

BELT SHOPPING

Written by

Naomi Vondell

FADE IN:

INT. UPSCALE CLOTHES SHOP -- DAY

ROX (20s), slightly overweight, walks around aimlessly, well aware that she doesn't belong here.

A SALESWOMAN (40s), eyes Rox up and down, not sure if anything in the store will fit her. Then, because she has to:

SALESWOMAN

May I help you?

ROX

(glad someone finally notices her)

Yes, I'm looking for a belt.

SALESWOMAN

Oh.

(beat)

Any particular type?

ROX

Just something to hold up these pants. Happy to say they're getting a little loose.

SALESWOMAN

(brightly)

Congratulations!

(beat)

Okay. All our belts are over here. Any preference as to color?

ROX

Well, I guess... black is good. Something to match these dark pants.

SALESWOMAN

Sure. Okay. I'm guessing you have simple tastes.

(holds up a BLACK BELT)

How about this one?

ROX

Let me see it.

She tries it on over her pants. It's ridiculously small.

ROX (CONT'D)

Nope. Too small.

SALESWOMAN

Okay.

She holds up a LIGHT GREY BELT. It's a little bigger, but still tiny.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

How about this one?

ROX

It's light grey.

SALESWOMAN

It's the only large belt we have.

Rox tries this one on. She squeezes it closed and it fits -- barely. But it looks ridiculous.

ROX

I'm not wearing this.

SALESWOMAN

Well, it's the only one we have in... your size. Or close to your size.

(brightly)

Our other location over on Manning Street has a much wider selection.

ROX

That's five city blocks away.

SALESWOMAN

Right. You look like you don't like to walk much. Okay, how about a nice scarf? You could tie it around your waistband.

ROX

No, I didn't come here for a scarf. I don't want to look like a hippie. I came in here for a belt. I'm not walking for an hour just to get a simple belt.

SALESWOMAN

Well, I don't know what to tell you.

ROX

Look. This is the fifth store I've been to on this street. Nobody has anything that fits me.

(MORE)

ROX (CONT'D)

And I'm too weak and tired right now to give it much thought.

SALESWOMAN

Huh?

ROX

I've been starving myself for three months. Everything looks like food to me. And I've finally lost ten pounds. Maybe if I keep this up, one day, one amazing day, I'll be able to shop in your store again.

SALESWOMAN

I'm sorry we don't have what you're looking for --

ROX

(descent into madness begins)

I used to be thin, you know. I used to come in here all the time.

SALESWOMAN

(getting weirded out)

I'm afraid I don't remember you --

ROX

Then I started graduate school. Microbiology. I had this crazy idea that I was going to contribute something to the world. But then there were the deadlines, the all-nighters, the vending machines. I was too busy to pay attention.

SALESWOMAN

Sure...

She picks up cell phone and dials during:

ROX

I'm so sorry. So sorry! I neglected the most precious possession a woman has: her body. Her sex appeal. To men. Bless me, mother, for I have sinned!

SALESWOMAN

(on phone)

Hello? Yes. We have a situation.

(hangs up)

(MORE)

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

Would you like to look at some scarves? We have some very nice ones here --

ROX

(explodes)

No, I don't want to look at some scarves! I want you to understand that you're discriminating against women who like to eat real food!

An attractive male SECURITY GUARD comes into the shop. His armband reads, "FASHION POLICE".

SECURITY GUARD

Is there a problem here?

ROX

Yes there's a problem here! This -- this fashion fascist won't treat me like a human being!

SALESWOMAN

(whispers)

This fat girl just came in here and started yelling. I think she has mental health issues.

SECURITY GUARD

(whispers)

I see.

(to Rox)

Now young lady, why don't you calm down and tell me your story from the beginning?

ROX

Okay. I came into the shop looking for a belt. Because I've just lost ten pounds and my pants keep dropping around my waist. Then this snob behind the counter shows me a bunch of belts that were clearly made for children.

SECURITY GUARD

Let me see that.

(examines grey belt)

This?

(to saleswoman)

You actually tried to sell this to this young lady?

SALESWOMAN

It's the only belt we have in...
her size.

SECURITY GUARD

(takes off his own belt
and hands it to Rox)
Here you go. Wear it in good
health.

ROX

Thanks!!

SALESWOMAN

Wait a minute. You're supposed to
be on my side!

SECURITY GUARD

Sign of the times, ma'am.
(to Rox)
You free for dinner?

ROX

Sure!

The two of them leave, arm in arm, leaving the saleswoman
stunned. After a beat or two, she takes a SANDWICH from
behind the counter and munches on it.

FADE TO BLACK.