

OVEREATER
"Pilot"

Written by

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INT. GRUBBUZZ OFFICES: KITCHEN - DAY

A KNIFE cuts into a BIRTHDAY CAKE. A thin slice. A sad slice. The kind of slice where you can see the knife THROUGH the damn cake.

The woefully small slice is slid onto a plate and handed to a COWORKER.

A teeny, tiny Asian woman, about 95lbs in a birthday hat, TINA (mid-20s and bubbly), smiles wide as she serves her coworkers.

TINA
Here you go!

The workers graciously accept their wee slices.

The camera moves to DANTE MEDINA, (30), cool clothes, cool hair and also around THREE HUNDRED POUNDS. Anxiety on his face as he watches Tina cut the cake.

It's finally his turn.

DANTE
Happy birthday, Tina!

TINA
Thanks, Dante!

DANTE
(sheepish)
Could I request a man-sized piece?

TINA
(awkward exuberance)
Oh, yeah, of course! It's just so rich! I could never eat a "man-sized" piece.

She moves the knife to make the piece a little bigger and looks at him for approval. Still not big enough for Dante.

DANTE
Just a little more. Little more.

She is still forcing a smile but this whole process is making Dante self-conscious. He feels everyone staring at him.

TINA
How's this?

It's still a bit small but he doesn't want to draw this out any longer.

DANTE

Yeah, yeah, that's great.

She slices and hands the piece to the grinning Dante.

DANTE

Thanks!

He joins his friends, TYLER (tall, Viking-bearded, early 30s), TRACY (late 20s graphic-T and blazer with tattoos peaking out) and MICHAEL (30s, short, glasses, pork pie hat, hipster without a mustache.)

The GrubBuzz offices are the epitome of a modern tech company. Big, open floor plan, cubicles with no walls and set up into "clusters." Terrible wallpaper. The kind of tacky shit that hipsters think is "sick."

On one of the walls is a GOLD, YOUTUBE PLAY BUTTON, signifying that they have over 1 MILLION SUBSCRIBERS.

TYLER

What the fuck?! Who did you blow to get a big piece?

DANTE

Tyler...

(hand on Tyler's shoulder)

I've found in this life, you've got to ask for what you want. I wanted a man-sized piece.

(overly dramatic pause)

So I took it.

Tyler puts his hand on Dante's shoulder.

TYLER

You are truly a man of action.

DANTE

You can't have any.

TYLER

Son of a...

TRACY

God dammit. Now I feel like a chump. Skinny bitch ripped us off.

TYLER

It's shitty, Costco sheet cake anyway.

TRACY
Are you not going to eat yours?

TYLER
Fuck youuuuuuu!

MICHAEL
I like them. They're fun-sized!

DANTE
Just like you, Mike.

MICHAEL
I'm just more concentrated awesome.

TRACY
How the hell do you work for a food
blog and...

MICHAEL
(correcting)
The world's biggest food blog.

TRACY
God damn right.

They high five.

TRACY
How the hell do you work for the
world's biggest food blog and weigh
less than a canary?

Everyone shrugs.

Tracy mimes shoving her finger down her throat and throwing
up. They laugh.

JIM
She takes great pains to stay in
shape and eat right when it's not
for work and lots of working out.

JIM (60s, thin, suit well put-together) stands nearby, not
really part of the group. No cake.

DANTE
No cake, Jim?

JIM
You know we don't allow any fun in
accounting.

DANTE
And cake is too much fun?

JIM
Cake is too much fun.

DANTE
(smiling)
So you're just using this birthday
celebration to slack off.

JIM
Just like everyone else.

TYLER
Birthday Fridays are the best!

MICHAEL
Here here!

Michael holds up his fork as a toast. They all "clink" their plastic forks together.

Jim's lack of partaking bugs Dante.

DANTE
Come on, Jim, join the party! One
little slice couldn't hurt.

TRACY
Especially one of these shitty
little slices.

Cakeless, she hate-throws her plate away.

Jim smiles.

JIM
No, no. I'm allergic to that stuff.

MICHAEL
Gluten thing?

JIM
No, I break out in fat,
unemployment and being an asshole.

They laugh but don't understand.

TYLER
Show them the picture.

He doesn't want to.

MICHAEL
What picture?

TYLER
Jim lost two hundred pounds, right?

JIM
(uncomfortable)
Something like that.

TYLER
Just show them.

TRACY
This I have to see.

Resigned, Jim pulls out his phone, pulls up a picture of his 400 lb self and passes it around.

MICHAEL
Whoa!

TRACY
No fucking way! That's you?!

Jim nods, humbly. She looks back and forth at Jim and the picture.

TRACY (CONT'D)
It doesn't even look like you.

Dante is taken back by the photo. Jim was about as big as he is. He hands the phone back and puts on a smile.

DANTE
Wow! How did you do it?

JIM
I just cut out all my binge foods
and ate healthier.

DANTE
No exercise?

Jim gives a distasteful grimace and shakes his head.

MICHAEL
Dude! That's amazing!
Congratulations!

JIM
(dismissive)
Just one day at a time.

MICHAEL
No, that's huge! You don't even know!

TYLER
I think he might.

MICHAEL
Well, obviously he does but... Wow!

This conversation is triggering Dante's insecurities.

DANTE
All right, guys, I've got a bunch
of shit to do if I want to get out
of here on time tonight. I'm out.

Michael nudges Tyler.

TYLER
Oh yeah. Dude. Bro. Bro.
Dude. Dudebro!

DANTE
What? What? WHAT?! What the
fuck do you want?

TYLER
Dude.
(beat)
We're going out for drinks after
work.

DANTE
Sounds fun, man. Have a ball.

Tyler stops him from leaving.

MICHAEL
We've decided, you're coming with us!

DANTE
I have plans.

TYLER
Netflix and chill by yourself is
not "plans."
(beat)
You can beat your meat later,
you're coming with us this time.

Dante goes to talk.

TYLER
Don't say no.

Dante goes to talk.

TYLER
Yes?

DANTE
You're a dick.

TYLER
Let's get drunk!

DANTE
Drunk!

TYLER
Drunk!

DANTE
Nope. One more time and I think we're
officially classified as "bros."

TYLER
Good call. Best we part ways.

DANTE
Catastrophe averted.

They shake hands dramatically and leave.

INT. WHITE ROOM

Dante is standing against a 100% white background doing a vlog about food. The GrubBuzz logo opens the video and then animates to the corner.

DANTE
I'm Dante Medina and this is
GrubBuzz: L.A! Today I want to talk
about Wake and Late. The new
breakfast slash dinner place
downtown. The menu may be small...
but it is mighty. Now, I'm a
breakfast burrito fanatic. Breakfast
burritos are my jam! But their
breakfast sandwich? I'd order this
every god damn day over their burrito
which is also freakin' awesome!
Aside from their breakfast they
have a burger that...

He screws up and flubs some words.

DANTE
SHIT! Mother fucking cunt!

He approaches the camera and starts scrolling backwards through the iPad Teleprompter. Suddenly, the picture freezes.

The camera pulls back and we see Dante is actually...

INT. GRUBBUZZ OFFICES: DANTE'S DESK - AFTERNOON

...sitting at his desk half-editing his video but really -- he's watching the kitchen.

Tina and ANOTHER WOMAN (40s) from the office are giggling and laughing just inside the door of the kitchen. He grumbles under his breath.

DANTE

Come on.

His desk phone rings. A terrible intrusion. He has to answer but still distracted by the casual chatter in the kitchen.

DANTE

This is Dante.

INTERCUT:

INT. LUISA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

LUISA, Dante's sister is on the other end of the line. (mid-late 20s alternative girl, with pink stripes in her Bettie Page bangs and tattoos poking out from underneath her pretty, floral sundress, which, at closer inspection is actually skulls superimposed over blood splats to look like flowers.

LUISA

Brother!

DANTE

Sister... calling me on my work phone, pretty sneaky.

She is prepping for her birthday party with her similarly attired boyfriend, SEAN and TWO FRIENDS in the background blowing up skull balloons and hanging streamers near a sign that says, "Another year closer to death!"

LUISA

I know you get in trouble for personal stuff. I gave them my business voice so I sounded like a business call. Want to hear it?

DANTE

I'm trying to get out of here.

He's watching the kitchen situation.

 LUISA
It's good.

 DANTE
Luisa, what do you want?

 LUISA
I practiced it before calling.

Dante gives a heavy sigh.

 DANTE
 (fine)
I'd love to hear your "business
voice."

 LUISA
Ok. Ahem.
 (professional voice)
Yes, may I speak to Dante Medina,
please?

 DANTE
 (impressed)
That's actually pretty good.

 LUISA
Thanks, bro.

 DANTE
What can I do for you?

 LUISA
Birthday party on Saturday night!

 DANTE
I got the Facebook invite. I'll be
there!

The kitchen ladies exit the kitchen, Dante is now completely
distracted. This is his chance.

 LUISA
Well, I can never tell if that means
you're actually going to be there.

The ladies give big hugs and walk in separate directions.

 DANTE
I have a meeting, I've gotta run.
I'll see you Saturday.

Dante is caught red-handed. He blurts out an excuse.

DANTE

I thought I'd bring some home for the weekend.

JIM

Good idea!

Jim doesn't care.

DANTE

The sugar gives me extra energy to get stuff done. I'm just going to lock myself in my apartment and write reviews all weekend!

JIM

You don't have to justify it to me. God knows I've pilfered more than my share of cake. It's just going to go bad in that fridge.

Jim debates ending the conversation here, then screws up the courage to overstep his bounds and says...

JIM

You know. If you ever want to talk. I've been there.

He writes his phone number on a ballon-covered paper napkin and hands it to Dante who quickly pockets it.

JIM

Call me any time.

Dante can't even look him in the face. It's too embarrassing.

DANTE

Sure, sure. Thanks.

He rushes out of the room.

INT. GRUBBUZZ OFFICES: DANTE'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

POV: INSIDE DANTE'S DESK DRAWER

Dante opens his desk drawer and hides his cake inside. He is so agitated.

DANTE

(mocking)

If you ever want to talk.

For the whole script, contact me

enge.jon@gmail.com