

LOVE FOR A FATTY

By

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FADE IN:

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A council fitted, ancient, gas fire place - A plastic red rose and cheap valentine's cards sit on top alongside piles of unpaid bills and an electricity meter key.

JEFF (Mid 30's, scruffy with a simple looking yet kind face) sits alone on a battered and bruised old sofa, contemplating his future and reading a card.

On The front of the card, a picture of a naked women with a hole where her Vagina should be. JEFF resignedly places his finger through the hole, only to open the card up and reveal a picture of a muscular man with a hole where his penis should be - A message is scribbled on the other page - "I WISH DIS WUZ YOU INNIT LOL! HAPPY VALUNTINE DAY! LUV BET x"

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

BETTY (Early 30's, chubby, looks like she had a hard paper round) enters the room wearing a dressing gown, novelty pig slippers and smoking a fag. She plonks herself down next to JEFF and picks up a remote control that is held together with masking tape. The TV flicks on to reveal BETTY'S favourite TV show - Jeremy Kyle. The topic of the day: MY COUSIN'S DOG SHAT ON MY NEW CARPET!

BETTY begins to gouge at an overgrown, infected toenail. JEFF simply observes - His mind drifts to a happier place.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - DAY

JEFF sits on the edge of his bed, going through his secret treasure chest of memories that he has collected in an old Cadburys Roses tin.

He takes out a picture of a beautiful young blonde girl posing for a school photo - Scribbled underneath is "PATRICIA WOOD - CLASS OF 1997".

He looks at the photo in dreamlike awe and smiles for the first time today - He kisses the photograph before placing it back in the tin.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

BETTY, as usual sits in her dressing gown smoking cigarette after cigarette. The ashtray in front of her brimming with fag butts. She picks up the local newspaper that rests precariously on top of a half eaten Pot Noodle and flicks through.

JEFF simply observes, watching his shit life unfold.

BETTY  
(Laughing)  
You seen this? Thirty stone! Had to  
knock her bloody walls down.

JEFF  
I saw it.

BETTY  
Bloody fat cow. Lay of the Big Macs  
love.

JEFF can't help but clock the rolls of fat protruding shamelessly from BETTY'S dressing gown.

BETTY  
Dead she is!

JEFF  
I know.

BETTY  
No bloody shame some people.

BETTY tosses the newspaper back onto the table and takes another long drag from her cigarette and scratches her ass - JEFF struggles to hide his disdain. He picks up the newspaper and looks longingly at the story - "PATRICA WOOD. THE SUICIDE FATTY WHO STRUGGLED TO FIND LOVE."

JEFF looks from the newspaper, to BETTY and back again - It's difficult to gauge his thoughts.

FADE OUT:

END.