

Across town. In a sad, cramped, cluttered apartment.

Stottlemeyer and Disher are questioning the weighest family in California. The father: WINSTON KASINSKY. A thin, intens man. Mid-30s. He's a competitive eater. An egg eater.

And GLORIA, his bitter, dumpy wife. And their steepy ten-year-old SON. The boy nover speaks. He just sits there, eating a hard-boiled egg, staring at Stottlemeyer and Disher. We're in Adams Family Country.

Disher is showing Kasinsky some hand-written letters.

STAR

KASINSKY Did I write 'em? Yeah. I'm not denying it. But I never hurt anybody. (bitterly)

I'm not a maniac. I'm a competitive cater. I'm a professional.

Gioria indicates a LINE OF TROPHIES, on various shelves.

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TONTINUED:

- -:

TLORIA

He's an <u>arblete</u>. You see all those trophies?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Yes ma'am. Very impressive.

(Եհետր)

dok. This isn't a magazine

investigation A security guard was billed ast right. The man who killed nim shole the Togo exhibit.

Lt. Disher reads from Kasinsky's letters.

UT. DISHER

You called Mr. Togo "a sham". And a "disgrace". And a "charlatan".

With he is KASINSKY to slander if

GLORIA

(explaining)

When Togo broke that record, he was in Malaysia. The eggs are smaller there.

KASINSKY

They're twelve centimoters.

GLORIA

Everybody knows that.

Stotalomoyer and Dishor exchange eye rolls.

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

Right. The eggs are smaller.

(resuming)

Last Pobruary, in broad daylight, you defaced the plaque in front of the Togo exhibit.

KASINSKY

I didn't deface it. I corrected it.

GLORIA

(proudly)

The fact is, my husband is the <u>true</u> world champion. He beat that record two years ago, in Mexico City. He ate 54 eggs in 6 minutes.

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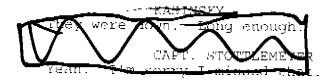
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CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

No kidding.

-CLORIA

But the Ripley Committee wouldn't recognize it. They said the last three eggs weren't down.



LT. DISHER

Mr. Kasinsky. Where wore you last night? Between nine and ten PM?

MASINSKY

Last night? We were at the Chicken Meister.

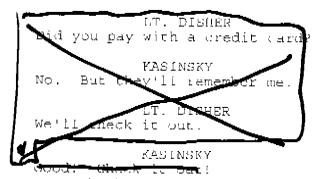


KASINSKY

It's a restaurant. On Vinton Street. With an All-You Can-Eat Buffet.

CLORIA

(sneering) Or so they <u>claim</u>.



(then)

Look. It wasn't me. I'm not angry anymore. I'm past all that. I'm going to compete again, in Boston, in two weeks. This time, there won't be any question who's top dog.

Gloria

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GLORIA

He's been training all year. He's up to eighty eggs in six minutes.

1/END

Really?

KASINSKY

You don't believe me?

CAPT. STOTTLEMEYER

CAPT. STOTTI<u>EMEVE</u>

No. I'm sure you're very... gifted.

KASINSKY

(to his son)

 $\Xi v \lambda an$. Get the eggs,

The BOY crosses... sullenly... to the kitchen.

rasinsky (Mont'd)

We'll do it right now You're my witnesses. Which is perfect. You're cops. They'll have to believe you.

The Boy returns with a HUGE BOWL of HARD-BOILED ECCS.

KASINSKY (CONT'D)

Good boy.

Kasinsky quickly eats wo aggs.

'IT. DI**z**her

(keeping count)

Two...

KASINSKY

No. They don't count. That was my

breakfast. Here we go.

Kasinsky warms up, as if he were an alympic athlote. He stretches has mouth w-i-d-c... he yawns... he practices pumping his arms up and down, to his mouth.

KASINSKY (CONT'D)

WAAAA Waaa. WAAAAA.

Gloriz takes out a STOPWATCH.

GLORIA

Are you ready?

T.T. DISHER

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

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