

OVER BLACK:

ALI (V.O.)
They're everywhere.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Perfect women have infested the world. Half shirts show off taut bellies and proportionately impossible breasts. Short skirts or shorter shorts advertise shapely legs and buns of steel. They're on billboards. Benches. Posters.

ALI (V.O.)
Staring at us with those
ridiculously bright eyes, judging
us for being mere humans with non-
airbrushed skin and unevenly lit,
naturally colored hair.

INT. GYM - MORNING

Traditional work out world, people pumping iron or hopping up their heart rates.

ALI (V.O.)
Okay, sure, some women actually
have the discipline to look good.

LIZ, 20's, 2 sizes skinnier than she should be, steps off of a treadmill and hurries for the showers. On the way, she shoots evil looks at the gals standing around modeling skimpy workout clothes with no intention of actually working out.

ALI (V.O.) (cont'd)
Some just have the metabolism.

INT. EDITING SUITE - DAY

A dark room full of junk food remnants and empty soda cans. WENDY, 20s, thin, boobless, munches on chips & glares at bouncy Baywatch-ish babes on a monitor.

ALI (V.O.)
Which is really unfair.

INT. SPIRELLI SURGERY - DR. SPIRELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

A comforting consultation room. MRS. STERN (late 40's, dyed, tucked, and liposucked) sticks her chest out, demonstrating to DR. SPIRELLI (50's, short, balding) what she wants done.

ALI (V.O.)
And some women have the funds to
fake it.

Dr. Spirelli nods, he can do that.

A fabricated image of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN smiles from a BEAUTY
MAGAZINE cover.

ALI (V.O.) (cont'd)
But they're still not perfect. No
one is, never will be.

A blob of CHOCOLATE drops onto the Beautiful Woman's face.

ALI (V.O.) (cont'd)
That's why we have chocolate.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY

The chocolate fell from a candy bar ALI (20's, cute, classy,
curvy) is eating at her desk. Ali's not morbidly obese, but
she's more than a montage away from being comfortable wearing
a bikini in public.

The snazzy office around her is decorated with high profile
movie posters and the lobby currently houses a dozen hotties
holding headshots. Many of them stare longingly at Ali's
candy bar, both judging and jealous.

Ali dips the candy bar in a jar of Nutella spread. She's just
about to take a bite when her intercom beeps.

JEREK (O.S.)
Ali, send the next one in.

As Ali consults a sign-in list, a disturbingly faultless
BITCHY BLONDE stands up. Somehow this woman *is* "perfect", as
if she's been digitally enhanced. She's even a bit glossy,
but that could just be a fake tan.

BITCHY BLONDE
That's me.

Bitchy Blonde doesn't even acknowledge Ali, she just walks
past her.

ALI
Great, thanks, you can go right on
back.

Ali finally takes that candy bar bite, so of course her phone rings. She tries to choke down the chocolate, but still sounds a bit mumbly as she answers.

ALI (cont'd)
Shtern Cashting, Jerek Shtern's
offish.

INT. SPIRELLI SURGERY - RECEPTION

The place manages to be both trendy and sterile as immaculate white walls display photos of impressive surgical enhancements.

ALEX, 20's, the cute male receptionist, mans the paperwork-swamped front desk.

ALEX
Ali?

INTERCUT SPIRELLI RECEPTION/CASTING OFFICE

Ali's face lights up. So does Alex's phone, but he ignores it to continue his conversation with Ali.

ALI
Yeah, ish me.

She finally finishes her bite.

ALI (cont'd)
Sorry, candy bar attacked me, had
to defend myself.

ALEX
In front of the soon-to-be
starlets? That's just mean.

ALI
Mean would be offering to share.

Mrs. Stern steps into the clinic reception area, Dr. Spirelli right behind her.

MRS. STERN
You're the best, Doc!

The Doctor blushes as Mrs. Stern kisses him on top of his balding head, leaving lipstick marks.

ALEX
Ali, hang on one second.