

The Adversary
an original screenplay by
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ON BLACK SCREEN:

FOR WE DO NOT WRESTLE AGAINST FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT AGAINST PRINCIPALITIES, AGAINST POWERS, AND AGAINST THE RULERS OF THE DARKNESS OF THIS AGE, AGAINST SPIRITUAL HOSTS OF WICKEDNESS IN THE HEAVENLY PLACES.

Paul's letter to the Ephesians 6:12 (New King James Version)

FADE IN:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY (CURRENT TIME)

A stove's four burners are at full blast. Skilled hands flip a fry pan's contents: Eggs over easy. Other sounds tell us we're in a hectic restaurant kitchen.

MALE VOICE

That was dry wheat.

ANOTHER MALE VOICE

Copy.

Two pieces of wheat toast pop from a toaster.

The view expands. The truck's kitchen is tiny. JOSH PHILLIPS (32), 15 pounds overweight on a good day, seems too large for the space yet moves like a ballerina in a phone booth, his demeanor alternately upset and friendly.

The fry cook, GABRIEL MENDEZ (Latino, 42), multi-tasks with the four burners, switches fry pans, empties them onto paper plates with the dexterity of a video gamer.

Gabriel's wife, ROSA (Latina, 38), *sous chef*, chops, cleans, replenishes as her instincts dictate.

A wider view: A mobile food truck where epicurian miracles are made in this tiny maelstrom in under four minutes.

Josh, owner and front man, takes and dispenses orders, handles the money. His was the first voice above, then Gabriel's.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS (ANY URBAN AREA)

Two food trucks form an "L" and create a small food court. In the distance is an abandoned building.

The picture would be desolate except for a gaggle of parked cars, their OCCUPANTS (Males, females, mixed ages, ethnicities) in line at the ordering counters at each truck. The seating area is a hodge-podge of card tables, folding chairs, and two sun umbrellas.

The whole operation could disappear in 14 minutes, flat.

Josh's children, AMANDA (12) and BRIAN (9) handle trash, clean the tables and rearrange the furnishings as needed. Their clothes are clean and pressed.

JOSH (Announcing from the Order window)
Eggs over easy. Dry wheat.

A MAN (37) raises a hand, walks to the window. A simple menu is posted beside the opening.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Josh pulls his ringing cell phone from his apron pocket. He looks at the Caller I.D., scowls, then answers it.

JOSH (Abrupt, hostile)
I'm real busy here.

INT. TRASHY APARTMENT - DAY

PAMELA PHILLIPS (33), who looks rode hard and put away wet, takes a pull on a fifth of Jim Beam. Her clothes could use a wash or two, and her hair hasn't seen shampoo in a week or more. And way overdue for a bath.

PAMELA (Slurring)
Hi, Joshy. Miss me?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION AS DESIRED

JOSH
Can't talk now.

PAMELA
The kids need their mother, right?

JOSH
We're doing just fine.

PAMELA
I miss them. Get me a plane ticket.
We'll be a family again.

JOSH
What about Todd, or Tom, or God knows
who else?

PAMELA
They're ... he's gone. I got no one
but you, Joshy. Don't you miss me?

Josh glances outside, covers the phone, barks instructions.

JOSH (To Amanda and Brian)
Guys: Family style, chop-chop.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Amanda and Brian maneuver tables and chairs to family style.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

JOSH (On Cell)
We're doing fine. Better than fine.
Gotta go.

Josh hangs up, smashes the phone into his apron pocket.
Gabriel and Rosa exchange a look.

INT. TRASHY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Pamela throws down her cell phone, takes a swig of Beam.

PAMELA
Asshole.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Josh's customer is joined at the family style table by TWO PATRONS (Females, 20s). Smiles are exchanged.

A 14-year old Honda sedan enters the parking lot and stops at a distance. The driver, MARIA PATTERSON (34), not a beauty though comely, a blend of Latina and Caucasian, stands at the driver's door in a long-sleeved blouse, pants and sunglasses. She studies the landscape as though she has all the time in the world.

Maria limps to the hood of her car, leans against it, then frames the landscape with her hands, fully rotating as she does so. She revisits three then drives to another part of the parking lot.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The pace has accelerated. Sandwiches are the order of the hour and Gabriel and Rosa assemble them like high-speed robots on the Tesla factory floor. Josh, intense, harried, takes orders, handles money, and delivers orders at flank speed. The mood among the DINERS is light.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Maria works at an artist's easel and captures the impressions of the tired building's contrast against the vibrancy of the food court.