A TASTE OF HEAVEN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

CHARLES BAKER (late 30’s) white, youthful, average height, wears a suit and an apron as he cooks breakfast. DERON JENKINS (15) African American, athletic and quick, rushes into the kitchen wearing his backpack, grabs an apple from the fridge and runs out. Charles leans over the counter looking towards the door.

CHARLES
I’m cooking breakfast son.

DERON
Not hungry.

As Deron slams the door, Charles notices that the eggs are burning. He takes off the apron in frustration, turns off the stove and picks up a picture of a African American woman.

INT. SOFTINC - CHARLES’ OFFICE - DAY

Charles sits straight on his computer desk, typing, as MR. Richards (mid 40s) tall, arrogant, male, knocks on the open door and welcomes himself in.

MR. RICHARDS
Hey Charles, got a sec?

CHARLES
Yes sir. Good morning.

Mr. Richards closes the door as he enters Charles’ office.

MR. RICHARDS
As you may already know, the company’s accounting department is currently under investigation for fraudulent activities.

CHARLES
Yes, I’ve heard ab...

MR. RICHARDS
Don’t interrupt.

CHARLES
Sorry sir.
MR. RICHARDS
How long have you been with us?
Five...ten years?

Charles doesn’t know if he should speak.

MR. RICHARDS (CONT’D)
I’m talking to you.

CHARLES
Sorry. Fifteen years sir.

MR. RICHARDS
Fifteen years? Really? Wow. Well, your work here is greatly appreciated.

CHARLES
Thank you Mr. Richards.

MR. RICHARDS
Don’t interrupt. Due to everything going on, corporate wants to temporarily suspend some of the accounting department.

CHARLES
Suspend sir? For how long?

MR. RICHARDS
Just temporarily. Until this whole thing blows off. Let’s not call it a suspension, it’s more like a vacation.

CHARLES
When do you want me out?

MR. RICHARDS
Five o’clock.

Mr. Richards opens the door.

MR RICHARDS
Thank you Charles.

Mr. Richards closes the door as he leaves the office. Charles puts his hands on his head in disappointment.
INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Charles lays on the couch in his boxers and a t-shirt. Deron goes into the kitchen, wearing his backpack, grabs an apple out of the fridge and sees Charles on the couch.

DERON
Whatchu doin’ Charles. Don’t you got work.

CHARLES
I got suspended.

DERON
Suspended? For what? Ain’t you like the golden boy up there?

CHARLES
Fraudulent activities going on, so they suspended half of the accountants. They’re calling it a vacation.

DERON
That sucks. Guess now you got more time to watch those stupid cooking shows you be watchin’.

CHARLES
There’s nothing stupid about learning how to cook. You know, before your mother passed, she use to...

DERON
Don’t talk to me about moms. I’m out.

Deron makes his way out of the house.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - GARAGE - DAY

Charles stands outside of the garage cleaning a food truck. He wipes the sweat off of his forehead as he sees Deron getting off the bus and ambling towards the house.

CHARLES
Hey Deron.

DERON
Whatchu doing with moms truck?
CHARLES
Well, I figured since I’m out of work for a while, I could clean it up and maybe start a food truck business.

DERON
Whatever man.

Deron makes his way to the front door.

CHARLES
Would you like make some extra money.

Deron turns around and looks at Charles.

DERON
Whatchu mean?

CHARLES
Well, I really can’t run this business on my own. I could use a little help. I figure, instead of hiring a stranger, I could pay you $200 a week. You’ll work with me after school and on Saturdays.

DERON
You’ll pay me 200 bucks a week to help you out?

CHARLES
So, are you interested?

DERON
Shoot, why not. Those new Air 97s come out next month.

CHARLES
Good. You can start today. Go change and come help me clean this thing up.

Deron heads in the house to change.

CUTS TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - GARAGE - DAY - 2 WEEKS LATER

Charles and Deron put final touches on the exterior of the truck. The truck is clean and a solid blue color.
DERON
Looks good.

CHARLES
Yeah. I feel like it’s missing something.

DERON
Like what?

CHARLES
I don’t know. Maybe a logo or the name on the side?

DERON
I guess.

CHARLES
Why don’t you draw it?

DERON
Na, I’ll pass.

CHARLES
Come on, I know you can draw.

DERON
Alright, fine, I’ll do it. Gimme about two hours.

CHARLES
Thank you.

DERON
Yea, whatever

Charles makes his way inside.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - GARAGE - DAY - 2 HOURS LATER

Charles and Deron stare at the side of the truck. Deron added some clouds to the blue paint. The words “Mama’s FoodTruck” are written on it in large letters and right under, in smaller font, are the words “A little taste of heaven.” There’s a logo of a halo above a sandwich.

Inside of the truck, there is a Mini Fridge where all of the fresh vegetables and meat are kept. There is a small metal table attached to the floor. The truck is older, but has been well taken care of.

DERON
Whatchu think?
CHARLES
Looks good. Where did you learn to draw like that?

DERON
Moms use to buy me drawing books when I was younger. I use to draw in the foodtruck while she worked. My art teacher says I have a real gift or somethin’.

CHARLES
You really do. You ready to take this bad boy for a ride.

DERON
Sure, where we goin’

CHARLES
Let’s take it downtown.

Charles gets in the driver seat and Deron hops in the passenger side.

INT. MAMA’S FOODTRUCK - DOWNTOWN - DAY

The foodtruck is parked downtown on the corner of Church and Orange. There is a line of people standing on the side of the truck. Charles makes the sandwiches and deserts as Deron takes orders. Deron notices that a girl from his school is standing in line.

DERON
Yo Charles, can we switch for a while.

CHARLES
Sure. What’s the matter?

DERON
Just getting a little hot by the window.

CHARLES
Okay. No problem.

DERON
Thanks

Deron rushes away from the window. Charles takes his spot and hands the person at the window their sandwich.
CHARLES
Here you go sir. Thank you for your business.

STELLA REED (16) short, sweet with a pretty smile puts her phone away and looks up at Charles.

STELLA
Hi, can I get a turkey and ham sandwich.

CHARLES
Would you like any cheese and lettuce on that?

STELLA
Do you have swiss?

CHARLES
We sure do.

STELLA
Okay, swiss cheese, no lettuce. Can I get a Pepsy too.

CHARLES
You sure can young lady. It’ll be $5.25.

Stella hands Charles the exact amount.

STELLA
Thank you.

Stella looks inside the truck as Charles hands Deron the order.

STELLA (CONT’D)
Is that Deron Jenkins?

CHARLES
It is. Do you know my son?

STELLA
Yea, I know him. He’s in my geometry class.

Charles looks back at Deron.

CHARLES
Hey Deron, this nice girl says that she’s in your class.
Deron looks out the window from behind his father, with an embarrassed look and waves.

DERON
Hey Stella.

STELLA
Hey Deron.

Charles hands Stella her food.

CHARLES
There you go young lady.

STELLA
Thank you.

Stella waves at Deron.

STELLA (CONT’D)
Bye Deron. See you in class Monday.

DERON
Umm, umm ... okay

Stella walks away and the next customer walks up.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - GARAGE - MAMA’S FOODTRUCK - NIGHT

Charles and Deron are inside of the truck cleaning up. Charles wipes the table as Deron takes the left overs out of the mini fridge.

CHARLES
Boy am I tired.

Deron continues to empty the fridge.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
We had a pretty good turn out. Not bad for a first day.

DERON
It was aight.

CHARLES
So who’s that girl? She’s pretty nice.

DERON
What girl?
CHARLES
The girl from earlier. The one in your class.

DERON
Oh. That’s Stella.

CHARLES
She’s cute. Do you like her.

DERON
What? Na... I mean, she aight.

CHARLES
Why don’t you ask her out? Seems like she likes you.

Deron throws a small tomato in the air and catches it.

DERON
Man, come on, I ain’t tryna talk about girls with you. Whatchu know about girls?

CHARLES
Your pops has a little game. I’m not complete square.

Deron laughs.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
I may be a little rusty, but I know a few things. You know what every woman loves?

DERON
What?

CHARLES
A man that can cook.

DERON
Man come on, get outta here with that.

CHARLES
I’m serious. How do you think I impressed your mother? My good looks?

DERON
We both know you aint got no good looks.
Charles throws a small rag at Deron and Deron dodges it. They both laugh.

DERON (CONT’D)
Man, I can’t cook.

CHARLES
You see, cooking shows aren’t so stupid now, are they? If you want, I’ll teach you.

DERON
For real?

CHARLES
Yeah, of course.

DERON
Cool. You can teach me tomorrow. I’m ready for bed.

CHARLES
I am too. I think we’re done here, lets go inside.

They exit the food truck and make their way into the house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Charles and Deron are in the kitchen cutting up vegetables. The oven timer goes off. Charles slips on his oven mitt and opens the oven.

DERON
That smells good. What is it called?

CHARLES
That is, Roast Sticky Chicken, my grandmother’s specialty.

DERON
Man. Can’t wait to taste it.

CHARLES
Me either. Come on, let’s get the table ready.

Deron drops the knife, excited to eat.

DERON
You ain’t gotta tell me twice.
Charles laughs as he watches Deron run to the table.

EXT. SCHOOL - BUS STOP - NEXT DAY

Deron stands waiting on the bus. Stella taps him on the shoulder.

    STELLA
    Hey Deron.

Deron turns around and faces Stella.

    DERON
    Oh, hey Stella.

    STELLA
    Whatchu doin’

    DERON
    Just waiting on the bus.

    STELLA
    Cool, Cool.

Stella moves hair out of her face.

    STELLA (CONT’D)
    That sandwich you made the other day was pretty good.

    DERON
    Yea?

Deron laughs cockily.

    DERON (CONT’D)
    Well you know, your boy can cook.

Stella laughs.

    STELLA
    Alright big head, calm down. It was just a sandwich.

    DERON
    Umm...yea. You know, if you want, I can cook you up something sometime...I mean, not like a date or nohtin’, just like, you know, friends.
STELLA
Yea, we can do that.

DERON
For real? I mean, cool cool. So should I like call you or somethin’.

STELLA
Yea, sure. Here’s my number.

Stella grabs Deron’s hand and writes her number on it.

STELLA (CONT’D)
There you go. Call me.

DERON
Okay. Cool

STELLA
Bye big head.

Stella turns around and saunters away.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charles and Deron sit at the table eating dinner and talking.

CHARLES
So she’s letting you cook for her?

DERON
Yea. It was mad crazy yo. I was just standing there and she came out of nowhere and started talking to me.

CHARLES
That’s great. Were you nervous?

DERON
Me? Nervous? Come on man, you know me.

CHARLES
So were you?

DERON
I mean, maybe a little bit. The girl is so fine.

Charles laugh.
DERON (CONT'D)
Imma cook her up that Roast Sticky Chicken.

Charles phone rings. Charles looks at it and signals Deron to give him a second. He gets up and walks into the living room.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Charles answers the phone.

CHARLES
Hello.

MR.RICHARDS (O.S.)
Charles, looks like everything has cleared. Can you come back to work tomorrow?

CHARLES
Yes Mr. Richards. Tomorrow is fine.

MR.RICHARDS (O.S.)
Good. Don’t be late.

CHARLES
Alright sir, I’ll see you tomorrow.

Charles heads back to the kitchen.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
Charles sits down. Deron stares.

DERON
Who was that?

CHARLES
That was my boss, Mr. Richards. So the Roast Sticky Chicken huh?

DERON
Wha’de he want?

CHARLES
He said that everything worked out and I can come back to work tomorrow.

DERON
What about the food truck?
CHARLES
Well, that was just temporary,
until I got to go back to work son.
We can still do it from time to
time when I’m not busy.

DERON
Whatever man. I should’ve known
better. All care about is that
stupid job.

Deron furiously walks off.

CHARLES
Deron. Wait.

Deron ignores Charles and walks out of the house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Charles is sitting in the kitchen eating breakfast as Deron
opens the fridge and grabs an apple.

CHARLES
I made breakfast.

DERON
Not hungry.

Deron leaves the house.

INT. SOFTINC - OFFICE - DAY

Charles sits at his desk on his computer typing. Mr. Richards
knocks on the open door as he lets himself in. He grabs the
apple sitting on Charles’ Desk and takes a bite.

MR. RICHARDS
Good morning Charles.

CHARLES
Good morning ....

MR. RICHARDS
Don’t interrupt. How was your
vacation?

CHARLES
It was...
MR. RICHARDS
That’s great. Yeah, sorry we had to temporarily release you. We just couldn’t risk it. You know how it is.

CHARLES
Yes sir.

MR. RICHARDS
Are you alright?

Charles looks down at his keyboard and doesn’t say anything for a few seconds. He finally looks up at Mr. Richards

CHARLES
No, I’m not alright Mr. Richards. This doesn’t feel right. I shouldn’t be here.

MR. RICHARDS
What do you mean?

CHARLES
I mean I quit. I have somewhere better to be.

Charles gets up and bumps past Mr. Richards, leaving his office.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - GARAGE - DAY

Charles stands in front of the food truck as Deron gets off the bus. Deron sees Charles standing in front of the food truck.

DERON
Ain’t you suppose to be at work.

CHARLES
I quit?

DERON
You quit?

CHARLES
Yep. I quit.

DERON
Why?
CHARLES
Some things are more important to me. Now, are you ready to work?

DERON
I am pops.

Charles and Deron get in the truck and ride off.

INT. MAMA’S FOODTRUCK – DOWNTOWN – DAY

There’s a long line outside of the food truck. Business is booming. Deron is taking an order and Charles is making sandwiches.

FADE OUT: