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Character Scene

Section 1

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP (STARBUCKS OBVIOUSLY) - MORNING

The interior is sleek and clean, yet generic. The lights are dim, and machines are whirring. The camera frames the side of the line, specifically focused on JACKSON.

JACKSON, a tall, lean Asian man in his late 20's checks his Fossil watch despite holding his phone in his hand.

Tired faces stand in a line like kindergartners waiting for their sugar rush so they can face their 'adult' day.

A MAN, early 20's, similar height and build to Jackson stands in front of Jackson talking loudly into a phone held limply a few inches from his face, there is another man on speaker.

MAN

Well you know when he does that he doesn't really mean it. It's just like a technique.

SPEAKER PHONE

Yeah but like he does it all the time. It just feels like he's targeting me.

Jackson rolls his eyes dramatically, and begins to tap his foot. The line inches one person forwards.

MAN

Listen Will I know, but he's truly not.

SPEAKER PHONE

Robbie you don't understand, he stares at me as he does it.

Jackson, looks noticeably intrigued now. This conversation has just gotten juicy.

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MAN

Hamster's are just designed to hump stuff. He is not making "pursuits" towards you.

SPEAKER PHONE

You haven't seen the look in his eyes though. They are black and soulless. Something is seriously wrong.

MAN

You shouldn't have bought yourself a hamster then.

Jackson nods gently in agreement to this obvious statement.

MAN

Will we both know I didn't call to just catch up--

The line inches forwards again. Jackson leans in to listen a little further.

SPEAKER PHONE

OHHHHH I KNEW YOU'D CALL TRYING TO GET BACK TOGETHER EVENTUALLY ROBBIE. I knew you couldn't stay awa--

The man FINALLY puts the phone to his ear like a normal, civil, human.

MAN

Oh I'm just going to stop you there.

Jackson noticeably winces. There is a brutal dryness to the man's voice.

MAN

(Much more quietly)

I just really really want my high school track--I know you DO have it. Listen, I'm six foot two you are a generous 5 foot seven it doesn't even fi--I don't care if it was a gift, give it back. I know you got that tattoo for me, but I did not ask you t--okay fine I implied that it would be a nice gesture.

Jackson mouths "a tattoo?!" horrified. This man in front of him is a certifiable menace. The line inches forward putting the BARRISTA in frame.

MAN

(Getting louder again)

Listen up Will. You are going to give me back that sweatshirt! I only had one, and its not like I can go buy another. You can BUY laser removal. I can't buy memories!!

The Man is now at the front of the line, and the Barrista gently waves at him.

MAN

(Laughing almost maniacally)

Yes I *did* smash your guitar against the wall, but you shouldn't have been playing Brent OUR song you dick. Ryan? He is neither here nor there. What does Ryan have to do with this? We were on a break! (pause) Well I thought we're on one.

BARRISTA

(Meekly)

Sir?

The Man gives a preposterously aggressive single index finger in the direction of the Barrista. He then swings his body towards Jackson.

MAN

Just let me have the sweatshirt you hairy-footed little monster.
(Pause) I don't care if it's a genetic thing, get the laser surgery.

BARRISTA

(Realizing this man is a legitimate monster)

Excuse me, yes you behind him would you like to order?

Jackson decisively shakes his head no, he is beyond captivated. Some dude in Birkenstocks, socks, and a plain black t shirt that says "Beast" passes them both with a

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Deion Sanders-esque high step. He may be a bigger monster than The Man to be honest.

MAN

Why do the feet bother me so much?
Okay I can tell you I have time.

Jackson again checks his Fossil watch just to make sure he has time too. The camera pans in to just these two men standing in line.

MAN

I feel like I'm laying in bed with Frodo Baggins. Every time I feel your foot I curl up in fright. Its like your creepy little hamster has broken into the bed and is humping my leg. It feels so easy to fix too. You shave your face, just shave your gross little feet too. I mean you always walk around the house barefoot. If I wanted to date Bilbo Baggins--I would. You know what Bilbo is giving you too much credit--your feet are more like Samwise's. I imagine his are fatter and imperceptibly worse. Besides its not just a little stubble, it is an absolute bushel. You could never trade those little hairy piggies at market. Know why? Everybody would be disgusted. Its gross. Feet are gross to begin with but with your little tufts of hair they are nausea inducing. I like pools, I like the beach, but NOOOOO. Will has hobbit feet and at any moment could break off in pursuit of some invisibility cloaking ring! You single handedly ruined flip flops for me, because one time i saw you wear mine trying to be cute and your gross little hairs rubbed against my Rainbows. I am not kidding as I say this. I burned them. I fucking burned my 80 dollar flip flops Will.

The Man--who apparently has a deeply troubled relationship to the Lord of the Rings franchise--has Jackson physically recoiling.

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MAN
(Tenderly)
Can you just give me my
sweatshirt...please?

Jackson once again looks at his Fossil Watch and makes a cartoonish double take (he sucks too, this is Starbucks after all). Jackson quickly sprints out of line headed to work as The Man continues ranting and raving to his Hobbit ex-boyfriend.

Scene.