

Winter Coffee

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - MORNING

A freezing winter city scene. Small mountains of shoveled snow line the sidewalk.

JAKE hustles down street, hands thrust into the pockets of his large down jacket.

JAKE
(To himself)
It's cold. It's cold. It's cold.
Why is it so cold? I don't know.
It's cold, it's cold, it's cold.
Definitely too cold. Way too cold.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

JAKE opens the glass door to the coffee shop on the street. The door hits BILL, the last person standing in a long line.

JAKE
Sorry!

JAKE tries to push open the door from the outside, pushing BILL in the back, just enough so he can slide in despite his jacket.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Come on sir. Just a little
further.

He gets an angry look from BILL through the glass door. JAKE gives up and thrusts his hands in his pockets to wait outside. He bounces up and down, trying to stay warm.

JAKE (CONT'D)
It's cold. It's cold. It's cold.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING, FIVE MINUTES LATER

The line inches forward just enough for JAKE to open the door. He opens to the door, pushing BILL just a little further so he can squeeze through. JAKE rushes to push through the opening, barely making it, and enters the store.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

A high end coffee shop, bathed in warm light, and packed with customers.

Seated patrons comfortably enjoying their coffee look up angrily as their warm shelter has been disturbed by the outside air.

As JAKE enters, the door gets caught on Jake's long scarf, not fully closing. He hurries to untangle his scarf in the very tight space he's lodged in between BILL and the door.

JAKE
(To the room)
Just got a little caught.

JAKE unravels his scarf from the door as more cold air enters the shop. He tries smiling apologetically at BILL who does not return the gesture.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Up and around. There we go.

In an effort to untangle the scarf, JAKE accidentally loops the scarf around BILL. JAKE spots this.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Oopsie daisy. Let me just remove that.

JAKE meticulously removes the scarf from the angry looking BILL. He continues to untangle his scarf from the still open door.

JAKE (CONT'D)
... and through!

He successfully separates himself from the door. He looks up to the coffee shop for some sign of approval but receives none.

He moves to close the door. The door won't click closed.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Come on. Come on.

JAKE closes the door over and over, trying to get it to latch close and simultaneously fanning cold air into the shop.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Please close. Please close.

He closes the door harder and harder on each attempt.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(Exasperated)
This isn't fair.

He closes the door forcefully one last time. The glass door SHATTERS into thousands of little pieces. Cold air rushes into the shop.

A beat.

JAKE, avoiding eye contact with everyone around him, slowly plays with a glass piece with his foot. He sighs, slowly opens the door, and steps out on the street.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

JAKE slowly pulls the door closed from the outside. It clicks closed.

FADE OUT: