

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

BOB, with a baby face, brown hair and "big-bones", walks in wearing a heavy winter coat. DR. SHAMUS gives him a goofy grin as he pecks away at his keyboard.

DR. SHAMUS
Bob! Christ, we thought you were dead.
How long has it been?

Bob stuffs himself into a small chair. Shrugs.

BOB
Hi Dr. Shamus. It's been about two years.
Last time I was here was for the ...

DR. SHAMUS
(reading computer screen)
Sleep apnea. Right! You still doing ...?
(makes chop-chop motion)

BOB
Karate?

DR. SHAMUS
Yes!

BOB
I quit ten years ago.

DR. SHAMUS
Shoulda kept with it. You were in good
shape back then. What can I do for you?

BOB
I had some chest pains. Probably just
acid reflux but ...

DR. SHAMUS
(jumping in)
No problem, Bob. We'll check you out. Run
some tests. Do a complete physical.

BOB
Actually I just wanted a referral ...

DR. SHAMUS
It's no problem, Bob. Hell, we don't get
you in here often. You still weigh 220?

BOB
That was five years ago. Probably put on
a few pounds. I don't have a scale.

DR. SHAMUS

Well, we have a scale. Meet me in the exam room and dress down to your skivvies.

CUT TO:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Bob stands shirtless and self conscious in front of an ancient doctor's scale. Dr. Shamus walks in and does a double take.

DR. SHAMUS

Whoa Bob. You did put on a few LBs. I've got a middle-aged gut but you - you've really bloomed! Step on the scale.

Bob tentatively steps on the scale and looks at the wall.

DR. SHAMUS (CONT'D)

(whistles)

Two sixty.

BOB

What?

DR. SHAMUS

You weigh two hundred sixty pounds.

BOB

That can't be right. Is the scale off?

DR. SHAMUS

Not by forty pounds.

(chuckles)

Now I know where you've been the past two years. Inside your refrigerator!

Bob gets off the scale.

BOB

I don't understand it. I still fit into my 38s.

Dr. Shamus looks at Bob's love handles drooping over his boxers.

DR. SHAMUS

How? With a crowbar? Ha-ha!

Bob pulls on his pants. Struggles with the button.

BOB

Very funny.

Bob reaches for his shirt.

DR. SHAMUS
 Leave the shirt off. I want Tech to take
 some blood. Tina is a real pro. And her
 boobs are bigger than yours, Bob!

BOB
Thanks Dr. Shamus.

EXAMINATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Bob sits on the examination table as TINA, a toothpick
 thin blond with boobs, probes for a vein.

TINA
 Don't you have any veins?

BOB
 Of course I have veins.

TINA
 I don't see any. Are you sure you're
 making a tight fist?

Bob clenches his fist as he sucks in his gut.

BOB
 (losing air)
 Will you just take the blood?

TINA
 Here goes nothing.

She aims the needle like a dart at a dartboard.

BOB
 Oww!

Tina pulls out the blood container. Nothing comes out.

TINA
 Nope. Missed again.

BOB
 That's the second time!

TINA
 Sorry. I usually don't have trouble with
 men. It's only with the ...
 (her voice trails off)

BOB
 Only with the what?

TINA

Women.

Bob finds his own pulse.

BOB

There ... there's my pulse. There must be a vein. Go for it.

Tina pulls out another needle.

TINA

If I don't get blood this time, I'm quitting.

BOB

You and me both.

The needle comes DOWN ...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

OUCH!

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Bob has stepped out of a liquor store and (apparently) onto another man's foot. The man hops around in pain.

MAN

Watch where you're walking!

BOB

Sorry guy.

MAN

Sorry ain't gonna heal my broken foot. Why don't you go on a diet ... before you kill someone?

The man hobbles into the liquor store. Bob goes to his Hyundai and sees

POUND PALS

reflected in the windshield.

BOB

Huh, that's new.

DR. SHAMUS (O.C.)

Whoa Bob. You did put on a few LBs.

MAN (O.C.)

Why don't you go on a diet?

Bob stares up at the big neon sign beckoning to him.

BOB
I think I will!

INT. POUND PALS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bob is on a "blind" scale getting weighed. The Pound Pals Receptionist records his weight from a digital reader and hands him a card.

BOB
(reading card)
Two fifty six? I knew my doctor's scale was off!

POUND PALS RECEPTIONIST
Bob, you're not supposed to shout your weight. We're very discreet here.

BOB
Oh, sorry. What do I do now?

The Pound Pals Receptionist hands him a BOB name tag and a stack of colorful pamphlets.

POUND PALS RECEPTIONIST
There's a meeting in five minutes. Go on inside. I'll put your file under Friday.

INT. MEETING ROOM

Bob sits in the back row as two dozen overweight women waddle in.

BOB
(to self)
Am I the only guy here?

An old hen (EMMA) collars her heavy husband and points him to the front row.

EMMA
Sit in the front, Ernest.

ERNEST
I hate the front. I always get picked on.

EMMA
(pointing)
Sit!

A very cheery woman in a colorful muumuu steps up to the front.

MUUMUU
 Did everyone have a good week?
 (turns to Ernest)
 Ernest, what about you?

Ernest glares at Emma. Then looks sheepishly up.

ERNEST
 I gained two pounds.
 (to crowd)
 It was my birthday!

Muumuu shakes her finger disapprovingly as the saddlebags beneath her arms quiver like jelly.

MUUMUU
 Naughty-naughty-naughty. Did anyone else
 fall off the wagon?

Bob whispers to the woman in front of him.

BOB
 Who is that?

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Stacey. She's the weight loss leader.

BOB
 Weight loss leader? She's in a muumuu!

At the front, Stacey puts her hands on her hips and stares at Bob.

STACEY
 Bob ... is that your name?

Bob stiffens like a scared school kid caught out of line.

BOB
 Y-yes.

STACEY
 Why don't you share what you were saying
 with the rest of the group?

BOB
 It's my first time and ...

STACEY
 (prompting him)
 And?

A cautious beat.

BOB
 And I was wondering ...

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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