he'll be watching.

DRILL SERGEANT

That's right, you ballerina! One two, one two, HUT!

Trying to keep up with the very enthusiastic Shawn and the others, Farley and Tom drop to the sand awkwardly, roll over, and then try to hastily get back up and resume jogging in place.

DRILL SERGEANT (CONT'D)

You call that bouncing?! Again! One two, one two, HUT!

Everyone drops to the sand again. Farley finally gets a chance to look over at Tom. Farley is bewildered and disoriented. Tom is tickled.

Farley searches for some explanation in Tom's face.

TOM

You're welcome!

They try to bounce back up.

DRILL SERGEANT

Again!

MONTAGE:

Farley and Tom endure various ridiculous military-style exercises and enthusiastic verbal abuse in the sand with the other Boot Camp Trainees as Shawn literally runs circles around them being crazy/enthusiastic and just a bit irritating to the Drill Sergeant.

Clap Push Ups.

Running through the surf.

Hand to hand style grappling.

Low crawling.

Extreme leg lifting to tears (a la Officer and a Gentleman)

END MONTAGE.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - MORNING

Farley and Tom are walking back from the beach with two men and a woman who were boot camp trainees. Tom is trying to subtly pitch to the enthusiastic boot camp devotee Shawn and CALEB, a teddy bear-like heavy nerd. The woman, AMY, is a very stylish big girl with full make-up on.

TOM

We call it Weight Loss Club, get it? It's like Fight Club, but for losing weight. You should do it with us.

Caleb is not entirely persuaded.

CALEB

Maybe. I have to ask my wife.

Tom is perturbed.

TOM

No you don't. The first rule of Weight Loss Club is that you don't have to ask permission about Weight Loss Club.

CALEB

I love that movie, and I don't think you're getting it right.

SHAWN

Well I'm down like a clown.

AMY

I want to do it. I love working out with other people. The social part makes it more fun.

Tom looks at her sideways.

TOM

Hmm. I was kinda thinking it was gonna just be guys...

AMY

Why? You afraid of girls? I think I could probably make you feel comfortable...

She's overtly sexual. Tom is uncharacteristically embarrassed.

TOM

It's just we're kinda doing manly stuff.

SHAWN

I'm totally manly.

TOM

Yeah, I noticed that, that's why I asked you.

FARLEY

Oh, who cares if there's women? We're just trying to help motivate each other. I say the more the merrier. It's not like we're a secret society or something.

SHAWN

I love secrets.

TOM

Yeah, me too. I thought you might.

AMY

So we're all going to get together then?

Farley casually shrugs and nods. Tom concedes and shrugs.

TOM

Yeah, I guess. Fine.

AMY

Let me have your phone number then,
so we can coordinate.

SHAWN

You want mine too?

AMY

No, that's OK.

INT. TOM'S CAR - MORNING

Farley and Tom get in and shut the doors. Tom starts to put the key in the ignition when Farley stops him.

FARLEY

Look, I don't care if we work out
with other people - just please
don't tell everyone that I have a
weight loss goal or anything.

Tom's puzzled.

TOM

Why?

Farley's look says that Tom couldn't fathom the complexity of it. Farley looks away but tries to explain.

FARLEY

Because I don't want to draw
attention to it. I already feel
like a loser. I don't want everyone
watching me all the time, judging
me.

TOM

I don't think anyone's gonna judge
you.

FARLEY

Tom, just don't tell anyone, all
right?

Tom nods. After a few moments, he starts the car and they take off.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Farley and Tom get home and enter the house.

FARLEY

I'm so frickin' tired. And I have to go to work. Tell me why that was supposed to be a gift again?

TOM

You'll be fine. Maybe you can take a nap.

They plop down on the couch.

FARLEY

I need a week to recover. That guy was crazy. My arms are like noodles.

TOM

Mmm. Noodles. Carbs would be so awesome right now.

FARLEY

Don't start. I've been dying for pancakes since you woke me up.

TOM

Oh yeah. I'm so hard for pancakes.

FARLEY

Please don't say that.

INT. FARLEY'S CAR/EXT. DEL TACO DRIVE-THRU - DAY

Driving down the road, Farley spies the Del Taco sign and grimaces. He feels weak. He really wants to be strong, but he loses.

He pulls into the Del Taco drive-thru and up to the ordering sign.

DEL TACO PERSON (O.S.)

Welcome to Del Taco, can I take your order?

FARLEY

You guys don't happen to have pancakes, do you?

DEL TACO PERSON (O.S.)

Pancakes?

FARLEY

Yes.

DEL TACO PERSON (O.S.)

No, sorry.

FARLEY

OK, well, let me have a half pound
bacon and egg burrito and a large
Coke.

DEL TACO PERSON (O.S.)

Would you like some hashbrown
sticks to go with that?

FARLEY

I guess.

Farley feels guilty.

INT. FARLEY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Susan finishes applying frosting to some giant cinnamon rolls on the counter and serves one onto a plate. She leaves the kitchen with it.

Tom stealthily enters the kitchen making sure she's gone upstairs. He sneaks over to the counter.

The cinnamon rolls look gorgeous and gooey and delicious. Tom's mouth waters.

TOM

Carbs!

He weighs the decision to be disciplined, but he is weak.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

He picks one up with his fingers and takes a gratuitously large bite, reveling in the carbohydrates.

INT. FARLEY'S WORK - DAY

Farley's at his desk at work. His computer PINGS. He checks it. It's a message from Marianne that says, "Am I finally going to see you at the reunion? It's been forever. Miss you. XOXOXO". Farley flushes.

Sam, the attractive younger female coworker from before walks up.

FARLEY

Hey Sam.

SAM

Hey, have you been losing a little weight?

Farley's embarrassed.

FARLEY

Uh, yeah, maybe. I've been, you know.

SAM

Have you been dieting? How much have you lost?

FARLEY

Well...

SAM

Oh, I get it. Don't want to talk about it?

FARLEY

Yeah, not really.

SAM

Well you look like you lost a little. Good for you.

FARLEY

Thanks.

Brett is there suddenly. He looks Farley up and down.

BRETT

I don't see it.

He turns to leave.

BRETT (CONT'D)

By the way, you've got some sauce on your chin.

(under his breath)

Fat fuck.

EXT. FARLEY'S DRIVEWAY/INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE GARAGE - DAY

Tom pushes Farley's lawn mower up the driveway and into the garage, where he parks it. He begins poking around under a workbench.

As he stands up with a gas can, he's surprised by the Neighborhood Children standing in a menacing row at the garage door opening. Their arms are crossed over their chests and they look pissed.

TOM

Hey kids, how's it going?

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 1

What're you trying to pull, dude?

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 2

Yeah.

Tom's puzzled. He gestures with the gas can.

TOM

I ran out of gas. I was looking for a gas can.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 1

Cut the crap, old timer. You're trying to steal our business.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 2

Yeah.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 1

You were just down the street cutting the Gonzales' grass. That's our customer.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 2

Yeah. And you need to step the hell off.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 3

Yeah!

TOM

Uh, I think it's a free market economy, little guys.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 1

Don't start lecturing us on Lockean economics, you fascist. You better find your own market somewhere else.

Tom stares at them, dumbfounded.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 2

Yeah.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD 3

Yeah!

They give Tom the evil eye for a moment and then turn to leave.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Susan is sitting at the desk trying to work on the computer. She's extremely irritated and fuming. She looks down.

Tom is asleep on his makeshift bed on the floor with his hand in his pants. There's a PBR in his other hand and he's snoring.

Susan shakes her head in disgust and walks out, slamming the door. Tom snorts awake with a start.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom is holding Farley's feet as Farley tries to do a few sit-ups. Tom encourages him enthusiastically.

Farley flops back, exhausted.

FARLEY

I didn't have to work this hard to get fat. The only thing that happens when I diet is I feel like shit and I crave all the bad food.

TOM

Yeah, I know. Me too.

Tom crawls over lies down on the floor next to Farley. They stare up at the ceiling together, thoughtful.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let's just chuck all the crazy shit and start over.

FARLEY

Yeah.

TOM

We might as well go have a final meal and then start fresh tomorrow morning.

FARLEY

No. No. We're not going to do that. That's stupid. We already did that.

TOM

Oh, come on. We're finally going to get serious about this. We'll send it off in style.

FARLEY

Tom, damn it. I'm never going to lose all this weight in time as it is. I've barely lost anything, and almost two months have passed.

TOM

It's not so bad. Everyone gains a little weight after school. Better than being the loser with no job.

FARLEY

You don't understand. When you're as big as me, people either pretend you're not there, or they stare at you. I can hear them say to themselves, 'how could you let yourself go like that?'

TOM

People don't stare at you.

FARLEY

Yes they do. Or they act like I'm invisible. Literally invisible.

TOM

When? Who?

Farley thinks, but can't come up with an easy example.

FARLEY

Well, remember when I went to Japan with Susan for her work a few years ago? Little kids stopped in the street and pointed at me.

TOM

Pssh. That was because you're a white foreign devil. They'd point at me too if I was there.

FARLEY

That's because you'd be running down the street naked or something.

TOM

Ah, Tijuana. That was awesome.
Remember that street vendor guy
game me a tamale for that.

FARLEY

Yeah, well.

TOM

Yeah, I guess.

FARLEY

And plus, that doctor really kinda
scared the shit out of me. I gotta
get healthy.

TOM

Well, you are. We're working out!
See? You just did four sit-ups.
That's something.

FARLEY

No more final meals.

TOM

Fine.

Farley rolls over some to check the clock, 7:45 pm, and then
rolls back.

FARLEY

Wonder where Susan is. She should
have been home by now.

He grabs his phone and dials. It goes straight to voicemail.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Weird.

TOM

Maybe they're making her stay over
because she was late.

FARLEY

Hmm. Maybe.

TOM

You think she's staying late to
work with the hunky guy you were
talking about? The one she works
with?

FARLEY

I didn't call him hunky.

TOM

I think you said he was hunky.

FARLEY

I might have said handsome. I didn't say hunky.

TOM

Well maybe you're both subconsciously into him.

FARLEY

You've always been able to make everything worse, even back in high school.

TOM

It's a gift.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Farley tosses and turns alone in his bed.

DREAM MONTAGE:

Farley watches as Susan flirts with a fit HUNKY GUY at a bar after work.

Hunky Guy puts his hand on Susan's thigh. Susan looks right at Farley as if rubbing it in.

Hunky Guy has his hands all over Susan and kisses her neck.

Farley is in a helpless panic watching Susan.

Farley and Tom are running in jogging suits. Farley is freakishly red and sweaty. Tom is taunting him like a drill instructor.

Tom is lounging watching TV and drinking a beer on Farley's couch in the park as he heckles Farley doing exercises.

Farley is nude and stepping on a scale in a sterile white environment. His doctor is there with a chart, disapproving of the results. Tom is there. Susan is there. Looking at the scale reading, looking at Farley, and laughing. Chess friends and Weight Loss Club people are there. All looking at Farley, laughing.

Some Japanese kids are pointing at him and laughing.

END DREAM
MONTAGE.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farley tossing and turning alone in his bed.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom has a tallboy of cheap beer and is searching a job board website on his laptop with frustration.

TOM

F this.

He switches over to porn.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Farley and Tom are in the park with Caleb, Shawn and Amy. They are standing around casually stretching. There is a very hot, very fit woman, MELISSA, there as well.

Farley sees some of the chess playing friends over at the picnic tables. He waves casually. They're curious and wave back.

Tom claps his hands a few times to get the group's attention.

TOM

All right. Weight Loss Club! Let's
get it on!

They all start off for a jog enthusiastically.

Tom comes alongside Melissa and tries to be suave.

TOM (CONT'D)

How's it going?

MELISSA

Hi.

TOM

You come here alone?

MELISSA

I'm fucking Shawn.

TOM

Oh.

As they jog along, Farley speaks aside to Shawn.

FARLEY

Did you bring a date?

Shawn raises his eyebrows and nods conspiratorially.

SHAWN

Yeah, Melissa. I picked her up at a club.

Farley looks at Melissa and then back at Shawn.

FARLEY

How?

SHAWN

She digs me. I got mojo.

Farley thinks about it.

FARLEY

Wow. Okay.

Shawn gets overly enthusiastic about the run and starts to hop and swing his arms around. He does some Rocky-style air boxing as he runs. Farley looks at him sideways.

SHAWN

All right! Weight Loss Club!

Shawn maniacally punches himself in the face several times. Farley's eyes grow wide as he has no idea how to interpret this.

Elsewhere in the group, Amy, who looks made-up to go out, jogs up next to Melissa.

AMY

Hi. I'm Amy.

MELISSA

Hey, I'm Melissa. How are you?

Amy gets scary serious.

AMY

Stay the hell away from Tom, you skinny ass bitch. He's mine.

Melissa holds up her hands as if to say she concedes.

Amy jogs up next to Tom with a pleasant smile.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey sexy.

Tom gives her a bit of an intimidated smile and throws his chin.

EXT. FARLEY'S STREET - DAY

Farley and Tom are walking home from working out.

FARLEY

Man, Shawn is pretty crazy, huh?

TOM

Yeah, there's a whole lot of crazy in Weight Loss Club. Hey look, there's Susan.

Susan's car drives past.

FARLEY

Where was she going?

He checks the time.

TOM

What, did you guys have plans?

FARLEY

No. But I haven't hardly seen her in weeks.

TOM

Well, you know, we're out working out all the time.

FARLEY

Yeah.

Farley looks back over his shoulder in the direction Susan drove, thinking.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE GARAGE - DAY

Farley digs through old boxes in the garage. He finds what he's looking for and pulls out a high school yearbook. He flips through it with nostalgia.

Tom suddenly opens the door to the garage and Farley quickly stuffs the yearbook away.

TOM

What's going on?

FARLEY

Nothing. Just looking for some...
tax documents...

TOM

You want to play some chess?

FARLEY

Too bad we can't play while we
walk.

TOM

Hmm. Maybe I could fashion a little
table thing that we hang from our
necks, like a tray...

FARLEY

No, I was just thinking out loud.
Come on, let's go for a lap around
the neighborhood.

TOM

Why are you're so tense? You want
to get a beer?

FARLEY

Nope. Empty calories.

TOM

That's no fun. I'm going to do some
research to find out what the most
drunk for the least calories drink
is.

FARLEY

I think there's a list on the
internet. Come on, let's walk a
little and then play. I'll protect
you from the mean neighborhood kids
that chase you.

TOM

That's not funny.

FARLEY

Oh yeah it is.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM/EXT. PORCH- DAY

Tom's sitting on the couch watching television when the doorbell RINGS. He gets up to answer it. Amy is standing there.

Tom just looks at her in surprise for a moment. She looks at him with expectation.

TOM
How did you find me?

AMY
Why? Were you hiding?

Tom looks like that might be a good question.

TOM
What's up?

AMY
I think we should have sex.

She's completely casual. Tom is floored.

TOM
We should?

AMY
Uh huh. I totally want to. And you totally want to.

TOM
I do?

She nods her head curtly.

AMY
Yes.

Tom is confused at the frankness of the conversation.

TOM
And... when was this going to happen?

AMY
Right now.

She gestures at her crotch.

AMY (CONT'D)
I got my lady business waxed.

Tom is warming to the idea, but still completely puzzled about how it came to be. She looks at him expectantly, with a confident smile. He finally just accepts it.

TOM

Uh, come in.

When she steps in Tom looks up and down the street to see if he sees anyone before stepping back into the house.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom steps into the living room and Amy pulls him down onto the couch with a giggle. Tom is wide-eyed as she undoes the top few buttons on her top sexily.

AMY

I don't really intimidate you, do I? A big, strong, confident guy like you?

Tom doesn't really know what to say.

TOM

Well... you do come on a little strong...

She gets sweet.

AMY

I know... It's just easy for me to see that underneath your crazy undisciplined exterior that there's a really great guy in there.

TOM

Really?

AMY

Yeah.

She smiles at him and they look at each other as she leans in and kisses him.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Farley leads Tom down the pet supplies aisle again. They stop at the dog food. Farley starts to stack bags.

TOM

This again?

Farley stacks the same seven bags of 20 pound dog food and one 10 pound bag.

FARLEY

Look at this.

Farley puts the 10 pound bag back on the shelf and replaces it with two smaller bags. He grabs one of the 20 pound bags and one of the 5 pound bags and puts them off to the side.

He steps back and gestures with finality at the two bags off to the side.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

This is what I've lost.

TOM

That's pretty good.

FARLEY

It's not, Tom. It's...

He calculates briefly.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

It's like seventeen percent of my goal.

He calculates again.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

In... about thirty-five percent of my available time.

TOM

Wow, how do you do that in your head like that?

FARLEY

What?

TOM

How do you do that math so easy?

FARLEY

That's not the point. I'm behind. We need to get serious.

TOM

Well, I'm pretty impressed with the math thing.

Farley shakes his head and walks off. Tom grabs the smallest little bag of dog food and holds it up.

TOM (CONT'D)
(calling out)
If it makes you feel any better,
this is all I've lost.

FARLEY
(not looking back,
calling)
It doesn't.

Tom looks at the dog food in the aisle, but shrugs and follows Farley.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tom runs to catch up with Farley outside the grocery store.

TOM
Hey, I got something we can try.

FARLEY
Please don't take me to boot camp
again. Regular exercising is
demoralizing enough.

TOM
Oh, no. It's not even exercising.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC - DAY

Farley and Tom are in a very small clinic. They're wearing medical dressing gowns. Farley is sitting on a treatment table and Tom is in a chair. Farley is the opposite of enthusiastic.

FARLEY
The shit I let you get me into.

Tom nods his head with maniacal wide eyes.

TOM
Precisely what we're here to
remedy.

Farley shakes his head. He's nervous.

A NURSE enters.

NURSE
OK, gentlemen. Who's first?

TOM

Farley there is going first.

Farley holds out his hand to shake, but the nurse avoids it.

NURSE

It's probably not a good idea...

Farley recoils.

TOM

So how's this work?

She's matter-of-fact.

NURSE

Well, I'll put this big hose up
your butt, and wash all the putrid
feces and gunk out of your colon.

She presents a big medical tube with wide eyes.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Some people experience significant
weight loss due to flushing out all
the toxins and shit and stuff.

FARLEY

Whoa.

NURSE

You'll be fine.

Farley turns to Tom.

FARLEY

You gonna wait outside?

NURSE

Oh, he can stay.

TOM

Yeah, I wouldn't miss this.

The nurse guides Farley from his sitting position over onto his side on the table. Farley clenches up like a turtle retreating into his shell.

TOM (CONT'D)

You want me to hold your hand?

Farley growls.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLINIC - DAY

Farley walks towards the car as if he's just had a colonic. Tom has bounce in his step.

TOM

I feel twenty pounds lighter. Bet you can't wait to get home to your scale and see how much you weigh now, huh?

FARLEY

We are NOT doing that again.

They get to the car.

TOM

You want to go play a little chess at the park with the guys?

Farley ignores him and gets in the car uncomfortably.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE/EXT. FARLEY'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

There's a KNOCK on the door and Farley goes to answer it.

It's Amy, looking beautiful. She's surprised to see Farley.

FARLEY

Hi.

AMY

Oh, Farley, hi. Is Tom here? I thought maybe he was here alone in the day.

FARLEY

Uh, no. He's out somewhere. You want to come in? He might be back soon.

AMY

Uh, sure. Thanks.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Farley leads the way into the kitchen.

FARLEY

I was just cutting up some veggies to take to work.
(MORE)

FARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm trying to have plenty of healthy snacks so I'm not tempted.

AMY

I do that too. I throw in a few nuts or a slice of cheese with the veggies every once in a while - makes it feel less like punishment, and really helps with cravings.

Farley gets it. She sits down as he takes up his knife again.

AMY (CONT'D)

I guess I should have called ahead.

FARLEY

Well, you know Tom. Hard to plan on what he'll be up to...

She thinks about Tom for a moment and almost speaks to herself.

AMY

I think he's pretty great.

Farley looks up at her and smiles lightly. It's clear she's smitten.

FARLEY

Yeah, he can be.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Farley sits up in bed with a start. He looks around. Susan's not in bed. He can hear the shower running.

He gets up.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farley pokes his head into the bathroom where Susan is taking a shower.

He crosses to the shower and slides the door open a little. She's shaving her legs.

SUSAN

Oh! You scared me.

FARLEY

Sorry.

SUSAN

What's up? You going out jogging?

FARLEY

No.

SUSAN

Beach boot camp?

FARLEY

No. I just haven't seen you much.

SUSAN

You want to come in with me? We could play "Roman bath fantasy"...

She raises her eyebrows a little and gives him a sly look. Farley looks puzzled suddenly.

FARLEY

Why are you shaving your legs?

She shrugs with a puzzled look.

SUSAN

You don't like me to shave my legs?

He looks at her suspiciously.

FARLEY

Yes, I do, but I can't remember the last time I got to run my hands up your legs, shaved or not.

She's a little irritated now.

SUSAN

Well you're hardly around since you started your "Weight Loss Club" with disgusting dumbass.

FARLEY

Oh, look who's talking. "Working late" all the time now.

They lock angry eyes.

SUSAN

Shut the shower door. It's cold.

Farley wishes he had a retort, but can't find one. He pulls the shower door shut and walks out.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tom is asleep on his makeshift bed when Farley KNOCKS and opens the door. Tom instinctively covers his junk.

TOM

No more!

FARLEY

Wake up. We're supposed to go swimming with Shawn and Caleb.

TOM

What? OK. Just a sec. I gotta pee.

Tom gets up and kicks a few empty PBR cans.

FARLEY

I thought you were going to switch to something with more drunk and less fat?

Tom shrugs and walks out.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Farley walks out of the locker room wearing a t-shirt and swim trunks. Tom comes out in a swimming cap with goggles and a towel wrapped around his waist.

FARLEY

I'm actually starting to get a little suspicious. Am I being paranoid?

TOM

Well, she ever cheat on you before?

FARLEY

Not that I know of. I don't think so. There they are.

He points and they head toward Shawn and Caleb, already in the water.

SHAWN

Come on. Get in. Take your shirt off.

FARLEY

No.

CALEB

You can't swim in your shirt.

Tom takes off his towel and reveals that he's wearing a speedo. Farley reacts with horror. Tom jumps into the pool.

Farley's uncomfortable. He sits down on the edge of the pool, quickly pulls off his shirt and tosses it aside as he slips into the water.

SHAWN

All right! Grab the side of the pool, we're gonna warm up with some flutter kicks.

They all hold on to the side of the pool and start to kick. Tom leans over toward Farley.

TOM

You giving her any reason to want to step out now?

FARLEY

What?

TOM

Susan. Are you not meeting her needs...?

FARLEY

I clean up around the house and all that.

TOM

No, you dufus. Do you get her off? Do you have a game of Tiddlywinks? Do you whisper to the boat man?

He makes supporting illustrative gestures.

FARLEY

Yes, of course. We do fun stuff. I'm a very skilled lover.

TOM

Maybe that's just what you think.

FARLEY

I hate this conversation.

Tom shrugs.

TOM

Just saying.

Shawn yells encouragement.

SHAWN

All right, looking good! Now let's
do the frog kick!

CALEB

I love the frog kick!

TOM

(to Farley)

He loves anything Shawn suggests.

FARLEY

What about you?

TOM

Me? I'm OK with the frog kick.

FARLEY

No, what's up with your love life?
Amy seems pretty into you.

Tom tries to make a face that says he's not that into her.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

No? I'd have thought you'd be into
someone who actually likes you,
especially since so many women hate
you.

TOM

Don't start.

FARLEY

She seems nice.

TOM

Dude...

Tom makes a few attempts to offer a delicate explanation, but
finally confesses with embarrassment.

TOM (CONT'D)

She's a fatty.

Farley looks at him incredulously.

FARLEY

I beg your pardon?

TOM

I'm not into fat girls.

FARLEY

OK, one, she's a little bigger than your average model, but she's beautiful and in way better shape than you - she can run circles around you. And two, I think you're out of line calling people fat.

TOM

Oh, I'm sorry. Politically incorrect. She's too mass-challenged for me to want to be with her.

FARLEY

You're such a dick. You have no idea about her history, or what she might be dealing with medically, emotionally.

TOM

How did this become about me all of a sudden just because I don't like fat chicks?

FARLEY

Because you're a stupid fucker. How do you think she feels about you calling her that? How do you think it makes me feel?

TOM

Why should it bother you?

Farley gestures like his body is exhibit A.

FARLEY

Hello?!

TOM

Aww. You're not fat. You're just a little overweight.

Farley throws up his hand and makes an incredulous face.

FARLEY

Why is it OK to judge a woman by her weight?

TOM

I don't know.

FARLEY

And act like you're not attracted to her because she's not super skinny?

TOM

I don't know. I like what I like.

FARLEY

All the bullshit examples of what you think you like are fake. Airbrushed, anorexic models puking up their lunch. You want that kind of example for your girls? You should look around. Real women have a little junk in the trunk.

Tom looks around for some women.

TOM

Hey, maybe we should try becoming anorexic! How do they do that?

FARLEY

By listening to dumb pricks like you.

TOM

Hmm.

SHAWN

OK, let's do some laps.

Shawn and Caleb take off. Farley leans in close to Tom.

FARLEY

You need to pull your head out and give Amy a chance. She's nice. And she likes you. Trust me, that's rare.

TOM

Meh meh meh.

FARLEY

Stop being an idiot.

Farley pushes off the wall and swims away, leaving Tom behind to contemplate. He starts to feel bad.

TOM

OK, fine. I'll work on it!

Tom moves to catch up.

INT. FARLEY'S WORK - DAY

Farley takes a break at work and calls Susan.

FARLEY

Hey, it's me.

He listens. He seems surprised at what she says.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Well, I just wanted to make sure
you were OK.

He listens, gets a little frustrated.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

No, I'm not checking up on you. I
wanted to talk. We've been kind of
distant lately.

Farley is puzzled.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Who? Sam? No, she's just a girl I
work with. What are you talking
about? I never said Sam was a guy.
Well maybe I should look at your
Facebook page.

She seems to be saying something irrational.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Susan, come on. I'm not blaming you
for anything. I just want us to be
OK.

Now she seems to be yelling. Farley has to try to get his
words in in-between her anger.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Honey, listen. Susan. Damn it, I
didn't say that. No. No. I was
just...

She hangs up on him. Farley processes for a moment, and gets
mad at the situation. He kind of slams the phone down, but is
surprised by the sound he makes and then checks around to see
if anyone else heard it. He sees that Brett is eating a
donut, watching him with humor and scorn.

BRETT

Aww, I bet you're dying for a
donut, aren't you? You fat loser.

Brett makes mouth love to his donut. Farley boils over.

FARLEY

Really? All this to work with
(gestures to body)
And that's the best you can come up
with? Please. I think everyone
knows who the loser is.

Brett is shocked and eventually slinks away, only to see Sam enjoying him being put in his place. She makes an L on her forehead with her hand.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Farley comes into the kitchen in his work uniform and heads for the refrigerator with Tom following. Farley opens it and looks inside.

FARLEY

No beer? I thought there were some
beers in here.

TOM

Sorry. I drank those. Tough day?

Farley shuts the refrigerator with disappointment.

FARLEY

Ah, just more with me and Susan.

TOM

You need a little confidence
booster.

FARLEY

Does it have a lot of alcohol in
it?

TOM

It's not a drink. You just need to
go out. Hit the club. See how many
chicks hotter than Susan you can
bang.

FARLEY

Oh yeah, I'm exactly what hot
chicks at a club are looking for.
Bald, fat and old. The trifecta.
(he waves Tom off)
We're just having a little rough
patch. I'm not going to bang
chicks.

TOM
 Fine, I'll do the banging. You can
 just flirt. It'll remind you that
 you're a virile man. Boost the
 confidence.

Farley doesn't know how great he thinks this idea is.

FARLEY
 Whatever.

TOM
 Come on, we'll have fun. A new,
 thinner you, out on the town. Being
 manly.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Farley and Tom sit at a small table in the back of a dark,
 thumping club. Lights twirl and flash as they nurse expensive
 drinks. Farley is not having fun. Tom is leering lecherously.

TOM
 (yelling over the music)
 Too bad I didn't bring my portable
 chess set. We could play.

FARLEY
 (also yelling)
 I thought you were going to bang
 hot chicks...

This reminds Tom to be bold, and he bounces his head some as
 if building up momentum.

TOM
 Yeah, you're right. Watch this.

He gets up to make a move.

Tom approaches a WOMAN and slowly circles her, swaying to the
 music, eying her lasciviously. She's uncomfortable. He moves
 in, body first. She gets the creeps and gives him the hand.
 Tom seems surprised.

Tom looks back at Farley with a look that asks how could she
 possibly resist? Farley shrugs.

Tom scopes around for another target. He spots an ASIAN LADY
 and makes a move towards her.

As Tom gets right up to the Asian Lady, a MEAN GUY, obviously (to everyone but Tom) her boyfriend, steps up with two drinks and an irritated look.

Tom holds a finger up to the Mean Guy, as if insisting he just wait a moment for Tom's attention. Tom proceeds to look the Asian Lady up and down as the Mean Guy's ire flares.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Two big guys literally throw Tom out of the club and onto the ground in an alley. The Mean Guy steps up and grabs hold of him.

MEAN GUY

OK, dumbass, let's see if you can
back up that mouth.

The Mean Guy punches Tom and goes for more, but Farley intervenes.

Shawn and Melissa exit the club.

SHAWN

Hey! Those are my boys!

Shawn goes crazy on the Mean Guy, doing all sorts of kung fu moves and making weird sounds.

The Mean Guy punches Shawn. Shawn loves it. He eggs on the Mean Guy to punch him again.

Farley and Tom exchange surprised looks.

The Mean Guy is freaked out by Shawn and leaves.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

All right, he's gone. You cool?

TOM

Yeah, I'm OK. Thanks.

FARLEY

Yeah, thanks Shawn. That was crazy.
I didn't even see you in the club.

SHAWN

That's 'cuz we were fuckin' in the
bathroom.

FARLEY

Oh.

Farley and Tom sneak a look at Melissa curiously. She confidently owns it, makes a dirty gesture indicating sex with her hands and mouths "fucking." Farley and Tom react as she expects them to.

TOM

I, uh, hope this didn't interrupt your, uh...

SHAWN

No, we were just coming out to dance when you groped that Asian girl and called her boyfriend a candyass.

FARLEY

Ha. Classic Tom.

Shawn makes a rock and roll sign with his hand and sticks out his tongue as if to say he thought it was awesome.

Tom nods and gives him a thumbs up.

TOM

So now what? You guys want to grab a bite?

SHAWN

Naw, we're on a cocaine and sex diet.

Shawn makes crazy eyes, shoots his arms into the air like he's Rocky, swoops Melissa up in his arms, and carries her off down the alley.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(trailing off)

I'm so horny!

Farley and Tom watch them go.

FARLEY

That was surreal.

TOM

They're so dedicated. Weight Loss Club!

Tom mimics Shawn a bit, but can't pick up Farley.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sorry.

INT. FARLEY'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Back from their night out and a little drunk, Farley and Tom come up the stairs.

FARLEY

All right then, good night.

Farley stops in his tracks. There's a stack of blankets and a pillow on the floor in front of Farley's bedroom door.

TOM

Uh oh. Busted.

They share a look. Tom is a little apologetic. Farley is contrite.

FARLEY

I guess I got the couch tonight...

TOM

Sorry...

Farley waves him off and collects up the bedding.

INT. FARLEY'S WORK - DAY

A little hungover, Farley is checking his email on a computer at work.

He opens an email that says, "25 year reunion fast approaching."

Farley grimaces. He's lost in anxious thought when Sam walks up.

SAM

Hey Farley. You're looking pretty good.

Farley is surprised and genuinely curious before becoming self-conscious.

FARLEY

Am I?

Sam gives an affirmative series of little nods.

SAM

Yeah.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Weight Loss Club members, including a few new ones, are at the park stretching casually. A few of the chess guys have joined them.

Tom and Amy share a few unspoken looks. She's enamoured.

Shawn is moving around to individuals and getting right up in their faces, wide-eyed and irrational, but trying to be motivational. The WLC members respond with varying degrees from totally into it, to slight confusion, to fear.

SHAWN

We gotta take it to the next level!

(to next person)

Mutual motivation! No pain no gain!

(next person)

I'd go all the way for you guys!

(looks around at Farley

and Tom)

Who's with me?!

Tom (enthusiastically) and Farley (reluctantly) nod their consent at crazy Shawn.

CALEB

I'm down like a clown!

Farley reacts unpleasantly. Tom's having fun.

SHAWN

Now I'm gonna do a motivational rap
for you guys.

Caleb starts to lamely beat box in accompaniment as Shawn starts to rap a bizarre series of non sequiturs.

Tom suddenly looks at Farley with surprise.

TOM

Oh yeah! I forgot! Come here.

Tom leads Farley away from the group a ways. He grabs a plastic grocery bag and they go into the restroom.

INT. PARK RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom digs in his plastic grocery bag and pulls out a package of plastic wrap.

TOM
Take off your clothes.

FARLEY
What? No. What for?

TOM
For this.

He holds up the plastic wrap.

TOM (CONT'D)
This is going to help us lose weight while we exercise.

Farley looks at him suspiciously.

TOM (CONT'D)
Wrestlers do this all the time. And they spend all their time losing weight. Hold up your arms and I'll wrap around you.

FARLEY
It seems like it'll just make you sweat more. Nobody wants to see me sweat even more.

TOM
Come on.

He starts to wrap Farley.

FARLEY
This is stupid. It's going to squeak like crazy when I move.

TOM
Just hold your arms up. I'll do you first, and then you do me.

FARLEY
Why do you have so much plastic wrap?

TOM
Well, I bought more for this, but I already had a lot.

FARLEY

For what?

TOM

For sex. It's cheaper than condoms.

FARLEY

You use plastic wrap in place of condoms? I think you might have gone full retard.

TOM

Only if the woman doesn't have a rubber. Those things are expensive.

FARLEY

Go to a clinic or something! You're going to catch a disease!

Tom is laughing as he wraps Farley.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

You're messing with me. OK, haha. Very funny.

TOM

I think maybe you could use it in a fix, though. Like if you put a rubber band around the base, you know?

FARLEY

No. You can't. Stop it.

Tom finishes and stands up.

TOM

OK, now you wrap me.

FARLEY

I'll start with your head.

EXT. PARK - DAY

As the WLC group jogs through the park, Farley and Tom squeak comically. Everyone is curious where the squeaking is coming from, but Farley and Tom try to play it off. They get terribly uncomfortable.

Farley tries to secretly tear the plastic off himself.

TIME CUT TO:

WLC members are hanging around post-run when Amy crosses to Tom with a sexy smile and takes his hand. Tom recoils instinctively and then looks around, embarrassed, as if to determine if anyone saw.

As he's trying to play it off, Tom's glancing around finally lands on Amy's face and they lock eyes. She is damping down the pain with effort, but the guilty look on Tom's face shows he knows he's hurt her.

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Farley comes into the bathroom and pulls out the scale. He steps on it and looks at the reading. It's so so.

He looks up at himself and sees there's a post-it on the mirror from Susan.

The note says, "When the hell is Tom leaving?"

INT. FARLEY'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom is slouching on the couch looking through the help wanted ads in the paper. He hears Farley approaching, stuffs the paper away and pretends to be watching television when Farley comes in and sits.

TOM

What's up?

FARLEY

Hmm. Nothing.

TOM

Chess?

FARLEY

Sure.

TIME CUT TO:

Farley and Tom are setting up the pieces on the chess board. They start to play.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

So how's the job hunt coming along?

Tom takes a deep breath and lets it seep out loudly while studying the board.

TOM

Not a whole lot happening.

FARLEY

Well are you making any plans to maybe get an apartment or something?

Tom looks up.

TOM

Why? You need me to go?

FARLEY

Well, you know, it was supposed to just be temporary. I thought you'd want to have your own place. Someplace the girls can stay when they come visit?

TOM

No, I like staying here with you. My kids hate me.

FARLEY

Well, I think Susan's starting to wonder when you're gonna move on...

TOM

Oh.

FARLEY

Not like it's a big hurry or anything. You know. Just...

TOM

Yeah, yeah. I get it.

They both stare down at the board for a few uncomfortable moments.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm, like, stuck. Sometimes I'm super motivated and I put all this effort in, but then nothing happens. It saps me. Makes me feel like a fuckin' loser.

FARLEY

You'll get your second wind.

Farley tries to smile encouragingly. Tom nods his thanks, but tries to change the subject.

TOM

You weigh in today?

FARLEY

Huh?

TOM

Did you check your weight?

FARLEY

Oh. Yeah. I lost a pound.

TOM

Better than nothing.

FARLEY

Yeah, I guess.

It's clear something is bothering Farley

TOM

What?

FARLEY

Well I'm frustrated too. I really wanted to show up at the reunion looking great.

TOM

Glory days.

FARLEY

Yeah, well.

TOM

Everyone'll still love you. You're still a great guy. Successful.

Farley looks at him with a little ire.

FARLEY

I'm not going. Not like this.

TOM

What? Why not?

FARLEY

For the same reason I didn't go to all the other ones. I don't want to be the guy they all talk about later back in their hotel rooms. "Holy shit, Farley got so fat!" Even Susan thinks I'm disgusting.

TOM

Dude, that's ridiculous. You loved high school. They loved you.

FARLEY

I know.

TOM

Well maybe you can still lose the weight, if we really buckle down. Maybe we could still run a marathon...

Farley shakes his head.

FARLEY

No way. Give the marathon up already. Everything's gone to shit. Nothing short of surgery could get me there now.

TOM

Well I don't think you should give up. You can do it.

FARLEY

Well thanks for your confidence, but it's a little late. I've failed again.

Farley sits back in disappointment and frustration. He carelessly knocks a few of his taken pieces towards the board, knocking over the pieces in play.

INT. TOM'S CAR/EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

Tom pulls into a space and shuts off the car.

FARLEY

What are we doing?

TOM

I just have to swing by the bank. Come in with me.

Tom opens his door and starts to get out.

FARLEY

No, I'll just wait.

Tom stops.

TOM

Come on, keep me company. The bank ladies are always mean to me.

Farley looks at him.

FARLEY

That's because you're rude and you don't have any money. Try asking politely. About bank things, not the color of their bra or the cut of their panties.

TOM

Just come on.

Farley exhales dramatically.

FARLEY

Fine.

They get out.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Tom and Farley approach the bank.

TOM

It's kinda cold, isn't it? Better put this on.

He hands Farley a hat.

FARLEY

What are you talking about? It's hot.

TOM

Just put it on. Helps hold your heat in. Good for losing weight.

He puts it on Farley's head. Farley slaps his hands away some, but Tom is insistent and Farley concedes.

FARLEY

We're not doing that stupid plastic wrap thing again.

Tom puts a stocking cap on his own head.

TOM

There, that's better.

They arrive at the door and Tom stops Farley as he's walking in. Tom pulls the hat down over Farley's face and then pulls his own down. They're wearing ski masks.

FARLEY

What the hell?

Tom shoves Farley in the door and puts a brown paper bag in his hands.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Farley looks down at the paper bag in his hands and at the one Tom has.

TOM
Follow my lead.

FARLEY
What the hell is going on?!

Tom yells out.

TOM
This is a hold up! Everyone get on the ground!

FARLEY
No it's not! This is not a hold up!

TOM
(to Farley)
Shh. Yes it is. We're gonna get you that money.

FARLEY
What money?

TOM
For surgery. So you can get liposuction and gastric bypass.

Tom turns to the bank and yells out again.

TOM (CONT'D)
Now no funny business and we'll be in and out of here! Empty those cash drawers!

Farley is shaking his head. He looks down at the paper bag he's holding and opens it to look inside.

A RED WATER PISTOL.

He looks up at Tom, who's starting to move around erratically.

FARLEY
This is a water pistol!

Tom crosses to Farley with wide eyes.

TOM
(to Farley)
Shh! Be quiet! You'll ruin it.

FARLEY
You'll ruin my life, you idiot!

Farley turns to leave.

TOM
No, don't go! We don't have the
money yet!

Farley dumps the water pistol out on the floor, throws the paper bag and walks out.

Tom makes wide eyes, looks around in a panic, and follows.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Farley is walking back towards the car, angry. Tom runs past him.

GUN SHOTS.

Farley ducks in panic.

TOM
Come on!

SIRENS start to approach. Farley takes off towards the car.

They jump in and race off.

INT. TOM'S CAR/EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE CAR chases Tom's car. Screeching around corners. Engines racing. Tom and Farley hold on for dear life.

FARLEY
What the fuck was that?!

TOM
What?

FARLEY
What were you doing?!

TOM

Can we talk about this later? I need to concentrate right now!

FARLEY

You're going to get us killed! Or worse! Because if they put you in jail you get ass raped! And I don't want to be ass raped!

TOM

Me neither! Be quiet!

FARLEY

You don't care because you like that freaky shit!

TOM

What freaky shit??!

FARLEY

Ass rape! You like ass sex!

TOM

Not in prison! Shut up! Be quiet! I'm trying to focus!

Tom's car comes around a corner and quickly parks behind a fence. The Police Car races past. Tom's car creeps away.

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

Tom's car comes to a stop and Farley and Tom exit.

Tom leans back against the car in relief.

Farley looks up at the sky and lets out a primal scream.

Tom starts to laugh at the craziness of having escaped.

TOM

Oh my god, I just about juiced my pants.

Farley notices him laughing and lunges at him.

FARLEY

I'm gonna kill you!

TOM

Wait, stop!

Tom pushes Farley back and they circle each other in a fist fight stalemate.

TOM (CONT'D)

What is your problem? We got away.

FARLEY

You're my problem, you mother fucking asshole.

TOM

What are you talking about? I was thinking of you!

FARLEY

Bullshit! All you ever think about is yourself! Just because you don't have anything, you risk everything I have as if it's nothing.

TOM

No I don't. You said your life was shit.

FARLEY

I was upset. I didn't ask you to rob a bank for me.

TOM

You said the only way you could lose your weight was surgery. And you don't have enough money with your shitty job, so...

Tom shrugs as if his solution was the only logical choice. Farley goes berserk and runs at him. They struggle around for a moment before Tom gets away and works himself to the opposite side of the car.

TOM (CONT'D)

I looked into it. You can get most of that fat sucked out with liposuction, and then get gastric bypass to keep off the weight! It's easy. And I looked up how to rob a bank on the internet.

FARLEY

I'm gonna kill you!

TOM

You're so grumpy! No wonder Susan's cheating on you!

FARLEY

Arggggh!

Farley grabs Tom and they roll around on the ground fighting. This goes on for an uncomfortably long time. They are exhausted and at a stalemate.

They push off each other and lay apart breathing heavily.

Farley gets himself up.

FARLEY (CONT'D)

Fuck you, you arrogant prick. I have no idea how we've stayed friends all these years.

Farley walks off.

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To read the rest of the script, please contact Tim Watkins, tim@noslackproductions.com, or Charlie Forsgren, charlie@noslackproductions.com.

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