

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A BARISTA, male, 30s, is whistling and drying some coffee MUGS.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

We see the legs of a YOUNG WOMAN, 20's, running.

BACK TO SCENE

The barista is whistling, as he cleans.

BACK TO SCENE

The young woman runs; breathing heavily.

BACK TO SCENE

The Barista turns off the lights. The young woman runs into the store, scared and nervous.

BARISTA

Ma'am?

The young woman backs away from the door.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but we're about to cl-

The young woman runs toward the barista, she gets behind the counter and slumps down in a fetal position.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

Woah! What's going on?! What's wrong?!

WOMAN

Please... Don't let him find me.

BARISTA

Who?

The Barista looks towards the door. A looming figure in a long dark COAT and a HAT walks in front of it. DAD, 40-50's.

The barista freezes in fear at the sight of the man.

Dad walks in slowly, the woman tenses in fear. Dad walks toward the barista at the counter.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

Sir, we-we're closing.

Dad stalks toward the barista. The barista steps back a bit.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

S-Sir?

Dad continues to walk toward the barista. He reaches for something in his coat. The barista freaks.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

Please... Sir, whatever this is about, I have nothing do with it!

Dad pulls out his hand from his jacket, the barista closes his eyes and puts his hand over his head.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

Sir, I'm sorry! Don't hurt me!

The barista slowly opens his eyes. Dad has a wallet in his hand and some money

DAD

Hello sorry.

The dad takes off his hat. He flashes a creepy smiles.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'm Dad.

Dad's demeanor changes.

DAD (CONT'D)

Heh, got ya. Got ya!
 (laughs)
 I hope I didn't scare you too much,
 that was just some of my.
 (beat)
 Dad humor.

The barista nervously smiles back. He glances back the woman, who is paralyzed with fear.

DAD (CONT'D)

I know you're closing, but do you think you can whip me a cup of joe real quick?

BARISTA

Um, sure, why not.

DAD
Thanks sorry,

BARISTA
Actually, my name is--

DAD
--This is a nice place you got here
sorry.
(beat)
I'm totally... impresso'd.

The woman tenses. The barista cringes.

BARISTA
Uh, how do you like your coffee?

DAD
like I like my women. Rich, hot,
and keeps me up aaaalllll night.
(dark chuckle)

The young woman stops herself from gagging. The barista looks quickly at her.

The barista hands dad the coffee and turns his back to finish cleaning the his area.

DAD (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Dad stares into the coffee.

DAD (CONT'D)
Do you know what the opposite of a
coffee is?

The barista turns his head to dad in slight fear. Dad raises his head from the coffee

DAD (CONT'D)
A sneezy...
(snort and dark chuckle)

The young woman puts her hands to her ears and closes her eyes.

BARISTA
Uh sir, I really need to close up.

DAD
Rushing me out already? Do you know
want happened to the last barista
that rushed me?

The barista gulps.

DAD (CONT'D)
He was... Decaffeinated.
(snickers)

BARISTA
(whispers)
Oh Dear God...

YOUNG WOMAN
(whispers)
The puns... They won't stop.

DAD
Ok, ok. I guess I'll get out of
your way sorry.

Dad finishes his coffee. He stands up and starts to leave.

The barista takes a sigh of relief. Dad stops at door,

DAD (CONT'D)
By the way.

Dad turns back to the barista.

DAD (CONT'D)
Did a young woman come by here?

The young woman freezes, she looks at the barista.

The barista quickly glances at her and then back at dad.

BARISTA
No.

DAD
Hmm, I see. Well if you do see her.
Please tell her that.
(beat)
I'm sorry. Sorry for embarrassing
her, making her listen to my silly
dad puns, heh.
(beat)
I just never really expected to
remarry again. Shoot, I never
expected to be a father either.
(beat)
I guess, I just wanted to make a
really good impression. I was
trying to cover up my own
inadequacies and I guess I took it
too far.

The young woman listens intently.

DAD (CONT'D)
I even got her these concert
tickets she wanted so badly to
apologize to her.

The young woman's eyes light up.

DAD (CONT'D)
Very popular band from Korea I
think? What were they called again?

The young woman pops up.

YOUNG WOMAN
BTS! You got me BTS tickets?

The dad smiles warmly.

DAD
You said they were your favourite
band. I was hoping this would make
me a little less lame?

The young woman feels a bit guilty for hiding.

Dad smiles turns to menacing.

DAD (CONT'D)
I even got one for myself.

The young woman's eyes widen.

DAD (CONT'D)
So we can go.
(beat)
Together.

YOUNG WOMAN
No.

DAD
Barista another coffee for my step
daughter, but hold the... Suga.
(snickers and snorts)

YOUNG WOMAN
No...

DAD
Get it honey? Suga.
(to Barista)
(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

That's the name of the guy in the
band and we're in a coffee shop.

(snort, snickers)

I'm sorry, wait, no I'm not.

(points to Barista)

You're sorry. I'm dad. Boy I'm
really, spilling my beans over
here!

YOUNG WOMAN

(screams)

THE END