

MUST BE DELICIOUS

by

Lisa Amistad-Lauengco

NARRATOR 2
It's the late 1900's.

NARRATOR 1
Wait. Wait.
(exasperated exhale)
Wait for the opening cue.

NARRATOR 2
Oh right.

OPEN ON DARK SCREEN

NARRATOR 2
Didn't we open on a dark screen
from the previous screenplay?

NARRATOR 1
Jim stop.

NARRATOR 2
I thought you said, 'No name
calling',
(long drawn)
Boooooob.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dim bedroom. Light peeks through the slits of the window
blinds.

NARRATOR 2
The star of our show --

A body moves in the bed.

NARRATOR 1
Wait for the freaking cue.

The body gets out of the bed then sits, it's a teenage boy.
We can't see his face yet.

NARRATOR 2
Oh my gosh, why are you so mad
today?

The teenager walks to the bathroom.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
You have you're period or
something?

We are left staring at an empty bed.

NARRATOR 1
I have a man's voice.

NARRATOR 2
Some women have a deep throaty voice. Well it don't matter with voice artist. They're good that way.

NARRATOR 1
Say I'm a woman? How would you feel if you're a woman and have to deal with a partner like you. You'll go mad.

NARRATOR 2
I would love to be a woman.

NARRATOR 1
That wasn't my point.
(inhales deep)
Regardless. Either your saying I'm good because I can be a girl who can do a man's voice or --

NARRATOR 2
Where is the boy?

NARRATOR 1
Oh Jesus. That's your cue.

We zip towards the open bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The bright fluorescent light blinds us.

NARRATOR 2
Ahh. My eyes!

NARRATOR 1
Oh give me a break. It's just bright. Get your eye adjusted.

Water runs from the open faucet.

NARRATOR 2
Eyes. Get my eyes adjusted.

The boy washes his face.

NARRATOR 1

Your cue.

The boy raises his head up.

NARRATOR 2

If I had just one, well then.

(pause)

Oh there he is.

It's the late 1900's. The star of
our show is the very dashing Henry
James Doyle.

HENRY JAMES DOYLE, 17, do look handsome. He is of mix race.
Half Asian, half White. White t-shirt, loose boxers.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

A striking, handsome, young lad.

With 17 years of --

Henry presses a zit on his jaw.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Eww.

A white pus like thing comes out of the zit.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Remind me why --

He makes weird noises while clearing his nose. SNORT, DRAG,
SHOT, COUGH. It doesn't sound like it's about to end anytime
soon.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

(retching)

Why are we doing a teenager?

(gagging)

I told you guys about teenage boys.

Finally, BLOW. A thick massive clear mucus comes out of his
nose. He cleans his hands and then his nose. He lifts his
head up to the mirror again.

For the first time since the previous screenplay, we see
NARRATOR 2, 30 in the mirror, standing right behind Henry.
Handsome, chiselled jaw, clean cut man. He looks disgusted
just by staring at the boy.

The camera shakes, moves right to left, then a hand extends
in front of it. Narrator 2 sees this and panics. He hides
away from the shot.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh. I'm so sorry. Did they see me?

Henry grabs a brush and toothpaste from the medicine cabinet.

NARRATOR 1

Doesn't matter. Just go on.

He brushes his teeth.

NARRATOR 2

Oh my gosh. I don't feel like it though. I'm embarrassed.

Done brushing his teeth. He moves on to his tongue. Pushing the brush all the way in.

NARRATOR 1

Jesus. Why are we doing teenage boys?

NARRATOR 2

Ok. Ok. I got this.

Henry moves to GAGGING mode.

NARRATOR 1

Ok, that's it. Nope.

Camera points to the floor then shuts off.

INT. HALLWAY/INT. KITCHEN - DAY

POV from hallway. ALICE DOYLE, 45, Filipina, she's prepping food for her family.

ALICE

Henry! Come on down, you're gonna be late.

We hear RUNNING down the hallway stairs. Alice turns to the sound.

NARRATOR 1

Be ready.

NARRATOR 2

I'm fully recovered now.

Henry, wearing white shirt, jeans, and green chucks, careens towards -- us.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)
Skateboard on hand, bag on the
other, Henry rushes to the door.

Alice in shock, follows her son's movement.

ALICE
Henry? Where do you think you're
going?

NARRATOR 2
Mom looks mad as --

NARRATOR 1
Why can't you just do your lines?

EXT. DOYLE HOME/INT. HALLWAY - DAY

An almost bare front lawn. Four big cactus stand at random
distance from each other. The front door opens.

NARRATOR 2
Henry stands, majestic in the
middle of the doorway. He is on a--

In a hurry, he dons his black bag.

HENRY
I told you mom, it's James.

	NARRATOR 1		NARRATOR 2
James?		James?	

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)
I don't see that here? Should I
call him that?

NARRATOR 1
I don't know.

NARRATOR 2
Won't people get confused?

ALICE (O.S.)
Henry come back here. Your dad will
be here soon!

HENRY
James!

Henry shuts the door behind him. He drops the skateboard in
the ground and skates away.

NARRATOR 1
James it is!

NARRATOR 2
James it is!

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)
James is on a mission.

We are still focused on the lawn facing the closed door.

ALICE (O.S.)
Henry!!!

NARRATOR 2
Oh my gosh. This woman is too loud.
I swear.

NARRATOR 1
Line.

EXT. SUNNY STREET/EXT. DOYLE HOME - DAY

James, in a rush, pushes his skateboard as fast as he can.
The image of their house disappears from the background.

NARRATOR 2
Our purpose in life is always
driven towards a mission. And our
Hen--
(clears throat)
James. Our James is no different.

Alice appears in the Doyle home door.

ALICE
What the fuck Henry? I'm telling
your Dad!

NARRATOR 2
Oh my gosh, why is she so loud?

NARRATOR 1
Line.

NARRATOR 2
Fine.

EXT. SUNNY STREET - DAY

James skates down a calm street. A few cars pass him.

NARRATOR 2

And when your a teenager? We'll really, you only have one mission statement. To fuc--

(breaks)

I'm sorry. To find. Find... the right person that will, complete you --

(chuckles)

I'm sorry. Who wrote this? He is seventeen. He's got his whole life ahead of him. What do you mean find the one that com --

NARRATOR 1

Line.

NARRATOR 2

But this is so silly, Bob.

NARRATOR 1

(clears throat)

NARRATOR 2

Fine, I'm sorry.

James crosses the street without looking. A car almost hits him.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Argh!!!

Driver rolls his window down.

DRIVER

What the fuck's wrong with you!?

NARRATOR 2

That was so close. Oh my gosh!

James turns to the mad driver while the skateboard moves forward.

JAMES

I'm so sorry.

NARRATOR 2

Look out!

James doesn't notice a post, when.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Argh!!!

BAM!

NARRATOR 1
Jesus Christ this kid!

Driver looks worried but drives away anyway.

NARRATOR 2
Oh my gosh. Is he ok.

James gets up. Brushes the dirt from his shirt and jeans,
then skates again.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)
He is going to give me a heart
attack. Why are we doing teenage
boys? Is this the only job
available?
(grunts)
Call the agency. Call them now.

NARRATOR 1
Line!

James continues to skate away while we remain by the post.

EXT. SUNNY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

James fixes his helmet. His eyes look serious.

NARRATOR 2
No matter the obstacles we face in
life. Even when we hurdle towards a
barrier and fall into a bottomless
pit, we will push for the things
that matter the most.

James passes another street. This time, he makes it to the
other side unscathed.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)
Such is our James. He is on a
mission to see the one thing that
makes his life worthwhile. The one
thing that makes him want to get up
in the morning and face another
wretched day of popping zit in
front of a mirror.

NARRATOR 1
Line.

NARRATOR 2

To face another day of suffering
and uncertainty and sorrow.

James turns to Lively Street. Turning on the same street is
an old Chevy with an old couple sitting in the front.

EXT. LIVELY STREET - DAY

James continuous to skate. The old chevy drives down the same
street along side him.

James looks at his watch.

NARRATOR 2

And with the passing of time, the
stronger our need grows into
reaching our goal. Fulfilling our
mission.

James looks down the street. Up ahead is a decent sized
yellow billboard for Bobby's Restaurant.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Ooh look at that.

NARRATOR 1

Line.

NARRATOR 2

For in this life. Though short as
it may seem, comes only fulfilled
when we fight for our own designed
destiny. Despite nature, and
despite nurture, we will strive to
achieve the things that we want the
most. Especially in love.

(gasp)

That would have been such a good
line. Why does it need to end in
that. There is so much more in life
than --

NARRATOR 1

(clears throat)

James reaches his destination.

EXT. BOBBY'S RESTAURANT/INT. BOBBY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

In front of us is a yellow painted restaurant. The stencils in the window and the paint color combination remind us of a retro-style-restaurant of the 50's.

The old chevy parks.

James is in shock. He stands frozen in the parkway, staring at something or someone inside the restaurant.

James is staring at -- a beautiful mulatta.

She stands 5'5", beautiful brown skin, silver piercing on her nose, white tank top. She serves coffee to her costumers, smiling as she pours the dark liquid into their cups.

NARRATOR 2

Daym she looks good. I wish I had just a hint of that.

Her eyes sparkles as the sun hits the table and radiates light unto her face. She laughs.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Oohh.

Then we hear a loud THUD, that of a car door closing.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Now who would ruin such a nice moment like this?

We turn to the sound. It's the old couple from the chevy.

OLD MAN

(talking to self)

Hold on. Let me help you. Just wait a minute.

MUFFLED sound comes from the lady inside the car.

NARRATOR 2

Ahh just ignore them.

Back to James. Still gawking at the beautiful mulatta.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)

You know that moment when everything around you disappears? This is that --

CAR DOOR OPENS.

OLD LADY (O.S.)
I said I can do it myself.

NARRATOR 2
What the!

We turn to the couple again.

OLD MAN
You think you can, but I got you.

NARRATOR 2
Oh not these two. I just started
feeling the story move forward.

OLD LADY
You don't got me.
(asserts self)
I got me.

NARRATOR 2
Oh my gosh!

The old lady gets out of the car. She is holding a cane,
trying to shoo the old man away with it.

OLD MAN
You already fell last week.

OLD LADY
Oh I did not.

OLD MAN
Yes you did.

OLD LADY
Maybe I did, a little.

OLD MAN
You fell. Your butt hit the floor.

OLD LADY
My butt is fine.

NARRATOR 2
Oh please can we go back to James
now?

OLD LADY
I slipped.
(pause)
Because you cleaned the garage
floor. I specifically said.

She pauses, holds on to the old man while she stands up.

OLD MAN

You ok hon?

OLD LADY

I specifically said.

(catches her breath)

Don't clean the floor. You don't know how to do it. But no. You went ahead and --

NARRATOR 2

Oh my gosh. Seriously? What is it with women?

(pauses)

He is so nice though. Why is he with her?

NARRATOR 1

Love.

The old man struggles to keep the old lady steady.

NARRATOR 2

Oh no. Love is patient and kind and forgiving and --

The old lady still pushing the man away.

OLD LADY

I said I got it.

OLD MAN

That's what you always say. But you never do.

NARRATOR 2

Tell her old man. You tell that wretched --

The old man pauses, looking at the old lady.

She is on a stand still, staring at something in front of both of them.

The old man turns to check. We check too.

James, still staring at the girl inside.

Both old couple turn to the restaurant. They don't see the girl. They only see the bright stencilled name of Bobby's Restaurant in the window.

They turn to the boy again. In awe.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)
What? What are they staring at?
(ruminates)
Is it the girl?
(pauses)
Is there something wrong with
James?

The couple turn to the restaurant again, then to James.

NARRATOR 2 (CONT'D)
What is happening?

Old lady hurries towards the restaurant. Old man supports her.

OLD MAN
Must be delicious.

THE END.