

PLANT CITY CATERING

Written by

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Logline: A caterer with an illegal side business must stop a former addict from eating a cake laced with marijuana that is mistakenly served at his sobriety dinner.

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

RICK (30s) stands over a stove, frying some VEGETABLES. He hasn't slept in a week. His polo shirt has a logo that reads "PLANT CITY CATERING". A BAG OF WEED sits on the counter.

SAMMY, (19) his sous chef reads a clipboard. He's stocky but has a charm to him, which is probably how he keeps this job.

RICK

Things are finally looking up. Two orders in one day, maybe I'll finally be able to retire the side business.

Sammy giggles, holding a ROLLED UP NAPKIN and a BAG OF OREGANO.

SAMMY

But this one is so fuuuuun.

RICK

That's oregano. You got Mr. Smith's order packed and ready to go?

SAMMY

It went out a couple hours ago. The one with the big cake, right?

Rick begins to sweat. Sammy is joking, right?

RICK

Umm, I hope not. We talked about this, that cake is "special."

SAMMY

Because it's so delicious?

Rick gestures at the WEED on the counter. Sammy smiles guiltily, saying "oopsie daisy" with his eyes.

RICK

Oh, no no no. Sammy, that cake was for the Oakwood College LARP-ing club!

SAMMY

Ohhh, that makes much more sense. I'd need to be more baked than a dozen chocolate chip cookies to do that shit.

RICK  
Sammy, do you realize how big of a deal this is? One more bad review and we're done for!

SAMMY  
I guess you could say the stakes are... high?

Sammy raises his arm, expecting a high-five.

RICK  
I need to fix this!

He rushes out the room, leaving Sammy, arm still in the air.

SAMMY  
Heh... High. Like weed.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

A dingy but homey building. Rick knocks on the door.

RICK  
Okay, I just need to get in, grab the cake, and get out. Shouldn't be too hard.

TOM SMITH (30s) answers. He's scruffy but he has a spark in his eyes that you'd never want to crush. Rick knows him.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Tom?!

TOM  
Ricky! You made it!

He reads the logo on Rick's shirt.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You're the caterer? I should have known! You always knew your way around the kitchen.  
(Over his shoulder)  
Hey guys, Rick is here!

Dramatic cut to a large banner that reads, "HAPPY ONE YEAR OF SOBRIETY, TOM!" Rick looks horrified. Tom puts his arm around Rick and drags him inside.

INT. APARTMENT DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A long table with five guests, smiling and talking. Tom plops Rick down next to him.

TOM

Man, I haven't seen you in ages! Justin here was saying you weren't gonna show, especially after you didn't text me back after I invited you... or after my wedding... or after my cat died.

RICK

Yeah, sorry. My phone was on mute.

TOM

See I told Justin, "No way! Rick is the kindest, most considerate person ever!"

RICK

Umm, yup! That's me!

TOM

(To guests)

Do you guys know how Rick and I met? We were in rehab together. I was smoking weed pretty much every day but now, we're both clean! I just know Rick would never touch it a day in his life.

Tom's overly cheerful wife, SUSAN (30s) chimes in.

SUSAN

We're so proud, babe. Even though my cancer is taking its toll, I'm so happy that I get to spend my last few days watching you be the best man and husband you can be.

RICK

That's just sweet, so have you happened to try the cake yet?

TOM

Oh, I totally forgot about the cake! If you hadn't reminded me, it probably would have gotten tossed!

Rick facepalms. Tom gets up to retrieve it, leaving Rick awkwardly sitting with the rest of the guests. JUSTIN, (30s) nerdy outcast, sits beside Rick.

RICK

So uhh, how do you and Tom know each other?

JUSTIN

I'm his sponsor.

RICK

Ohh, that's wonderful.

JUSTIN

So what are your thoughts on dental floss? I hate seeing what the market has become these days.

Tom returns, wheeling in a TIERED CAKE.

TOM

It looks delicious, Ricky! You really outdid yourself!

RICK

Umm, maybe we should put off the cake until later. We haven't played any party games yet!

TOM

That's true! Okay, how about two truths and a lie? I'll go first. Before rehab I was at the lowest point in my life, I live in constant agony that I'm going to relapse, and I'm a gemini.

As Tom speaks, Rick sneakily tries to roll the cake out and make a run for it.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're so right, Justin. I'm a scorpio, thank you very much.

Rick is inches away from the door when Tom spots him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Where are you going, mister? Are you trying to steal that delicious cake all for yourself? You sly fox.

RICK

Actually, I was just going to inspect-

TOM

Can you really inspect a cake until you inspect your inner self? Get back over here and give us two truths and a lie.

He drags Rick back to the table along with the cake.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT DINING ROOM - LATER

Rick looks bored to death. It has been going for a long time.

TOM

Wow, that was inspiring. Who knew Justin's favorite flavor of dental floss was unflavored? Anyway, who's ready for some cake?

Susan begins to cut Tom a SLICE OF CAKE.

RICK

Stop, that's dangerous! Did you know that knives have been outlawed? Oh well, guess we can't have any cake.

SUSAN

I think I read that on one of my Facebook pages. It was right after my good high school friend recruited me for her little skincare company!

TOM

Aw man. Well I guess we'll just have to throw the cake out then.

RICK

YES! I mean... That's too bad.

JUSTIN

Wait! I never leave the house without my unflavored dental floss!

Justin tosses the FLOSS to Susan, who uses it to saw the cake as everyone cheers. She serves everyone a slice.

RICK

Seriously?

Tom raises his FORK up to his mouth. Rick panics.

RICK (CONT'D)

WAIT! Tom, you should really consider going vegetarian. It's done wonders for my mind and body.

TOM

But cake is veg-

RICK

It has pork in it. And beef. And drain cleaner. Let's start the journey to a healthy lifestyle right now!

TOM

It does sound enticing, but I don't need vegetarianism. Ever since I quit smoking the devil's toilet paper, I've become a new man.

SUSAN

Our relationship is so much healthier now. I couldn't ask for a better husband.

TOM

If I ever consumed another ounce of weed, I don't know what I'd do.

(Matter-of-fact)

Probably spiral out of control, destroy every relationship I have, and eventually die. But hey, good thing that's never going to happen!

He raises his fork.

TOM (CONT'D)

To a year of sobriety!

He slowly raises it to his mouth. Rick slaps it away.

RICK

NO!

All the guests stare at Rick in silence.

RICK (CONT'D)

Okay, the truth is... there's been a mix-up. This cake is full of marijuana.

TOM

Huh?

RICK

It was meant for another event but it ended up here. I was scared to admit it because this business is everything to me, but if I was responsible for you relapsing, I'd never forgive myself.

A beat.

TOM

You've got it all wrong. I'm a year clean from *weed*, not marijuana!

RICK

What?

TOM

Yeah, weed is bad for you but marijuana? Can't get enough of it! I always smoke a bit before my commute to work, makes me a much better driver.

Everyone nods approvingly.

RICK

Tom, marijuana is-

He sees how happy Tom and the people around him are.

RICK (CONT'D)

So good for you. I'm so glad I could make your sobriety dinner better. By giving you marijuana. Without your consent.

Tom is too busy giggling and isn't listening.

RICK (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Maybe it's time for me to give the weed thing a rest.

TOM

Hey, I just remembered. My grandma's funeral is next week and I wanna be in the right headspace. Think you could whip another one of these before then?

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.