

"CHOMP"

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ACT ONE

EXT. ANTARCTICA ICEBERG — DAY

SARDIDI, middle-aged penguin, lays on an Antarctic iceberg with a LARGE BELLY.

SARDIDI
Urrrghhh! My stomach!
(*whimpers*)

Sardidi wiggles up and walks to a ROCK and heaves herself onto the rock, belly first, repeatedly. GROUPA and CODD, 30-something penguin friends, approach and stare at her with concern.

GROUPA
Sardidi? Sardidi! What are you
doing?

SARDIDI
I can't take it anymore! Look at me.
(*GESTURES TO BELLY*)
Does this even look normal? Compare
me to Codd.

SARDIDI stands next to Codd. Groupa gently grooms Sardidi's FEATHERS.

CODD
Yikes. You need to chill. Come with
me and Group down under.

SARDIDI
Well. OK.

INT. ICEBERG BAR — EVENING

Sardidi, Groupa and Codd are sipping FISH OIL COCKTAILS at a TABLE, while a large biker SHRIMP bartends from various BOTTLES of fish and krill oil.