

HAVE ANOTHER. THEY'RE SMALL.

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Royalty free version of Mozart: Sonata K 545 second movement plays throughout.

Wide shot of a kitchenette counter.

We move past the Pyrex kettle boiling atop the hot plate.

Fresh coffee beans.

Interlude.

DIANE, a woman, enters.

She turns off the hot plate.

She enjoys grinding the coffee by hand.

The steam reduces.

She rinses the filter with boiling water, warming the cup.

Hot plate light goes out.

She empties the ground coffee into the filter and pours the hot water in.

She loves watching as she pours it in a circular motion.

She tosses the used filter into the trash.

She admires the beautiful cup of coffee...

Interlude.

She starts grinding more coffee.

She enjoys grinding the coffee by hand.

She turns the hot plate back on.

She rinses the filter with boiling water, warming the cup.

The steam increases.

She pours the grounds into the pour over filter.

Hot plate light goes out.

She loves watching as she pours the hot water over the grounds in a circular motion.

She tosses out the used filter.

She sets the beautiful cup of coffee next to the first one.

She starts grinding more coffee.

She enjoys grinding it by hand.

She rinses the filter with boiling water.

She pours the grounds into the filter.

She loves watching as she pours the hot water.

She tosses the used filter.

She sets the beautiful cup of coffee next to the first two.

Interlude.

She grinds coffee.

She wets the filter.

She pours the grounds in.

She sets the coffee by the first three.

She grinds coffee.

She wets the filter.

She inspects the cooled water.

She punches at hot plate's on/off switch.

She checks that it is plugged in.

She unplugs it and throws it to the ground. She pulls another hot plate from the dozen or so piled by the counter.

She pours a cup of coffee.

She grinds coffee.

Wider shot - there are a few gallon Ziplocs full of bread clips on the counter.

Water boils.

She wets the filter.

She pours grounds in.

There are piles of old newspapers on and under the table.

She jams the cup of coffee in with the fifteen or so others on the counter.

Interlude.

She scoops beans.

Water boils.

She grinds coffee.

She pours boiling water.

She drops the used filter onto the ground.

She finds space for the newest cup.

She pulls another dozen cups from the pile in the corner.

She scoops beans.

She grinds coffee.

She drops the used filter onto the ground.

She grinds coffee.

She drops the used filter.

Water boils.

She drops the used filter.

She pours water.

She drops the used filter.

She sets jams full cups of coffee onto the counter.

She drops the used filter.

She scoops the penultimate scoop.

She drops the used filter. The residual liquid from the pile is pooling into the stacks of empty egg cartons.

Interlude.

She digs in the empty coffee bag. Her dirty hands rip out a small monkey figurine. She adores it.

The used coffee filters squish underfoot as she exits.

She struts over to the closet. Opens it, revealing it is overflowing with old coffee cans and boxes. She tosses the empty can of beans with the others and adds the figurine to her box of small figurines. She grabs a fresh can of beans and exits.

CLOSE ON: Monkey figurine atop pile of monkey figurines.

END OF SCRIPT