

THE COFFEE SHOP

Written by

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Based on,
"The Coffee Shop"
By Joe Russo.

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT-COFFEE SHOP-DAY

A pretty blonde haired GIRL is sitting at a table. She sips her coffee and watches the MAN on stage set up.

He places a chair in the center and taps the microphone.

MAN

Hello, everyone and welcome to The
Coffee Shop's music Thursday's.

He takes a seat, picking up his guitar. The girl looks over at two men, who are holding hands.

A tap at the window and she glances over. She smiles and jumps down, running for the door.

GIRL

Adam! You made it! I'm so happy!

She hugs ANOTHER MAN and she leads him over to her table.

ADAM

Sarah. What are you drinking?

SARAH

Some mocha raspberry thing.

Adam, turns to the counter. He starts walking, bumping into one of the men.

The guitarist still plays his song-a slow one.

MAN

Come up here and dance, give me
some company.

The men look at each other. One of them leads the other to the space in front of the stage. They start dancing.

Adam, coming back with the coffee in his hand, looks at them.

ADAM

Why couldn't we meet at your place?

SARAH

Because its music Thursday's!

They both sit in silence for a moment. The men dancing start to kiss. Adam turns away.

SARAH (CONT'D)

How are you?

ADAM

Happy to be home. And you?

SARAH

Same old, same old. Dad wants to see you.

The guitarist changes songs—an upbeat one. The men start to dance faster—laughing and tripping over each other.

ADAM

I'd figured I stop by and see him.

SARAH

He wants to know why you didn't come home.

ADAM

I just couldn't leave my post—

One man falls down and the other picks him up. They kiss.

ADAM (CONT'D)

That's disgusting.

SARAH

Adam, they're people.

ADAM

But two men shouldn't be together. Its unnatural.

SARAH

I think its adorable.

The couple comes back to their table. Sarah looks over and waves. One of them waves back.

ADAM

Don't wave at them. They like the attention.

SARAH

They aren't animals.

The guitarist strums a note and places his guitar in its stand. He walks off-stage to the counter.

Adam glances over at them—

SARAH (CONT'D)
You know mom's death was natural.
He cant blame you. Hey, Adam.

Adam stands up and walks to the couple.

ADAM
Hey, why don't you do that in
private? Not in a public place.

The couple stares. Sarah stands up.

SARAH
Adam!

She walks over to them.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Adam come on-

ADAM
Faggots.

SARAH
ADAM!

She fights him away to the door.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Come on we're leaving.

One of the men stand up.

MAN#2
Tell me something. Would it be okay
if two girls made out?

Adam looks back towards him-hands shaking.

MAN#2 (CONT'D)
I thought someone like you would
like that.

The man gets closer to Adam.

MAN#2 (CONT'D)
Why cant we? We dance and laugh the
same way you do.

Adams hands curl into a fist.

MAN#2 (CONT'D)
We love the same way you do.

The man is face to face with Adam. They stay like this—for what seems like forever.

Adam backs away.

ADAM

Can we leave?

He opens the door and steps outside.

SARAH

I'm so sorry. He just came back from Iraq.

MAN#2

It's okay. Were used to the looks and stares people give us.

Sarah cant say anything—cant bring herself to say something. She soon follows after her brother.

The man walks back to his table and grabs hold of his partners hand.

The guitarist walks back on stage—picking up his guitar.

FADE OUT.