

GLUT
"The First 11 Pages"

Written by

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INT. HOG BARN - NIGHT

Hundreds of matured hogs confined in pens within this large metal building. The hogs SNORT, SQUEAL, mill about, eat from troughs. ROAR OF THE VENTILATION SYSTEM.

AT A BACK-CORNER PEN, a boy, YOUNG CHASE, 13, opens the gate and enters the pen. He's a strong-looking kid with a stylish crew cut. He wears gray coveralls and a face mask; he wields a shield and a cattle prod.

There are five hogs in this pen. With the prod, Chase SHOCKS four of the hogs to the opposite side to isolate the fifth. The fifth hog, the largest of the five, cowers in the corner SQUEALING and shuffling its hooves in panic!

Chase looks around; AT THE OTHER END OF THE BARN, talking with three workers, a HOG FARMER, 50, sun-worn skin; they aren't wearing face masks.

Chase returns his attention to the fifth hog. It's clear Chase's smile, although concealed by his mask, is of growing mischievous glee as he SHOCKS the fifth hog repeatedly!

Chase is spun around; it's the Hog Farmer! He takes the prod from Chase, then backhands Chase hard across his face!

HOG FARMER

What is wrong with you?!

Chase rubs his reddened cheek.

YOUNG CHASE

I was only trying to get the hog --

Hog Farmer re-cocks his backhand!

HOG FARMER

Don't you lie, Son!!

Chase cowers! Hog Farmer hesitates, then lowers his hand.

HOG FARMER (CONT'D)

Should I shock you with the prod?
See how you like it??

YOUNG CHASE

No, Dad.

HOG FARMER

Respect. Understand?

YOUNG CHASE

Yes, Dad.

Hog Farmer returns the cattle prod to Chase.

HOG FARMER

Good. Now get that hog to the shed.

EXT. SHED - MOMENTS LATER

A 25'x20' metal building with lights mounted on it illuminating the fenced pen. "YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT" by The Rolling Stones BLARES FROM THE SHED. It's a blustery Autumn night.

Chase's 18YO brother operates a front-load tractor; the front loader is up high enough to dunk from it three chains into their own steel drum each with burning embers beneath. Chase's 16YO brother monitors their water temperatures, adding water from a garden hose to the middle drum. Chase's 20YO BROTHER leans against the fence; he drinks a beer and smokes a cigarette.

That fifth hog trots past the 20YO Brother to a small trough. The 20YO Brother looks to his left; Chase approaches.

20YO BROTHER

Still too pretty-boy for the smell?

Chase, annoyed, rolls his eyes as he pulls down his mask.

YOUNG CHASE

Dad says this one, too.

The 20YO Brother shrugs, puts his cigarette in his lips, hands his beer to Chase, then grabs the rifle beside him and takes aim at the hog's head -- BANG! The hog drops to its side; its legs twitch rapidly!

The 20YO brother takes the knife from his hip holster and slices the hog across its throat; blood gushes out in spurts!

Chase looks to the front-loader which is now raising from the steel drums three hog carcasses.

Chase then looks across into the shed; three skinned hog carcasses hang from the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

THE SONG FADES OUT during the dissolve on CHASE, 29. He has a stylized crew cut much like his younger self. The bathroom fan WHIRS LOUDLY.

Chase is wearing a tight T-shirt that accentuates his chiseled pecs. He is seated on the toilet, lid closed; his shoulder jerks at a moderate pace.

ON HIS PHONE, held by his free hand, a PORN-SITE VIDEO recorded by a static camera of a morbidly-obese WOMAN seated on a bed; behind her, a MAN on his knees holding in front of her a pie tin from which he feeds her pie. Man and Woman are fully dressed. She rubs her belly as she chews and MMMs.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bacon strips SIZZLE in a pan; also cooking on the stove, scrambled eggs and French toast.

Standing at the stove is ANGIE, 26; a classic beauty with a forgivable few extra pounds. She's wearing a sleep shirt. A fan on the counter blows on her as she wipes sweat from her brow.

Seated at a marred round table, in her booster seat eating cereal, is KAIYA, 3. She has a striking resemblance to Angie.

Angie transfers the breakfast from the stove to two plates, one getting a hearty meal.

She sets the plates on the table, the smaller breakfast at the place beside Kaiya. Angie pours orange juice into the glass next to the hearty meal; she smiles proudly.

ANGIE
CHASE! BREAKFAST!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON THE PHONE, the Man holds a bite of pie to the Woman's mouth; she shakes her head, exhausted.

VIDEO WOMAN
I can't; I'm full!

VIDEO MAN
Come on, baby; you're almost done!

She musters the will and takes the bite.

ON CHASE, his shoulder jerks have intensified! He shuts his eyes; his teeth clench!

VIDEO MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Good girl.

Chase is on the verge! Then, KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Babe?

Chase fidgets from frustration!

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angie stands by the closed door.

CHASE (O.S.)

WHAT?!

Angie jolts!

ANGIE

Your breakfast is ready.

Silence.

CHASE (O.S.)

I'll be right out!

Angie frowns before walking away.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chase angrily throws a hand towel in the hamper. He fastens his jeans and zips up his gray coveralls; "Chase" is embroidered on the chest. He starts to leave, but doubles back to lift the lid and FLUSH THE TOILET.

As he exits, ON HIS BACK, embroidered on his coveralls, "Uberich Plumbing & Remodeling."

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Angie lifts Kaiya up from her booster seat and sets her down.

ANGIE

Go pick out a coloring book and get your crayons.

Chase enters; his mood still foul.

KAIYA

Daddy!

She runs up to Chase. He immediately musters a smile as he picks her up for a hug and kiss.

CHASE

Good morning, my little Kaiya!
Where are you running off to?

KAIYA

I'm s'posed to pick out a coloring
book and get my crayons.

CHASE

I'll let you do that then.

He sets Kaiya down; she runs off down the hall. His demeanor becomes foul again. He chugs his orange juice.

Angie walks over to Chase; she kisses his cheek. Chase sets the empty glass on the table and looks down at Angie. Angie studies him for a moment.

CHASE (CONT'D)

What?!

ANGIE

(compassionately)

Babe, if you're this unhappy with
your job, find another.

Chase looks away from her.

CHASE

As if I'd be happy doing something
else and still make this much.

He takes a bacon strip from his plate and eats it. Angie walks around the chipped peninsula counter to pack his lunch.

ANGIE

We could make do if you made a
little less.

CHASE

(mouth full)

We could?? I'm making the most I've
ever made and we still can't afford
an air conditioner! Now, if we had
a second income --

Angie stops her lunch prep.

ANGIE

(controlled calm)

Why would you say that? You know
how important it is to me to stay
home with Kaiya --

CHASE
I know! I know.

Angie resumes packing his lunch.

ANGIE
Let's approach it this way: if you could do anything -- anything you want -- what would you do?

CHASE
I don't know. It doesn't matter, Angie; it's not so simple as what-do-I-want.

He shoves another bacon strip in his mouth.

ANGIE
You love to cook! You could take some night classes --

CHASE
And what, become a chef? What am I gonna do, own a five-star restaurant?? Even if I wanted to, we don't have the money!

ANGIE
We could talk to my parents --

CHASE
That'd be great; I'd have them lording that over my head, too!

ANGIE
We'd pay them back.

CHASE
With WHAT, Angie??

Angie sighs.

ANGIE
I just want you to be happy, Babe.

She zips his insulated lunch bag. Chase checks his phone.

CHASE
Right now, what would make me happy is not missing my bus.

He grabs his lunch bag and darts to --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angie enters. Near the front door, Chase begins tying the laces of his work boots.

ANGIE

I thought you only had to go in early yesterday.

CHASE

I did! But the seven-0-three is less crowded; I can actually get a seat! I told you I was gonna start taking it from now on.

ANGIE

No you didn't!

CHASE

What the hell do you care what bus I take anyway??

ANGIE

What about your breakfast? You barely touched it!

CHASE

Angie, if I eat it or you throw it out, it's gone just the same. What difference does it make to you??

Chase storms out the door, CLOSING IT HARD behind him!

EXT. CHASE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chase walks with hastened pace across his small yard of his dilapidated two-bedroom house, passing the lone timeworn sedan on his cracked driveway.

Chase sees, three blocks away, a bus pull up to the stop; he now runs!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Angie plops down on her seat. Sullenly she looks at her naked ring finger. She then dumps Chase's breakfast on top of hers and drowns it with maple syrup. She takes a big bite.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

The bus is as Chase had described it. He sits in an aisle seat. Directly in front of him are empty seats along the portside. A row behind and across the aisle from him, the rear exit. His lunch bag is on his lap.

The bus comes to a halt at a stop.

With anticipation, Chase watches the first four passengers board; he disregards them. The last passenger, an Obese Woman, 30s, boards the bus; she must weigh 400 pounds! Chase grins. She wears a blazer and dress.

She sits, as Chase seems to have expected, on the two portside seats nearest him; he ogles her. She glances at him. He smiles politely; she looks away. She tugs at her blazer trying to cover her front.

Chase fixates on her belly which appears to inflate and deflate as she breathes.

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kaiya sits in her booster seat coloring. Angie is still eating the combined breakfast; she suppresses a belch.

ANGIE

What should we do today, Kaiya?

KAIYA

Go to Disney World!

ANGIE

Baby, Disney World's all the way down in Florida! Besides, you, Daddy, and I are going with Grandma and Grandpa Rosedale in February.

KAIYA

But I neeed to go to Disney World!

ANGIE

(playfully)

You don't neeed to go to Disney World; you want to go to Disney World. There's a difference. See?

Kaiya shakes her head.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You need to look both ways before crossing the street so you don't get hit by a car. You need to take a bath so you can get clean.

KAIYA

Sometimes I want to take a bath.

ANGIE

That's when you want to play with your bath toys. But you don't need to play with your bath toys. See the difference now?

Kaiya pensively nods, but the Disney-disappointment lingers.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Let's go to the Children's Museum.

KAIYA

Can I paint at the Children's Museum?

ANGIE

May I paint. Are you asking because you need to paint or because you want to paint?

Kaiya thinks.

KAIYA

I want to paint.

ANGIE

Very good, Kaiya! And yes, of course you may paint at the Children's Museum.

KAIYA

Yippee!!

Angie laughs as she takes the last bite of her breakfast.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Chase stares at the Obese Woman's belly as the Obese Woman is obliviously on her phone.

Chase scans his surroundings; the passengers around him are on their phones. Chase returns his gaze to the Obese Woman's belly.

He gets an idea! Chase sets his lunch on the seat next to him. He extracts his phone from his pocket.

ON HIS PHONE, he mutes the phone, then opens the camera app.

He looks around one more time.

ON HIS PHONE, he taps the record button. Chase zooms in a little on the Obese Woman's expanding-contracting belly.

The Obese Woman glances at Chase; he pretends to text. She returns to her phone.

IN THE BACK OF THE BUS, a FACTORY WORKER, 50s, stands and pulls the bell cord -- DING! He advances towards the rear exit. He yawns his fatigue; he has five o'clock shadow.

OFF-SCREEN CONSTRUCTION WORK GROWS LOUDER as the bus slows to a stop.

The Factory Worker happens to see what's on Chase's phone, then looks at the Obese Woman.

The OFF-SCREEN CONSTRUCTION WORK is intense!

ON CHASE, he's watching his phone screen.

FACTORY WORKER (O.S.)
Miss, are you aware this guy's
recording you?

Chase's eyes open wide!

Chase looks around; Factory Worker, Obese Woman, and other passengers glare at him! Quickly Chase grabs his lunch bag, pushes past the Factory Worker, and deboards; he runs in the direction from whence the bus came.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Chase comes running to this stop and gets in line to board this bus. He catches his breath.

Getting in line behind Chase, a BUSINESSMAN, 30s; he has a laptop bag slung over his shoulder and a coffee from a trendy chain in his hand. He taps Chase on the back.

BUSINESSMAN
(facetiously)
Are you really as good as you think
you are?

CHASE
(over his shoulder)
What??

BUSINESSMAN
Your commercials. You're with
Uberich Plumbing and Remodeling.

CHASE
Yeah, but how'd you know --
(realization; recovering)
We're a little pricier than most,
but Uberich prides himself on a job
well done.

As the Businessman rambles on --

BUSINESSMAN
My fiancee wants to remodel our
master bathroom, so we've been
researching all the...

-- Chase has a very-much worried look on his face.