

TASTE

Written by

Robert j. Lee

INT. TASTE OF SUGAR BAKERY - DAY

DULCIA (late 20s, a flour-dusted gamine) is working behind the counter, the cake display filled with amazingly colourful, exotic, glistening little cakes. Works of patisserie art. At the counter is DAN (40s, suit and tie).

DAN

It started turning about five years ago, it didn't bother me at first but since the divorce... My dad didn't go grey until he was in his sixties.

Dulcia hands him a small box with a small, colourful cake in it.

DULCIA

Take a quarter of this a day for four days and the colour will come back. As tempting as it may be make sure you don't eat it all in one sitting, you'll end up with something call chromathymia and believe me, that's worse than a few greys.

Dan pays and takes the box, passing KATE on her way in.

KATE

Dulcia! Emergency! I just backed into my bosses car.

Dulcia cuts a five minute slice from a large round cake and boxes it up for Kate.

DULCIA

Here, this should take you back five minutes or so.

Dulcia notices VINCENT (late 20s, introspective) sitting at the table by the window. Kate pays and leaves. Dulcia pours two coffees and sits down with Vincent.

DULCIA (CONT'D)

You know, most people who come here have a pretty good idea of what they want before they get through that door. Here.

She gives him a coffee.

VINCENT

I... heard about this place from a friend. She said you might be able to help me.

DULCIA

I can try.

He takes a photo from his pocket and slides it over to her. It's a picture of Vincent happy with a young woman. Clearly in love.

DULCIA (CONT'D)

Didn't go so well, eh?

Vincent shakes his head.

DULCIA (CONT'D)

The love biscuits I have are prescription only-

VINCENT

I was told you could make me forget.

She reveals a small box she had prepared. Vincent opens it to a small purple macaron.

DULCIA

You know, I'm someone who tastes food as I cook it. I always have been. I remember a time when I was young, I was cooking with my grandmother and she had a sweet smelling pot bubbling away on the stove. I dip my finger in before it dawns on me; this is a pot of molten sugar. It sticks to my finger, burns like hell.

Vincent picks up the macaron and looks it over.

DULCIA (CONT'D)

Experience is the toughest teacher because the test is always before the lesson.

VINCENT

Hurting yourself isn't the same as hurting someone else. It's the guilt I want erased.

He bites into the macaron. It clearly tastes amazing.

INT. TASTE OF SUGAR BAKERY, KITCHEN

Dulcia takes a shoe box from under a counter. She opens it and throws the photo of Vincent and his ex into it. The box is filled with photos of Vincent with various women, all looking happy. She takes one out from the bottom, it's an old photo of Vincent and herself, smiling and in love.