

LUNCHTIME

Written by

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1 EXT. BENCH - PARK - NEAR A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

ALICE (late 20s) walks into frame and sits down on the park bench. She lifts her bag onto the space next to her and rummages through it to find her lunch - a store-bought SANDWICH.

She takes a deep breath - relaxing. She smiles to herself, enjoying the peace and quiet.

She breaks open the seal of the SANDWICH package and pulls out one half.

She goes to eat it.

TOM (O.S.)
(out of breath)
You're not going to eat that are
you?

ALICE stops mid-bite.

She looks back over her shoulder and we see TOM (40s), dressed in full running gear, looking totally aghast and out of breath - he runs on the spot.

ALICE
I was thinking I might, yeah.

TOM walks over to her - staring, gobsmacked, at the sandwich package.

TOM
But that's a *shop-bought* sandwich!

ALICE is clearly confused by the notion - an obvious statement to make. She deliberately checks the package to confirm his suspicions.

TOM (CONT'D)
Do you know how much salt, fat and
chemical preservatives they say are
in those things?! Here's a clue, a
lot!

ALICE thinks for a second - she looks down at the sandwich and then back at TOM, who is clearly judging her poor choice of sandwich. She moves the sandwich away from her mouth, slowly - TOM is noticeably relieved.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're welcome! (to himself,
trailing off) God, I don't know,
people these days, need to start
educating themselves...

TOM looks at ALICE, concerned, before running away - restarting the timer on his watch.

ALICE is clearly left unsure what to do for her lunch.

2 EXT. BENCH - PARK - NEAR A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - THE NEXT DAY

ALICE walks into frame and sits down on the bench.

She sheepishly looks around, but TOM, the runner from yesterday, is nowhere to be seen.

She lifts her bag onto the seat next to her and rummages through it - pulling out a small tupperware box. Inside is a homemade sandwich.

ALICE picks up one half and goes to eat it.

CANDICE (O.S.)
(disgusted)
Oh my gosh! What are you doin'?!

ALICE stops - mouth hanging open.

She looks up and sees CANDICE (early 20s) looking down at her - furious. She is holding a pushchair, and there is a screaming baby inside that she's not attending to.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
Did you not know, they reckon white bread gives you can-cer?!

ALICE pulls the sandwich away from her mouth.

ALICE
(unsure)
Cancer?

CANDICE
Yeah! Somethin' about the wheat or what they use to make it, I don't know all the facts, don't ask me. But I do know it gives you can-cer!

ALICE
Yeah, you said that already.

CANDICE
So what you doin' eating it for then?

ALICE
I thought I was hungry.

ALICE places the sandwich down on her lap.

CANDICE

Cor! No need to thank me or
nothin'. I proper only sorta saved
your life!

CANDICE storms away in a huff. ALICE throws the sandwich back into the tupperware box and fumbles the lid closed - noticeably frustrated.

The baby continues to cry.

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EXT. BENCH - PARK - NEAR A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - THE THIRD DAY

ALICE hesitantly walks towards the park bench - she looks around. The coast is clear - relieved, but still looking a little more stressed than previous days.

She sneakily grabs the tupperware from her bag and pulls out another sandwich - this time made with dark, thick, heavy brown bread this time. *Wheat free, gluten free, flavour free.*

ALICE checks the sandwich over - deliberately and carefully, making sure that everything about it is okay.

She goes to eat, but stops - looking around, checking, but no one is there - she's just being paranoid.

ALICE shakes off the concern, and slowly goes to eat again, bringing it closer and closer to her mouth, and finally she goes to bite it.

MARIE (O.S.)

(disappointed)

Oh, Alice? No, no, no! I'm shocked!
Truly. Honestly, I thought better
of you.

ALICE stops - noticeably annoyed this time.

MARIE (30s) sits down next to her - sympathetic but noticeably false in her attitude.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I thought it was a known fact that
no one in their right mind eats
meat these days. But clearly not.

ALICE

(frustrated)

It's just *ham!*

MARIE

(shocked)

Well, they say ham is like, bad for you now. Like, so bad!

ALICE

But I've been eating it my whole life and I'm still alive.

MARIE

What about all those documentaries? It just makes me so upset how inhumanly we treat those poor cows.

ALICE

Pigs.

MARIE

Yeah, exactly! Capitalism destroying the planet, yet again! What are we going to do, eh? Well, I'm just glad you've seen sense. Here, let me-

MARIE puts on a pair of plastic gloves, and carefully takes sandwich out of ALICE's hand - as though touching something contaminated. She gets up from the bench and drops the sandwich into a nearby bin.

ALICE hangs her head in disbelief - clinching her fists. She wants to scream, but doesn't.

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EXT. BENCH - PARK - NEAR A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - THE FORTH DAY

ALICE marches over to the bench - aggressively. She is muttering to herself. Clearly flustered.

ALICE

I don't care what they think. I'm just going to eat my lunch, and then go back to work. It's my choice! I get to decide what I eat-

ALICE pulls out a brown sandwich from her bag, she looks inside - we see pitiful amount of cheese and a small lettuce leaf. It doesn't look appetising.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I don't care. Watch me. Here goes!

She goes to eat it.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Umm? Excuse me?

ASHLEY (8) is stood in front of ALICE.

ALICE
ARGH!! What the fuck do you want?!

ALICE looks at ASHLEY intently - who is noticeably taken aback.

ALICE (CONT'D)
What?... Come on! Say it. What's wrong with my sandwich?

ASHLEY
Ch-chee-

ALICE
(mocking)
Ch-chee-che?! Spit it out you little weasel!

Tears well up fast in ASHLEY' eyes.

ASHLEY'S MUM (late 30s) walks into shot and looks at ALICE - shocked. ALICE notices.

ASHLEY'S MUM
They just told us ASHLEY has a dairy intolerance.

ALICE
Right, so?! What's that got to do with me and my lunch?

ASHLEY steps forward.

ASHLEY
(sincere)
I just really, really love cheese, especially the kind you have in your sandwich. But they said I'm not allowed to eat it anymore. So please enjoy it... for me.

ASHLEY walks away, sad with slumped shoulders. ASHLEY'S MUM follows - throwing back an angry glance at ALICE, whilst consoling ASHLEY.

ALICE feels awful. She looks down at her cheese sandwich. Eventually throwing it on the floor in a fit of despair.

5 EXT. BENCH - PARK - NEAR A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - THE FIFTH DAY

ALICE sits down - totally despondent. Today, she has no lunch.

Eventually, TED sits down next to her. He pulls out a large sandwich, full of meat, cheese, and other naughtiness. Followed by a pack of crisps, a fizzy drink, and a chocolate bar.

ALICE watches in amazement.

He goes to eat the sandwich - ALICE watching eagerly, but stops. He can feel someone looking at him. He turns and looks at ALICE.

TED

What?

ALICE

(disheartened)

They say sandwiches are full of cancer, death, corrupt-evil-capitalism and childhood heartbreak.

TED

(confused)

So? Does it look like I care what *they* have to say?

ALICE

I just wanted to save your life.

TED

My life don't need saving, thanks!

TED looks away and takes a large bite from his sandwich and starts munching on the crisps - chugging it all down with a fizzy drink.

TED (CONT'D)

...Can you stop staring me?

ALICE looks like she either wants to cry or scream. It builds, and builds, and builds, until we HARD CUT TO:

END TITLE: *They have a lot to say... Don't they? Aristotle 322BC*