

The Coffee Run

by

Alex Golden

150 The Crescent
Roslyn Heights, NY 11577
(516)-993-6366

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - BREAK OF DAWN

An ALARM is BOOMING monotonously. DONOVAN CARTER turns off the alarm and readily wakes up. Donovan is a 22 year old man who is well groomed and handsome.

DONOVAN
(to himself)
Fuck. Gotta love Mondays.

Donovan gets out of bed. On the floor are weights of various sizes and his room is flawlessly cleaned. He's tall, has an immaculate build, but he is waking up alone. He resembles a younger version of Ryan Reynolds.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Shirtless and in his underwear, Donovan makes himself two egg-whites and two slices of toast. He also makes himself a smoothie. In preparing as well as consuming his breakfast, Donovan is surgical and very precise.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Donovan's closet is masterfully organized. Each article of clothing has its own section and they are all color coordinated.

He carefully picks out his outfit for the day: a black suit, button-down shirt, tie, and pants, all of which are designer made.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

The train car is packed tight. A stranger bumps into Donovan. He looks disgruntled and frustrated by the inconvenience. He immediately takes out his travel-size hand sanitizer and uses it.

The CONDUCTOR comes on the loudspeaker.

CONDUCTOR
Times Square, 42nd Street.

Donovan weaves through the passengers on the train to get through the door as if brushing shoulders with one of them will give him a disease.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY (RAIN)

Donovan is glued to his phone as he walks through the crowded, buzzing streets of early morning Manhattan. He pulls up to a building that reads: METRO AND METRO INC., and walks in.

INT. METRO AND METRO INC. - DAY

Donovan walks toward the elevator when JANET, a cute, innocent-looking 25-year-old approaches Donovan.

JANET

Hey Donovan. How was your weekend?
Do anything fun?

DONOVAN

No, not really. On Friday I went to the bar and watched the game. Saturday, I worked out in the morning and went grocery shopping, and yesterday I just laid low.

The elevator doors open, and they both enter, but Donovan enters first. He continues to stare at his phone and avoid eye contact with Janet.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JANET

(beat)

Oh. That's nice. I didn't do much either. Should be another fun Monday though.

Donovan scans the empty elevator. He realizes she is done talking, glances up from his phone, and uninterestedly responds.

DONOVAN

Yeah... It should be.

The elevator doors open and Donovan once again gets out first and leaves Janet behind him.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Donovan makes his way over to his cubicle, but sees his colleagues, DAN and BEN. He quickly tries to glance away and head straight to his desk, but they walk over to him.

DAN

What's up Don? You ready for the last week of the internship?

DONOVAN

Yeah. Hopefully it all works out. Are you guys also interested in staying long-term here?

BEN

At Metro and Metro? Are you kidding? I'd say so. Some of us need this job more than others. Not everyone is a trust fund baby.

DONOVAN

(beat)

Uhm, On that note, I'll head over to my desk.

As he is heading to his desk, a SECRETARY heads over to Donovan.

SECRETARY

Heather handed me this and specifically asked me to have you do it.

She hands him a note

DONOVAN

Wait. Heather Heather? Like CEO of Metro and Metro Heather?

SECRETARY

Yes Donovan. That Heather.

Donovan looks around.

DONOVAN

And she asked for me specifically?

He's pointing at himself.

SECRETARY

Take a look at the note yourself.

DONOVAN

Yes. Yes. Sorry. Alright.

Donovan looks at the note. On it reads: "Have Donovan run to the *BeanStock Café* on 63rd and Lex. I already ordered the coffee, I just need it to be picked up and brought to my office no later than 8:45."

Donovan immediately looks at his WATCH. The time reads 8:09. He bolts to the elevator and begins to breathe heavily.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (RAIN)

DONOVAN
(to himself)
Of course it's fucking raining today. We haven't seen a drop of rain in about a month, but hey, why not rain like crazy today? Not yesterday, but today. Great.

He looks around and sees that the city traffic is a disaster.

Donovan begins to jog. After every few paces he looks at his watch frantically. Time is ticking. His watch reads 8:15.

DONOVAN
(panting)
Come on Donovan. You got this.

Street signs are whizzing by. Donovan is on Lexington Avenue and passes by 62nd Street.

DONOVAN
Almost there.

The wind is picking up, and so is the rain. Donovan approaches his destination and goes inside.

INT. BEANSTOCK CAFÉ - DAY

Two people are ahead of Donovan when he gets into the shop. The first customer orders quickly. Donovan taps his foot eagerly and looks at his watch. The time reads 8:19.

He hears a CUSTOMER at the front of the line. She is zipping through her order at lightning speed.

CUSTOMER
I would like four coffees: one small, two medium, and one large. In the small one I want half and half with two sugars and a splash of cream. In one of the mediums I want soy milk and two Sweet and Low, the other one needs a swirl of caramel and two Splendas. Are you getting this? Make sure you don't mess up my order. My kids can taste the difference in the sugar and the milk. Okay?

The EMPLOYEE tries to take the customer's order. The employee is moving in all different directions. She is clearly in desperate need of assistance.

Donovan grows more and more frustrated with each word the customer utters.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

For the large coffee I want the--

DONOVAN

For the love of God. Can you please hurry up? Your kids will survive with almond milk instead of soy milk, or brown sugar instead of Splenda. I promise.

Donovan checks his watch again. 8:29. Time is closing in.

CUSTOMER

Thanks for the advice. Mind your own business, asshole.

After what seems to be an eternity, the customer finishes and receives her order. Donovan is next in line.

DONOVAN

Hi. I would like to pick up a coffee under Heather please. It is already paid for.

EMPLOYEE

No problem. I will get it for you in just a second.

The employee comes back with a bag and hands it to Donovan.

DONOVAN

Thank you. Have a great day.

Without waiting for a response, Donovan begins running like he is weightless.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (RAIN)

He looks at his watch. 8:34. The rain is noticeably coming down even harder since he left the café. He's sprinting.

DONOVAN

(to himself)

You got eleven minutes to get back and--

A taxi cab drives next to Donovan and splashes a puddle onto Donovan. The splash drenches Donovan even more, and more importantly the bag with the coffee he is holding.

Without giving any time to think, finish his thought, or check on the coffee, Donovan continues to sprint. He passes by 43rd Street. Finally, he sees the black and white awning for Metro and Metro.

INT. METRO AND METRO INC. - DAY

As he runs through the rotating door to the elevator, people in the lobby are spinning their heads to see the disheveled mess that Donovan is. He looks like the sidewalk got sick and threw up on him.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Donovan takes the COFFEE out of the bag. Somehow, the coffee is intact after the splash from the taxi. He looks at his watch, and the time reads 8:42.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Donovan ignores every single eye in the office. He stares down at the coffee and does not look up until he reaches Heather's office, which happens to be all the way across the floor.

He stops in front of her door, and takes one last look at his watch. The time ticks from 8:43 to 8:44. He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and knocks on the door.

The door opens. HEATHER RILEY, a friendly faced, yet intimidating middle-aged woman stands there. Donovan's appearance at first startles her, but she quickly regains a stoic expression.

HEATHER RILEY

Just in time Donovan. Come into my office for a second, please.

Donovan lifts his head slightly, and walks into her office

INT. HEATHER'S OFFICE

The office is well-decorated: the walls are covered with elaborate paintings, the furniture is polished oak, the overall size of the office is massive, and the view behind her desk is gorgeous.

HEATHER

You can just put the coffee on my desk.

He places the coffee on her desk. Donovan lifts his head up to talk to Heather, but continues to lower it whenever a word is about to come out.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Is this your first time in my office, Donovan?

DONOVAN

Yes, Ms. Riley, it is. I am sorry for my appearance. It won't happen again.

HEATHER

I'm sure it won't. I have heard from my colleagues that your upkeep is stellar. Unfortunately, I can't say the same, but I'm sure your morning took a couple of twists and turns. However, I can validate their comments regarding your work. It is very impressive.

Donovan finally lifts his head up and keeps it up. His grin turns to a smile.

DONOVAN

Thank you Ms. Riley. Working at M&M has been an unforgettable experience. You run a very fine company, and I am thankful for the opportunity you gave me.

HEATHER

I know this is premature considering your internship is over at the end of this week, and we don't usually do this, but we here at Metro and Metro are very happy with your work. We would like to offer you a full-time job. The offer will be on the table till the end of the week.

DONOVAN

Wow. Thank you so much for this opportunity--

HEATHER

Before you go on thanking me, make sure you never look like this again. I don't care what your morning entails.

DONOVAN

Yes ma'am.

Without any other words, Donovan turns and heads out of her office. Just as he reaches the door, Heather stops him.

HEATHER

Donovan?

Donovan, still smiling, turns around and sees an upset Heather. His smile melts.

DONOVAN

Yes Ms. Riley?

HEATHER

You got me the wrong coffee.

FADE TO BLACK.