

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

STORY 5: BLACK CAMERA MAGIC.

INT. BACKSTREET MEDICAL CLINIC. DAY.

An extremely fat man, RUPERT ALPERT (40's) is laid naked on the operating table apart from a pair of barely visible WHITE BRIEFS hidden beneath his folds of fat.

His body is pock-marked with SMALL WHITE SCARS from the dozens of other liposuction procedures he's had over the years.

CLOSE ON A TUBE as the fat is PUMPED OUT of his belly, like a cow being milked.

He is WIDE AWAKE during the procedure. His face calm and expressionless, he doesn't seem to feel anything at all.

DR. BONAPART (O.S.)
(French - subtitled)
Stop! Nurse, we're full again.

DR. BONAPART turns off the machine. Dr. Bonapart is the spitting image of Gaspar, they are in fact IDENTICAL TWINS. Whilst Gaspar is oafish and crude looking, Dr. Bonapart is perfectly presentable and delicate in his mannerisms.

As he retracts the needle, a tiny spurt of pressurised red, yellow fat lands on the SLEEVE of his immaculate WHITE DR's COAT. He looks down at it, positively disgusted. It's okay for his surgery to be an unsterile mess, just not him.

DR. BONAPART (CONT'D)
(Angry)
NURSE!!!!

A FEMALE NURSE in a tight, sexy outfit walks over "robotically".

She has the impossible proportions of a Barbie Doll, with about the same degree of physical articulation and even more plastic. Fake boobs, collagen lips, lasered eyebrows... Everything. She unhooks a BAG filled to the brim with yellowish-pink FAT...

She nonchalantly tosses it into a large biohazard CONTAINER filled with several others. All belonging to Rupert.

Dr. Bonapart turns on the machine again, and the procedure resumes with a nauseating SSSLUUUUURRRPP!

DR. BONAPART (CONT'D)
(quietly)
What is it, Mr. Alpert? What is your weakness?

RUPERT

Excuse me?

DR. BONAPART

Le vin rouge, foie gras, pan au
chocolate? What sort of epicure is
Monsieur Alpert, that he finds
himself so often on my operating
table?

RUPERT

The deal was no questions asked,
doctor.

DR. BONAPART

Very well. No questions. Mr Alpart
you are by far my most mysterious
client.

Rupert continues to stare up at the buzzing light over the
table. The slurping sound begins to change,

SLURRRR -- SLUM-- SLUR --DUM-- DUM DUM -- THUM THUM

It becomes the noise of DRUM BEATS.

FLASH BACK TO:

AFRICA - YEARS EARLIER.

A younger looking Rupert is being restrained by two tribesmen
wearing full body paint in the centre of a WOODEN HUT as
shadows dance about him from a fire nearby. On the floor of
the hut in front of him lays the body of a young dead
tribeswoman.

A heavily pierced TRIBAL SHAMAN stands before him uttering
ominous sounding incantations as a chorus of villagers'
chants grows louder in the background.

The Shaman is holding Rupert's camera. The shaman utters
something under his breath and smears the camera lens with
the blood of the dead woman.

He then takes a huge knife and taking Richard's hand, CUTS IT
and smears Rupert's blood into the camera lens also.

The chanting grows louder and louder until it almost becomes
unbearable.

FLASH BACK TO.

INT. LIPOSUCTION CLINIC - PRESENT.

Rupert snaps out of whatever trance he was in, evidently
relieved. Dr. Bonapart stares at him for a long moment. Then

NODS solemnly. He turns off the machine.

DR. BONAPART
Nurse. Another bag!

The nurse again slowly and stiffly starts to change the bag.

DR. BONAPART (CONT'D)
And do hurry up my dear we have
dinner plans.

CUT TO:

INT. RUPERT'S APARTMENT - PARIS - NIGHT

A slim sexy looking woman is doing up the last button on her body length overcoat. Underneath we can see she is wearing nothing else but lingerie. She looks tired, but positively relaxed as though basking in the afterglow of great sex.

WOMAN
That was amazing, just... ahhhhh

RUPERT (O.S.)
I'm glad you are satisfied

The woman is about to leave what appears to be the bedroom and walks into the main room of Rupert's apartment.

RUPERT (O.S) (CONT'D)
Aren't you forgetting something?

The woman turns and, feigning nonchalance, drops an envelope on the bed.

WOMAN
Five thousand, right?

RUPERT
Yes.

WOMAN
You're worth every penny, darling.

The woman leaves the room and enters the living area of Rupert's apartment.

It's an attractive penthouse loft -- the floors are hardwood, the walls covered in framed photographs of exotic locales from every corner of the globe. Decorated throughout are souvenirs from these travels, moodily lit by a photographer's eye.

Resting on an elegant COFFEE TABLE is a LARGE HARD-BOUND PHOTO ALBUM. It's a collection of Rupert's personal photography.

The woman begins thumbing through he photos nosily. Her face goes from curiosity to slight concern as she views the pictures.

They are all horrific looking conflict zone images of suffering and pain.

-- THWACK -- A hand slams down hard on the book closing it.

Glaring down at her in an enormous burgundy dressing gown so large it seems to swallow him whole is Rupert.

We get a good look at the post-liposuction version of him. He is clearly thinner, but where the layers of fat filled him out, he now looks positively grotesque as loose folds of skin hang around his neck, under his forearms and anywhere else visible.

RUPERT

Leave... NOW!

Feeling the change in his temper. The woman exits the apartment hurriedly.

In the hallway there is a line of women all waiting in turn outside the apartment. All of them gorgeous, all of them in overcoats.

The first of which is a young and pretty girl (20), CHLOE. She rings on the door buzzer.

-- BZZZZZZZZZZ --

Rupert looks through the peephole to see who it is... he recognizes her and suddenly goes into a panicked flurry.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

One moment.

He looks sadly into a foyer mirror at his appearance. Using a clothes peg, he tries to pin back some of the excess FLESH behind his neck. It's no use.

Rupert takes a deep breath and then opens the door.

In struts CHLOE dressed in a body-length black RAINCOAT and matching stiletto heels. Her crimson hair tied back into a bun. An absolutely gorgeous woman.

She pulls Rupert into a warm hug.

CHLOE

I've missed you. I thought we were going to go for dinner?

RUPERT

I know, I'm sorry.

Chloe looks dejected, but doesn't say any more about it. She walks further into the loft, pointing to one of the back rooms.

CHLOE
Same place?

RUPERT
Yes. But first... do you have...?

He trails off awkwardly. Chloe frowns. Digging into her raincoat and producing an ENVELOPE.

CHLOE
All business with you... Hey, how come you don't give me a special "friend's" discount.

RUPERT
Because then I'd have to haggle with everyone... It's just easier this way.

She tosses it to him.

CHLOE
(annoyed)
It's all there. Five-thousand.

She struts into the next room, salvaging her pride.

INT. STUDIO - RUPERT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A white-draped background. Floodlights. A very professional set-up. The centrepiece of which is the old-fashioned 35mm camera we saw in the clinic earlier.

RUPERT
Make yourself comfortable.

Chloe stands against the draped background and peels off her coat. Like the other model she is only wearing lingerie beneath. Though she is very tall, she still wears a slight TUMMY, and some cellulite on her hips and ass. Of course, despite these minor imperfections she's still about a size six.

She looks solemn and pouty, not breaking a smile.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
This isn't a cover for a magazine, you're allowed to smile, you know!

Chloe relaxes and beams a gorgeous smile at Rupert. He smiles back at her, there is something intoxicating about her that causes Rupert to turn on his charm.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Perfect!

She undoes her hair and lets it cascade around her shoulders.

Rupert holds up his assembled camera, clearly the same seen in his flash-back sequence earlier. It is well-worn, dusty and CHIPPED in a few places. Like its owner, it's seen a lot of action over the years.

There is a moment's silence as Rupert just looks at her and soaks her in.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

(smiling, yet concerned)

OK, let's begin.

From here, we view the scene THROUGH THE LENS.

With each FLASH of the camera, a transformation takes place in Chloe.

FLASH! -- Her stomach flattens and vanishes inwards.

FLASH! -- Her ribs are now more pronounced.

FLASH! -- Her thighs look firmer.

Chloe looks exhausted and uneasy on her feet. Her face is pale and GAUNT. Her cheekbones are more prominent. Rupert looks concerned.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

We should stop!

CHLOE

No, no. Get my ass, too.

RUPERT

No. That's enough.

CHLOE

Rupert!!! Come on... I need this!!!

FLASH! -- Another photo. Her buttocks tighten. She SWOONS, pausing to lean on a sofa. Out of breath.

Rupert lowers the camera from his face -- and we see HE HAS TRANSFORMED, AS WELL. He's noticeably thicker in his cheeks and arms, though there's still plenty of extra skin hanging down.

He wipes the sweat from his face -- fatigued by the experience.

Chloe pulls on her raincoat again, feeling her body with her hands. Happily. She smiles at Rupert with gratitude.

RRRIIIINNNNGGG!! -- the doorbell again. People are getting impatient.

Chloe's smile fades.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Why do you have to photograph the other girls? Why can't it just be me?

Rupert blanches. Not wanting to have this argument again.

RUPERT

It's *Fasionable Week*, Chloe. Why should I pass up the work?

She walks toward him, putting on a pouty little girl face, wrapping her arms around him.

CHLOE

I thought we had something together. I thought I was special.

RUPERT

Of course you're special...

CHLOE

Then why...?

RUPERT

Because they're not special, that's why I photograph them. Every time you come here I hope you might want anything else from me but this.

CHLOE

But you don't know what it's like out there! Competing with these women. They're all so much prettier than me. I have one advantage, and you just sell it to anyone who'll take it. You have this beautiful gift and I--

He pushes away from her, suddenly angry --

RUPERT

Is that how you see this... As a gift? This is a fucking curse, Chloe! And if you only come here for photos.. Then I was wrong.. You are nothing special.

She steps back, her eyes blinking tears. Staring at him, waiting for an apology. But all that comes next is another -- RRRIIIINNNNGGG!!

She turns and strides out of the loft.

INT/EXT. RUPERT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Chloe hurls open the door and runs past the QUEUE OF WAITING MODELS. Each one is carrying an envelope filled with cash.

The first model is recognizable. She is the gorgeous face of LES PETITS GOUDRONS cigarettes plastered all over the billboards of Paris and the face of *Fasionable Week*. She smirks as Chloe passes, cigarette draped in her hand.

Chloe SWATS the envelope from one model's hand, sending the five-thousand euros all in one hundred denomination drifting into the air.

From inside the apartment Rupert scowls, then looks conflicted. After a moment he sighs and composes himself.

RUPERT

NEXT!!!

CUT TO:

INT. RUPERT'S APARTMENT - PARIS

The hallway is empty as the last model exits Rupert's apartment with a slam of the door. Rupert throws down the final envelope of the night onto the coffee table, which is piled high with what must be at least half a million euros worth of envelopes. He sighs and walks out of the living room.

CUT TO.

INT. RUPERT'S BATHROOM/DEVELOPING ROOM - NIGHT.

A DOOR CLOSES and is locked. The regular bathroom light is switched to a RED LIGHT.

Rupert stands in front of the mirror, his face now grotesquely bloated.

Richard looks positively enormous. He undoes the belt of his dressing gown and lets it slip to the floor so he is completely NAKED.

We get our first good look at the transformed Rupert. The folds of his skin are tight again as they strain to contain his enormous girth. His stomach is so large it hides his genitals completely.

He stares at his reflection with bitter self-loathing.

Then he gets to work developing photos, hanging them up on a makeshift line across his bathtub.

He picks up his phone.

RUPERT
 (into phone)
 Dr. Bonapart... Sorry to disturb
 you so late. I need to make an
 appointment.

CUT TO.

EXT. FASHION SHOW - NIGHT

As Gaspar and Mimi's limo drives off we watch a figure that looks a lot like Rupert walk down the red carpet and into the events hall.

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION SHOW - BACKSTAGE.

A hive of activity as models get dressed. Chloe is struggling to fit into a size-zero dress. The other models are mocking her, particularly the CIGARETTE MODEL who just points and laughs with her other friend as she takes a drag.

An effeminate gay seamster tries to use PINS to hold the dress in, but Chloe lets out a YELP as they prick her time and time again. The seamster looks very pissed off at Chloe.

SEAMSTER
 You need to lose some weight,
 darling. Geeze, Could your ass be
 any fatter?

Chloe stares at her feet. She is more beautiful than ever, but her face betrays a desperate sadness. An unfulfilled longing.

Beyond the changing rooms we see how the subway platform has been transformed into a runway for the models with the train tracks on either side modified to house the seating - with stairwells fitted to allow people to exit and enter.

IN THE CROWD

We follow RUPERT, once again reasonably thin, as he weaves through people and finds a good spot near the runway. He unzips his jacket and reveals his old CAMERA hanging around his neck.

Also in the audience is Dr. Bonapart with his "art project". Well dressed and dignified he is the only one who notices Rupert moving through the crowd towards the head of the runway.

The house lights DIM and the show begins to some fittingly

upbeat music.

At the top of the runway appear TWO MODELS. They are wearing fantastic-looking ANIMAL FUR, REPTILE SKIN and EXOTIC FEATHER ensembles.

The crowd RIPPLES with 'OOOOHH's and 'AAAAHHHH's like the fickle, pretentious souls they are.

With a grim look, Rupert lifts the camera to his face. And begins taking photos of the girls walking down the runway.

FLASH!! -- The first girl is wearing a zebra-striped creation. She takes off her coat to reveal a POLAR BEAR BIKINI.

FLASH-FLASH!! -- Rupert photographs her. Then moves immediately to the girl behind her. FLASH-FLASH!!

The model from the cigarette advertisement who gave Chloe the sneer is next. She wears some exotic-looking creation made of REPTILE SKIN.

FLASH-FLASH!!

BACKSTAGE

Chloe hears her cue, pulls back her posture and strides out among the line of other models -- always professional.

RUPERT holds up the camera, SNAPPING more and more photos. ON THE RUNWAY the first girl turns, making her way back -- but as she pivots, her whole body BUCKLES as her KNEE SNAPS and the bone splinters and tears through her flesh.

Blood SPATTERS the people in the front row.

She falls to the ground, her other bones unable to withstand the impact and her arm SNAPS at an unusual angle. She's left lying in a disgustingly contorted position, SCREAMING -- unable to move --

FLASH-FLASH!!! -- Rupert takes more photos.

One-by-one, all the OTHER MODELS crumble like broken mannequins on the runway. Emaciated and brittle. The crowd MURMURS in growing HORROR at what they're witnessing...

Another Model slips in the POOL OF BLOOD. Both her ankles break. Above her stiletto heels, her legs BUCKLE INWARDS like an insect. She continues to waddle strangely forwards, inhuman, before her spine bends her backwards and she SNAPS like a twig.

CHLOE continues down the runway, unable to see what all the commotion is ahead. The women, all marching like lemmings into a growing pile of bones and viscera.

The CROWD is SCREAMING NOW, backing away from the gruesome spectacle...

And only ONE CAMERA is still FLASHING AWAY...

Chloe reaches the end of the runway... horrified at what she sees. Then looks out to the crowd, finding RUPERT.

And as he sees her, he lowers the camera. Revealing his horribly FAT FACE. Sweating, barely conscious.

Refusing to photograph her.

Chloe stands there under the spotlight, beautiful -- amidst the nauseating CHAOS of the fleeing crowd and the moaning, dying models at her blood-stained feet -- and stares lovingly at this giant man in the crowd.

A tear trickles down her cheek. Smiling at him in gratitude.

He smiles back. And without a word, he turns and begins to waddle down the subway tunnel.

He throws his camera against the wall smashing it into pieces.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS STREETS - EVENING

Rupert leaves the scene of horror as the sound of ambulances and police cars advance towards him in the middle distance.

He continues on his way through the tourist area of Paris until he is right beneath the Eiffel tower.

A young American couple are organizing a photo in front of a scenic Paris backdrop. The young GIRL turns to Rupert --

GIRL

Excuse me, sir? Hi, can you take a picture of us together?

RUPERT

Sorry, I'm not very good with cameras.

GIRL

Please? It would only take a second.

RUPERT

No really, I can't.

GIRL
Just one... *please*.

RUPERT
Did you hear what I said, lady?
Fuck off!

The girl looks like she's about to cry. Her boyfriend puffs up his chest, taking a step toward Rupert as he continues on.

BOYFRIEND
Hey, asshole -- would it kill you
to show a little courtesy??

Rupert STOPS. Turns and strides back to the man -- his anger boiling over again.

RUPERT
You want your picture taken? --
Sure!

He SWIPES IT out of his hands, holds it up to them and starts SNAPPING off photos, the light FLASHING...

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Here you go... how's this...?

The couple stumbles backward, disoriented with the flash...

RUPERT (CONT'D)
(still snapping pics)
Maybe a couple more, just in
case...?

He snaps off a few last ones, then TOSSES the camera back to the Boyfriend, turning to go.

Rupert continues on his way, never looking back as the young couple's horrified SCREAMS echo through the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - CHEZ DUTRONC - NIGHT

We FADE UP outside the restaurant. The Maitre'D is rubbing something off a CHALKBOARD. It clearly says - "TODAY'S SPECIAL, ROSBIF".

The Maitre'D re-enters the restaurant where Chef Dutronc is alone at a table, writing the *MENU for the coming week*.

He has perfect cursive penmanship and is just finishing noting down the last dish. He stares and admires it more a second, then SCRUNCHES it into a ball and throws it off the table.

DUTRONC
Non, this just won't do...

Dutronc looks on, vexed, as just then: Fat Rupert enters the restaurant looking thoroughly depressed.

DUTRONC (CONT'D)
(without looking up)
We're closed!

Dutronc suddenly looks up. Upon eyeing Rupert's enormous belly girth, Dutronc's eyes go wide.

DUTRONC (CONT'D)
Come take a seat, friend. You look famished. Perhaps you would like to be the first to sample my latest creation.

Rupert nods slightly in agreement.

DUTRONC (CONT'D)
Bon, excellent...

Moments later a silver cloche arrives at the table. Rupert lifts the lid off it:

On top of a pile of salad leaf, looking innocent - but totally gross, is THE SCALIDOPHORA curled up.

Rupert pokes it with a fork.
From Scalidophora POV we see Rupert frowning down at us.

In a flash the creature springs to life.

REVERSE ANGLE:
THE SCALIDOPHORA JUMPS OUT OF THE SCREEN AT US!

END.