

The Pitiful Fruit of the Maternal Banquet

By

Finian Clarke

The Pitiful Fruit of the Maternal Banquet is a 25-30 minute narrative short film with the aim to tackle the theme of societal oppression against individuality, shown through the portrait of three young ladies who meet once every nine months to have a tea party, who have questionable appetites. It delves into themes of creativity, trauma and questions the education system, showing how its rigidity and restrictions can damage individuals and often provoke extremist reactions.

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SCENE 1 - STOP MOTION ANIMATION INT. WOMB

A deep incision from a fine scalpel lines an abdomen, slightly curving in its path to avoid slicing the belly button. Tracking towards the incision reveals a vast fleshy cavern: a stop motion world in which blood-red painted cottages scatter a village landscape. The sound of trickling stomach acid that flows through the local creek, permeates around the utopic valley - we have entered inside the Shangri-La found within the body, the womb.

The floor is coated in crimson plumbing pipes and sets of small spectating human heads sprout out of it, like a field of turnips. The walls are made from a thin translucent layer of fleshy membrane, with light softly glowing through. A few human arms poke through small shafts and valves within the walls.

In the centre of the womb village, a small 'oole' - a stop-frame animation puppet with badger-like qualities, a friendly face, large teeth and brown fur with small yellow spots scattered across his tubby belly, crawls out from a large valve within the plumbing that surrounds the fleshy walls. The oole has a small pet, an off-white coloured creature with a long tail, four legs and sharp canine teeth, which follows him around.

In the hessian sack attached to his back, he carries slightly decaying meats, whom he has collected for a fellow inventor oole, who clothes himself in a brown lab coat, spectacles and a doctor's stethoscope around his neck. He is busy scuttling away at his new scientific invention, while the first explorer oole continues to collect small objects to bring back to the invention including twigs off a fleshy tree, a selection of small speckled eggs from under a tree stump and a test tube filled with a milky substance that flows through the nearby stream.

Returning his findings, the inventor pours the milky substance onto the speckled egg. The two oole's observe the egg, which after a few moments of silence, begins to crack... Piercing through the shell, emerges a tiny human-resembling face with a long tail, who delicately yawns.

The sound of a sudden knocking at the door interrupts the action.

## SCENE 2 - INT. NEWLAND SUNSHINE'S OBSCURE BEDROOM DAY

Cut to Newland Fostershine, a twenty one year old boy, who animates in his bedroom, tinkering away at the small armatures of the two stop-motion oole puppets from the previous scene. The miniature latex womb set lies on his desk, alongside a small jar with a live prawn. Newland has a small scar on the side of his forehead with three black stitches. He stands up away from the desk to reveal his bedroom, a clumsy mess, cluttered with obscure, slightly disturbing artist's trinkets, puppets and other curiosities. Newland's shadow cast against the wall somewhat resembles a prawn.

## NARRATOR

(Young boy with a Strong  
Southern Posh British Accent)  
On the 7th of September at 4:31pm,  
Newland Fostershine, a twenty one  
year old recent film school  
drop-out, tinkered away, splicing  
animated frames together in his  
bedroom... his small pocket of  
utopia on the wrong side of town...  
but was interrupted by an  
unexpected cuff at his door.

Newland begins to walk towards his door.

## NARRATOR

Newland pondered, who might be  
knocking? Had poor blind Mrs Brady  
from the floor above been a victim  
of mail fraud again?

Cut over the voice over, we see a blind woman, Mrs Brady, whose body is incarcerated in mail. She screams, her arms and legs wave in the air. Her guide dog sits patiently in the corner, as if nothing irregular is happening.

## NARRATOR

Or had Miss Glandular come to  
complain about Mr Horace's attempts  
to dispose of his wife's  
decomposing body in her tank of  
prized pet eels?

We see Mrs Glandular, a gaunt woman with a large mole on her face, hair in plastic pink curlers, with shaved eyebrows that have been pencilled back in, screaming down the phone, whilst she throws fish food into a tank filled with slippery black eels. We see a large enamel signs on the tank of the eels and around the walls, that write 'MISS GLANDULAR'S JELLIED EELS, PIE AND LIQUOR'.

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Back in the bedroom, Newland paces towards his door, wrapping his knuckles around the handle, only to reveal two police officers in stark blue uniforms, waiting outside.

NARRATOR

His unexpected guests, however, were instead two police officers attired in stark blue uniforms, here to arrest him on suspected non-consensual activities performed with a nine year old boy.

The police inaudibly inquire Newland's name. Newland, slightly confused but confident, replies without hesitation. The officers pause a moment to process, a split second later their arms swarm around his shoulders, dragging him away with them.

Track down through the floor to reveal the entrance outside of Newland's apartment.

EXT. OUTSIDE NEWLAND'S APARTMENT BLOCK

NARRATOR

Outside of Newland's apartment, Maxine and Toby, two of the local eight year old boys competed, seeing who could blow their guardian's tampon out from their nose the furthest...

Maxine and Toby take turns to shoot a tampon as far as they can from their nose, marking their lands with a piece of chalk.

NARRATOR

Appalled and embarrassed by Maxine and Toby's competition, their guardian decided to resolve the tableau in her own hands.

Their guardian emerges through a door. She holds a large horse whip, looking destructive. The laughter immediately rubs off Maxine and Toby's faces, which now brim with fear.

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, around the corner, Newland's blind neighbour from the floor above, Mrs Brady, was mauled apart by her guide dog.

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We see Mrs Brady again, her arms and legs flaring around the air, screaming aloud while her guide dog mauls her apart. The two police officers drag Newland past Mrs Brady, ignoring the cries for help of the petite old woman. They pass the guardian, who is now abusively whipping the behind's off Max and Toby.

INT. JOHN JOHNSON'S APARTMENT

NARRATOR

With lack of evidence to convict Newland, he ambled back into society and his animation appeared on local cable television. In apartment 5b on the fifth floor of Monworth house, Vetina Lane, a man named John Johnson and his son Matt, expecting to view the pilot episode of *Loose Cargo Truckers*, instead were greeted with Newland's animation on television... John, an ex-insurance salesman, paying little attention to Newland's cartoon, wondered if his two hobbies... breeding pigs...

Cut to John having his photograph taken with his Prize pig.

NARRATOR

and collecting used pregnancy tests...

Cut to John placing used pregnancy tests in an old rusted container.

NARRATOR

were a reason that his new boss had 'let him go' from his job...

John sighs, unhappy.

NARRATOR

In the kitchen, his senile wife Trudy, whom has been diagnosed with dementia, has welled up eyes, crying over the death of her non-existent daughter, who she believed was turned into a burger at McDonald's and sold with a side of fries.

We see John's wife, Trudy crying and looking at a photograph of Princess Diana, whom she believes was her daughter.

(CONTINUED)

Back in the living room, John watches the television, a gormless expression across his face - his mouth agape, dribbling slightly onto his ketchup stained vest. He is picking at his bellybutton as there is something deep inside he is trying to reach. After digging and digging, he pulls out a large cooked prawn, still coated in his belly button fluff.

Matt's head jolts immediately around to face his father. Matt is hungry. He licks his lips at the smell wafting into his nose in hope that his dad might be kind enough to give him the prawn. John brings the prawn up to his eye level. John looks at the prawn. The prawn looks back at John. From the point of view of John's mouth, we see him place the prawn on his tongue. John has just swallowed the prawn whole... Matt is upset and begins to sob.

The camera tracks in a circular motion towards the television which still plays Newland's animation. The oole's are feeding the tailed human-faced creature from the egg, which has grown in size. The camera tracks out from the womb village, revealing the pregnant belly of FELICITY FUNGUS.

### SCENE 3 - INT. FELICITY FUNGUS' APARTMENT DAY

#### NARRATOR

Meanwhile, John's neighbour from the floor above, Miss Felicity Fungus, a well-mannered young lady, felt a small kick from the creature that flourished inside of her.

The title credits appear on the screen. The credits are stop motion animated, which show torn photographs being pieced together, the titles underneath the photographs, written in remnants of food.

#### TITLES

FELICITY FUNGUS' APARTMENT

FELICITY FUNGUS, a pregnant well-mannered, middle class young British lady of extreme intellect, charm-fully carries an almost elitist demeanour. She is rooted from childhood with a strong sense of aristocracy, yet strongly rejects her wealthy upbringing, surrounding herself within her own creative world. In the modern day, one can tell that by nature and decisive way of processing her possibly misguided thoughts, Felicity is a punk, an outsider, indifferent to the real world, although behaves a somewhat reserved eccentric, an unusual, but charming individual. Her sharply tailored anti-fashion attire, obscure choice of language, radical behaviours and the environment in which she resides only enhance her unique charm.

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Circling her left eyebrow, an obscure brown parasite shaped design is chiselled into her skin, which sits next to some vertical lettering, spelling G.O.V.E. Adjacent to her eye, on the side of her head, she has a scar with three small stitches, perhaps an injury from her youth. Diagonal cuts have been made in Felicity's long-sleeved chemise shirt, which have been patched back together with long stitches. This is contrasted by her precisely tailored red paisley blazer and trousers, which are sporadically mortared with small anti-societal sloganed fabric badges. Her make-up is raw - punk inspired lines across her eyes with slightly smudged lipstick. Her eyeball rings, slogan painted winkle-picker shoes and hand shaped earrings compliment her unique look.

She sits gracefully on a high-rise machinist chair, inside her unique and antique apartment behind a drawing desk, her pregnant belly slightly poking out from her shirt. The apartment Felicity resides in has friable walls plastered with unconventional totems, the floor littered with an array of obscure trinkets, from old weathered dusty leather bound books to very strange and disturbing maternity related curiosities. The cacophonous melody of an old electronic symphony permeates through the room, the harmony originating from a decrepit gramophone, as the needle scratches into the record.

In her right hand, she holds a quill made from a brown pygmy owl feather with a mustard fleck, the nib dipped in dark brown ink, which slightly bleeds onto the tips of her fingers. Engraved into the knuckles on her right hand, writes the word P.A.R.A.

NARRATOR

Every year on the 9th day after the Summer Solstice, Miss Felicity Fungus rubs away the gluey substance from the corner of her left eye and perched herself in front of a selection of stamps and letters, wearing her favourite maternity attire...The pungent smell of her licorice and prawn perfume loomed gently in the air as she picked up her favourite quill.

Cut to a congealed pie resting on a table, a fly swarming around it. Felicity picks up her quill.

NARRATOR

Her quill was made from brown pygmy owl feathers, which she had plucked off a flying contraption her

(MORE)

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NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 recently deceased neighbour Mr Alba  
 had built when attempting to catch  
 flight off the local pier one  
 autumn morning...

Cut over the dialogue, Mr Alba wears a Victorian blue and white striped bathing suit, a leather helmet and flying goggles. He has a pair of canvas and wooden framed wings attached to his back, also made from torn up, old stained written homework documents and brown feathers. The camera focuses on a feather in his wings, tracking upward to reveal his brave and excited face, while he puts his goggles over his eyes. He jumps from a rickety pier, flapping his wings, only to fall to his death on the beach rocks below. Cut back to Felicity writing.

NARRATOR  
 With her quill equipped, Felicity  
 began to scribe, addressing her  
 letter to a Miss Fonula  
 Dixon-Padgett and Miss Sybilla  
 Phlegm.

In front of Felicity is a large ornate paper etching. Central to the page, a fold-out human anatomy diagram rests. Felicity's fingers slide across each individual fold, opening them up to reveal the unprinted blank side, which she begins to scribe on in a fluid and elegant calligraphic style, having dabbed her quill into a small pot of black ink.

MISS FELICITY FUNGUS  
 (Voice over, Traditional  
 Southern Posh British Accent)  
 Dear my two dearest noomes, Miss  
 Fonula Dixon-Padgett and Miss  
 Sybilla Phlegm. Consider this  
 articulation of ABC's an official  
 invitation to the seventh year of  
 Miss Felicity Fungus' Annual  
 Maternity Banquet Society.

A small bluebottle fly lands on the top left corner of the page.

FELICITY  
 As per tradition, my skeletal  
 substance will be exercised in the  
 preparation of multiple delicacies  
 made from our finest cull, which I  
 am sure your gullied stomachs and  
 muculent oesophagi will enthrall  
 peristalses on.

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Spliced over the voice over, Felicity prepares the banquet, covered in flour while making bread, accidentally splashing hot water on herself and yelping aloud.

FELICITY

I am certain you will be glad to know that maintenance has been skivvied on the apartment, so hopefully thou guests will not receive any unwelcomed visits from Mr Aviary again...

Cut over the voice over, the trio, Felicity, Fonula and Sybilla sit together drinking from a cup of tea. Suddenly a man, Mr Aviary, falls through the ceiling above, into Felicity's apartment, taking down large pieces of plaster and debris with him. The women are in shock, confusion splattered across their faces while they hold their teacups.

Mr Aviary lies rolling and groaning on the bare wooden floor, while the camera tracks away from the action, towards a Grandfather clock which shows the time, quarter past nine.

FELICITY

The celebration will commence on the same date as always, the 7th of November at quarter past nine, sharp.

Cut back to Felicity writing her letter.

FELICITY

I pray thine murky eyed, cud chewing but dearest noomes have been well over these past nine months and that thy marinated special guests will be ready to attend the banquet's seventh anniversary.

Felicity turns over one of the small paper kidney-shaped anatomy flaps and signs off her letter on the back of it.

FELICITY

With Gratitude, Miss Felicity Fungus. P.S. I hope that you haven't hit menopause Fonula! Ha Ha Ha!

As Felicity finishes her prose, she places her quill on the edge of the table, folds the letter neatly according to the anatomy folds, places the letter in an envelope and seals it with molten red wax and her initialled stamp. She picks up

the letter, revealing a document underneath, with the date 7th November, written in Calligraphy on it.

SCENE 4 - INT. FELICITY'S APARTMENT (DRESSED FOR BANQUET)

Still residing in the apartment, Felicity walks over to a large cabinet, where she selects up a few piles of ornate bone china cups and plates, revealing one of the narrators, whose head is placed through a hole within the cupboard as he spectates the whole event. With a comb, she brushes the narrators head, tidying up his hair. She then begins to gently brush her fringe using the same comb.

The narrator is played by two young seven year old boys, with ghostly pale white skin, red-heart shaped lipstick and faces covered with large purple veins. The two young narrators lack all personality and take it in turn to speak and when one is not talking, the other stares around the room and yawns.

Felicity places the silverware and the bone china cups and plates onto the table, setting the scene. She sits patiently, twiddling her thumbs whilst she waits for her two guests to arrive.

NARRATOR

The day has finally come, the 7th of November 2019, the day Miss Felicity Fungus will finally be able to sink her teeth into the pill of tranquillity and graze in her euphoria with her two dearest noomes at her Seventh Annual Maternity Banquet.

We see shots of Felicity's apartment. Her apartment is that of a hoarder - packed full of ornate vintage objects.

NARRATOR

Felicity looked around her apartment... Felicity was somewhat of a hoarder, her small utopia filled with past memories, old artefacts and curiosities...

We see shots of an old family photo album, dangling dried up pigs' ears, an enema syringe, Mr Alba's wooden and paper flight wings hanging up, anatomical dangling drawings on sheets of perspex, gargoyles and a life sized corpus of Christ caged up in a glass tomb.

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## NARRATOR

Living in solitude with a lack of company, she looked after these artefacts to comfort herself, each item allowing her to recollect a moment from her past... an unopened lollipop from her dentist Dr Aiken, who had fixed her teeth when she had mistaken a marble for a gobstopper...

We see Felicity as a young girl smiling, revealing her fixed teeth, a lollipop in her hand. Her dentist stands next to her, also smiling, with a Dental explorer tool in his hand. We see another shot of her, with a bowl full of marbles lying on the table in front of her. She picks up a marble and places it in her mouth, biting down and screaming.

## NARRATOR

...the seeds of an apple, which the local greengrocer, Mr Booker, had given her at a time when she had nothing to eat...

We see Felicity as a young girl, looking pale and skinny. She is given a basket filled with apples from a friendly faced greengrocer. He smiles and pats her delicately on the head.

## NARRATOR

...her bath full of sea urchins, a collection from past visits to the seaside with her father...

We see Felicity as a young girl, wearing a Victorian bathing suit standing next to her father, who wears a similar attire. In one hand, she holds a bucket and in the other, a spiky black sea urchin which she brings up to show the camera.

## NARRATOR

...her windup gramophone, which her grandfather used to play in his puppet shop, where he would spend his profits on making a large ox-tail soup, which he fed to the less fortunate who entered...

We see Felicity's grandfather in an old antiques puppet shop, serving up ladles of soup to the homeless.

NARRATOR

... and MRI scans from the same grandfather's hospital visit, when a neighbour found him eating woodlice he found under the stumps of a Bonsai tree...

We see Felicity's grandfather, a senile old man, who licks woodlice off the roots of a bonsai tree.

NARRATOR

Felicity rested her pachydermous paws, contemplating... Will my guests still be as dear to me as before?

Felicity's mind begins to wonder.

NARRATOR

...will they notice all the weight I have gained?...

Cut to felicity's belt and buckle tied around her skinny waist.

NARRATOR

...what if Fonula had found membership in a cult who wrote hymns to send to the communist dictator, Nicolae Ceausescu?

Cut to Fonula, surrounded by a group of masked cult members wearing matching hessian attire, having their photograph taken on a wooden plate camera. She is central to the frame, the only person without a mask, holding a frog in her hand. A large banner drops behind them, which reveals a print of Nicolae Ceausescu's face.

NARRATOR

...Her hands trembled in nervous excitement as she counted down the few minutes left until her guests would arrive.

Felicity's hands twitch, her fingers tapping on a small box full of butterflies. The three stitches on the left side of her head twitch.

There is a knock at the door. Felicity stands up and gracefully strides over to the door, opening it to reveal Fonula and Sybilla. The trio are in their mid-twenties and are well-mannered, intelligent young British women, all in their ninth month of pregnancy. The trio's strong sense of

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style although different, compliments one another, as if part of a cult, exposing their anti-conformist values through their clothes and heavy makeup.

SYBILLA PHLEGM, is a coy, yet alluring character, rather reserved and shy nature, however, is in good company with friends. She alongside her friends, is an outsider, but is rooted with the strongest sense of aristocracy of the three women. Although introverted but well-mannered on the outside, dressing largely in a Tudor meets bondage style, she hides her abyss of complexion and perhaps twisted anti-establishment way of in which she thinks.

Sybilla wears an elegant whale-boned maternity Tudor kirtle with a corset, which has been altered to include metal loops, zips and a choker around her neck. Her fingers are scattered with rings, and she wears a pair of arm shaped earrings.

Fonula Dixon-Padgett is a punk by nature and appearance, but composes herself as an eccentric, extroverted young woman, bubbly and full of life. With her slight arrogance, somewhat manipulative qualities, she is always the loudest person in the room, often imposing her opinions on others. With a strong outer shell, she is not easily put down or affected. However, she shows her charming personality through her genuine love towards her two friends and way she is able to both give and receive a joke.

Fonula dresses like a traditional British punk found on the Kings Road in the 1970s, with a slight baroque twist, wearing a large ruff collar and dressing in dark brown tones. Her bleached blonde hair is slicked back and her heavy dark makeup accentuate her eyes. With exception to her exquisite ruff collar, her clothes are in tatters, torn and sewn back together, coated in zips and metal loops. Her fingers are also scattered with rings and her nail polish has been scratched away. She wears a pair of ear shaped earrings.

FELICITY

(Excited)

Fonula! Sybilla! Mine captious but skivvied noomes! How absolutely splendid it is to see you both, looking so bedighted and ready for the occasion.

The three women struggle to hug and greet one another, due to their heavily pregnant bellies.

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FONUULA

Hello Darling Felicity, my prudent being, many thanks for tussling over thou invitation after these nine months. However, mine thissen, you know how unfair it is to mock my phobia of menopause as thy did in your letter!

SYBILLA

(Cheekily - Her voice is quite hoarse)

Ha Ha Ha, \*Coughing\* Fall silent Fonula, we all know this year will be your final chance to drop.

FONUULA

(Laughing)

How dare thy Sybilla, thine reticent, margarine reeking, prepubescent troglodyte. I will always conceive longer than you, as the terminal growth on your lung will kill thou before I will ever hit menopause.

The trio cackle jubilantly together whilst Sybilla breaks into a coughing fit of an annoying tone.

SYBILLA

(Through laughter and coughing)

Oh Fonula, thou jester act art worse than a Stomach ulcer on a hideous day.

The laughter and coughing slowly dies out.

FELICITY

Ohh, I can tell that neither of you have changed one morsel in the last nine months.

(Laughter)

Well, now that you are both here, please perch thine trotters on a seat and make yourselves at home. Ah, and please deposit thy outerwear on the stands over there...

Felicity points over to a coat hanger. The hangers are sculpted baby arms, which sprout from the walls, the fingers poised ready to hold a jacket.

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## FELICITY

...I have a fresh brew of our  
finest cull's tonsil tea coming  
right up!

After placing their coats in the fingers of the baby armed coat hangers, Sybilla and Fonula sit down in low-rise Glastonbury chairs, a small Gothic coffee table lying in front of them. Felicity walks over with a tray of tea, which she begins to pour for herself and her guests. Fonula lights a cigarillo with a match, begins to smoke, then shakes her hand to douse out the naked match flame.

## NARRATOR

The three noomes were first acquainted when they were tutored at Sir Digby Dabett's Academy for Girls, where they were placed next to one another in their poetry, painting and music classes.

The three women open up an old, stained photo yearbook album from their school and begin to look through it. We see vintage black and white, wet collodion photographs of the trio together as little girls, wearing straw boater hats and traditional Victorian uniforms. They flick through the pages looking at photographs of their past three teachers.

## NARRATOR

When in their jejunity at the academy, the three noomes were unfortunately mistreated by their headmaster, Mr Inigo Gregory-Nanver, his deputy head, Mr Olivier Rowntree Aldrich and the bursar Mr Newland Cedric Emmett, who halted the trio in pursuit of their creative and artistic ambitions, forcing them instead into taking a vow of nescience, worshipping a life of Pythagoras' theorem, ultimately crushing their individuality through scandalous means...

Over the voice over, the trio mark the photographs with a red crayon cross against the three faces of their teachers. They then proceed to cut out the portraits of the teachers from the yearbook, placing them in a little tin.

## NARRATOR

...The trio promised one another that they would never allow

(MORE)

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NARRATOR (cont'd)  
themselves to be treated this way  
again.

Focus on Felicity who is busy laughing and chatting with her two noomes.

NARRATOR  
Miss Felicity Fungus, an aspiring author still in her jejunity, whose aptitude and intellect has not been recognised, passes the hours pressing pen to paper, etching provocative sonnets and hiding herself within the words, ideas of which come from experiences in her brief-lived but eventful wait for purgatory.

Cut to Felicity, with her quill, writing sonnets away on a drawing desk in her study, leather books cram the shelves behind her and a taxidermy bear headed skin rug lies beneath her feet. She pulls out pages of her sonnets and poems from the shelves behind, all of which have humorous titles. The pages have been designed with ornate precision.

NARRATOR  
To support her writing aspirations, Felicity makes her dime spending her Saturday nights spreading her legs in a room above a Chinese restaurant to greasy-haired insurance salesmen, whose release of sweat from assault with a friendly weapon, smells like the pungent chow mein they have eaten on the floor below...

Cutaway to her in bed with a greasy haired man - John Johnson, her prawn eating neighbour from the floor below, who topples over her. John twists his body, revealing his face directly at the camera. His teeth are gritted together and sweat runs down his forehead.

NARRATOR  
...On the rare occasion Felicity endures discomfort, the three stitches on left side of her forehead will flare up and agitate her...

Cut to the small stitched up scar on Felicity's head.

## NARRATOR

...Spending her life in solitude, unless in the company of Fonula or Sybilla, Felicity passes her hours critiquing the country's craving and parasitic obsessions to conformity...

Track to Fonula, inaudibly talking, who butts out her cigarillo on a baby-faced ashtray.

## NARRATOR

As a young bairn, Miss Fonula Dixon-Padgett was born with dancing blood cells and had music running through her veins...

Cut to Fonula as a small six year old girl, playing the Autoharp.

## NARRATOR

...Having recognised her talents from an early age, her deceased uncle had left money on his will for Fonula to be sent to a private tutor in London away from her parents, whose pickled brains believed they had two identical twin daughters, due to their poor eyesight from spending their days guzzling pots of melted down shoe polish to feed their intoxicated minds.

We see Fonula's parents who are intoxicated lowlifes, wearing ragged grey clothes, drinking pots of shoe polish. Their eyes are crossed and gluey.

Fonula's mother points at her Fonula as a young girl. Due to her double and blurred vision from constant intoxication, she sees two versions of Fonula, believing she has two daughters. We see a blurry double vision image, where her mother points at the two images she sees of Fonula, who are subtitled underneath, Daughter 1 and Daughter 2.

## NARRATOR

Whilst at her tutor, Fonula was taught the harpsichord, but had three of her fingers broken when her tutor, Mr Adley, slammed down the case on her hands. She never played again...

We see Fonula as a little girl, holding up her three bandaged broken fingers. Cut to her teacher Mr Adley slamming the harpsichord case down on her fingers. Fonula is screaming.

## NARRATOR

After a change of profession, Miss Fonula yields her crowns, scrubbing underneath the large folds of skin for a senile woman named Mrs Trudy Johnson, whose appetite has certainly beaten anorexia.

Cut to Trudy Johnson, who we met in an earlier scene. She is still crying over the photograph of Princess Diana whom she believes is her daughter, while Fonula scrubs her down with a sponge and soapy water.

Cut back to Fonula inaudibly talking back with her friends in Felicity's apartment. There is a brief pause.

## NARRATOR

...Miss Fonula was also found by Felicity taking a bath with Sybilla's husband on the day that he died, but Sybilla is unaware of this.

Track to Sybilla, inaudibly talking about pregnancy.

## NARRATOR

Their buckle to the belt, Miss Sybilla Phlegm, although coy on the outside, hides her abyss of complexion through the placement of pigment on canvas.

Cut to Sybilla as a young girl, her fingers trembling as she has nervous ticks.

## NARRATOR

Sybilla was born with trembling fingers and suffered from uncontrollable ticks and at 18 months, she had been written off as a failure. However, Sybilla spent her every day of childhood as if it were her last, applying daubs of impasto paint to paper, as it had been noticed her ticks would suddenly come to a pause when equipped with a paintbrush.

Sybilla as a young girl, wearing an artist's apron, coated in wet paint, daubs paint onto a stretched canvas. We see that her hands no longer tremble when she paints.

## NARRATOR

Being the daughter of an architect and playwright, Sybilla's painting ambitions were met with her parents optimism and support, however arguments would often break when they would take her teachers' word as gospel, when informed that Sybilla was a low achieving student.

We see Sybilla's parents telling her off and shouting at her. Sybilla, just a young girl cowers down in fear, hands tied behind her back, trembling slightly. Cut to old photographs of her family and their house being set alight with a naked flame.

## NARRATOR

As a whole, the family had unlocked the keyhole to happiness, however, their happiness and cackling laughter would turn into a crackle of embers, when they were caught inside their house, ablaze, Sybilla, escaping the fumes alone, bringing only a permanent growth on her lung caused by the toxic smog, which accounts to her regular coughing fits.

Cut back to Sybilla in Felicity's apartment, who coughs once in a usual annoying tone. We see shots of Fonula serving up sloppy food in a school canteen to two boys from earlier scene, Maxine and Toby. She stands next to Mrs Glandular, who is also a dinner lady, serving up the same slop, her hair in plastic pink curlers, covered with a hairnet.

## NARRATOR

Sybilla now lines her pockets pouring slop onto young school children's dinner plates, stood alongside trivial half-witted women who reek of pork fat, their excess of flaky skin on their hands making its way as a garnish on the top of the dishes.

A pause.

(CONTINUED)

We see Felicity's scheduled Manifesto, with instructions written inside.

NARRATOR

(After a pause)

Every year, the three ladies follow Miss Felicity's scheduled inventory and keep the rules according to her manifesto.

Cut back to the trio inaudibly continue their conversations, still sat around the small Gothic wooden coffee table.

NARRATOR

From Quarter past nine to ten thirty, the ladies all perch themselves down to enjoy a sweltering cup of tonsil tea, nattering away about their mundane existence over the last nine months, whilst the sand passes through the hourglass.

FONULA

And it was he that comes into the lavatory with but two-pence in his Pocket, asking to scratch my cervix. I felt not an ounce of guilt...

SYBILLA

Well, why would you feel guilt?

FONULA

Well precisely so, nothing in my aura allows me to feel guilt... And what about you Felicit-

Felicity suddenly spills her teacup, which smashes and pours out all over the table.

FELICITY

(Exasperated)

I'm sorry... allow me clear this disarray.

Felicity begins to clean the mess with a tea towel. Meanwhile a smell wafts towards Sybilla who begins to sniff.

SYBILLA

Is that odour filling my sneezer really what I think it is?

A delicate smile slowly emerges on Felicity's face.

(CONTINUED)

MISS SYBILLA PHLEGM

Oh my dearest noom... thou did not  
need to bring those literary  
fingers of yours one step closer to  
arthritis in making my favourite  
Scurvied Scabby Scones.

Cut to the trio pouring tea and lashing the scones with  
cream and jam.

NARRATOR

From ten to eleven, the ladies  
relish a spot of tonsil tea  
accompanied with Scurvied Scabby  
scones, lashed with cranium cream,  
and topped with either Juvenile Jam  
or Jugular jelly, according to the  
palate's desire.

SYBILLA

(Coughing)

Would thy be as pleasant as to pass  
a dollop of cranium cream Felicity?

FELICITY

Of course my dear, would thou also  
like to slather some joint jam or  
jugular jelly against the palate  
also?

SYBILLA

Ohh, my mouth salivates and my eyes  
wince at the thought of savouring  
the sharp and sour jugular jelly  
please Felicity.

Fonula finishes topping her scone and brings it to her  
mouth.

FONULA

And how does thy palate acknowledge  
the crusty treat?

(A pause whilst she takes a  
bite)

Felicity... I can feel thy taste  
buds dancing and gum's bathing in a  
symphony of zest.

SYBILLA

(With a large chunk of scone  
in her mouth)

You can announce that anew Fonula!

(Coughing)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYBILLA (cont'd)

From thy heart Felicity, thou must  
have had thy hands consecrated to  
forge such delights for the palate.

FELICITY

Oh my noomes, thou fill thy supple  
frame with renicubant feelings.  
Thank y-

Felicity suddenly has a sharp stabbing pain in her stomach.  
She grabs her stomach in pain and winces.

Ouch!...

FONULA

(Bothered for the health of  
her friend)

Is everything alright?

FELICITY

Yes... just an unsettled stomach.

We suddenly zoom towards Felicity's pregnant belly and enter  
her womb, seeing a shot of Newland's animation. The ground  
is shaking and the baby has grown. The two stop motion  
oole's are wearing hard hats, hiding themselves behind a  
small hill, with their hands over their ears to drown out  
the noise. The whole of the ground shakes and the plumbing  
rattles, looking like the pipes are about to burst.

We return to the three ladies who are peacefully drinking  
tea.

A pause.

SYBILLA

Splendid tea!

There is a change of scene and the trio are wearing a  
completely different set of clothes and no longer have the  
heavy make-up around their face and eyes.

NARRATOR

From eleven to twelve, the three  
noomes reminisce their past and in  
a masochistic attempt at a mockery,  
they each re-enact an episode from  
their childhood. When re-enacting  
in this manner, it is essential for  
each individual to stay true to  
their character in order to sever  
the psyche, whilst sharpening their  
pleasure. Whoever will put on the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 strongest leading performance will  
 become the winner and will have  
 first seize to pad out their gullet  
 with pudding.

Suddenly the lights dim, the background falls into complete darkness and a spotlight emerges, highlighting the three women who stand central in the frame. Red velvet curtains fall down on the side of the set and a large theatrical painted backdrop emerges. We see a boy's hands placing a wooden frame in front of the camera, framing the perimeter of the shot. Small carved baby faces and vines line the outer edge of the wooden frame.

The women are placed into an environment that resembles a human-scaled puppet theatre, surrounded by theatrical props and two-dimensional painted waves that flow on the floor from side to side. The two young narrators, wearing frilly hessian skirts, take their heads out of the cabinet and quickly begin to dress the set with theatrical props and eventually rush onto the stage with a large wooden painted sign which writes **ACT ONE**.

In **ACT ONE**, Fonula is dressed in a traditional school uniform. Sybilla and Felicity wear academic teacher robes and have a fairly masculine look, with different hairstyles. Around their neck, Sybilla and Felicity wear a lanyard, with photographs of their male teachers attached to them, which the trio had cut from their photo yearbook in an earlier scene.

In the centre of the stage, is a toilet, which is surrounded by two-dimensional theatrical painted waves, which move left and right.

NARRATOR  
 It is **ACT ONE** and Fonula will be  
 the first to burrow into her  
 jejunity and expose her episode,  
 performed in accompaniment  
 alongside her two noomes. In this  
 act, Fonula plays herself when back  
 in a blooming state, whilst  
 Felicity takes the role of her  
 teacher, Mr Inigo Gregory-Nanver.

We see a closeup of Felicity's lanyard, with a cut-out of Mr Inigo Gregory-Nanver's photograph from the Photo yearbook.

NARRATOR  
 Meanwhile, Sybilla will act the  
 part of a fellow peer who has just  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)  
discovered written melody Fonula  
had composed, and meets it with  
displeasure.

Sybilla dressed in traditional Victorian student attire,  
wearing a boater hat, approaches Fonula in a menacing way,  
with a particular authorial walk, chest all puffed out.  
Felicity dressed in Academic robes, sits on a wooden chair  
in the distance, her back facing the action.

SYBILLA  
(as fellow student with  
Cockney accent)  
Ahh, what do we have here then eh?

Sybilla snatches Fonula's Sheet Music and Records from her  
hands. Fonula tries to retrieve it, but Sybilla holds it  
high, making it impossible for her to reach it.

FONULA  
(Screeching in desperation and  
frustration)  
Give it back! Stop this!

SYBILLA  
(as fellow student with  
Cockney accent)  
Symphony in A Minor by Fonula  
Dixon-Padgett eh? Now, I wonder if  
the drains will enjoy your dopey  
record? What do you think? Maybe  
Nemo will listen to your record...

Fonula continues to in-audibly scream, whilst Sybilla throws  
her records and sheet music down the toilet. Fonula runs  
over to the toilet and crouched on her knees, begins to fish  
out her sheet music and records. As Sybilla throws the  
record into the toilet, the toilet begins to spin and starts  
to play the record. While Fonula is retrieving her records,  
Sybilla comes from behind and begins to dunk Fonula's head  
in and out of the toilet basin. We see her head being dunked  
from the point of view of the toilet, creating a big splash  
as her head hits the water, bubbles of air releasing from  
her mouth. Her hair is soaking wet and she gasps for breath  
is gagging, then is dunked again. Fonula is being drowned in  
her own music.

Meanwhile, Felicity, who plays the teacher, sits on a chair,  
her back facing the action, occasionally turns her back to  
look at the act, acknowledges and weakly smiles, then turns  
back to her newspaper pretending nothing is happening.

(CONTINUED)

## SYBILLA

(as fellow student whilst  
dunking Fonula's head)

You think you are Mozart, do you?  
You filthy dyke... If you love  
music so much, you can just drown  
in your own...

Cut to the face of Mr Inigo Gregory-Nanver being cut out of  
the photograph attached to the lanyard.

We see a shot of an audience, who are a set of six limbless  
small children mannequin's lined up against the wall. To the  
sides of each mannequin is a set of holes within the walls.  
Suddenly human arms emerge out from the holes. The hands  
begin to clap and are cheering at the performance, shoving  
popcorn shaped screwed up exam results into the mannequins  
mouths, out of red and white striped cardboard cinema boxes.

The lighting fades into darkness and there is a change of  
act. The lights slowly come back on and the characters are  
in a different scenario, wearing different clothing. The  
narrator comes back on the stage with the large wooden sign  
which writes **ACT TWO**. The audience begin to clap on the  
actors.

## NARRATOR

In **ACT TWO**, Sybilla will take to  
the stage in performing her episode  
in which her chemistry teacher, Mr  
Olivier Rowntree Aldrich has  
informed her parents that Sybilla  
has not been meeting the standards  
as expected by the academy, due to  
her painting concentrations over  
Chemistry.

We see a close up of the Lanyard across Fonula's neck. It  
has the photograph of Mr Olivier Rowntree Aldrich that was  
cut earlier from the photo yearbook.

## NARRATOR

Her Father, although an architect  
himself, is also displeased by  
Sybilla's failings within school  
and has decided to paddle her with  
discipline.

In this act, Felicity plays the role of Sybilla's father and  
Fonula, her teacher. The stage has hanging painted clouds  
and a layer of painted dirt on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

FELICITY

(as Father)

So, Mr Aldrich tells me you are implementing that brain of yours on only painting and as a result failing your Chemistry class?

SYBILLA

But that can't be right... In the last chemistry test, I achieved an A grade.

Felicity turns over and looks at Fonula.

FELICITY

(as Father)

Well, Mr Aldrich?

FONULA

(as Teacher)

Well Sybilla... tell me, how could that be a possibility... when you spend every lesson daydreaming and engraving those little doodles into your desk?

A pause as Felicity takes in the information, which suddenly infuriates her, and hits Sybilla over the head with a paintbrush.

FELICITY

(as Father)

Oh, don't tell me you are a liar as well as an underachiever, Sybilla.

SYBILLA

(Whimpering)

But... he's...

FONULA

(as Teacher)

Mr Phlegm, I believe it is essential as a parent, for one to be resilient with their child in order to provoke development.

FELICITY

(as Father)

Certainly, but what would you suggest, Mr Aldrich?

Fonula brings out a thick metal chain.

(CONTINUED)

FONULA

(as Teacher)

For a young woman who lacks  
grounding as her head is in the  
clouds... I am certain this will  
work.

Fonula and Felicity tie the chain around Sybilla's neck and wrists. On one end, the chain fastens around Sybilla's neck, the other end tied to a giant pot of paint. In her mouth, Felicity sticks a set of paintbrushes, sellotaping them, restricting her from talking. Fonula grabs Mr Alba's pair of wooden flight wings, made out of written exam results and feathers, which she attaches, with help from Felicity to Sybilla's back. They also pick up an easel with a blank canvas and place it in front, but just out of Sybilla's reach.

FONULA

(as Teacher)

Well, go on Sybilla... paint us  
something!

Sybilla shrieks in pure struggle, paintbrushes still gagged in her mouth, as she tries to loosen to escape her chains.

FELICITY

(as Father)

Well, Sybilla?

FONULA

(as Teacher)

Mr Phlegm, I believe the girl needs  
to be grounded in the real world,  
no more of this daydreaming...  
Sybilla, as you didn't pay  
attention in your anatomy class, I  
want you to learn about the anatomy  
of these laboratory amphibians.

Fonula takes out a bucket, filled with frogs which she pours on the ground. They jump around Sybilla's body and Sybilla continuously screams.

FONULA

(as Teacher)

Here... take this textbook, it  
contains all of the diagrams you  
will require.

He throws a book at the floor next to her, filled with anatomical frog diagrams.

(CONTINUED)

FONULA

(as Teacher)

You will be tested this on Monday  
and I expect you to pass this with  
flying colours.

The frogs jump around and Sybilla continuously screams.

Cut to the face of Mr Olivier Fostershine Aldrich being cut  
out of the photograph attached to the lanyard.

Eventually, the lights gradually fall into darkness, then  
fade back in, revealing a change of setting. The characters  
wear different clothing. The narrator emerges onto the stage  
with the large wooden sign which writes **ACT THREE**. The  
audience continue to clap the performance, the popcorn  
flying around the room. We begin to hear the faint sound of  
a heart beating, which gradually increases in volume.

NARRATOR

In **ACT THREE**, Felicity will be  
retracing her adolescence, in which  
she plays herself having been  
caught, pencilling sonnets onto  
paper while in her trigonometry  
class.

We see the lanyards of her two teachers Mr Inigo  
Gregory-Nanver and Mr Newland Cedric-Emmett that Fonula and  
Sybilla wear around their neck.

NARRATOR

Her two tutors, Mr Inigo  
Gregory-Nanver and Mr Newland  
Cedric-Emmett deplore her writing  
and decide for Felicity to receive  
some punishment for her lack of  
attention in class.

Felicity is sat in front of a Wooden School desk where she  
scribes. Her two teachers, played by Sybilla and Fonula,  
approach her and snatch the papers out of her hands. They  
begin to read it.

FONULA

(as Teacher)

Sonnets? This isn't an English  
class...

SYBILLA

(as Teacher)

I think she deserves some  
punishment... don't you, Gregory?

(CONTINUED)

FONULA

(as Teacher)

Oh, certainly Newland... But, if the girl likes literature and writing, then we will give her literature and writing...

The sound of the heartbeat in the background has increased in volume. A montage begins, images of female hands ripping up sheets of hessian cloth flash on the screen, who sews the pieces together.

Every sound shown in the montage is amplified, adding layers over the heartbeat, slowly creating a symphony.

The two teachers begin to sneer and tear the sonnets up and walk over to Felicity, where she takes a stand and starts to back away from them. As they approach her, they kick over her table and chair.

A theatrical wave made from bedsheets suddenly arises at the front of the stage and the teachers lift Felicity by her hands and legs and drag her over. The intense sound of the theatrical wave flapping adds to the rhythm of the scene. Felicity screams and kicks away at them, but they place her down on the ground, hiding her in the fabric wave.

The pulsating rhythm in the background gradually rises. One of the teachers holds her to the ground, while the other begins to unbutton his trousers and straddles on top of Felicity. Her clothes are suddenly flung in the air from inside of the wave and only her waving arms are visible, which flare around in the air, in attempt to get the teacher off her. The other teacher stands up and picks up a paintbrush, a pot of black paint and her textbook and begins to read aloud, whilst he scribes her Sonnet onto her naked body. We see shots of Felicity's body being painted on. The other teacher continues to grunt whilst Felicity screams. The sounds of pages turning and grunting amplify.

SYBILLA

(as Teacher, reading)

Here's some proper literature for you...

(Pause while he raises his paintbrush)

The sine of the angle equals the length of the opposite side. The cosine of the angle equals the length of the adjacent side. And the tangent of the angle equals the length of the opposite side.

(CONTINUED)

Felicity continues to scream whilst her body is being used as a playground by the two teachers. The audience are cheering and clapping intensely in the background. The female hands montaged over, continue to sew together the hessian fabrics, filling them with stuffing. She is sewing together a voodoo effigy doll.

SYBILLA

(as Teacher)

Make space for me now Gregory...

Sybilla begins to unbutton her trousers. We see a fast montage of shots flashing on the frame. The photograph of Mr Newland Cedric-Emmett's face is cut off the lanyard and placed on the face of the voodoo doll that has been sewn together.

The rhythm increases and sounds amplify. There is a rapid flashing of images of the three women being abused - Fonula's head being dunked down the toilet, Sybilla tied up and Felicity being raped.

Simultaneously, the heads of the three teachers from the photo yearbook are being placed on the voodoo dolls. We see shots of the stop motion oole's in Newland's animation, the baby within the womb has grown and the ground shakes.

Shots of frogs jumping, needles sewing, a clock ticking, sharpening of butchers' knives, dinner bell ringing, the audience clapping, chairs being kicked over, Sybilla's being gagged with paintbrushes, the toilet spinning and Newland's animation flicker across the frame. We see a gun being pulled out. The flickering of images continues. The sounds of gunshots are fired and the audience have been shot. The popcorn flies all over the air and blood spurts out across the screen. The walls are bleeding and the audience has been shot. Suddenly the flickering montage hits a climax when we see plumbing pipes from inside of Newland's animation break, water flooding everywhere.

Cut to a wide shot of the women. In their excitement of performing, their waters have begun to break, creating a chain of the trio's waters breaking one after another. They begin to panic in pleasure.

SYBILLA

Ahh it's happening!

The scene changes and the trio lie down on top of a long oak table, their bodies positioned to face one another. The trio still wear their re-enactment clothing, Felicity in the teachers clothing, Fonula in the students clothing and Sybilla in her father's clothing. Nestled between their

(CONTINUED)

legs, lie damp towels and pots of steaming water. The lower half of their clothes are soaking wet due to their water break.

NARRATOR

From twelve to one, the three ladies hollow out their insides through a means of throbbing contractions, leaving their inner stuffing deserted.

FELICITY

At the ready my noomes... Three, two, one, push!

The women shriek in pushing to give birth. The crying of three new-borns can be heard as the women's heads swelter.

SYBILLA

(Pleased)

Oh prodlose! It's a boy!

The camera tracks towards Fonula.

FONULA

Oh huzza! For I hast knitted the supple frame and embroidered the little mouth and nose of an inmost chap also!

The camera tracks to Felicity.

FELICITY

I hast blossomed and have also produced a fruitful young male far more precious than gullion.

FONULA

Ohh, three males just as our optics had visioned... Didn't want to parcel any of the young bairn off to Mrs Fostershine's adoption center again...

The three women gently rock their babies in their arms from side to side, carrying them in stained towels.

A pause.

NARRATOR

From one till two, the trio cosset their new-born chicks, like a clam nestling its pearl.

(CONTINUED)

FONULA

And to name thou weaved exhibit? I  
will name him Inigo.

Camera tracks across to slowly reveal each character.

SYBILLA

I will call mine Olivier.

FELICITY

And mine, will be Newland.

Change of scene where one of the new-born babies lies naked, on a pewter dinner plate, surrounded by chopped vegetables and fruit. Felicity picks up a butchers' guide displaying the sections of a new-born. She lowers down the diagram, revealing a large butcher's cleaver resting on the table.

A look of fear emerges on Felicity's face, in anticipation of the act which will take place. The camera suddenly tracks towards her forehead and we enter Felicity's brain.

The three little teacher-faced voodoo dolls created in the previous scene, are inside of her mind, wearing red hessian cloaks, with spanners and needles, unpicking threads off a porcelain doll which resembles Felicity. The voodoo dolls are a metaphor of Felicity's concerns, guilt, delusion, regret towards the action she is about to commit and brainwashed way in which she thinks, as her mind is controlled by the dolls.

Eventually the voodoo dolls unpick the thread that connects her porcelain head to the hessian cloth that surrounds her brain. A slow dribble of blood runs down the side of the porcelain dolls head. The three voodoo effigies begin to pull small objects from her brain - a small lollipop, a handful of apple seeds, an MRI scan and a sea urchin. They throw these items away and continue to pull out a disk from her head.

The voodoo dolls place the disk into a machine, which turns on a cinema screen from within her brain. The three voodoo dolls sit in the cinema theatre watching the screen, the Felicity porcelain doll tied up, whelping in fear.

The cinema screen shows flashing images of Felicity as a little girl, revealing past memories all shot on home-styled 8mm film - Felicity hugging her father, collecting Sea urchins at the beach with him, gently playing with a dolly, seeing herself inside her grandfather's puppet shop, seeing the local greengrocer who pats her on the head, her dentist fixing her teeth and herself waiting outside in a corridor while her grandfather has an X-ray.

(CONTINUED)

The continual flashing of memories, inter cut with shots of the sewing together of meat make the Felicity resembled porcelain doll to grow agitated. The Felicity porcelain doll's body is shaking, and she whelps in pain.

Finally, an image of Felicity all grown up appears on screen. She is wearing a Tudor styled dress, the 'fabric' made from the flesh of her baby, all sewn together. We begin to see the threads on meat dress coming loose and unravelling. Images of the Felicity doll's hessian clothed brain being sewn flash on the screen.

Cut to see a wide shot of the cinema theatre with the Felicity porcelain doll whelping. In the theatre, only two of the voodoo dolls remain, who are laughing. The two voodoo dolls have now taken on the faces of Sybilla and Fonula, which is revealed when they turn to look at the camera.

SYBILLA  
(Echoed, breaking the  
hallucination)  
Felicity?

Suddenly, we are placed back into Felicity's apartment. The camera tracks rapidly backward away from Felicity's brain in a hand-held motion, away from Felicity's brain to reveal the trio together, mixing up meats in a ceramic bowl together, preparing the three course menu.

They are wearing their initial attire, the same heavy makeup around their eyes and face. A large brown hessian fabric backdrop covers the wall behind them. The ceramic bowl rests on a vintage school classroom desk, olive oil in the inkwell.

Felicity has a needle and thread in her hands. The three stitches on the side of Felicity's forehead have loosened up and a small trickle of blood rolls down the side her face in the same position as the trickle of blood on the porcelain doll.

SYBILLA  
Felicity, would thou pass the  
special marinade?

Felicity is still in a daze, perplexed at what just happened.

FELICITY  
(Spoken softly and slowly, in  
a daze)  
Oh... no, just use a teaspoon of  
olive oil.

(CONTINUED)

Sybilla reaches over to the inkwell and takes out a spoonful of olive oil.

SYBILLA

Certainly, but Felicity, what about  
thou special marinade we prepared?

FELICITY

(Still in a daze)  
Ohh Sybilla...

In slow motion, a single globule of blood drips rolls from the three stitches on the side of her head, down into a dish of butter. Felicity dabs her finger in the blood from the side of her forehead and inspects it.

FELICITY

(She snaps out of her daze,  
returns to her normal self)  
No need for that...they have spent  
the last 9 months marinating!

The women laugh together in unison. A menu appears on the screen. The menu is surrounded by prepared vegetables and fruits, a pig's head, a goose and pomegranates.

NARRATOR

From two till four, the three  
ladies slog their hands in  
preparing three edible artworks for  
the three-course banquet. For the  
starter, Sybilla has painted a  
renaissance inspired relief  
landscape, with applied daubs of  
impasto tartare and bleached tongue  
carpaccio to create the clouds. It  
is served best with a dollop of  
cranium cream.

Cut to the edible artwork as described. The edible painting has been sculpted from thin slices of meat, to create a valley landscape with clouds. A gold ornate wooden frame surrounds the perimeter of the painting.

NARRATOR

For the main course, Felicity has  
sewn together an edible baroque  
inspired kirtle, made from slices  
of the calf and the cheek muscles.  
When eating this delicacy, it is  
accompanied best with the rare  
delicacy of slowly braised  
umbilical cord and fresh dill.

(CONTINUED)

Cut to the edible children's dress as described. It has been cooked and is steaming away. Felicity garnishes an umbilical cord on the dress, sprinkling it with dill. The title of the artwork is labelled underneath.

## NARRATOR

To conclude, the trio will cleanse their palate with Fonula's sculpted and sweetened gateau bust...served best with freshly squeezed lemon and brown sugar.

The final pudding resembles a child's face, a mixture between a cake and a meat sculpture. The title of the artwork is labelled underneath.

The trio finish cooking and take a seat in front of the long carved oak dining table, the banquet prepared. Three vintage barley twist chairs are on the outer edges of the table, Felicity's carved grotesque faced chair central to the frame.

The Banquet prepared looks like a wonderful Dutch still life, filled with crusted pies, platters of raw fish, walnuts, blancmange, a large swine head with an apple trapped in its jaws, the three edible artworks and various other dishes Felicity has prepared.

Felicity walks over to the gramophone and puts on a record that has the title 'Banquet with the trio' written in the centre.

## NARRATOR

From four to six, the three dearest noomes plant their hooves down in order to fill their gaping ravine of a belly with exquisite fodder from the fine table display.

## FELICITY

Well my noomes, as always, thou hast been a delight to enthrall... I have also put together other delicacies that will rummage and ruffle the palate also. I am afraid this is all my satisfactory sack of flesh can offer.

## FONULA

Oh, thou art ridiculous Felicity! My dilator can tell this will be a banquet for my stuffing.

FELICITY

Well, if thou utter so forthrightly  
Fonula... In that case, let's not  
allow the sand to pass through the  
hourglass... And let us allow the  
feast, to begin!

The three tuck into the banquet, eating the artworks, while the camera slowly tracks back. The needle of the gramophone scratches into a record, bellowing music over the top, overwhelming the senses.

Cut to black.

We cut to a shot of John Johnson, he is in his living room, watching Loose Cargo Truckers with Matt. Fade back to black.

The credits roll up on the screen, cast and crew names written in food.

END.