THE COFFEE SHOP

Written by

Joe Russo

Based on,
"The Coffee Shop"
By Joe Russo.
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. It’s unnatural.

SARAH
I think it’s 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. We’re used to the looks and stares people give us.

Sarah can’t say anything—can’t bring herself to say something. She soon follows after her brother.

The man walks back to his table and grabs hold of his partner’s hand.

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

FADE OUT.