

Soy Vanilla Latte

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INT. COFFEE SHOP

Matt, a young writer in his late 20's enters the coffee shop. He is dressed in a button-down shirt with the first couple of buttons undone. The cuffs are unbuttoned. He's wearing relaxed fitting jeans. Matt steps up to the counter, where Ed, a young male cashier stands. On the counter, there is a container of biscotti, as well as mints that are for sale.

MATT

Hey, Ed.

ED

Hey, what's up Matt?

MATT

Not much, not much. The usual, please.

ED

Sure, right away. *(begins to prepare coffee)* So how goes the writing?

MATT

It's going, slowly but surely. These breaks help out a lot. Rejuvenates the mind, you know?

ED

And keeps me earning my drinking money, ha ha.

MATT

*(smiles)* Heh. Yeah, well, I do what I can.

ED

*(hands Matt his coffee)* And that's why I come in everyday between classes to make you the best raspberry latte in town. Sometimes even during classes ha ha ha!

MATT

*(hands Ed \$4)* Ha, right. Keep the change, you slacker.

ED

Hey -- if you keep tipping me like this, I'll never be able to kick the habit!

MATT

No, I'm sure your classes give you more than enough incentive to tap those kegs.

ED

Ha ha! True that! Later Matt!  
Enjoy!

MATT

See you around, Ed.

Matt walks over to cream and sugar stand. After thoroughly drenching his latte, Matt goes to sit down at a table, facing the entrance to the shop. He takes out a simple pad and pen from his pants and place them on the table, then proceeds to sip his latte. He puts the coffee down and then picks up the pen and plays with it a bit while looking around, and then puts it back down, picking up the coffee again. He alternates between these two things for a period of time. A few moments pass and an attractive young woman enters the shop, somewhere in her mid-20's. Matt immediately notices her, taking a slow steady sip of his coffee as he takes in her beauty. She's dressed in casual business attire, and very amiable. She walks up to Ed, the cashier, and places her order.

WOMAN

Hi, I'd like a small soy vanilla latte please.

ED

Small soy, sure. One second.

Matt puts his coffee down and picks up his pen. He frantically begins jotting down details about her, like her physical appearance and what she'd ordered. He notes her mannerisms right down to the politeness of her phrasing, and her intonation.

ED

*(hands her the latte)* That'll be \$2.50 please.

WOMAN

Wow. That's much better than back in Huntington. *(she hands him \$3)*  
Thanks!

ED

Have a nice day!

WOMAN

Yup, you too!

After finishing up a few final notes, Matt puts his pen and pad away and gulps the rest of his coffee. He advances towards the exit of the shop.

MATT

Alright, later Ed.

ED

See you tomorrow, Matt! Keep it real!

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S APT

A laptop is seen on a couch, surrounded by scraps of paper and open books. Matt rushes into the apartment, and quickly makes room on his couch and sits down. Matt picks up the laptop and places it on his lap. He summarizes what he has written so far to himself.

MATT (V.O.)

Shawn is a floater, a young adult who never really knew what he wanted in life and just did what he was told was best. Now, he works at an IT help desk, providing tech support at a poorly-funded middle school. With his earnings, he can barely afford to keep his shabby apartment.

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MATT

*(pauses)* Ok. Great. *(takes out his pad)* Alright -- I can finally make it interesting. Now, let's see...

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Matt pages through the pad to the newest section. Placing the pad down next to him, Matt begins typing frantically, reading his words out loud.

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MATT

There was only one day that Shawn  
looked forward to every year, and  
perhaps he was the only one who did  
-- April 15th, known more  
intimately as Tax Day.

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CUT TO:

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INT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S DESK

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Shawn is sitting at his desk, paging through his planner,  
while Matt's voice continues speaking.

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MATT (V.O.)

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Well, to be more accurate, it  
wasn't Tax Day, but about two weeks  
before that he marked off in his  
planner. On that day...

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Cut to a close-up shot of Shawn's planner, with a day clearly  
spotted with hearts. Shawn draws in a few more hearts as  
Matt speaks.

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MATT (V.O.)

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...appropriately marked with little  
hearts, his tax accountant Lene  
would come and prepare his taxes  
with him.

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CUT TO:

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EXT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S FRONT DOOR

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Shawn can be seen standing at his door, with the door cocked  
half-open. A woman's hand can be seen extended towards him.  
He clumsily reaches for it, shakes it awkwardly, and releases  
it. He waves goodbye. After a few moments, his face sours  
and he curses under his breath.

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MATT (V.O.)

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Much to his dismay, that's all that  
would happen. Every year after she  
leaves, he locks himself in the  
bathroom...

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CUT TO:

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INT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S BATHROOM

The shower can be heard, but no one can be seen. Shawn is heard taking a shower.

MATT (V.O.)  
 ...curses like a French whore, and  
 then proceeds to take a cold --  
 very cold -- shower.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S LIVING ROOM

Shawn is seen sitting on his couch, watching television.

MATT (V.O.)  
 Shawn sat on his couch with the TV  
 on, much like every other evening.  
 Staring out at the March rain, he  
 remembered this painful sequence.

Cut to a close-up shot of Shawn's lower-face.

SHAWN  
 This year, it changes. I've missed  
 enough opportunities in my life.  
 This time, I'm gonna fuckin' do  
 something about it.

Matt continues typing as the scene fades out.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Matt is sitting at the same seat as in the first scene. He has his pen and pad ready on the table and he's sipping his coffee. **The clock behind him shows 1 PM.** A few moments pass and he woman enters the shop. She walks up to the counter, where Ed the cashier is waiting.

ED  
 Hey, welcome back.

WOMAN  
*(quick laugh)* Heh, thanks.

ED  
Soy vanilla latte, right?

WOMAN  
Yup. Good memory. (*Ed prepares the latte*) Oh, and one of these, too. (*takes a piece of biscotti*)

ED  
Sure, no problem. (*hands her the latte*) Ok that'll be \$3.25.

WOMAN  
(*hands him \$4*) 75 cents for a piece of biscotti? You're killing me here! Keep the change.

ED  
Ahaha -- I don't set the prices. I only enforce them. Have a nice day!

WOMAN  
You too!

Matt has written a description of the interaction, noting the biscotti. He sits there, thinking.

MATT (V.O.)  
Every year, Shawn notes another nuance of Lene's personality.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S KITCHEN

Medium close-up shot of Shawn, shoulders down, preparing coffee. There are two coffee cups on his kitchen counter. There's a jar of sugar and a carton of cream.

MATT (V.O.)  
She likes her coffee light -- cream and 5 sugars.

Shawn puts the cups on coasters. Reaching offscreen, Shawn grabs a canister of biscotti, taking out 4 pieces, placing 2 on each coaster.

MATT (V.O.)

Although she's very careful around carbs, she splorges on biscotti, especially the kind with almonds in it.

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With one coaster in each hand, Shawn carefully walks offscreen.

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CUT TO:

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INT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S LIVING ROOM

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Lene is sitting with a laptop on a coffee table, with several papers sprawled around. Shawn walks in and places the two saucers on an empty spot on the table. They gesture as if they're talking. Lene is the first to pick up a saucer and drink the coffee, nibbling on the biscotti every so often. Her gestures are exaggerated, showing extreme pleasure with the coffee and biscotti. Shawn also drinks the coffee and eats his biscotti.

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MATT (V.O.)

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She's 23 and grew up in eastern Long Island. She works as a financial analyst at a local investment firm. She loves to play soccer but can't find anyone to play with. She's lactose intolerant, as well as caffeine-sensitive, but can not resist coffee. She listens to Diana Krall. The more Shawn learns about her, the deeper he falls in love with her.

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CUT TO:

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INT. MATT'S APT

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Matt is seen sitting in front of his laptop, taking a break from writing. He takes a sip of coffee from the mug by his feet, and sighs contently.

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CUT TO:



INT. COFFEE SHOP

Matt's sitting at his typical seat. He checks his watch, and it's around 1 PM. The woman enters.

ED

Welcome back, Ms. Soy Latte. *(he leaves to make the latte)*

WOMAN

Thank you, Mr. Latte Man. And the name's Nicole.

ED

So I finally get a name. My name's Ed. *(continues preparing the latte)* So how are the numbers today?

WOMAN

Hey, I come here to get away from that, ha ha ha! *(places \$3 on the counter)*

ED

Ahaha, sorry, sorry. So how's life otherwise? Exciting I hope.

WOMAN

As exciting as financial analysis can get. They work me so hard I can hardly find any time to socialize. Thanks for the latte, um, Ed!

ED

No problem, Nicole. See you tomorrow!

WOMAN

Yup, tomorrow!

Matt isn't even holding his pen. His pad lies unwritten on. He is sitting back, drinking his coffee.

MATT (V.O.)

Nicole. The lovely Nicole. So the frat boy finally learns her name and their relationship is elevated to the next level.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S APT

The camera zooms in on Matt as he types. After a few moments of typing, he takes a sip of coffee, and continues typing, this time reading the words out loud.

MATT (V.O.)

Shawn stirred the coffee, trying to keep his hand steady.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S KITCHEN

Familiar shoulders down shot of Shawn in the kitchen, preparing the coffee. He stops stirring and puts the spoon into the sink.

SHAWN

Okay. Here goes.

Shawn picks up the coasters and walks offscreen.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S LIVING ROOM

Lene is sitting on the couch, working away on her laptop. Shawn enters with the two coffees and biscotti, placing them on the coffee table. Shawn picks up a piece of biscotti and quickly sits down next Lene. As he speaks, he gestures with the biscotti in his hand.

SHAWN

Um, Lene, I know this is going to sound out of nowhere, I mean, we've known each other for years, and I mean to tell you every time, but still, you know, um... *(pauses)* Well, would you like to go out with me sometime?

Shawn quickly brings the biscotti he has been cradling up to his mouth and nibbles on it. Lene leans back, lifting her half-clenched hand to her chest. She shyly looks away, pleasantly surprised.

LENE

Wow, um... I don't know... I mean, my client just asked me out on a date...

SHAWN

I've never felt strongly about anything my entire life. Nothing ever moves me one way or another. But when I first met you, I knew that something was different. I felt different. I wasn't sure what it was, and I'm still not quite sure, but I want to find out.

Smiling, Lene lifts her head back up to meet Shawn's. Without moving her eyes off of Shawn's face, Lene speaks.

LENE

(pauses) Alright. Let's go out for a bite. But let me finish this up first. One problem at a time.

Lene winks at Shawn. They both laugh and take sips of the coffee.

CUT TO:

MATT'S APT

Matt takes a moment to look at the screen, reviewing what he has just written.

MATT

(sighs) I wish I could ask her out, but this is the best material I've ever had.

He continues typing, with streams of clicks emitting from his keyboard.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Matt sits down with his coffee, same spot as always. Shortly after, the woman enters and approaches the counter.

WOMAN

Ed!! I'm so nervous!!

ED

What is it? Your department's downsizing or something?

WOMAN

No, no, thank God, but just as stressful!

ED

I guess that means decaf today. Ha ha. *(goes to make latte)*

WOMAN

Yeah, thanks.

ED

So what's up?

WOMAN

Well I met this cute guy this morning from the IT department and he's meeting me here today.

The camera slowly zooms in on Matt as his face sours.

ED (O.S.)

Wow, that's great! If he's a jerk, I'll get him for ya. Spill a pot of coffee on him or something.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Ha ha, thanks. Oh I'm so nervous!

The door can be heard opening.

MAN (O.S.)

Hey Nicole!

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hi! *(long and cutesy)*

MAN (O.S.)

Didn't wait long, I hope.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh no, not at all!

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S APT

Matt sits in front of his laptop for awhile, staring blankly. He grabs a mug of coffee from by his feet, and takes a few sips, then returning it to the floor. Seconds pass, and finally he begins typing. He types and types, periodically looking at a stack of notes next to him.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWN'S APT -- SHAWN'S LIVING ROOM

Shawn sits close to Lene on the couch. They are holding hands. There are two cups of coffee on the table and a plate full of biscotti.

LENE

So what is this big surprise that you wanted to tell me?

SHAWN

You're not going to believe it, but I decided to go back to school and get my masters in Education.

LENE

Really? That's great! Why the sudden initiative?

SHAWN

Well, I finally realized what it is that I've been feeling. It's actually many things, but I guess it can be summed up in one word -- hope.

Lene leans in closer to Shawn.

SHAWN

Before you, there was really nothing for me to live for. No focus. I just followed the waves, not really caring where they led me. But now, now I have something to care about... Someone to care about...

Overtaken by emotion, Lene hugs Shawn tightly, burying her head into his chest.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S APT

The camera pulls back out. Matt takes a short break from typing. He wipes away some tears from his eyes and reaches out for his mug of coffee, taking a large sip. Placing it back down, he immediately returns to his frantic typing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MATT'S APT

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Ed stands behind the counter, cleaning. The shot changes to show Matt's regular spot, now unoccupied. The clock on the wall behind his spot clearly shows 1 PM. In the background, the door can be heard opening.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Ha ha ha, that's horrible!

MAN (O.S.)

Yeah, tell me about it. Hey, Ed!

ED (O.S.)

Hey guys! The usual?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Do we ever get anything else?

ED (O.S.)

Ha ha, ok. You got it.

FADE TO BLACK.