

THE FEEDER

Written by

Marsian De Lellis

The Feeder explores the unintended consequences of a complicated relationship when the surviving partner of a gainer and feeder couple is on the run after accidentally feeding his spouse to death.

www.MarsianDeLellis.com
1920 Hillhurst Ave, 173
Los Angeles, CA 90027

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Rick knocks on a door.
Lights Up.

JOYCE
Rick? Rick is that you?

RICK
Joyce, I need your help. The police are after me. They think I killed Julie.

JOYCE
What? The one you left me for?

RICK
Yeah, the big girl. Look, I've been on a bus the last three days. I need you to represent me.

JOYCE
Let's go to the porch. You look like you could use a cigarette.

They light up.

RICK
I don't know exactly how her heart stopped, but it did.

JOYCE
You know, Rick, even though I always hated her guts, I never wished ill will on either of you.

RICK
Thank you for that, Joyce. They think I'm responsible for the diabetes. And they won't even release the body from the morgue.

JOYCE
Well I'm sorry for your loss, Rick, but what did you even see in that woman? That woman? That woman?

Her voice slows down as we enter a flashback.

RICK
It all started in that Weight Watcher's parking lot.

JULIE
That meeting was lame! I suck at dieting.

RICK
You can say that again.

JULIE
I feel like I can trust you... Can I
tell you something?

RICK
Shoot.

JULIE
Sometimes I have this fantasy about
loosing control - and getting
really really really really big.
It's kinda psycho-sexuaaaaal.

RICK
Sounds kinda hot.

JULIE
Wanna take me to the drive through?

RICK
She just wanted to be cared for -
so I did.

JOYCE
That's the part I just can't wrap
my brain around why you would want
a fat person over me!

RICK
You were perfect, Joyce, so self
sufficient, especially with the law
firm. Maybe too self sufficient,
cause I wanted to be needed by
someone - Oh, and I loved it when
she pancaked me.

JOYCE
Pancaked you?

RICK
Yeah, I should explain - pancaking
is when a woman of size flattens
you under her...

JOYCE
Okay Rick, I do NOT need to hear
this right now!

We hear wedding music.

RICK

With this candy bracelet, I Rick Farber, take you Julie Littlefield to be my gainer.

I promise to be true to you, to feed you until you are no longer hungry (and then some), and to be your ultimate caretaker in times of immobility.

I will love, honor, fry, braise, grill, fricasee, and prepare your meals for the remainder of our lives together.

JULIE

And I, Julie Littlefield, take you, Rick Farber to be my lawfully wedded feeder.

From this day forward, I promise to eat, whatever you cook, and to grow larger than life as our love grows for each other.

RICK

In thickness and in health.

JULIE

Till death do us part.

RICK

I now pronounce us gainer and feeder.

JULIE

You may kiss - - and feed - the bride... Yummy!

Rick feeds her his candy bracelet.

RICK

Things were great the first year, but after we did that reality show segment, she became more demanding.

JOYCE

Oh, I remember hearing about that docu-series, but just couldn't bring myself to watch.

RICK

I started to worry when she could no longer wiggle her toes.

Then she injured one of her clients in a pancaking accident. Broke his rib. It was pretty serious.

One morning after deep-frying her breakfast, I noticed she wasn't moving. At first I thought she was asleep.

Julie, time for breakfast. Julie honey, wake up. Julie? Julie! JULIEEEEEEE!

But there was no response.

When the paramedics arrived, they tried everything, but they just couldn't save her.

After they made the pronouncement, the police started asking questions about her feeding tube.

Then came the search warrant. They dusted everything and took most of her personal items.

So I grabbed Julie's duffle bag, packed a change of clothes, and took the first bus out.

JOYCE

Well you can't stay here, Rick.

RICK

Do you want little Caleb calling his Daddy in jail?

JOYCE

Fine - here's six hundred dollars and the number of a motel. I'll see if I can find someone other than myself to represent you - but no promises

RICK

Thank you, Joyce

JOYCE

Oh Rick - - before you go - why
don't I make you a sandwich?

RICK

Thank you Joyce, but I think I'd
rather have - - PANCAKES!

LIGHTS OUT