LAST SUPPER

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Fade In

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Five minutes after the broadcast.

Vegetables are lined up on a gleaming steel table. Half of them are chopped precisely. A chef's knife lies across them, disturbing the symmetry.

CHEF ANNA raises her hand as if to swipe all the vegetables onto the floor. She trembles.

Outside, the metal rubbish bins clang.

Anna peers through the window, at -

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

HOMELESS DAN (rolled up sleeping bag strapped to his back, more used to kicks than kindness and yet eternally hopeful) rummages in the bin behind the restaurant. Pulls out a halfeaten burger. Tears into it. Oblivious to the end of the world.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Anna throws open the pantry doors, and the fridge and freezer doors. They're fully stocked.

She takes a sandwich out of the fridge.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Dan hears footsteps. He stops his rummaging, swallows the last of the burger. Poised to run.

ANNA

I've brought you something.

He turns around, slowly, hunched up to make himself smaller.

Anna holds out a plate with the sandwich for him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I should have done this before. My name's Anna.

He reaches for the sandwich, stops himself mid-way.

DAN

I didn't do nothing wrong. To end up like this.

Her eyes are damp, but she forces herself to smile.

ANNA

I know. I know. What's your name?

DAN

It's Dan.

She presses the sandwich into his hand.

ANNA

You've got friends who're hungry?

DAN

We don't do any harm.

ANNA

Bring them in for a meal.

He gapes at her.

DAN

We can't go in there. Not with the mutts anyway.

ANNA

Their dogs are welcome.

He's dumbstruck.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I mean it. It's got to be fast food but it'll be plenty. Hurry.

His whole face lights up. He dashes off.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Anna drags out her biggest pots and pans.

She fills bowls with water and chopped meat and puts them on the floor.

Lines up burger patties, sausages, buns.

ANNA

Nobody should die hungry and alone.

Fade Out