

FEAST

Written by

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ACT II

Address
Phone Number

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Chelle, a plump fortysomething heaves a large bag onto the kitchen table just as Will, 40s bursts in.

CHELLE

God you made it. You carry that one.

She points to another large bag on the floor.

CHELLE (CONT'D)

Kids!

WILL

What you doin'?

CHELLE

It's club.

WILL

Not today?

CHELLE

'Specially today. And you lot are coming too. Get cracking!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Chelle, Will and their kids TOM, 13 and KYLIE, aged nine run down the street carrying over-stuffed bags. They are all red faced and sweating.

WILL

Can't we just sit down and have it here?

CHELLE

No!

EXT. HALL - DAY

The family arrive at a church hall. Outside is a banner reading 'Fat Fighters'. They pile in.

INT. HALL - DAY

A bank of trestle tables groan with food.

Chelle and her family unpack biscuits, crisps, cake, coke. Everything the experts tell you not to consume.

All around them, slimmers tuck into food. Cream oozes from their mouths, crumbs tumble down their shirts and teeth stick together with toffees.

In one corner of the room, two women attack a set of weighing scales with sledgehammers.

Chelle kisses each member of her family, grabs a knife and cuts into an enormous cake.

CHELLE

Can't think of anything worse than
dying hungry.

WILL

Or alone.

Chelle's eyes brim with tears as she looks at Will.

TOM

In your own time mum - starvin like
Marvin here.

Chelle hands out the slices of cake. The family bite into the moist sponge. It hardly touches the sides.

Ends.