

Opening credits role as we see Lars, a 44-year old over-weight man, getting ready to start his day. He gets dressed in what looks like workout clothes--sweat pants, sweat shirt, and a headband. He goes down stairs to the kitchen to see a white board on the fridge. The message reads, "Train for the Competition". He begins cooking himself a large breakfast of pancakes, eggs, and All-Beef Ballpark Franks. He sits down to the table and the feast begins. He takes a pancake and plops a frank into it like a taco. He dresses the dish with scrambled eggs that have been salted heavily, sprinkled with pepper, and peppered with Tabasco sauce. He eats them quickly and with great intensity. He washes down the meal with a gulp of half and half straight from the carton. He lets out a great belch and then stands up from the table. He approaches the message on the fridge and stares at it for a moment. He grabs a marker and sighs before writing a large checkmark next to the message. He then goes into the next room, sits down in a recliner, and flicks on the TV. He pats his large belly proudly.

His son, Sam, who is an athletic looking 17-year old, steps down stairs in running shoes and a football jersey.

Sam

Going for a run

Lars

Alright

Sam

Wanna join me?

Lars

I've done my training for today, thanks.

Sam

Your regular regimen of 8 reps of "dogs-in-a-comforter"?

Lars

With eggs today! Better for you.

Sam

I guess. Your eating competition is about more than just inhaling food. You should burn some calories too. Come with me?

He looks at his son and then back at the TV. He lets out another sigh and flicks off the TV.

Lars

Oh alright.

Cut to: *Lars is walking down the street. Sam runs past and ahead.*

Sam

Come on! Burn up those calories!

Lars

Oh, I'm lighting them up.

Lars lights a cigarette and continues walking.

Cut to: Lars sitting back in his chair and turning on the TV again.

Sam enters and stands in front of the TV and looks at Lars. Lars tries to look around him before

Lars

Could ya just—

Sam

Dad

Lars

What?

Sam

I'm worried about you.

Lars

'Course ya are. And you should be. Look at the TV, full of death and democrats.

Lars turns off the TV and walks into the kitchen. He starts preparing lunch by cooking another batch of Ballpark Franks. Sam follows him.

Sam

I mean your weight; your competitive eating. It's not healthy.

Lars

Well neither is smashin' your head into another man's body tryin' to get some ball, but it's the nature of the sport.

Sam

Heart disease, diabetes, --

Lars

Concussions, broken bones—it's all the same. Pick your poison.

Sam

And yours is hot dogs?

Lars

Not “hot dogs” Sam. All-Beef Ballpark Franks. Hot dogs are full of trash. And yes, my sport is competitive eating. And my “super bowl” is tomorrow so, if you’ll excuse me, I need to get back to training.

Sam

So if you win, that’s how you want to be remembered? A fat man who died from obesity?

Lars

A legacy is not about who you were, it’s about whatcha did.

Sam

And you had a son.

Lars

Now what is that supposed to mean?

Sam

You can’t go on like this! Don’t you want to be around for my life? Wouldn’t you rather be remembered as a dad? Or even a grandpa?

Lars

Jesus son, I’m not going into space. I’m just eating a few franks and shaming the Japanese.

Lars continues cooking his lunch.

Sam

Sorry dad, it’s just that I love you and I worry.

Lars

I know. I love you too. That’s why I let you play your game, even though I worry about you. So you have to let me do my thing. I’ll be fine.

Lars embraces his son.

Lars

If I win that is. If I lose, I’m gonna blow a gasket!

They share a smile.

Cut to: *The day of the competition.*

The Ballpark Franks are stacked up, the contestants are seated, and the gun is fired. The contestants start eating ferociously as the timer runs. The final bell sounds and they put their food down. The judges tally the totals.

Judge

In third place, Joey Walnut – 65
In second place, Takie Koyashi – 68
And in first place, with 71 franks finished, Lars Oberman!

Lars jumps up and begins to celebrate! He is bouncing up and down with excitement as the crowd cheers! His face changes as he feels a sharp tinge of pain across his chest. He grabs at his chest and begins to stumble back. He falls off the eating platform and lands on his back. He stares up at the sky and hears the faint sound of his son's voice.

Sam

I'm worried about you
It's not healthy
You can't go on like this.
I love you

Paramedics rush to him as his sight fades to black.

One Year Later

Cut to: *Lars getting dressed again. He puts on the same sweat pants, sweat shirt, and headband. He walks down stairs to the kitchen and looks at the message on the white board. Sam comes down the stairs in running shoes and a football jersey.*

Sam

Come on, let's go!

Lars

Right behind ya!

The message on the white board reads, "Train for the Father-Son 5k".

Cut to: *Lars and Sam jogging together down the street.*

Fade to black.