

BODY COUNT

Written by  
Steven Sallie

[stevensallie55@gmail.com](mailto:stevensallie55@gmail.com)

**INT. STAGE - DAY**

A TV HOST, 40s, thin mustache, highly caffeinated, stands on a large, neon-heavy stage. Garish blinking lights.

Cheesy music blares as the TV Host steps forward, bringing a microphone to his mouth.

TV HOST

Good morning, world. And welcome back to this week's episode of *Body Count!* We've got some special ones for you today, folks. Straight from the assembly line, with enough looks and charm to turn a man to stone.

The TV Host turns. Gestures toward a DARK SPOT on the stage.

A giant SPOTLIGHT illuminates FIVE WOMEN. Each of them stand, very uncomfortably, on short platforms, with their heads high and their shoulders back.

If they're upset, they're hiding it well. They're too used to it to care anymore.

Each of the women wear expensive gowns of various colors, but the thing that stands out most is --

GIANT NUMBERS, like those from a digital clock, HOVERING ABOVE THEIR FOREHEADS. The numbers range from 1 to 5, and they're arranged in order. Smallest to largest. Both in terms of numbers and height.

TV HOST

As you can see, we've got a good lineup tonight. Low body counts, low mileage. You're not going to find ones like this anymore. So act fast, before the good ones are gone.

The TV Host puts on a faux sad face. Turns to address the camera once more.

TV HOST

As we sadly learned last week, no one wants a high body count. So act fast!

BEHIND THE CAMERA --

A DIRECTOR, 50, stressed, and his crew -- mostly GRIPS, MAKE UP ARTISTS, and a PRODUCER or two. He watches the TV Host with an intense stare, like a whole lot is riding on this.

Behind the Director, A STUDIO AUDIENCE sits in bleachers, each member with a name tag on their lapel. They're absolutely giddy, barely able to hold it together.

The audience is almost exclusively MEN -- all of them between ages 20 to 40. They look desperate, and a little pathetic.

Each of them hold a small ticket in their hands, and each audience member looks from their ticket to the stage and back again.

ON STAGE --

The TV Host walks over to a large fish bowl with hundreds of pieces of paper in it. He puts on a big show about reaching into the bowl, shuffles some around, pulls out one of the pieces of paper.

He unfolds it. Reads the name.

TV HOST  
Jason Coleman, come on down!

JASON, 22, preppy, too much swagger for what he actually looks like, leaps to his feet. SCREAMS in triumph. Like he's just won a million dollars.

After a quick high five with his friends -- all of them on his level, both in terms of looks and personality -- Jason hurries down the steps toward the stage.

Jason scurries out onto the stage. Joins the TV Host. Looks at the camera with an uncomfortable smile. He's trying really hard to hide his nerves.

It's not working.

TV HOST  
Hello, Jason. How are we doing tonight?

He puts the microphone up to Jason's mouth.

JASON  
I'm excited! I can't wait! Let's do this!

He lets out a PRIMAL YELL, throwing both hands into the air like someone riding a rollercoaster.

TV HOST  
That's what we like to hear. All right, Jason -- who's it gonna be?  
(MORE)

TV HOST (CONT'D)

We've got a lot of lovely ladies for you to choose from, so choose wisely.

Jason turns to look at the group of women. Furrows his brow, hand on his chin, like this is a serious decision requiring the upmost brain power.

JASON

Can I get a closer look?

TV HOST

Of course! Just don't get too close. Rules are rules. No touching until it's a done deal.

Jason nods. Saunters over to the group of women.

Each of the women look extremely uncomfortable, but try their best to put on the show. Hands on hips, angles pristine, faces turned to their "good side."

Jason points to the woman with a 5 on her forehead.

JASON

I don't want any sluts, so let's get number 5 out of here.

The audience BOOS and LAUGHS as a comical jaunty tune plays.

NUMBER 5 gets down from the platform. Gives the camera a wave. Heads for the back stage area.

As soon as her face is no longer on camera, her facade breaks. Her face drops. She looks relieved.

TV HOST

That's one down, four to go. Jason, who will you choose next?

Jason paces back and forth before the women, examining them like prized show horses.

JASON

Number 3 has fat ankles. Let's get her out of here.

Once again, the music plays. The crowd BOOS.

NUMBER 3 gets down from her perch. Doesn't bother addressing the camera. Walks behind the backstage curtain.

The TV Host turns to the camera. Smiles, exposing as many teeth as possible.

TV HOST

Ladies and gentlemen, that's two down. We're getting close. Only three women remain. Who will our contestant choose?

The AUDIENCE is going nuts. SCREAMING and CHEERING like this is the most important thing they've ever seen.

Jason carefully scans the remaining trio, searching for every flaw he can find.

JASON

Number 4 has nice tits, but I don't think I can handle someone who's been with four guys. Kinda trashy, if you ask me.

TV HOST

All right. Number 4, let's go.

NUMBER 4, also visibly relieved, steps down. She does a little bow for the audience and camera, flashes the best phony smile she can, then turns and hurries backstage.

TV HOST

We are now down to our last two ladies. We've got Number 1, beautiful and elegant, and Number 2, exotic and mysterious. Jason, which one will be your lady for the evening?

Jason strokes his chin, looking between the two women like a ping pong match.

NUMBER 1 and NUMBER 2 exchange a glance. Then -- a knowing nod. So quick it goes unnoticed by Jason, or anyone else.

JASON

Well... I'm liking Number 2's eyes and hair. But I think Number 1's got a better body. Plus, she's a one, so that's nice. She hasn't been ruined by being with too many dudes.

TV HOST

Jason, does that mean you've made your choice?

JASON

I think so. I'm going with Number 1!

The music starts. Number 2 leaps off her platform, nods again to Number 1, and runs behind the curtain.

**INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Number 2 rushes behind the curtain. Comes to a stop.

The other women wait for her, standing in a semi-circle around a DUFFEL BAG on the floor.

The group look nervous, checking in all directions to see if they're being watched.

The small amount of crew members behind the curtain are too busy standing around monitors and craft service tables.

NUMBER 2

Are we good?

Number 5 looks around. Nods.

NUMBER 5

We're good. Just wait for the signal.

**INT. STAGE - DAY**

The TV Host, Jason and Number 1 stand in the center of the stage, smiling and mugging for the camera.

The audience is eating it up.

The Director looks relieved that the show has gone off without a hitch.

Or so he thinks.

TV HOST

All right, ladies and gentlemen,  
that's our show for tonight. Thanks  
for tuning in and remember -- there's  
a lady for everyone out there. You  
just have to find them. So that's  
goodnight and...

From behind the curtain --

The women emerge, EACH OF THEM HOLDING AN UZI. Looks like they've had some time to practice getting comfortable with them.

The audience FREAKS OUT. SCREAMING. A couple of them run from the stands; a couple more drop to the floor.

TV HOST

What is this?! I know you're upset,  
ladies, but this is --

Number 5 holds up her Uzi.

NUMBER 5

Shut up! Anyone moves, we're gonna  
shoot! Now, let her go!

Jason holds his ground, stepping in front of Number 1 like  
he's going to be a human shield.

JASON

I don't think so. I'm sorry I didn't  
pick you, but Jesus...

Number 3 takes a couple steps forward. Holds up her Uzi.

NUMBER 3

Shut up! All of you just shut up!  
This is over!

JASON

You think we'll stop just because  
you're making some empty threats?  
I'll bet those things aren't even  
real.

Number 3 casually begins SHOOTING INTO THE AUDIENCE --

AUDIENCE MEMBERS SCREAM, THROWING THEMSELVES TO THE FLOOR,  
GETTING THE HELL OUT OF THE WAY.

Some of them risk running out of the building, not bothering  
to look back and see if it's safe.

The TV Host drops to the floor, cowering like a frightened  
dog.

TV HOST

Let's not get too hasty, here,  
ladies. Surely we can all work  
something out.

Number 3 aims her Uzi. Doesn't look at all bothered by  
having to use it.

NUMBER 3

Fuck you!

She SHOOTS.

The TV Host and Jason both dive as far across the stage as  
they can get, DODGING BULLETS by inches. Unfortunately.

Number 1 SPRINTS toward them, eager to join the group.

CAMERAMEN and BOOM OPERATOR scatter in opposite directions, taking cover behind whatever they can find as the women SPRAY THE ROOM WITH BULLETS.

TV HOST  
Come on, ladies. I'm sure we can work something out, right?

The women look at each other. Smile.

NUMBER 5  
I think we can figure something out.

**INT. STAGE - DAY**

The game show has been drastically redesigned. Boring colors. Few lights. No audience.

The women -- 1 through 5 -- stand on the stage, now wearing suits similar to the TV Host.

In the center of the stage --

The TV Host, Jason, and most of the MALE CREW now stand on the platforms. They've been stripped down to their underwear, each of them struggling to cover their groins.

Each of them now have the BODY COUNT NUMBERS on their foreheads. The highest of any of them -- 2.

Number 1 turns to the other women. Laughs.

NUMBER 1  
I think this will work.

NUMBER 4  
I think so.

NUMBER 2  
Me too.

NUMBER 3  
Works for me.

NUMBER 5  
Come on, then. We've got a lot of work to do.

The others turn to her, a little confused.

NUMBER 5  
I wanna make sure we're on air for the beginning of next season.



The other women laugh.

The men look terrified, but don't dare say anything.

They begin to WHIMPER like babies.

Off their panic-stricken faces --

FADE TO BLACK.