

Fat Pig

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom sits at his desk. Carter sits on Tom's couch. They sit in silence. Suddenly...

CARTER  
You got a photo? Of her.

TOM  
You are not getting a picture. Not even a peek...

CARTER  
I will not take it. I promise.

TOM  
Uh-huh. Sure.

CARTER  
I won't! I just wanna see her one more time.

TOM  
Man, you are so...I don't even know why I like you.

CARTER  
Because you're like me.

TOM  
No, I'm not.

CARTER  
You so are! Absolutely.

TOM  
That's not true. No.

CARTER  
Right. You do that little-boy thing, the "I'm so innocent" trick that women eat up, but you are so much like me it's not even funny. Seriously...

TOM  
Carter, that's not at all...

CARTER  
Bullshit! You laugh at the same jokes and check out the same asses that I do, you date all these gals and act like you're Mr. Sensitive, but how does it always end up?

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

The exact same way it does for me...you get bored or cornered or feel a touch nervous, and you drop 'em like they were old produce. Every time. Dude, I'm not blind...

TOM

Yeah, but that's because...I mean, with Jeannie it's been...you know.

CARTER

I'm not talking about her. I mean with anybody. Since I've known you. There's no shame in it...it's not very nice, but I don't think we were put down here to be nice. Not exclusively, anyway. Every so often we sprinkle a little "nice" on top, just to keep 'em guessing, but...that's about it.

TOM

You scare me a little...I mean it.

CARTER

Ahh, it's just Tuesday. Tuesdays suck...

They sit and think for a minute.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Seriously...can I see her?

TOM

No.

CARTER

Tom, that's not very...I said some stuff, and I'm sorry. I didn't know you two were dating.

TOM

We're not. I just took her out a few...she's nice. Okay?

CARTER

It's fine.  
(beat)  
So, lemme see.

TOM

Jesus...

Tom pulls a photo out of his wallet.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm holding it.

CARTER

That's mature. Oh, cool. It's one of those "glamour shots," isn't it?

TOM

I guess. Yes.

CARTER

Very nice. I like the boa.

TOM

Don't be a prick, or I'm gonna...

CARTER

Kidding! She's sweet. I mean, from meeting her and everything. I could tell.

TOM

Thanks.

CARTER

Does she...I mean, does her weight go up and down or...? I only ask because she's got a nice face, so I'm curious.

TOM

She's not all worried about that kind of thing, buying into those dietary fads. Which is sort of refreshing, actually...

CARTER

Sure, I'm just saying...can't turn on CNN without some doctor...

TOM

Because, you know...yeah, I think she's pretty well, but we don't ever talk about that. "What if?" Kinds of shit. She's happy with who she is, and so...it's...

CARTER

Then great. Can you please let me...I'm not six years old. I promise not to take it.

TOM

'Kay.

Tom very warily lets go of the photo. In stages. Finally it is in Carter's hands. He studies it.

CARTER

No, I can tell that she's a very genuine person, even from a photo. I like the sunburst effect in the background. That's a joke.

TOM

Here, just give it back.

CARTER

Wait...I'm serious, though, if she lost like, eighty pounds, she'd be kinda stunning. Could probably get one of those reality shows.

TOM

I know, but I just said...here.

CARTER

I mean, I'm only talking. I'm not an expert. Perhaps we should see what everybody in the cafeteria thinks...

TOM

Carter! CARTER, YOU FUCKER!!!

Tom is trapped behind his desk, and Carter is off like a rocket - out the door and down the hall. Tom starts to follow but gives up after a second. Returns to his desk.

END SCENE