

Outside the Coffee Shop

By

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

We follow behind a WOMAN (35, dark hair) who has just run inside through the doorway of a busy COFFEE SHOP. It's rainy and dark outside, and trees are shaking in the breeze. She's distraught, sobbing, and she stumbles to the front counter where she flags down an EMPLOYEE (19M, apathetic) by waving her arms wildly. Everyone else in the coffee shop turns around, concerned.

WOMAN

Please, you have to help me! There's something outside! Right outside!

The Employee is just a teen who is clearly not getting paid enough to deal with this riot.

EMPLOYEE

M'am, please calm down-

WOMAN

Listen to me! Nobody is helping me! I can't explain it, but you're not--

MANAGER (40M, stoned) comes out from the back and is clearly annoyed but trying to maintain civility.

MANAGER

Excuse me! You cannot come in here screaming, m'am. I'm going to ask you to kindly leave the store.

WOMAN

Please! Please, help me. Just come outside and I can show you!

MANAGER

(sarcastically)

Yeah! Let's go!

(quietly, to Employee)

This fentanyl epidemic, am I right?

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

It's still pouring out, we're wide behind The Woman and Manager standing side by side on the sidewalk, looking into the abyss through rain and fog.

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MANAGER

Lady, I'm only standing out here with you because last time a tweaker asked for help, I had to administer the Narcan. If I'd have left it alone, he would've died. I'm sort of a saint.

The Woman is silent and squinting as if straining to hear something through the rain noises.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Maybe if I slip and die out here, I'll get some workers comp. That'll mean enough mac n cheese for about a week.

A beat of silence, nothing happens, we hear only the rain.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Well, clearly lady, there's nothing out here. I'm gonna go back inside.

WE SPIN AROUND AND LOOK UP TOWARDS THE SKY.

A blinding light begins small and grows larger and larger, taking up the entire sky above the pair. The Manager shields his eyes in awe.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

What in God's name...

The Woman begins to laugh maniacally, jumping up and down in pure bliss.

WOMAN

Ah, yes! Finally he has made his glorious return! You'll see!

Then, POOF! Suddenly, the Manager is floating.

MANAGER

What's going on? Help me!

The Woman continues laughing and watches him ascend. Slowly, a disk-like UFO descends from the light, meeting the Manager halfway 20 feet in the air. A small door of the UFO opens and a little gray ALIEN steps out and floats mid-air.

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ALIEN
(unintelligible, high pitched)
Mimimimimmimi...

MANAGER
Oh, I don't speak Portuguese.

ALIEN
(deeper voice after realizing)
Ah. Ahem. Sorry. Greetings, human. We
come from Planet X. We need something
from you.

The Manager is soaking from the rain, shivering and wide-eyed
with terror.

MANAGER
What? What could you possibly want
from me?

ALIEN
We need access to your nostrils. Just
one will do. We would like a booger
sample from a normal human in order to
conduct experiments on our own planet.
Your species is the stupidest in the
galaxy, and you interest us greatly.

The Manager looks down at The Woman for help, but she is
bowed down on the sidewalk. The Manager hesitates as he
realizes he is on his own.

MANAGER
Okay... what will you do if I say no?

ALIEN
Not a problem. I will simply destroy
the building you have originated from.

The Alien points at the coffee shop with one long finger.

MANAGER
No, not the coffee shop! My great
great great great grandparents built
that coffee shop with their bare hands
when they sailed over on the
Mayflower! You can't do this!

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ALIEN

Well. You know what to do then, don't you?

The Manager nods, defeated, and tilts his head back, flaring his nostrils.

MANAGER

Take only the boogers you need, please. Don't hurt me.

The Alien presses a button on the UFO and another door opens, this time deploying a robotic silver arm holding a Q-tip. The arm inserts the Q-tip into his nose and wiggles it around a bit. The Manager's eyes are shut in fear. The arm takes the Q-tip out and is retracted back inside the UFO.

ALIEN

Perfect. Now give it a few moments to run some tests to ensure that the sample is sufficient.

MANAGER

O-okay...

The UFO is clearly processing the sample with great effort. Then, BEEEEEEP! A red light begins flashing. The Alien floats back towards the ship and begins tapping at a control panel near the door.

ALIEN

What? What do you mean the sample was rejected? Booger not from a human specimen?

The Alien spins around and flies toward The Manager in utter rage.

ALIEN (CONT'D)

You!

MANAGER

What's going on?! Why didn't it work?

ALIEN

You're not a human... you're an android! You lied to me!

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MANAGER

I'm a what? No, I'm a human! I came out of my mom and everything!

ALIEN

My ship never lies. You earthlings, however, seem to love it!

MANAGER

You have to believe me. I'm just a normal guy!

The Alien laughs in disbelief, wondering how The Manager could be so stupid.

ALIEN

Nice try. Now tell me human, what is your earliest memory?

MANAGER

(thinking deeply)

I don't know, I guess... I think it was playing outside. Running through the sprinklers on a sunny day, watching the birds on the telephone wire outside my--

ALIEN

Outside your yellow house? The yellow house between the blue and white one? Let me guess: you grew up in the suburbs of Boston, your first dog was Maisy the hound, you broke your leg when you were eleven.

The Manager is stunned into silence. A single tear rolls down his cheek as he nods slowly.

ALIEN (CONT'D)

You organ growers think you're so special, don't you? You're all blood and wires! Watch, you're not gonna feel anything... when I do this!

The Alien darts towards the ship and flips a switch on the control panel, exploding the coffee shop with a loud BOOM!

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The Manager is instantly dropped from the sky and falls on the pavement hard, getting knocked out. The ship and light in the sky disappear without a trace. The Woman is looking at the coffee shop, captivated by the flames. Several survivors run outside, either coughing from the smoke or screaming. One survivor, a MAN (55, grimacing angrily) stumbles out and runs over to The Woman. He sees the Manager on the ground.

MAN

What did you do to him? You damn druggies!

When The Woman doesn't respond, he grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her angrily.

MAN (CONT'D)

You did this? Are you some kind of terrorist, huh? You like killing people? What the hell is wrong with you?

The Woman is mentally somewhere far away, smiling faintly and chuckling.

WOMAN

You can't prove I did it, because I didn't. It was him.

MAN

Who?

WOMAN

That little guy. The one who comes down from the light. Do you know if you're human? Have you checked?

The Man scoffs, shoving The Woman to the ground. He runs over to check if The Manager is okay. But when he rolls over the body, there are blue WIRES sticking out of The Manager's broken arm, a compound fracture. The Man is stunned, jumping back in fear. He looks back at The Woman who is laughing to herself, shaking her head.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to the camera)

I told you. You've gotta believe me.

FADE OUT: