

TOAST

Written by

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Version (1.0)

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

JACK walks in - ready for work. He clicks the kitchen on, and prepares a mug of tea. He places two slices of bread into the toaster and pushes down the lever.

He walks to the fridge and opens the door - his face immediately drops.

We see that there is nothing in there.

Confused.

JACK
(calling)
Ange?... Ange?

ANGIE (O.S.)
(calling)
What?

JACK
What's happened to the fridge?

ANGIE (O.S.)
What do you mean?

JACK
Well, it's all gone! (disbelief)
All our food has gone!

ANGIE (O.S.)
Oh, yeah. I chucked it away!

JACK closes the fridge door and walks into the living room.

ANGIE is sat on the living room floor - legs crossed, attempting to meditate.

JACK is still in disbelief.

JACK
You chucked it away? Why?!

ANGIE
I read an article this morning,
well, not so much an article, but a
blog post- tweet, which said
basically all food is bad for you.

JACK
All food is bad for you?

ANGIE
That's right.

JACK
But we need food to survive. What
am I going to do for breakfast?!

ANGIE
(hopeful)
Have you tried intermittent
fasting?

JACK
Isn't that just starving yourself?

ANGIE
I've read it's really good for you-
you should try it.

JACK
Ange, I'm all for alternative
lifestyles, but throwing away
perfectly good food is crossing the
line! What am I going to put on my
toast?!

ANGIE looks up at JACK - hurt.

ANGIE
I was only trying to be helpful. I
care about your health. You're not
exactly getting any younger, are
you?

JACK can't help but feel guilty - even though he doesn't
appreciate the dig about getting old.

He takes a deep breath.

JACK
...Thank you. I know you're right!
It's just- well, you know. I've
gotta get used to plain toast with
my black tea every morning.

ANGIE
Oh, you can't eat that bread! No
way! It's full of cancers.

ANGIE stands up and rushes into the kitchen - JACK hangs his
head.

He walks back towards the kitchen to see ANGIE stamping aggressively on the toast.