

FAT FARM

by  
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**FADE IN ON:**

**A STYLISTIC ANIMATION OF THE FEMALE FORM**

The illustration shape shifts: grows thinner. Wider. Big then flat chested. Short or tall.

As it does, a caption scrolls:

"Throughout history, beauty standards have constantly changed. Though culture has made an indelible mark, economics has, as well.

In the Middle Ages a "plush" form was admired: a not-so-subtle indication a woman was well-to-do. And even more well fed.

In the mid-20th century, slim silhouettes became the rage. An athletic, muscled body indicated one had ample leisure time to eat healthy and work out.

In 2032, that aesthetic remained true.

But medical breakthroughs tipped the scale:

Stem cell innovation brought the one percent extended life. Suddenly, the Fountain of Youth existed. An extra fifty years could be purchased: if one could afford the price. Which wasn't cheap.

For reasons which mystified researchers, the "process" failed when grown in a petri dish. The fat cells they cultivated had to be harvested from a living body.

But where could one find such raw materials... in the population which body shamed anyone over Size Two?

Thus an extra income stream for the Working Class was born. A new wrinkle in an ever widening gig economy: becoming a living, breathing Fat Farm.

Who cared the growth and extraction process taxed the host's body, sometimes lethally? For those living paycheck to paycheck, it was too valuable an opportunity to pass up..."

**INT. HIGH CLASS MALL - BOTTOM FLOOR - DAY**

Overhead MUZAK soothes the soul in this consumer utopia.

White walls. Marble Floors. Designer Size Zero Outfits in every window. Wealthy SHOPPERS "ooh and ah."

One STICK THIN WOMAN photographs a mannequin's BAR CODE.  
 A phone app models the clothing for her with a deep fake.  
 Her heavily make-upped COUTURE FRIEND beams.

COUTURE FRIEND  
 Omi-Gawd on Avocado Toast! That looks  
 epic fab. You've got to buy that... Now!

STICK THIN WOMAN  
 You sure? Doesn't the color splash on the  
 hips make me look... chunky?

COUTURE FRIEND  
 Get outta here. Those lines scream for  
 themselves!

Couture Friend's eyes drift to an approaching shopper.  
 Her jaw drops.

COUTURE FRIEND  
 Speaking of screaming. Dumbo alert!

A few stores away, LORI walks with friend KYM. If you can  
 call the process "walking."

Both twenties, they're otherwise opposites. Kym's a Size  
 12 (though her taste screams "10".) If she could afford  
 better threads, she'd rock.

While Lori takes up half the aisle. Her shadow eclipses  
 windows. Mannequins seem to cringe as she lumbers by.

A size XXXL, Lori's dress looks like a tent. She gasps to  
 breathe. Culture vulture shoppers scatter in her wake.

Couture Friend grins evilly, hisses Lori's way.

COUTURE FRIEND  
 Great Wall of China... Pssst! Mutual of  
 Omaha called.

STICK THIN WOMAN  
 They want their trapeze net back!

KYM  
 (mutters under her breath)  
 Bitch, the Barrier Reef of *Ugly* called.  
 They said your personality is a copyright  
 infringement!

Lori hangs her head. As soon as they're out of ear shot,  
 she whispers to Kym.

LORI

This is so embarrassing. Why couldn't we take the back elevator again?

KYM

Beats me. The harvesting rep I talked to first said the employee entrance was "off limits" to anyone without a med license.

LORI

You need a license to just... go in?

KYM

I know. Total bullshit. So I called again, asked to speak to a customer service supervisor. *They* said it was an "insurance concern" - that you had to sign a waiver before entering the premises. No sneaking in through the back door.

Lori groans. Her stomach rumbles. Reflexively, she reaches into her purse and pulls out:

A CANDY BAR. She raises it to take a bite...

Behind her, the Stick Thin Woman and Couture Friend giggle. Kym snarls, grabs Lori's arm.

KYM

Don't! It's not worth it.

LORI

Mint chocolate chip cookie dough? It soooo is.

KYM

You're not gonna be able to convert more calories to fat between here and the fifth floor.

Lori takes a defiant chomp in Lori's face.

LORI

You think I *want* this? After I hit three hundred pounds, my metabolism went frikkin' nuts. I don't eat something this instant, you're gonna have to pick me up.

KYM

Honey, back when you were a Size Ten - I would've in a heartbeat. But now?

LORI

Then mind your own business. And I'll  
mind my blood sugar. 'Cause if I don't,  
I'm gonna faint.

Lori finishes the candy bar. The two keep walking. Kym  
forces a "let's do this!" smile.

KYM

So, Ms. Mucho-Bucks: whatcha you gonna do  
with all the money? Maybe splurge on your  
BFF after the "procedure's" done? Just a  
teeny-tiny bit, I mean?

LORI

(shrugs)

Paying the rent's good, I guess?

KYM

Come on, live a little! I know: buy that  
dress!

Kym points out a skinny-mini scrap of fabric in a window.

KYM

I researched Harvesting on Wikki. They  
say the process sucks EVERY ounce off.

LORI

Which means?

KYM

Which means - that Size 2's a cinch!

Lori blinks back tears.

LORI

Other things matter more. My little sis  
needs to see a specialist.

KYM

(beat)

Janine? Oh shit.

LORI

Yeah. Her seizures are getting worse.

Kym falls silent, trudges along.

Until they reach the ESCALATOR...

And read the sign at the entrance: "One hundred and fifty  
pound weight limit per person."

KYM

Triple jeopardy. That sucks!

She shoots a guilty look at Lori.

KYM

Don't think it's not just you. I don't meet that threshold myself.

Lori sighs. The two reroute to the stairs. SHOPPERS snicker as Lori fights to navigate each step.

MIDDLE AGED SHOPPER

Poor dear. Doesn't she *know* what liposuction is?

SHOPPER'S HUSBAND

Is the floor rumbling, or is it us?

Lori's face burns with shame. But she keeps climbing - a real trooper.

**INT. HIGH CLASS MALL - SECOND FLOOR - DAY**

They reach the second floor, and spot an ELEVATOR down the hall. Lori's face shine; both from relief and sweat.

LORI

Whew! The Calvary *has* arrived!

KYM

With reinforcements. Cool!

The girls pass two stores.

One's a candy shop: "Sweet Somethings".

The other's Health Food Heaven: "Whole Goods."

Kym points out Whole Goods to her friend.

KYM

On our way back, we're goin' in. When's the last time you had something *nourishing* to eat?

LORI

Well-

KYM

We're gonna buy that fucking store clean out!

Reaching the elevator, the two climb in.

**INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

The door BEEPS as it closes. Opens again instantly. A warning sign flashes on a MONITOR:

"Unexpected Weight Load."

Kym growls, mashes the "Close" button repeatedly.

KYM  
Don't judge, you mechanical jackass.  
Close!

Eventually, it does.

Fashion ads loop on the monitor. The elevator rises, creaks. Kym and Lori exchange looks.

KYM  
I miss my old Lori. And I don't give a fuck *what* you weigh. All those clothes look better on you.

Fourth floor reached: DING! The doors slide open.

Waiting SHOPPERS glimpse Lori, and recoil.

WAITING SHOPPER  
Ew!

The doors shut again on Lori's crushed face.

**INT. HIGH CLASS MALL - FIFTH FLOOR - DAY**

And reopen on level five.

An ever more artificially cheery Kym shoves Lori out. And steers her towards:

A boutique store. The entrance sign blinks: Eternal Youth Harvesting Outlet: Buy and Sell Stem Cells Here!

KYM  
See? No more sweat. We're here!

**INT. ETERNAL YOUTH - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Kym pulls Lori in. Even in this mall, the joint's lush. Velvet massage chairs. VR helmets. The works.

A monitor on the wall projects an animated logo (a version of the one we saw before):

The shrinking profile of a woman's figure.

And a second art-decco rendering: of an old woman reverting to youth.

Kym rings the bell at the welcome desk.

The MODEL PERFECT RECEPTIONIST looks sharply up.

RECEPTIONIST

What do you wan- Oh.

She pivots in her seat, yells towards a back room.

RECEPTIONIST

Boys, we got a harvestee. Someone wanna take her in the back before clients see?

Two white coated MALE TECHS emerge. One look, and they flank Lori.

Tech One pinches Lori's waist. She recoils.

LORI

Ow!

TECHNICIAN 1

Wow. You're juicy.

TECHNICIAN 2

No kidding. Super prime.

TECHNICIAN 1

You need some help walking? No bigs.  
(chuckles)

For much longer, anyway. Here, honey - lean on me.

The receptionist thrusts a clipboard at Tech 2.

RECEPTIONIST

See if she has insurance. And make sure she fills this waiver out!

Lori locks eyes with Kym - resists as the techs hustle her off.

LORI

Thank you *tons* for coming, Kym. I so appreciate your support!



KYM

What are friends for? See you soon!

(beat)

I hope?

Lori disappears with the techs.

The snooty receptionist's already lost interest; surfs her phone. Kym shoots a "fuck-you-bitch" glare her way.

RECEPTIONIST

Lemme guess. You're her medical proxy?

KYM

And her friend. So - what happens now?

The receptionist shrugs.

RECEPTIONIST

*Commonly*, the procedure takes an hour tops. Though judging on your friends, uh, *attributes...* I'm gonna professionally guesstimate two.

KYM

She put that weight on to help her family!

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah. A really admirable sacrifice. Sure.

KYM

Don't judge!

The receptionist rolls her eyes, and waves a manicured hand at lobby chairs.

RECEPTIONIST

Go on. The waiting room's alllll yours. We've got HBO, Netflix, Unlimited VR and Luudes. Whatever's your trip. Live it up.

Kym shuffles over the chairs. She sniffs the inside of a VR helmet...

KYM

Potpourri?

RECEPTIONIST

Eucalyptus. Duh.

Sitting down, Kym waits until the receptionist looks away. And shoots her the double bird.

**LATER**

**SUPER: A DIGITAL COUNTDOWN. THREE HOURS ROLL BY.**

Kym SNORES loudly in her chair, VR headset on her face.

Tech One emerges from the backroom. The receptionist points to Kym, mouths:

RECEPTIONIST

Over there.

The tech tiptoes to Kym, taps her shoulder.

Kym SNORTS - sits up, startled. Still wearing the bulky VR visor, she looks clumsily around.

KYM

What happened? Do I sleep through Episode Five?

The Second Tech peeks around the corner, a beatific grin on his handsome face.

TECHNICIAN 2

Ready for the grand unveiling? Your friend's done!

Kym struggles to remove the VR helmet.

KYM

Lori's back? Awesome - where?!?

TECHNICIAN 2

Ta-da!

TECHNICIAN 1

Behold, the glorious power of science!

LORI (O.S.)

Kym? You there? Tell me the truth - what do you think?

Kym removes the helmet, sees Lori. Her jaw drops.

Lori's gorgeous. And only a sliver of her previous self. Not an ounce of fat. She's now Size Two, at most.

KYM

(gapes)

Holy Harvesting...

LORI

(shy)  
Like it?

KYM

"Like it"? I'm... uh, shocked!

Kym circles Lori, squints. Gives her friend a few pokes.  
Lori giggles. Squeaks.

KYM

Shouldn't you have floppy skin or  
something, from all the stretching?

LORI

I thought so too, but...  
(points to Tech #1)  
Harry tells me the laser nip and tuck's  
free of charge. They do it to encourage  
repeat harvesting contracts.

KYM

"Harry?"

Tech #1/Harry gives Lori a playful squeeze.

TECHNICIAN 1

We're on a first name basis now.

TECHNICIAN 2

(stage whispers)  
The procedure requires... well, intimate  
contact and lots of tubes. After a few  
hours, we get to know Harvestees pretty  
well.

TECHNICIAN 1

And Lori here's a charmer. Which you, as  
her friend, know. We told each other puns  
for fifteen whole minutes!

LORI

(blushes)  
Until the anesthesia kicked in.

KYM

Where'd that dress come from? I mean, I  
know I said you should splurge, but..

LORI

Don't be such a party-poop. It's a loaner  
from downstairs. Here!

Lori tosses her old tent dress at Kym. Who catches it...  
measures miles of fabric. Gawks.

Then looks up wickedly at her pal.

KYM

Grrrrrrrrl, the boys better grab their  
Gucci shorts! We're so gonna paint the  
town tonight!

Harry/Tech 1 pulls Kym aside.

TECHNICIAN 1

Uh, the harvesting process takes a toll  
on the...

(gestures at Lori)

Organs.

KYM

Really? Which ones?

TECHNICIAN 1

All. Make sure your friend doesn't do  
anything more drastic than sunbathing for  
a week. Given what we took off, maybe  
two.

Kym grabs Lori and drags her towards the exit.

Breezing past the receptionist, she hisses:

KYM

Just three hours, and Lori already looks  
way better than you.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse you what?

KYM

You heard me. And you know it, bitch!

The receptionist glares. Harry grins, waves goodbye.

But Lori and Kym are out the door.

**INT. HIGH CLASS MALL - SECOND FLOOR - LATER**

Kym skips down the corridor. Lori walks gingerly - out of  
breath, for different reasons now.

MEN drool, check her out. Lori blushes. Kym beams.

KYM

You've got *them* eating out of *your* palm.  
Maybe I should do some harvesting, too?

LORI

Don't. Trust me, it hurts a lot. Besides,  
the paperwork says you've got to have at  
least one hundred pounds to make the  
procedure worthwhile. Anything less isn't  
cost efficient. And you're trying to lose  
what?

KYM

(shrugs)

Twenty pounds, give or take. But I wish  
it wasn't all at my hips!

They approach the *Whole Goods* store. Kym's eyes glow.

KYM

Talk about a win-win. Lose all that  
weight, get paid too! How much  
"enrichment" did you score?

LORI

Enough for my sister's specialist  
consult. That's a "win", right?

Kym tries to drag Lori into *Whole Goods*. Lori resists,  
but her friend's stronger.

LORI

Shit. This was easier when I weighed more  
than you. Let go!

KYM

C'mon - surrender to Good Eating. Join  
the not-so-dark-side, Luke!

Lori shakes her head "no." Looks down sadly, mumbles.

KYM

Twiggy, did they harvest your voice too?  
I can't hear you. Speak up!

Kym inches closer. Lori whispers in her ear.

LORI

Mom called while I was waking up. She...  
got laid off. I can't play games anymore.  
Please. My family needs me.

Grabbing Kym's hand, Lori changes course. Pulls her into  
*Sweet Nothing* next door.

**INT. SWEET NOTHING CANDY STORE**

Kym groans, follows.

KYM

So that's it? No celebrating? Dancing?  
Selfies to mail around school? You're  
just gonna pile it all back on?

LORI

That's the responsible thing to do! But  
who says celebrating's canceled?

She leads Kim towards a refrigerated aisle.

LORI

Wanna stay home with me tonight and binge  
on Mint Chocolate Chip?

KYM

With my best friend forever? Sure fucking  
thing!!

FINAL FADEOUT: