

Thirty WA slimming clubs watch a draw on stage. JANE ALLBRIGHT, 40's, dressed to thrill, hosts the draw, JOHN HARGREAVES, 70's, senile, Burswood MD and MELANIE SNOOK, 40's, librarian, sit behind the draw barrel on the stage.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

I'm honoured and excited to host  
this years Slimathon.

Members of Girrawheen slimming club, SANDRA POLLOCKS, 30's, morbidly obese failed dieter, whispers to PAULINE M'CGOUGH, 40's, chip on her shoulder.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I'd be honoured and excited too if  
I could bloody wear that.

Girrawheen Slimming Club Leader LIZ WALSH, 60'S, sweet as a chewed up toffee, leans towards Sandra and Pauline.

LIZ WALSH

Bloody shut up will yas? They're  
about to do the draw, gotta see  
what fricken losers are in this  
years farce.

Jane is spinning the barrel trying not to break a long pointed red nail. John Hargreaves is waving stupidly.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

Please welcome John Hargreaves, MD  
of Burswood who is kindly donating  
the prize this year. John will now  
pick the two competing clubs for  
2019. John, can you join me?  
(pause) Now?

The audience is laughing. Sandra leans to Pauline.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

He'll be pushing up daisies soon.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

I'd say he already is.

Melanie is whispering in Johns ear then pulling him up. He's walking stiffly. Jane curses visibly forgetting the audience, then hurriedly cocks a cheesy smile.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

Let's give it up for dear John.

Jane motions the audience to clap as John walks like a zombie to the barrel. Sandra is moaning to Pauline.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I'm sick of this dieting shit, wish  
I was thin.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

Duh! Stop watching Masterchef,  
baking cakes and eating 'em  
then. You've been at the club for  
five years and put on 4 kilos. You  
really are the biggest loser.

Pauline and Sandra cackle with loud laughter. MITRA ADAHL, 40's, excitable, Girrawheen club member approaches Sandra, Pauline and SHERYL, 50'S, smart but negative, Girrawheen club member.

MITRA ADAHL

I just read the leaflet. Every  
member of the winning club, and  
their partners, gets the prize.  
Just imagine if it was us lot!

SHERYL JONES

Us lot? A winning club? Now there's  
a prime example of an oxymoron.

MITRA ADAHL

Look at that Jane woman, prancing  
about on stage like it's Hollywood.  
Now there's a prime example of a  
poxy moron!

The girls shriek with laughter. Jane Allbright is making a disapproving face at them.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

Let's have some respect and seated  
decorum. John, can you choose the  
two cards please?

John gets his shaky hand stuck in the barrel. The audience is laughing as Jane is trying to free her stiletto stuck in a floorboard gap. Freeing it, she snatches the card from John's hand. She pulls an angry face at Melanie and then the audience.

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

Alright, alright laughs  
over. (pause).

(MORE)

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

The first club to compete in the  
2019 WA Annual Slimathon, is, the  
Girrawheen Slimming Club.

A moment of shocked silence echoes emptily around the  
theatre, then fifteen Girrawheen club members begin high  
pitch screaming like rats in a fire. Jane continues.

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

And the second club is the City  
Beach Weight loss Centre.

City Beach members are hugging each other civilly. Sheryl  
shouts out.

SHERYL JONES

It's a fix I tell you.

Jane shoots her a filthy look, but quickly laughs it off.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

Always a joker in the crowd, good  
to see such high spirits.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

Oh we like high spirits don't we  
girls?

MITRA ADAHL

I like mine with coke on the rocks.

LIZ WALSH

Girls, you got rocks in ya heads.  
Will yer keep yer cake holes shut?

The rest of the team are still hugging and doing high five's.  
City Beach members discretely eye them with disdain. Jane is  
nodding to Melanie.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

Melanie will now draw the names of  
the two slimmers who will go head  
to head in this fourteen day  
challenge to lose the most weight.

Melanie is approaching Jane and selects a name card from each  
club hat. She is wrenching the microphone from Janes' hand.  
The audience are laughing as Jane loses her cool but not her  
fake smile, she shouts while still smiling.

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

Shut up all of you. Melanie will  
announce the competitors.

Jane flashes Melanie a drop dead expression.

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Although it's technically my job.

Melanie is attempting to read the names at arms length.

MELANIE SNOOK  
This looks like, Horsey Cinders?  
And this one could be, Sandy  
Bollocks?

The audience is hysterical. Pauline is whispering to Sandra.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH  
Sandy Bollocks? Oh shit, it's you.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
Oh I hope so. Hey, what do you  
mean, oh shit?

Jane snatches the cards and microphone and pushes Melanie out of the way with a smirk. The audience is suddenly hushed.

JANE ALLBRIGHT  
Sorry ladies, the clever librarian  
forgot her reading glasses - go  
figure. The contestant from City  
Beach is Dr Jennifer Horsham-  
Flinders.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS, 40'S, professional, affluent waves and calls out to the Girrawheen girls, but her City Beach members pull disapproving faces at them.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
Hi there.

Mitra, Pauline, Sheryl and Liz discuss her.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH  
Look at that Dr woman and her  
cronies showing off, she's grinning  
like a chestnut cat.

CHERYL JONES  
Cheshire!

MITRA ADAHL  
Cheshire? That's New South Wales  
isn't it? Bloody cheats.

LIZ WALSH

Shut ya pie holes, they're picking  
one of us.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

Yeah, stop being such a stress  
head. We'll show em what we're made  
of.

SHERYL JONES

(Wobbling her belly)

I'd say we're made of fat, whadya  
reckon?

Jane is announcing the second contestant.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

The Girrawheen slimmer competing  
against Dr Jennifer Horsham-  
Flinders is, Mrs Sandra Pollocks.

Sandra jumps up screaming excitedly, she's on her own. A  
spotlight is searching the audience and finds her.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Yes! It's me, here, I'm over here.

The City Beach girls smother amusement watching the  
Girrawheen girls stare at Sandra in disgust and disbelief.  
Jane calls Jennifer and Sandra onto the stage.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

C'mon audience, let's give it up  
and welcome this years lucky  
contestants.

Jennifer is standing like a plus size movie star as Sandra  
makes her way to the stage, panting and sweating.

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

Melanie will now weigh and record  
this years fatty - oops, freudian  
slip there, I mean, lucky dieting  
contestants.

Jane calls to a flamboyant usher, flashing Melanie a smirk.

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

Julian darl, can ya lend our  
dearest Melanie your reading  
glasses?

Melanie dons Elton John style oversized sparkly red pair of  
specs, the audience titter.

Melanie is weighing each girl and writing it down. With Jennifer and Sandra standing next to Jane, Melanie announces the starting weights.

MELANIE SNOOK

The starting weights are as follows: Jennifer is 97.5 Kilos and Sandra is 101 Kilos - The girls will be weighed in exactly seven days time by myself in their respective clubs and then again on stage for our grand finale in two weeks time.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

My, my, no doubts as to who's been eating all the pies. But no more pies for either of you now. That is if you want to win your entire club a luxury weekend break at Burswood with a cash incentive to spend.

Sandra waves at her friends and loses her balance, knocking the microphone over. She bends over to reveal a knicker eating butt - a loud fart escapes. A muffin falls from her pocket as she is grappling with the microphone. It is rolling slowly across the stage. All eyes watch the cake rolling.

2

EXT. STREETS OF GIRAWHEEN - NIGHT

2

Sandra is walking from the bus stop with Mitra, Pauline, Sheryl and Liz.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

Everyone in the audience took a picture of your arse when you bent over. You'll be all over the net tomorrow or at least your knicker munching arse will be.

SHERYL JONES

Yeah and we heard that fart, I couldn't stop laughing.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

There are better stories out there than my fat bum and I've heard every one of you fart - and yours bloody stink Sheryl. What's up with you all? I got this.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

You? Got this? Sorry but you aint got jack! You can't do it mate.

SHERYL JONES

She can, but of course, she'll lose, I guess we'll all lose.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Look at me, I'm fat, with second hand clothes. I need this, I really do. I can lose the weight, I can.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

We're all bloody fat, why do you think we're here? None of us have money, so you aint no different to us, except we actually try to diet. Remember that? It's a thing that means cutting down what you eat.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Very bloody funny.

MITRA ADAHL

Sandra, I don't think you'll lose.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

See, thank you Mitra, someone believes in me.

MITRA ADAHL

I mean, I don't think you'll lose the fat. You just eat and eat.

LIZ WALSH

The girls are right, the only thing you'll lose is our chance to wipe the smarmy looks off that City Beach lot. Not to mention a chance to get into Burswood, they usually chuck the likes of us out. You wanna be responsible for that? No, course ya don't. I'll tell that short sighted librarian to draw another one from our club in the morning, and of course you'll have to officially resign.

The girls all high five.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

Then we'll smash it.

SHERYL JONES  
Yeah, about time the Girrawheen  
girls have some luck.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
But what about me?

PAULINE M'CGOUGH  
What about you?

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
I don't wanna resign.

The girls are shouting at her angrily.

MITRA ADAHL  
I believe in you, as a great cake  
baker, but you're a human pig.

SHERYL JONES  
Mitra is right, the whole club  
agree. If you do this, you'll lose  
our one and only chance.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH  
Yeah, if you don't resign and you  
lose the competition, trust me,  
there'll be no place in WA for you  
to hide.

3 INT. SANDRA POLLOCKS LOUNGE - EVENING

3

Sandra is walking to the lounge carrying a plate piled high  
with cakes. Her husband COLIN, 40's, is watching tv.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
I'm a fat failure.

COLIN POLLOCKS  
Another weight gain? I wonder why?  
Pass that double chocolate one.

Sandra throws a chocolate cake at him.

COLIN POLLOCKS (CONT'D)  
Oi.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
I'm in the shit.

COLIN POLLOCKS  
What's new?



SANDRA POLLOCKS

Oh shut up. We got picked at the Slimathon, and I'm the contestant.

COLIN POLLOCKS

That means you'll actually have to diet? You really are in the shit.

Sandra throws all the cakes at Colin.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I'm serious. My so called friends want me to resign from the competition and if I don't, they said I'd better win or get outta WA.

Colin picks up the cakes and eats them.

COLIN POLLOCKS

Oh good, I always fancied Queensland.

Sandra has a sobbing meltdown. Colin is hugging her.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Even you think I'm a fat failure.

COLIN POLLOCKS

No I don't, I know you are - just kidding, where's your usual sense of humour? C'mon. I love you just the way you are, you know that. Besides if you actually diet you won't make me those delicious cakes any more.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

But, I want to be thin, be the girl you married, not just for you, but for me. I want to be the me that gets wolf whistles and respect from people, and not be invisible or the person that people laugh and whisper about.

Colin throws all the cakes in the bin.

COLIN POLLOCKS

Right, that's it pumpkin. No more cakes for you, or me. I'll be your weight loss coach. Tell that leader woman you're in it, to win it.

Sandra jumps up and down with glee, she telephones Liz Walsh.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

No, I'm not resigning. I'm gonna get my body back. I can win it, I can. Hello? Are you there?

4 EXT. MUNDARING NATIONAL PARK - DAY

4

Colin and Sandra Pollocks are power walking with their pug.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Slow down, I'm gonna have a heart attack - Teddy's panting hard too. How long have we been going?

COLIN POLLOCKS

Five minutes! C'mon I'll carry him, you feed that dog too much. It's gonna be a hot one, maybe a nice gym with air con is the go.

They are struggling up a steep pathway as two horses canter towards them. Jennifer and a friend are laughing as their horses hooves throw dirt in Sandra and Colins' face.

5 INT. PURE GYM GIRRAWHEEN - EVENING

5

Colin is demonstrating the running machine to Sandra.

COLIN POLLOCKS

So if you get into trouble, press this it'll slow down gently. But whatever you do, don't ever press that, cos it will...

Sandra presses it. Colin is catapulted backwards. The whole gym are laughing at them. Humiliated they leave quickly.

EXT. LAKE MONGER - MORNING

Sandra and Colin are riding hired bikes around the lake.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

This was a great idea.

COLIN POLLOCKS

Told ya, fresh air, exercising and having fun doesn't feel like exercising, its psychological.

A large group of hungry black swans are waddling from the lake towards them. Sandra is whimpering with fear.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I don't like them Colin.

COLIN POLLOCKS

Just ignore them and keep pedaling don't slow down, they're only after food as soon as they realise you haven't got any they'll clear off.

Sandra is behind Colin but the swans are now in between them and begin nudging and hissing at her. Sandra veers off down the grassy embankment towards the lake. She jumps off in a superman dive and rolls off - her bike flies through the air into the lake, the swans are pecking her frantically, retrieving cake from her pocket.

INT. LAKE MONGER BISTRO - MORNING

Jennifer and Mark are being seated. Customers are laughing and staring out of the window. A waitress takes their order.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Hi Kara, we'll have the usual breakfast, eggs Benedict and can you do me a skinny Cappuccino this time, the Latte is full cream milk.

People are screaming with laughter. MARK HORSHAM-FLINDERS, 50's, greying businessman, stares out the window.

MARK HORSHAM-FLINDERS

There's a huge woman rolling around on the grass while those swans are pecking the hell out of her. Seems she has food in her pockets.

A man drinking coffee next to them leans over.

CAFE PATRON

Black swans can smell food a mile off. I saw them chase her on that bike. Lucky she didn't go into the lake. Someone needs to tell her she needs to lose weight - poor bike.

INT. SANDRA POLLOCKS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Sandra and Colin are exercising to a DVD. An over head fan is whirring. They are laying down and stretching bands with their legs. Sandra is doing it wrong.

COLIN POLLOCKS

That's it pumpkin, breathe in and out, push it up, no, not that way, push it this way. Wait a minute.

Colin, gets up and bends over Sandra to lift her leg with the band. She shoots her other leg up kicking him between the legs, as he bends down in agony her other leg flies out of the elastic band and kicks him square in the face.

INT. WANNEROO HOSPITAL ACCIDENT AND EMERGENCY - NIGHT

Colin is nursing a hugely inflated nose, his shirt is covered with blood. Sandra is crying hysterically. An elderly drunk is sat in the next cubicle. He points accusingly at Sandra.

OLD FELLER

Yup, I had me one of those, got rid of her I did, abusive cow. They go on about women getting bashed but us poor fellers we get a bleeding ear bashing daily, nag, nag, nag.

Sandra begins wailing, trying to explain, but the nurses usher her out as the doctor is approaching. She sits in the waiting room.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Good evening Mr Pollocks, radiology has returned your film, looks like whoever gave you that rather nasty punch has caused a clean break. Who did this to you?

COLIN POLLOCKS

Well, you see, it was my wife, she kicked me in the groin and then...

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Kicked you in the groin? And then?

COLIN POLLOCKS

Well, then she snapped and I got it in the face.

The doctor scribbles on her notepad.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
 And how often does your wife  
 physically abuse you Mr Pollocks?

COLIN POLLOCKS  
 No, she was exercising, I was  
 helping her, you see she's trying  
 to lose weight.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
 I see. I know how that feels. Well,  
 you'll need to have that nose reset  
 under a general, so you'll be our  
 guest tonight. Nurse will be along  
 shortly to do the paperwork.

The doctor leaves still writing on her notepad. Nurses open the curtains and beckon Sandra in. As Sandra hurries in she bumps into the doctor causing her to drop her paperwork. They stare at each other in disbelief.

SANDRA POLLOCKS AND DR JENNIFER  
 HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
 (In unison)  
 You?

Before they could speak any further, the doctor was called away.

INT. CITY BEACH WEIGHT LOSS CENTRE - NIGHT

Jennifer is being weighed by CYNTHIA FARQUAR 50's, fair minded slimming club leader.

CYNTHIA FARQUAR  
 1.5 Kilos! A fabulous effort in a  
 week Jen.

FIONA CHETWYNDE, 30'S, jealous and bitchy and FELICITY LAWSON, 20's, social wannabe, are whispering. But Jennifer is emerging from the toilet and overhears the conversation.

FIONA CHETWYNDE  
 What time is the barbecue?

FELICITY LAWSON  
 2pm, Sunday. Bring a plate.

FIONA CHETWYNDE  
 Is everyone aware, that Jennifer is  
 not invited?

FELICITY LAWSON

Yes, for obvious reasons. Let's face it, she's connected but only because of her husband. I mean she isn't really one of us. And she is embarrassingly fat enough.

FIONA CHETWYNDE

Well it's for her own good She'll eat all the food and then where would we be? Defeated by that awful butt farting mooning thing.

FELICITY LAWSON

Maybe our Jennifer should join the Girrawheen club.

The women laugh cruelly as Jennifer's ego sinks to an all time low.

6

INT. GIRRAWHEEN SLIMMING CLUB - NIGHT

6

Sandra stands on the scales for Liz, a hostile crowd watches.

LIZ WALSH

The bloody scales must be faulty!

Liz is kicking the scales and trying to reset them as Melanie arrives to weigh Sandra.

MELANIE SNOOK

One Kilo lost - outstanding effort for a weeks dieting Sandra.

The whole club are singing, dancing and hugging Sandra.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

I didn't doubt you for a second my dearest bestest friend.

MITRA ADAHL

But you said...

Pauline flashes Mitra a death stare.

SHERYL JONES

Still time for her to fail.

LIZ WALSH

I'm responsible for this, I had to give ya tough love Sandra, but hey it worked, see, all that sugar coating shit, never helped anyone.

Melanie is leaving.

MELANIE SNOOK

I'll see you in a week at the finale. Just to let you know though, Jennifer has lost half a kilo more so far. But there's still time to ramp up that effort.

When Melanie leaves, the girls turn against Sandra.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

I told you to resign.

MITRA ADAHL

You're fatter than the other woman, you should've lost more than her by now.

SHERYL JONES

I really wanted to go to Burswood.

LIZ WALSH

Well let's face it, that aint happening so you can forget that fantasy thanks to gutty.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Just stop your rot. I was happier being fat. Fine, you got what you want, I'll resign in the morning.

7 INT. SANDRA POLLOCKS LOUNGE - EVENING

7

Sandra is looking for cakes, Colin has a nose splint on and approaches, his voice pinched and squeaky.

COLIN POLLOCKS

That good huh?

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I lost a Kilo, but horse woman has lost more. I'm starving, I'm depressed, I can't take the pressure, do they have paralysis ticks in Queensland?

Colin has a melt down.

COLIN POLLOCKS

I've had enough of this shit.  
We're not going to bloody  
Queensland, unless it's to go  
fishing and yes, they got paralysis  
ticks which is why we gotta stay in  
WA. No more dieting, no more bloody  
slimming club competitions. You're  
gonna bloody resign and that's  
that. I was gonna treat ya for your  
birthday but we'll have a Christmas  
in July treat instead.

8

INT. ROTTNEST ISLAND HOTEL RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

8

It's pissing down with rain outside, the place is crowded.  
Sandra is reading the menu. WAITER, 30's, German, miserable,  
is approaching, slowly. He takes their orders.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Double chocolate and whipped creme  
Lamington please.

COLIN POLLOCKS

Treacle pudding and custard for me.

The waiter is quickly returning with one plate - for Colin.

COLIN POLLOCKS (CONT'D)

Mmm, smells good.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Is mine coming?

WAITER

Nein - no cake for you.

The waiter is giving her the menu again. She re-orders.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I'll have the cheesecake then.

The waiter brings what looks like last weeks cheesecake.

SANDRA POLLOCKS (CONT'D)

I can't eat this, it's gross.

COLIN POLLOCKS

So was mine.

The waiter took the plates away.



SANDRA POLLOCKS  
So gross you near licked the plate?

COLIN POLLOCKS  
I was starving. Tomorrow we'll go  
to that famous fab bakery, it's  
cake heaven, you'll love it.

9 INT. ROTTNEST CAKE HEAVEN BAKERY - AFTERNOON 9

Colin and Sandra are reading the menu, Sandra is panting.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
You didn't say we'd have to walk  
two bloody miles around the Island  
in the shitting rain.

COLIN POLLOCKS  
All that fresh air, feels good, but  
makes you hungry tho' don't it?  
Mmmm I can almost taste the cheese  
and mushroom ciabatta.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
Me too, I'll have same. Did you see  
all those cakes in the counter?

COLIN POLLOCKS  
Told ya. Why do you think they're  
queueing out the door? They are  
famous for their amazing cakes.

They are finishing their ciabattas. Sandra is watching the  
cake counter diminish as the queueing patrons order them.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
I hope they got more out the back.  
There's only three cakes left. Look  
at that bloke, he keeps looking at  
me, he knows I want one. I reckon  
he's gonna buy them all.

COLIN POLLOCKS  
Stop stressing pumpkin, I'll go  
find out.

Colin asks the woman behind the counter. Now only two cakes  
left, he points to the cakes and Sandra points to the largest  
at the front. The woman picks it and gives it to Colin.

COLIN POLLOCKS (CONT'D)

There you go my sweet pumpkin pie,  
a great big cream filled one just  
for you. Lucky we were already  
sitting down or we'd have been  
thrown to the back of the queue and  
guess what? None out the back! So  
today is your lucky day!

Sandra is staring at it breathlessly in almost sexual  
anticipation. Her tongue flickers along it's length, and she  
admires the width, delicately nibbling up and down.

COLIN POLLOCKS (CONT'D)

Are you giving it a blow job or  
what?

Sandra bites into it and spits it into Colins face.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Yuck, you know I hate ginger.

COLIN POLLOCKS

Couldn't you swallow - just this  
once?

10 INT. SANDRA POLLOCKS LOUNGE - NIGHT 10

Colin is sleeping on the sofa while Sandra is watching her  
favourite cooking show. She opens the fridge then the pantry -  
no cakes. She searches every kitchen cupboard -nothing. She  
picks up a magazine, but a picture of a cake sends her into a  
frenzy. Grabbing keys she sneaks out of the house.

11 INT. SUBIACO COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT 11

Sandra is walking to the rear of a 24 hour coffee shop, she  
is carrying a large cake. She sees Jennifer, right at the  
back swallowing a gateaux like it's her last meal. Sandra  
bins her cake and approaches her. Jennifer looks up at her.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM FLINDERS

Sandra? Sit down you're making the  
place look untidy.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

What the bloody hell are you doing  
here?

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

I could say the same about you.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

You got me there. I was watching a cooking show, I just got that urge. Thanks to you, I binned it out of guilt - I feel like getting it out of the bin though, such a waste.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Masterchef will do it every time. My colleagues at the club are ashamed of me, probably because I am the heaviest dieter in there and I don't conform to their stereotypical member. Compared to me they are all anorexics. It's not easy being an overweight socialite you know. And when I'm stressed, I need sugar, I guess I lead a stressed life, because I seem to need sugar all the time.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I know, well, not the socialite bit but, my friends say I'm a failure. Now I not only need to lose my fat for me, and the competition, I gotta prove them wrong too. But I can't take the pressure, they're right, I am a failure.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

You're not a failure, it's unfair peer pressure, no one has the right to tell anyone they are a failure, but everyone does anyway. Life is just not fair. So you have a sweet tooth?

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I'm the resident cakeaholic.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Oh how funny, so am I.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I thought it would be easy for you.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Quite the contrary, I'm rather shunned from social invites these days. Gucci and Versace don't really dabble in plus sizes. And it is not the done thing to rock up dressed by Target.

They are both laughing.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I didn't think you would wanna talk  
with the likes of me.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Why on earth would you think that?

SANDRA POLLOCKS

You and your friend were laughing  
at me and my husband in Mundaring -  
your horses kicked dirt in our  
faces, even my pug got an eyeful.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Good heavens I didn't even see you!  
I had no idea. We were laughing  
because my colleague said I was so  
fat, there was a split in my  
jodhpurs, during the rising trot,  
she could see my derriere.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Just like me on the stage!

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

One has to laugh at those faux pas.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I feel so stupid, I imagined you  
enjoying afternoon tea with the  
state Premier at his place, helping  
to make policies to wipe out people  
with dubious heritage from dubious  
places.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Oh yes, afternoon tea with Mark is  
divine.

Sandra looks at the floor, embarrassed.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Oh I'm so sorry, I didn't mean  
to...

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

You do make me laugh. I'm rattling  
your cage.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

You had me going for a minute. My  
husband says I'm too sensitive.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
 Oh how is Colin, it is Colin isn't  
 it? He sustained a nasty break.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
 He's okay, he talks with a squeaky  
 voice and people stare at us as  
 though I've belted him. I'm sorry  
 about knocking your papers over,  
 I'm a klutz always have been.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
 So what's your dubious heritage?

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
 My father's full blood Bardi,  
 Kimberley's region. Mother is  
 British, they were shunned by  
 everyone, yeah they had it tough.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
 I know how that feels.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
 Living in City Beach, a Doctor? I  
 seriously doubt you have a clue.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
 Stereotypical prejudgements goes  
 both ways my dear Sandra. (pause).  
 My mother is Noongar, Pindjarup,  
 white Australian father from  
 Albany. Why do you think I have  
 such amazing skin? It's why there  
 are a few in my social circle that  
 feel I have no place in their  
 world, luckily that attitude is  
 diminishing, but yeah, I get you my  
 fellow cakeaholic friend.

SANDRA POLLOCKS  
 I'm gonna resign Jennifer, because  
 I want my friends back, and my life  
 back. I'm even beating up my  
 husband! I think I have to accept  
 that I was made this way.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS  
 Rubbish. We are victims of a world  
 that capitalises on our stress.  
 They manufacture sugar loaded  
 products, ram them down our  
 throats.

(MORE)

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS (CONT'D)

Even constantly advertising them on TV, social media, billboards - everywhere you look. Then they humiliate us for the size of our bodies.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

I guess that's one way of looking at it. So victimisation is forcing me to resign then.

DR JENNIFER HORSHAM-FLINDERS

Well, we maybe victims but we cannot let them beat us down. So you have to draw on your inner courage, be strong, and never quit. No one ever succeeded at anything worth having, by quitting. Capiche?

They are hugging before leaving the cafe.

12

INT. JOONDALUP THEATRE STAGE - NIGHT

12

The audience is rowdy. John is sitting on the stage, he may be dead. Jane is watching as Melanie is weighing Jennifer and Sandra. Pauline, Mitra, Sheryl and Liz are arguing.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

We should've made her to resign.

SHERYL JONES

Well she did lose some weight.

LIZ WALSH

Yeah but not enough. Pauline's right, we should've been more forceful. I take full responsibility for this.

MITRA ADAHL

Well, the clue is in the word leader.

SHERYL JONES

I blame Sandra, she knew what this meant to us.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

No one listens to me, I said all along, she's a loser.

LIZ WALSH

Shhh, shut ya face holes, that book worm is about to announce the results.

Melanie taps the microphone and it screeches. Jane curses her with a smile and fixes it. Melanie announces the weights.

MELANIE SNOOK

Jennifer, representing the City Beach Weight Loss Centre, you've lost a total of two kilos - well done my dear.

The City Beach members are grinning at Pauline, Liz and Sheryl are complaining.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

Two kilos, Sandra aint lost that much fat in five years.

LIZ WALSH

I feel responsible.

SHERYL JONES

She looks different though - happy.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

A grinning idiot loser. I'll wipe that smile off her face.

Melanie records Sandra's weight and gives the card to Jane.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

Drum roll please. Okay everyone, Jennifer has lost a total of 2 kilos, and Sandra your total weight loss is 2.250 Kilos. Sandra Pollocks from the Girrawheen Slimming Club, you and your entire club are 2019 Slimathon winners.

The Girrawheen members are screaming and dancing.

PAULINE M'CGOUGH

I told you she was a loser.

SHERYL JONES

A total loser.

MITRA ADAHL

A bigger loser than we thought.

LIZ WALSH

I feel, so totally responsible.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

Can we have the Girrawheen Club  
Leader err, Liz Walsh up on stage  
please?

Liz scabbled onto the stage and hugged Sandra. The club members are still screaming.

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

Well done, Liz, do you have any  
words of advice?

Liz grabs the microphone feverishly. She shouts at her club then excitedly gabbles.

LIZ WALSH

Shut-up your leader is  
talking. (pause) Sandra has been a  
wonderful member of our club and  
has had our total support, but of  
course, I am solely responsible for  
keeping her on track, without my  
leadership skills and knowledge  
she'd never ...

Jane is attempting to get the microphone off Liz.

JANE ALLBRIGHT

You bitch, I broke a nail, take  
that.

They grapple, Melanie wades in and the three of them fall off the stage screaming and fighting. The audience is loving it. Cameras flash. Bouncers carry a screaming Liz off while Melanie and Jane attempt to compose themselves.

JANE ALLBRIGHT (CONT'D)

Sorry about that people. That nut  
bag will be banned. Anyway, phew,  
back to our competitors.

Melanie places a sash around Sandra. Jane beckons for John to take his place centre stage. The usher carries him. Jane holds the microphone for him. He is speaking into it.

JOHN HARGREAVES

Well done my dear, what a wonderful  
effort. Personally, I like a woman  
with a bit of rump, not these stick  
insects they put in the media these  
days.

(MORE)



JOHN HARGREAVES (CONT'D)

I don't know why you women think  
you need to lose weight you look  
like a prime cut to any real man.

He pinches Sandra and Jennifers butts. Jane and Melanie cough  
and are shaking their heads at him.

JOHN HARGREAVES (CONT'D)

You two need to start eating, you  
look like you're on rations.  
There's nothing wrong with a man  
appreciating a prime bit of rump.  
Anyway my dear Sandra, was it  
difficult to lose so much weight?

Sandra is hugging Jennifer as their clubs gasp in shock. She  
exchanges a knowing smile with Jennifer and responds to  
Johns' question.

SANDRA POLLOCKS

Difficult? Nah - It was a piece of  
cake.