

THE COFFEE THEORY

an original screenplay by Pops McGee

BLACKNESS

COFFEE SOUNDS: Beans GRIND, water PERCOLATES, cups FILL.

FADE IN:

Indistinguishable CHATTER, people ordering coffee. Coffee SOUNDS and CHATTER blend into one, both get LOUDER.

FADE IN:

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

Behind every successful woman

FADE IN:

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

is a substantial amount of coffee.

By Stephanie Piro

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - MORNING

New York landmarks from high above. Crisp, fall morning. Streets and sidewalks are overcrowded with bustling pedestrians drinking coffee.

O.S. customer coffee orders continue.

INT. VARIOUS COFFEE LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS - PEOPLE ORDERING AND MAKING COFFEE

Delis, McDonalds, pushcarts, cafes, Dunkin Donuts and Starbucks customers frantically buy their daily cup of coffee.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. JULES' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The centerpiece of the luxurious kitchen is the high end coffee maker. All is calm, quiet, and serene.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS

Filtered watered meticulously poured into the coffee pot. Coffee beans carefully measured. Beans precisely ground (length and amount of pulses are exact). Grinds carefully spooned into the coffee maker.

BACK TO SCENE

JULES WEBB, attractive brunette in her late 30's. She's in comfortable, casual attire. She slowly reaches forward to PUSH the "on" button for the coffee machine.

ALEX, Jules' son enters; age 10, baggie pants, no shirt.

ALEX

Mom, where's my --

JULES

Not now!

Alex leaves.

JACKSON, Jules' husband enters. He's early 40's, distinguished features. Crisp, white, button up shirt, tie hanging around shoulders, no pants on.

JACKSON

Honey, I need my --

JULES

Not yet!

Jackson leaves.

COURTNEY, Jules' daughter enters; age 4, spitting image of Jules. Pigtails, "footsie" pajamas, a ragged stuffed animal and blanket drag behind her.

COURTNEY

Almost mommy?

Jules finally PUSHES the "on" button.

JULES

Almost.

BREWING SOUNDS begin, Jules releases a CONTENTED SIGH. She takes out a high tech travel mug, sets it next to her machine. She turns, picks up Courtney and buries her nose into her hair, takes a deep, long WHIFF.

JULES (CONT'D)

Did you shower last night?

COURTNEY

Why?

JULES

Because your hair smells exactly like coffee.

COURTNEY  
 (chuckling)  
 Mommy.

JULES  
 Now, what would you like beautiful?

COURTNEY  
 Eggs and coffee.

JULES  
 Eggs. Absolutely. Coffee. No.  
 But when you get just a little bit  
 older, and a lot more successful,  
 you can drink coffee straight out of  
 the pot if you like.  
 (screams to Jackson)  
 Jackson! You're pants are folded!  
 On the bed!  
 (screams to Alex)  
 Alex! Your shirt is in the dryer.

Jules sets Courtney down, starting to get pans and eggs.

JULES (CONT'D)  
 Let's get started on breakfast.

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE SHOT TEENAGE EMPLOYEE'S blank stare.

REBECCA (O.S.)  
 I'll have a grande, no fat, sugar  
 free cinnamon dulce latte, light on  
 the cinnamon, extra whip, with a  
 double shot of vanilla.  
 (Beat)  
 You know what, make it a venti, and  
 go heavy on the cinnamon.

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE  
 (hesitant)  
 Is there coffee in that?

REBECCA REED, sharply dressed business attire, mid 30's.  
 She has two professional, feminine-style cases; one over the  
 shoulder, holds the other. I-phone in her free hand.

REBECCA  
 Okay. Is there someone available  
 who wasn't hired yesterday? Better  
 yet, do we have somebody back there  
 born before Kurt Cobain died?

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE  
 I love Cobain.  
 (MORE)

## TEENAGE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

There's this tribute band called  
"Smells Like Taint Stain". They play  
every --

STARBUCKS MANAGER lunges out of nowhere, shoves the teenage  
employee out of the way.

## STARBUCKS MANAGER

Mrs. Reed. I'm terribly sorry about  
that. Most of our part time help  
comes from the trauma ward at St.  
Vincent Medical Center.

## REBECCA

Do I need to repeat my order?

## STARBUCKS MANAGER

Absolutely not. Are we light or  
heavy on the cinnamon today?

Starbucks manager begins Rebecca's order.

## REBECCA

I'm too stressed to decide. Just  
surprise me.

## STARBUCKS MANAGER

Sure thing Mrs. Reed.  
(works on her coffee)  
What's got you on edge today? Work?  
Husband? Friends?

## REBECCA

Yes. Just switch the order around a  
and you got it.

INT. BEAN'S SEVEN-ELEVEN - MOMENTS LATER

DESIREE CAFFERTY, enters. She's mid-30's, amazingly cute.  
Dark, "Shirley Temple" curls; deep, big brown eyes. Smart,  
casual attire. Writer's bag slung over her shoulder.

The store is packed, but the Seven-Eleven owner, BEANS, makes  
sure to acknowledge Desiree with a slight wink from behind  
the counter. Beans is in his 50's, short and balding.

## BEANS

Hey Des.

## DESIREE

Hey Beans, I'll be over in a minute.

## BEANS

Sure thing Des.

Desiree moves straight to the coffee station, she begins working; wiping down counters, organizing creamers, throwing away garbage, combining carafes, replacing empty creamer bottles, coordinating different sugars.

An ELDERLY MALE CUSTOMER on an adult scooter makes a cup of hot chocolate, he struggles to find something.

ELDERLY MALE CUSTOMER

(to Desiree)

Excuse me, I can't find those little marshmallows. Do you know where they are?

Desiree never stops tending to the coffee center.

DESIREE

Just one second sir.

Desiree continues cleaning, making her way to a bottom cabinet. She opens it, gets out mini-marshmallows, hands them to the customer.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Chocolate okay? They're new.

CUSTOMER

That's fine dear, thank you.

DESIREE

No problem.

Once the counter is perfect, Desiree makes her cup of coffee using a freshly brewed pot. Her coffee is put together as quickly, efficiently, and perfectly as she cleaned the coffee area. She takes a SIP, savoring the taste and aroma. She goes behind the counter next to Beans, takes money out and leaves it next to the register.

BEANS

Why do you insist on paying.

DESIREE

Because.

(kisses Bean's bald spot)

Paying for your coffee means you earned it, and anything earned feels --

(takes a sip of coffee)

-- And tastes so much better than getting it for free.

BEANS

But --

DESIREE

Gotta go Beans. Late for a meeting.  
And you're out of cup sleeves. Don't  
need a lawsuit for burnt fingers.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

See you at lunch.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - ESTABLISHING SHOT - CONTINUOUS

The park is full, abuzz with people getting ready for the day. Jules, Rebecca, and Desiree converge on an empty table, each carrying their unique coffee and mugs. Each settles into their seat, simultaneously taking SIPS.

DESIREE

What's the stress today?

REBECCA

Why do you assume something has me  
stressed every morning?

JULES

So everything's good?

REBECCA

No, my Starbucks hired a new idiot  
who couldn't even handle a simple  
order.

DESIREE

There is no such thing as a simple  
Starbucks order Rebecca.

REBECCA

Oh please, don't start with your  
bullshit. Not today Desiree!

DESIREE

Why?

Jules rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

Because I'm not in the mood.

DESIREE

Why?

REBECCA

For Christ's sake Desiree! Because.  
Because buying a Starbucks coffee is  
just that. It's buying a Starbucks  
coffee. Nothing more.

DESIREE

Really?

REBECCA

Yes! Really! Do you want proof?  
Tell us how your love life's going?

Desiree ignores Rebecca's question.

DESIREE

Jules, your happily married, right?

REBECCA

I asked how *your* love life's going?

DESIREE

Jules?

JULES

You know I'm happy Des.

DESIREE

And you're happily married too  
Rebecca.

(Rebecca ignores  
Desiree)

You are happily married?

REBECCA

You have all the answers Desiree.  
Except for how your love life is  
doing, so you don't need me to answer.  
The coffee theory is your baby, so  
it must work. I must be happy. I  
mean she married an anal retentive --

JULES

-- Hey.

REBECCA

-- Just like her. Both have complete  
control over every intricate detail  
of how their coffee gets brewed.  
And they live in java heaven, high  
above in the cappuccino clouds.

JULES

Enough already Rebecca.

REBECCA

And I married a Starbucks guy, high  
maintenance and shallow. Wealthy  
enough to cater to my every need as  
we both blissfully buy our overpriced  
eight dollar macchiatos.

DESIREE

I never called you shallow.



REBECCA

But last time when you were "explaining", or was it lecturing, I get confused, about your little "theory", you said, and I quote, that frequenters of Starbucks are wealthy, high maintenance, and perfectly compatible. Isn't wealthy and high maintenance just a euphemism for shallow?

DESIREE

I wasn't lecturing. I was just bouncing ideas off you guys. This new book has me rattled. So I'm sorry if I offended you, but isn't that why we're friends?

REBECCA

To insult each other?

DESIREE

To help each other. Be honest with each other.

JULES

Yes it is. We're both here for you, whatever you need.

(to Rebecca)

Why are you so wound up this morning? She also said my coffee habits were compatible with Jackson's, and we truly are happy.

REBECCA

Truly?

JULES

What would I have to gain from lying to you about that? Yes. Truly!

REBECCA

Well then, I guess it's back to you miss Seven-Eleven. Seriously, how were your prospects this morning. Because god forbid you looked for love outside of a mass marketed fast food chain.

DESIREE

Seven-Elevens *ARE* compatible with Seven-Elevens. And yes, there was someone quite promising there this morning.

REBECCA AND JULES  
 (in unison)  
 Really?

DESIREE  
 (sheepishly)  
 Kind of.

JULES  
 Senior citizen couldn't find the  
 marshmallows again?

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

Between having Joe in the morning or morning Joe,  
 take the coffee;  
 It's more flavorful and the benefits will last longer.

ANONYMOUS

BACK TO SCENE

DESIREE  
 You know what, I'm perfectly happy  
 without a man in my life right now.  
 Me and  
 (lifting her cup)  
 Morning Joe here get along just fine.

REBECCA  
 (pissed)  
 But *WE* all have to fall in love  
 according to you bi-laws.

DESIREE  
 (pissed)  
 There not laws Rebecca!

Jules tries to divert away from everyone's anger.

JULES  
 Look Des, maybe you're just looking  
 in the wrong place.

DESIREE  
 Really? You think I could find true  
 love with somebody who gets their  
 coffee from McDonalds?

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Maybe I could try getting my coffee from a "roach coach" and see what shows up, is that what you'd like? Next you'll be saying I should sweeten my coffee with regular sugar instead of sugar in the raw.

Desiree GUFFAWS at the absurdity of her actually switching sugars. Rebecca rolls her eyes.

JULES

I'm not saying any of that. What about taking some baby steps?

DESIREE

Like what?

JULES

How about, just for starters, you try getting your coffee from another Seven-Eleven?

DESIREE

Another Seven-Eleven, but what about Beans?

REBECCA

Oh for the love of God Desiree!

DESIREE

The day I moved to Manhattan I got my first cup of coffee from Beans. That means something to me.

JULES

You're right, that should mean something, and I understand your loyalty Des, but if you truly believe in your theory, you owe it to yourself to shake things up. There hasn't been one compatible guy in Bean's Seven-Eleven for over a decade, so why not simply try another Seven-Eleven. See what guys might be brewing in another part of the city.

Desiree is pale, horrified.

JULES (CONT'D)

(tries to calm Desiree)

Not for every cup. Isn't there a Seven-Eleven right around the corner from your office? Just get your afternoon fix from there instead of going all the way back up town.

DESIREE

I would be like I'm cheating on Beans.

REBECCA

Do you want to get laid?

JULES

Rebecca.

REBECCA

It's a legitimate question. Because unless Beans grew three feet, some hair, and is the real life Benjamin Button, him and his Seven-Eleven is a wasteland, void of any decent men.

Desiree feels cornered.

JULES

Let's just change the subject.

(to Desiree)

What's your article about this month?

Desiree gets excited.

DESIREE

(with an air of mystery)

Odors.

REBECCA

Seriously? Aren't there only two odors, burnt and not burnt.

DESIREE

(excited; wound up)

Well, there's no such thing as a "not-burnt" smell. But burnt actually is a descriptor for coffee odors. Technically burnt would also be known as smoky. But it goes way deeper than that. Coffee can be fruity, floral, earthy, woody --

REBECCA

I like the sound of that one.

DESIREE

-- Ashy, medicinal, winey --

JULES

(to Rebecca)

Like you!

DESIREE

-- There's also a smell classified as "animal like". That's where the

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
 coffee has characteristics of wet  
 fur, leather, sweat, or even urine.

Rebecca stands up.

REBECCA  
 Morning officially ruined.

Rebecca gives Jules and Desiree a kiss goodbye.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 Next time maybe we can discuss how  
 coffee beans resemble gerbil shit.

Desiree bends over to her bag. Rebecca leaves.

DESIREE  
 Actually, the bean more closely  
 resembles that of a peaberry. And  
 interestingly, it's not even a bean  
 for all intensive purposes.

Desiree RIFLES through her bag to find papers supporting  
 what she's talking about.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
 A coffee "bean" is a seed, the seed  
 of a cherry from a coffee tree, not  
 a coffee plant like most people  
 believe.

Desiree lifts her head up with a handful of papers.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
 You see, if you look here.  
 (looks around)  
 Where'd Rebecca go?  
 (Jules' hand is up)  
 What's your problem?

JULES  
 May I be excused to go the bathroom  
 Miss Cafferty? I'll make up the  
 notes when I get back, I swear.

Desiree puts her papers and notes away.

DESIREE  
 You may not Jules. And you can stay  
 after today and write one hundred  
 times on the blackboard, "A Coffee  
 Bean Is Not Actually A Bean At All".

JULES  
 Seriously, I do have to get going.  
 (MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

Courtney's swim lesson is almost over, and I've got to be home by eleven for a delivery.

Desiree packs up her papers.

DESIREE

What are you testing this week?

JULES

Mattel is revamping their entire line of Easy Bake Ovens. Bad for me, but at least Courtney will have a fun week.

DESIREE

Now if Mattel was smart, they would market an "Easy Brew" coffee maker to go with the oven, that way the little kiddies could enjoy a cup of coffee with their miniature cakes. Decaffeinated of course; but seriously, feel free to use it in your report, that's a gold mine of an idea.

JULES

Sure thing Des. I want to be responsible for marketing coffee to four year old girls.

DESIREE

I said use decaf.

They hug and kiss goodbye, Desiree SLINGS her writer's bag over her shoulder, they walk out of the park together.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

What do you think is up with Rebecca? She was just so angry this morning.

JULES

(coy)

You know Rebecca. It doesn't take much to get her going, I'm sure it was nothing.

Desiree walks away.

JULES (CONT'D)

Hey Des?

(Desiree turns around)

Think seriously about doing something different today at lunch. Really put that theory of yours to the test.

DESIREE  
 (holds up her coffee)  
 I'm fine. We are blissfully, if not  
 ignorantly happy together.

Desiree continues walking, looking at the cup of coffee, her face fills with doubt.

EXT. FRESH BREW MAGAZINE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Midtown Manhattan. When the "walk" light turns green Desiree crosses, stopping half way to look down the side street. Just out of sight is the Seven-Eleven Jules referred too. She pauses, contemplating Jules' advice.

DESIREE'S IMAGINATION - INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - EVENING

Low lighting, romantic. Desiree makes a cup of coffee, high above a twinkling disco ball sparkles, the store is empty. The doors SLAM open. A gorgeous, sexily dressed UNKNOWN MALE stands in the doorway with a pot of coffee in each hand.

UNKNOWN MAN  
 Regular? Or decaf?

Behind the counter, Beans, dressed in 70's attire and headphones, "spins" a Barry White love song on a record player. Desiree walks to the unknown man. A car horn HONKS, the sexy man drops both pots. Coffee and glass CRASH.

END DESIREE'S IMAGINATION.

The green walk light changed to red. Desiree is in the middle of the street blocking traffic; horns HONK, drivers YELL, Desiree snaps out of her daydream. She runs to the curb. Pushing her way through the crowds, she keeps her coffee protected at all times; she enters the magazine office's.

INT. FRESH BREW MAGAZINE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Desiree walks the main hallway of Fresh Brew Magazine. Every employee in their cubicle and every person crossing Desiree's path holds a cup of coffee. All employees are able to work and perform their duties efficiently with only one free hand. Desiree reaches her office door. The door placard reads:

Desiree Cafferty: Contributing Editor

She's about to enter when SERENA "ambushes" her. Serena, Desiree's assistant, hands her a stack of messages. Serena is in her early 20's, high strung, fast talking, sweet and sincere; should be drinking decaffeinated coffee.

DESIREE  
 Anything important?

Serena sips coffee throughout the entire conversation.

SERENA  
Just your editor --

DESIREE  
Serena, I'm --

SERENA  
(rambling)  
I know, I know, you're an editor,  
there's two other editors on staff,  
and then there's your book editor, I  
need to be more specific.

DESIREE  
Serena --

SERENA  
It was your book editor. She says  
it's important, actually called four  
times already.

DESIREE  
Thank you Serena, anything else.

SERENA  
The extra notes you wanted on coffee  
odors, it's on your desk. Urine  
smells huh? Glad smelling coffee's  
not my job, speaking of which, I'm  
going to get a cup, do want one too?

Desiree looks at Serena's full cup.

SERENA (CONT'D)  
This one will be done shortly. Oh  
yeah, I shouldn't have asked, I always  
forget, I'm sorry. You're very  
particular about that, your coffee I  
mean, you always like to get your  
own, polite habit to ask though,  
right? Okay, I'm going now.

Serena happily spins and walks away.

INT. DESIREE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Desiree enters, as the door closes Serena's head pops in.

SERENA  
Don't forget, afternoon tea at twelve  
thirty in the Latte Lounge.

DESIREE  
Serena. It's a staff meeting, and  
it's in conference room four.



SERENA  
 (pulls head out just  
 as the door closes)  
 I know, but my way sounds better.

Desiree's office is controlled chaos. Just as she sets her writer's bag down and sits, the phone RINGS. Desiree looks at the caller I.D., it reads FRANCESCA. Desiree SIGHS, PUSHES the speaker phone button, picks up the notes on coffee smells.

DESIREE  
 Hello Francesca.

FRANCESCA (O.S.)  
 Desiree, where have you been all morning, I've called three times.

DESIREE  
 This would be your fifth call.

FRANCESCA (O.S.)  
 You mean that secretary of yours can actually count?

DESIREE  
 What do you want Francesca?

FRANCESCA (O.S.)  
 What do I want? I want my next hit novel from Miss Dee Dee Caff. I can't keep pushing off the publication date Des.

Desiree DROPS the papers on her desk, she SHUFFLES some other papers around to reveal a title page for a manuscript.

INSERT - CLOSE SHOT MANUSCRIPT TITLE

"The Coffee Theory"

by

Desiree Cafferty

BACK TO SCENE

Desiree picks up the manuscript.

DESIREE  
 But this isn't "by" Dee Dee Caff, this is *my* name on here, and it's *my* first non-fiction, and *I'm* struggling a bit, so can you give me a little more time.

FRANCESCA (O.S.)

First non-fiction? You're contributing editor to the number one coffee magazine read by anyone who drinks the stuff, all you do is write non-fiction.

DESIREE

Yes, non-fiction articles, not non-fiction novels. There's a huge difference.

FRANCESCA (O.S.)

You've had two New York Times bestsellers, how big could the difference be?

Desiree turns to a bookcase behind her desk. Lined up on the shelf are multiple copies of Desiree's romance novels.

INSERT - CLOSE SHOT ROMANCE NOVEL SPINES WITH BOOK TITLES

"ANGELICA'S BEAN AROUND THE WORLD"

"SOPHIA: BEAN THERE, BREWED THAT"

All titles are authored by Dee Dee Caff, Desiree's pen name.

BACK TO SCENE

Desiree pulls one of her novels down, sets it on her desk. The beach scene cover is a female and a topless male in an embrace. The woman's hair flowing, a beautiful sunset fills the background. She wears a low cut, revealing dress. The female holds a very "out of place" cup of coffee in her hand.

The male on the cover looks exactly like the man Desiree fantasized about during her "Seven-Eleven" daydream. Desiree touches the man on the cover gently, she lets her mind wander.

FRANCESCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You've been talking about this idea of yours for years. Every cocktail party, book reception, wedding, baptism, bar mitzvah I've ever been to with you you've entertained the masses with how coffee, dating, and compatibility are all intertwined. You're the one who asked to get away from romance novels. You believe in this, so why not share the coffee theory with the world? And besides, it works. God, I know it works.

Desiree is in deep thought looking at the man on the cover. She doesn't respond.

FRANCESCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Des? Why *not* share it?

No response from Desiree.

FRANCESCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Desiree Cafferty!

DESIREE  
(snaps out of daydream)  
Yeah Francesca, I hear you, why not  
share it? It's just --

Call waiting BEEPS on Desiree's phone. The caller I.D.  
reveals Jules.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
Give me a sec Francesca, I've got to  
take this.  
(struggles for a lie)  
It's some expert in grinding. I  
mean coffee grinds, I've been waiting  
to hear from this guy.

Desiree abruptly changes calls. On the speaker phone there's  
DINGING, RINGING. Courtney GIGGLES, YELLS, and SCREAMS.  
Plastic HITTING plastic POUNDS from the speaker.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
Jules?

INT. JULES' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Jules sits on the living room floor surrounded by a variety  
of Easy Bake Ovens. All the ovens' lights are on, bells  
RING simultaneously on every oven, Courtney runs in circles.

COURTNEY  
They're done, they're all done! The  
cakes are done!

DESIREE  
Jules, you there? Everything okay?

JULES  
I need help Desiree! I've made a  
grave error in judgment.

DESIREE  
And what would that be product tester  
extraordinaire?

JULES

I put all the cakes on at the same time. Which means they're now all done at the same time.

Courtney runs by with a cake in each hand, one hangs out of her mouth.

JULES (CONT'D)

And Courtney is literally and figuratively having a meltdown.

Desiree checks her watch.

DESIREE

Well, I'm ready to blow this coffee stand. Give me a little while and I'll come right --

JULES

No! Stay away! That's not why I called. I wanted to make sure you go to that other Seven-Eleven today for lunch.

DESIREE

Give me a break Jules. You're right around the corner from Bean's. Let me come over and help.

JULES

And you're right around the corner from a new adventure. Just go there instead today. Please.

DESIREE

I'm hanging up now Jules. Francesca is on the other line.

JULES

Tell her to get off your back. The book will be done when you say it's done.

DESIREE

Goodbye Jules.

JULES

(gets hung up on)  
Don't come here Des, I mean it.

Courtney runs by again with twice the amount of cakes as before. Jules hangs up the phone.

JULES (CONT'D)

(to Courtney)

So what do you think? Coffee? This amount of cake definitely deserves a fresh pot of coffee.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. DESIREE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Desiree PUSHES a button on her phone.

DESIREE

Francesca.

(no answer)

Francesca? You still there?

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.)

Hey babe, did you say you wanted it light and sweet?

DESIREE

Francesca? Who's that? Do you have someone there with you?

INT. FRANCESCA'S UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Francesca, early 40's, lies naked under the bed covers. Very attractive; her apartment reflects her social status.

DESIREE (O.S.)

Francesca, who is with you?

FRANCESCA

You know how much I believe in your theory Desiree, that's why I'm always putting it to the test.

A rugged, young, good looking UNKNOWN MAN is putting on his t-shirt, buttoning his jeans. His appearance puts him out of place for this type of apartment, and for Francesca.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

(covers the phone)

Light and sweet is fine. Thanks.

UNKNOWN MAN

I'll be back from the truck in a sec babe.

He leaves the apartment. Francesca uncovers the phone, she admires how sexy he is.

FRANCESCA

What were you saying Des?

Francesca gets up with a bed sheet wrapped around herself, she makes her way to the window.

DESIREE

I wasn't saying anything. You however just got done with what a, wait, let me guess. Owner slash operator of a roach coach?

Francesca looks out the window, below, the sexy unknown man prepares a cup of coffee from a silver, roadside, food service truck. The truck is absurdly out of place, parked among the BMW's, Jaguar's, Bentley's, and Porsches.

FRANCESCA

You see, that's why you need to write this book.

DESIREE

Because I figured out that you wanted an early morning lay? That's not rocket science where you're concerned Francesca. No offense of course.

FRANCESCA

None taken.

ON THE STREET, locals line up at the food service truck, some out of curiosity, others for food.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

But that's your genius, not that I wanted some fun, but you knew with *who* I had my little tryst. And that always begs the question, how?

DESIREE

Because you like things on your terms. For example, you love coffee after dinner, but refuse to order it when you're out. Why? Because there's not a waiter in the world who can make it to your liking. You need to be in control, and if you needed a little sex at eleven thirty in the morning, you needed it with someone where anything goes, where you would have complete control, no questions asked on how or where. And there's no other place where anything goes in terms of coffee, then when it comes from a roach coach.

(beat)

Are you even going to drink the coffee you just had him fetch for you?

FRANCESCA

Of course not. But it is fun having  
someone cater to me on this fine New  
York morning.

DESIREE

Goodbye Francesca.

Desiree hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

Men and coffee beans are exactly the same,  
sometimes you just need a good grind.

ANONYMOUS

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. FRESH BREW MAGAZINE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Desiree stands on the sidewalk, looks at the street corner,  
contemplates whether to walk down the side street to the  
"other" Seven-Eleven. She decides against it, hails a cab.  
A cab pulls up, Desiree opens the back door, doesn't get in.

CAB DRIVER

Where to?

Desiree holds the door, motionless.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Where to lady?

DESIREE

Oh...umm...I need to get uptown.

(starts to get in)

Wait.

(starts to get out)

You know what, actually I don't.

CAB DRIVER

You don't need to get uptown?

DESIREE

No. I'm sorry. I don't need a cab.

(closing the door)

Sorry.

CAB DRIVER is pissed, pulls away.

Desiree heads towards the street corner for the "other" Seven-Eleven but doubts her decision. She turns, then chases down the same cab. Stuck in traffic, she's able to catch the cab and open the back door.

CAB DRIVER

Jesus Christ.

DESIREE

(gets in; closes door)

I know, I'm sorry. Can you take me to a hundred and fifty first and third?

The cab driver turns the meter on, starts to drive. Desiree's face fills with doubt.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Stop. I changed my mind.

The cab driver SLAMS the brakes.

CAB DRIVER

Lady, are you going uptown or not?

DESIREE

No, I'm not, I'm really sorry.

The meter reads \$2.75. Desiree hands the driver a \$20.00 bill, gets out. The driver "PEELS" out, but a red light at the corner forces him to come to a quick stop. Desiree glances down the street, far down at the end is the Seven-Eleven, she takes a couple steps towards the Seven-Eleven, gets scared, then turns around and heads towards the same taxi driver stuck at the red light. The taxi driver sees Desiree coming, she starts to pick up her pace and wave him down. The taxi driver looks back and forth between the charging Desiree and the red light. Just before Desiree reaches the taxi the light turns green, the taxi driver RACES away. Desiree is left stranded.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Desiree turns around with a renewed expression of self confidence, she heads towards the Seven-Eleven. As she approaches, fear overwhelms her again. She checks her watch.

EXT. "OTHER" SEVEN-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Desiree reaches the front doors, all the windows are covered up, a hand written sign is taped to the glass:

"UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP"

"CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS"



Desiree turns, puts her back to the door, slides down.

DESIREE  
 (to herself)  
 Thanks a lot Jules. No new guy --  
 (checks watch again)  
 -- And now, no time for coffee.

Completely exasperated, Desiree stands up, sees a Dunkin' Donuts across the opposite corner of the street.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 No way! Absolutely not!  
 (rechecks her watch)  
 One cup won't kill me.  
 (beginning to walk)  
 I don't think it will.

INT. DUNKIN DONUTS - CONTINUOUS

Desiree cautiously enters, customers place their orders, she gets in line. As she gets closer to ordering, she obsessively surveys the employees carelessly preparing customers' coffees; sugars and creams spilt, creamer tops left off, grinds spill as packages are opened, thumbs in cups.

Disgusted, she's about to leave, but a customer, SAMUAL, catches her eye. He's been chatting with an employee. Samual's in his early 30's, dresses smart, but wears jeans. He resembles the man on Desiree's book covers, her Seven-Eleven "fantasy". Sam turns, Desiree's flush, heart races.

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1  
 Can I help you?

Desiree doesn't answer, she stares at Samual.

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1 (CONT'D)  
 Ma'am? Can I help you?

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #2  
 (to Samual)  
 Busy morning?

Desiree is engrossed with Samual, hearing his coffee order word for word.

SAMUAL  
 Yeah, meeting in about 30 minutes.  
 Why don't you get me a large decaf,  
 two sugars and a little milk.

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1  
 (to Desiree)  
 Hey lady, do you want something?

DESIREE

(snaps out of daze)

Um...yeah.

(steps forward)

I'll have him.

(nods towards Samual)

I mean, can I just have him.

(Beat)

Sorry, I know I can't have him, that would be ridiculous.

(laughs at herself)

I'll just have whatever he's having.

Employee #1 and Employee #2 make the coffees. Desiree sheepishly, slowly glances at Samual. He leans casually on the counter, makes eye contact with Desiree and smiles. She smiles and looks away, embarrassed she got caught staring.

Desiree turns her attention to the two Dunkin Donuts employees. Each employee prepares the exact same orders differently and wrong. One cup gets too much sugar, the other gets a sugar substitute; one gets half and half, the other gets skim milk. Desiree desperately wants to say something, but doesn't want to make a bad first impression with Samual. The two employees bring Desiree and Samual their coffee.

Samual SIPS. Desiree can't believe he's fine with his coffee. He turns to Desiree, lifts his cup, takes another SIP.

SAMUAL

(to Desiree)

Enjoy.

\*

Samual waits for Desiree to take a SIP. She hesitantly nods, raises her cup to Samual and takes a SIP, but doesn't swallow.

SAMUAL (CONT'D)

(to employee #2)

See you tomorrow.

Samual puts a dollar in the tip cup.

SAMUAL (CONT'D)

(to Desiree)

Maybe I'll see you tomorrow as well.

Desiree nods, unable to speak with a mouthful of coffee. Samual exits. Desiree watches him leave, holds the coffee in her mouth.

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1

Two nineteen.

Desiree turns to the counter, confused.

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1 (CONT'D)

Two dollars and nineteen cents.

Desiree hastily pays, then exits.

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS - CONTINUOUS

Desiree watches Samual turn the corner, when he's out of sight, she SPITS the coffee out in a big SPRAY and GASPS for air. She dumps the entire cup in the nearest pail, checks her watch, and begins sprinting back to her office. IN THE WINDOW the two employees watch Desiree's strange behavior.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

No matter how bad your coffee is,  
you always have the ability to make it better;

The same cannot be said for a man.

ANONYMOUS

BACK TO SCENE

INT. "BEAN'S" SEVEN-ELEVEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Desiree enters. Feeling shame, she tries to speed past Beans.

BEANS

Morning Des.

DESIREE

Hey, morning Beans.

BEANS

Missed you at --

DESIREE

I'll be over in a minute.

BEANS

Yeah yeah, you'll see me in a minute.

Desiree rushes through her clean-up at the coffee station, she drops down to get supplies from under the counter

ELDERLY MALE CUSTOMER

Excuse me miss, I can't find --

Desiree pops up, SLAMS chocolate marshmallows on the counter. The customer reels back, Desiree drops down to continue cleaning.

ELDERLY MALE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Thanks. But I was hoping to get --

Desiree pops up again, GENTLY SETS regular marshmallows on the counter, removes the chocolate.

DESIREE

Sorry.

Desiree drops down below the counter again.

ELDERLY MALE CUSTOMER

It's okay dear. Thank you.

Desiree makes her coffee, heads behind the counter, gives Beans a kiss on his forehead, puts her money on the counter and tries to leave. Beans gently grabs her arm.

BEANS

Why so fast today Des?

DESIREE

Just a lot going on, I gotta go.

Desiree tries to leave again, she's visibly uncomfortable.

BEANS

I missed you at lunch yesterday. Is everything okay?

DESIREE

(struggling)

Yeah, everything's fine. Just swamped at work you know. We kind of had a working lunch yesterday. No time to get away. Sorry Beans.

BEANS

No need to apologize, it happens.

Desiree starts to leave.

BEANS (CONT'D)

So then I'll see you later?

DESIREE

Yeah, sure, well, you know Beans, I don't really know. I have a lot on my plate again. Deadlines, research, focus groups.

BEANS

I understand Des. Just go, go have a good day.

DESIREE

(saddened)

Yeah Beans. You have a good day too.

Desiree exits.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Jules and Rebecca sit at their regular table. Desiree storms into the park, joins Jules and Rebecca, she sits angrily.

DESIREE  
(deliberately)  
Well thank you Jules!

REBECCA  
At least the bitch role is taken for today.

DESIREE  
Because of you I just got done lying to Beans. Beans! The man who --

REBECCA  
Yeah, yeah. The man who served you your first cup of coffee. Blah, blah, blah. Get to the point please.

JULES  
How did I make you lie to Beans?

DESIREE  
Because I didn't go there for my afternoon coffee, and when he asked me about it I told him I got hung up in a meeting!

JULES  
You did it! God damn it, you did it! I was hoping you would, I wasn't sure if you would, but I thought I got to you just a little bit, just enough to give you that little push --

REBECCA  
Stop rambling Jules.  
(to Desiree)  
What did you do that was so heinous Desiree?  
(facetiously)  
Buy coffee from Dunkin Donuts?

DESIREE  
(long pause)  
Yes!  
(breaking down)  
I went to Dunkin' Donuts.

Desiree drops her head onto the table, almost sobbing.

JULES

I knew you'd go to that Seven-Elev --  
Wait? Dunkin' Donuts? What happened?  
You were supposed to go to the Seven-  
Eleven I told you about.

DESIREE

Well that Seven-Eleven is closed  
Jules, you didn't know that did you!  
So, I got desperate. I needed coffee,  
Dunkin' Donuts was my only option.

REBECCA

Back up one second. You work at a  
coffee magazine. There's coffee  
everywhere in that place. Explain  
to me again *why* you don't drink it.

DESIREE

Because I drink Seven-Eleven coffee.  
It's who I am.

REBECCA

No. Coffee is what you drink, it's  
not who you are.

Desiree's ready to debate, but is interrupted by Jules.

JULES

Relax. Put coffee and philosophy on  
hold for a second.

(to Desiree)

What's the real problem here Des.  
You got coffee at Dunkin' Donuts, so  
what? Why would you have to lie to  
Beans about that? You're like his  
daughter, he would understand if you  
missed one afternoon?

DESIREE

Well...

JULES

Well what?

DESIREE

(hesitantly)

I may miss another coffee, or two,  
with Beans.

REBECCA

My, my, my Miss Cafferty, did you  
get your "grind on" at a...Dunkin  
Donuts of all places?

JULES

Rebecca! Please!

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)  
 (whispers to Desiree)  
*Did you get your..."grind on"?*

DESIREE  
 (whispers to Jules)  
 No, there was no "grinding". Well there was grinding, but it was for coffee purposes only. But, there was someone there.

REBECCA  
 I'm still here. Any reason why you're both whispering?

JULES  
 So you met someone at a...Dunkin' Donuts?

REBECCA  
 More importantly, you drank coffee from a Dunkin Donuts?

DESIREE  
 No...yes...no...I mean yes. There was a guy, but we didn't really meet. And I bought a coffee, but didn't drink it. Technically I didn't drink it, I did take a sip but didn't --  
 (Beat)  
 You know what, why are you guys so obsessed with me being at a Dunkin' Donuts?

Rebecca and Jules LAUGH.

REBECCA  
 Why?

DESIREE  
 Yes. Why?

REBECCA  
 Seriously. Well, for starters, you've always said, and I quote, "Overweight soccer moms and divorced men looking to make their kids happy get their coffee from Dunkin' Donuts" -

DESIREE  
 But --

REBECCA  
 (waves her finger)  
 Eh, eh, eh. Not finished.  
 (MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

"And anyone, male or female, willing to have their drink prepared by an uncaring high schooler doesn't understand the importance a cup of coffee plays in their daily life."

DESIREE

But --

REBECCA

Eh, eh, eh. Not finished! "And therefore a Dunkin' Donuts coffee drinker is too laid back to take any relationship seriously because they don't take their coffee preparation seriously."

There's a long awkward pause among all three ladies.

JULES

How, and more importantly, why, are you always able to remember everything she says word for word?

REBECCA

Because. It's fun. And I like to screw with her theory.

JULES

It's more than just a theory to her, and she makes a great living off of coffee. And teenagers prepare Starbucks coffee too. So, just get off her back.

REBECCA

Some *may* still be in high school, but technically they're baristas.

JULES

You can give it a fancy name but it's still --

Desiree stares blankly while Rebecca and Jules ARGUE. Desiree BURSTS into the ARGUMENT.

DESIREE

He was soooooo good looking!

JULES

That's great Des. But you said you didn't really "meet him meet him". So what happened?



DESIREE

We just kind of made eye contact,  
and smiled a bit.

REBECCA

Oh, how romantic. Gazing lovingly  
at each other over a tray of glazed  
donuts. Did you split a jelly stick  
too?

JULES

Did you get his number?

DESIREE

(sheepishly)

No. But he told the cashier he'd  
see him tomorrow. And now...it's  
tomorrow.

JULES

So you're going back.

DESIREE

I want too, but there's the whole  
thing with Beans.

REBECCA

What *thing* with Beans? There's no  
*thing* with Beans! But the Dunkin'  
Donuts guy on the other hand could  
lead to some fun. You may even get  
some Boston creme out of it, or better  
yet, a sticky bun.

DESIREE

Okay, on that disturbing image, I'm  
leaving for work now.

JULES

Des, go to the Dunkin' Donuts!

DESIREE

This is me leaving now, not discussing  
coffee or men. Just going to work.

Desiree walks away.

JULES

You and your Boston creme. You scared  
her off.

REBECCA

Me. You're the one forcing her out  
of her comfort zone. Desiree in a  
Dunkin' Donuts is like me shopping  
at a...at a Marshalls for Gods sake.

DESIREE

(turns; yells)

Rebecca. Talk to Francesca. Get her off my back please, the book will be done when I say it's done.

JULES

(to Rebecca)

I told her to say that. Not to you of course, but still.

REBECCA

Twenty dollars says she goes to Beans' today for coffee.

JULES

Only twenty? Maybe you should be shopping at Marshalls. Make it a hundred and you're on.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

Coffee, chocolate, and men;

Three things that are always better rich.

ANONYMOUS

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE - LATER

Rebecca enters while talking on her cell phone.

REBECCA

Francesca? Francesca! Will you focus please!

INT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca continues talking, making her way through the store.

REBECCA

You have someone there with you don't you? Don't you? You little --

INT. FRANCESCA'S UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Francesca lies naked on her couch wrapped in blankets.

FRANCESCA  
Don't be so judgmental.

REBECCA  
Let me guess, coffee truck guy?

FRANCESCA  
No, well, yes. But I went to a different truck than yesterday, so technically it's different. Right?

REBECCA  
Dumpster diving two days in a row? You know what, if you want a morning lay, who am I to judge?

An extremely good looking man enters Francesca's room, slips on jeans, puts on work boots, buttons his shirt. Francesca covers the phone's mouthpiece.

FRANCESCA  
(to unknown male #2)  
Can you make it light and sweet?

UNKNOWN MALE #2  
Sure babe.

FRANCESCA  
You have any danish down there?

UNKNOWN MALE #2  
I'll bring up a little sample platter.

FRANCESCA  
Aw, aren't you the best.

UNKNOWN MALE #2 exits.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)  
(back to Rebecca)  
You know, that's exactly what Desiree said to me yesterday. What are you two doing, comparing notes.

Francesca moves towards the window wrapped in the bed sheets.

REBECCA  
She's the reason I'm calling.

Outside the window, Francesca watches the same scene unfold ON THE STREET below, locals line up at the food service truck, for food or out of curiosity. Francesca smiles.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Can you cut her a little slack with the new book, she's stressed and just needs some time to work it out.

FRANCESCA  
She's not getting laid huh?

REBECCA  
Pretty much.

FRANCESCA  
Why didn't she say so, nobody gets any work done when they're all backed up physically.

REBECCA  
Well, she'll never admit that's the reason, but Jules and I, really Jules, is working on it. Supposedly she's met someone at a Dunkin' Donuts?

FRANCESCA  
Dunkin' Donuts! Does she not take her own advice. I tried a guy from Dunkin' Donuts once, instead of getting sex I got an earful about his ex-wife and how fat his kids were.

REBECCA  
Look, give her some more time, you owe me one.

FRANCESCA  
I owe you one?

REBECCA  
Did you or did you not ask me to fast track the screenplay "Ishtar Two: Encore in the Falklands"?

Rebecca has made it to the Jimmy Choo boutique of Saks.

FRANCESCA  
First of all, I love Ishtar, it's never gotten the credit it deserves. And second, the screenwriter was hot. Crazy, but hot. You would have done the same thing.

REBECCA  
Just get off of Desiree's back please.

Francesca smiles seeing Unknown Male #2 serve people below  
ON THE STREET.

FRANCESCA  
Fine Rebecca.

A JIMMY CHOO SALESPERSON approaches Rebecca.

REBECCA  
Thank you Francesca.

Rebecca and Francesca HANG UP.

ON THE STREET Unknown Male #2 defends his right to be there as rich locals complain about his truck, he adamantly points up to Francesca's apartment, she gives him a wink and a wave.

FRANCESCA  
(to herself)  
Simply adorable.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY CHOO SALESPERSON  
Rebecca?

REBECCA  
I know it's not the first of the month, but I needed a quick fix?

JIMMY CHOO SALESPERSON  
(overly dramatic)  
What happened? Is everything okay?

REBECCA  
I said something horrible.

JIMMY CHOO SALESPERSON  
What did you do Rebecca?

REBECCA  
Marshalls. I talked about Marshalls, but only to make a point and help a friend. I feel so, dirty.

The salesperson GASPS, turns and runs.

JIMMY CHOO SALESPERSON  
I have just the thing, I got a brand new shipment in this morning.

REBECCA  
Just make it quick,  
(checks her watch)  
I'm supposed to be at a script reading in forty minutes.

CLOSE SHOT of Rebecca's watch.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

INT. FRESH BREW MAGAZINE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE SHOT of conference room clock. SLOW PULL OUT reveals an impatient Desiree checking her watch. She struggles to remain focused. Coeditors and staff sit at a large table, all drinking coffee and talking simultaneously.

IN THE BACKGROUND, CONVERSATIONS of the staff about coffee, the magazine, featured stories are a MUFFLED CLUTTER IN DESIREE'S MIND, the TICKING of the clock's second hand POUNDS and drowns out the BACKGROUND NOISE. She daydreams.

SUSAN, a coeditor, SNAPS Desiree out of her daydream.

SUSAN

Desiree, your thoughts?

(Beat)

Desiree?

(Beat)

Desiree!

DESIREE

Yes! I'm ready for lunch too!

(stands)

Great meeting everyone! Really, just great!

SUSAN

Des, actually we were discussing next month's issue and were curious what your feature would be about.

DESIREE

(sits back down)

Oh. Well?

(struggling)

Um...you know...perhaps I could --

STAFF MEMBER

(whispering to coworker)

-- I could use an Appletini right about now if she keeps rambling.

Desiree hears the WHISPERING, stares at the employee.

DESIREE

(has a revelation)

Actually. Liquor and coffee have a long standing tradition, I think I'm going to focus on coffee and its' influence during Prohibition.

People around the table show their interest. Desiree NODS to Serena to "go along" with her. Serena sips her large coffee, nervously trying to interpret Desiree's gesture.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Serena has already begun the fact finding, I believe she's pulled some of the background info I'll be using.

SERENA

(pause; improvises)

Uh...yes...that's right Desiree! Interestingly enough, Irish coffee became very popular during prohibition because it was an easy way for out of work alcoholic immigrants to hide their love of cheap whiskey while they walked the streets searching aimlessly for work --

DESIREE

-- That's enough for now Serena. Let's not give all the details away just yet. Why don't we let everyone just digest on that, and in the meantime we can break for lunch.

(to Susan)

Lunch? I think it's a perfect time to break for lunch. Lunch it is.

Desiree hastily gathers her papers and exits the conference room. Serena runs out after her, cup of coffee in hand.

SERENA

(sipping, rambling)

Sorry about the improv session in there. I hope it was okay, the Irish coffee thing was the only thing that popped into my head, I know, stupid. I should have probably went with a Baily's reference instead --

DESIREE

It was fine Serena. You know what, see if there's any truth to that Irish coffee thing, it sounded really convincing.

Desiree walks away, Serena continues to talk.

SERENA

Really? Because you know I just went with it. Felt like we were a real team in there. That would be great if it turned out to be true. Should I look into Baily's Irish Cream too? You know what?

(Desiree turns the corner)

I'll skip that, just stick with the Irish coffee angle.

(MORE)

SERENA (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Thanks Des! Won't let you down.  
 (to herself)  
 Irish coffee, boy I hope it's true.  
 (shakes her empty cup)  
 Time for a refill!

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

Sipping fresh coffee is like trying  
 a new man,  
 there's always a chance you'll get burned.

ANONYMOUS

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS - MOMENTS LATER

With her hand already on the door of the Dunkin' Donuts,  
 Desiree takes a long, deep SIGH, then drops her head.

INT. DUNKIN DONUTS - CONTINUOUS

Desiree enters. Samuel is at the counter, coffee in hand,  
 he talks with Dunkin' Donuts employee #2.

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1  
 (to Desiree; sarcastic)  
 Oh, it's you again. Would you like  
 coffee today, or may I offer you  
 something in a lawyer?

Examining Samuel's attire.

DESIREE  
 (to herself)  
 A lawyer? He's wearing jeans. He  
 did yesterday too.

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1  
 I know. A lawyer in jeans. Actually,  
 I think it may be a crime. Good  
 thing he's a lawyer though, should  
 definitely be able to defend himself  
 if it ever goes to trial.

DESIREE  
 Just give me the same as yesterday.



SAMUAL (O.S.)  
Well if it isn't Miss decaf.

Desiree is shocked at being called "Miss Decaf". She believes Samual has called her by her pen name, Dee Caff. She can't figure out how he could know about her or her romance novels.

DESIREE  
What did you say?

SAMUAL  
It's you, Miss Decaf.

DESIREE  
(walking to Samual)  
How do you know my --

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1  
Two dollars and nineteen cents!

DESIREE  
(to employee)  
Oh my god! You and this incessant  
obsession with two nineteen! Here!  
(grabs a gift card)  
Put a hundred dollars on this. Let's  
get a running tab going, okay?  
(to Samual)  
Now, how did you know my name?

SAMUAL  
(raising his cup)  
Decaf yesterday, decaf today. And  
if I don't get your real name soon,  
it'll be decaf tomorrow too.

DESIREE  
(puts out her hand)  
Oh! It's Desiree. Desiree Cafferty.

SAMUAL  
(shaking hands)  
Nice to meet you Desiree. I'm Sam,  
Samual Barrister.  
(Beat)  
Hey. You really are decaf.

DESIREE  
What?

SAMUAL  
Your name, you really are decaf.

DESIREE  
Yes, I'm aware of that. "D" for  
Desiree and "Caf" for Cafferty.  
(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Don't be too proud of yourself,  
believe me, I've heard it before.  
And what about your name, Barrister?

SAMUAL

So?

DESIREE

You're a lawyer. Isn't a Barrister  
an English lawyer?

SAMUAL

Technically you're right. They are  
lawyers, but they're also members of  
something called the Inns of Court,  
which means they tend to do a lot of  
prep work. Most of their time is  
spent alone, in an isolated room,  
then actually working with clients.  
And they rarely go to court.  
Wait, back up just a second, how do  
you know I'm a lawyer? Did you do a  
background check, because that's the  
type of stuff I usually get to do.

DESIREE

(coy)

You told me yesterday? Didn't you?

SAMUAL

No, I don't believe I --

DESIREE

These Barrister's, do they wear jeans  
too?

SAMUAL

(looks at his jeans)

I assume they may own a pair or two.

(Beat)

Now, would it be Levi? Or maybe  
that son of a bitch Strauss you have  
a problem with.

DESIREE

Actually it's Brooke Shields. I've  
never forgiven her for making me  
waste my allowance on a pair of Calvin  
Kleins.

SAMUAL

(chuckling)

Do you have a couple of minutes?  
You can walk me back to my office.

DESIREE  
 (contains excitement)  
 Should I carry your textbooks too?

Desiree and Samual begin to exit.

DUNKIN DONUTS EMPLOYEE #1  
 (holds the gift card)  
 Hey, don't forget your card. And  
 your coffee.

DESIREE  
 (turns; sighs)  
 Just keep it behind the counter,  
 (slides card back)  
 that way I won't have to fumble  
 through my stuff for it everyday.

Desiree takes her coffee, joins Samual. They exit together.

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS - CONTINUOUS

Desiree and Samual walk the sidewalk towards Samual's law  
 office. Samual sips his coffee, Desiree never sips hers.

DESIREE  
 So what kind of law do you practice?

SAMUAL  
 Well, let me ask you, have you ever  
 been exposed to asbestos? What about  
 a serious slip, or better yet, have  
 you fallen on somebody else's  
 property?

DESIREE  
 Oh my god! You're an ambulance  
 chaser?

SAMUAL  
 (laughing)  
 No. I'm just teasing. Actually, I  
 do a lot of family law.

DESIREE  
 Divorce lawyer?

SAMUAL  
 Sometimes, and only if I really have  
 to. I mostly do a lot of child  
 welfare cases, custody hearings,  
 emergency placement situations, stuff  
 like that. Occasionally I branch  
 out and do other things, but that's  
 only if a friend needs a favor.

DESIREE

So basically you look out for a child's safety. Pretty noble work. And your office let's you wear jeans when practicing this kind of law?

SAMUAL

What is so wrong with a nice pair of jeans?

DESIREE

I just find it intriguing. A lawyer wearing jeans, just doesn't fit with the profile of a typical lawyer.

SAMUAL

Well maybe I'm just not your typical lawyer. And besides, you know profiling is illegal, right?

DESIREE

If I were a cop, or hiring you, then it would be.

SAMUAL

Okay, point taken. Moving onto you now. So we've ruled out law enforcement, and you don't require legal services. What does that leave for Desiree to be?

IN THE BACK SEAT OF A CAB, traveling in the opposite direction of Desiree and Samual, Beans speeds by. Desiree doesn't see him, but Beans sees Desiree, he's saddened when he sees the Dunkin' Donuts cup she's holding.

DESIREE

As it happens,  
(holds up her cup)  
I'm actually the creator and coeditor of Fresh Brew magazine.

SAMUAL

(overly surprised)  
Really?

DESIREE

(equally surprised)  
Why "really"? Something wrong?

SAMUAL

No. It's just, I thought, I just thought you know --

DESIREE

Actually, I don't know.

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

But keep going, your incoherent ramblings are cute.

SAMUAL

Okay. Let me try it like this. You have an image of lawyers, right? Especially how they should look. A lawyer in jeans, you're a little surprised by that. Well, I'm a little surprised that a coffee expert, you are an expert on the subject right? I mean running a magazine about it I would assume you are?

DESIREE

That's a safe assumption.

SAMUAL

So, I'm just a little surprised that you're drinking Dunkin' Donuts coffee, that's all. Doesn't quite fit the profile of a coffee guru.

DESIREE

Why should my knowledge of coffee make any difference on where I get it from?

SAMUAL

Because I would just picture you drinking, I don't know, "fancier" coffee.

DESIREE

I'm a coffee snob? Is that your official accusation counselor? Or just the preliminary charges being brought against me?

SAMUAL

I'm not saying it in a bad way. I just assumed you would prefer gourmet coffee, something more refined than Dunkin' Donuts. Personally I like their coffee. I know sometimes they screw up my order, but the conversation's always lively and the jelly sticks are fresh, so if they don't use the highest quality coffee, it doesn't really bother me.

DESIREE

Is this where I get to refute the charges filed against me?

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

(Samual nods)

First, never drink coffee if it's not made the way you like it. Second, I'm not a coffee snob.

SAMUAL

I didn't say you --

DESIREE

Third, I'm not really sure what you think constitutes a "fancy" or gourmet coffee, but for your information there's only two, TWO species of coffee; robusta and arabica. Robusta is a lower grade bean, while arabica is universally considered the superior bean. And do you know which is grown more worldwide?

SAMUAL

Amazingly enough I don't.

DESIREE

It's arabica! So chances are, no matter where you buy your coffee from it's made from arabica, which means pretty much everybody is serving gourmet coffee, even Dunkin' Donuts.

SAMUAL

Desiree --

DESIREE

And fourth. I'm really not a snob.

SAMUAL

Okay, argument well made and point taken. You can enjoy coffee from wherever you like.

(looks at Desiree's cup)

Even though you haven't even popped the lid on that one yet.

(checks his watch)

But, I've walked three blocks past my office and am now officially late for an appointment. So how about I buy you a cup of coffee?

DESIREE

But I still have this one.

SAMUAL

How about I buy you a cup of coffee, after I buy you dinner?

DESIREE

Dinner?

SAMUAL

Tomorrow night good for you?

DESIREE

Dinner?

(looks at her coffee)

Tomorrow night?

SAMUAL

Sounds like doubt. Don't you know lawyers love doubt, we pounce all over it.

DESIREE

Yes. Dinner. I would love to go to dinner.

SAMUAL

And coffee.

DESIREE

Absolutely. Coffee.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

People are just like instant coffee;

The second they get into hot water they dissolve.

ANONYMOUS

EXT. BRYANT PARK - MORNING

DESIREE (O.S.)

Coffee. So there I am rambling on about coffee. And not just coffee as a whole, or even as a theory like I usually do, but about coffee as a species. You know, two species --

REBECCA AND JULES

(exasperated)

-- We know, arabica and robusta.

Desiree is the only one without her coffee.

DESIREE

Seriously, I'm surprised I didn't break out diagrams and charts.

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

I even went so far as to defend  
Dunkin' Donuts' coffee.

JULES

Have you ever even drank Dunkin'  
Donuts' coffee Des?

DESIREE

No. Not really?

REBECCA

How does the creator and editor of a  
national coffee magazine have the  
"coffee beans big enough" to pass  
judgment on an establishment's coffee  
without ever having tasted it?

DESIREE

I know, it's not right. It's just  
that I base all my decisions on the  
store and it's typical cliental,  
that's the whole idea behind the  
theory. It's not so much the actual  
coffee, but the perception of the  
coffee by consumers. And now with  
the book looming, I just don't know  
anymore. I feel if I don't follow  
my own theory I won't be able to  
write this book.

REBECCA

So? Follow it. Finish the book.  
Move on. What's the problem?

Desiree struggles to answer.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Oh! Here it comes! Let's go, spill  
it Miss Dee Dee, what's going on?

Desiree remains silent.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Dunkin' Donuts boy slipped you his  
jelly stick didn't he? I knew it!

JULES

Rebecca!

(whispers to Desiree)

Did he give you a jelly stick?

DESIREE

Oh my God, stop with the donuts as  
phallic symbols already.

(MORE)



DESIREE (CONT'D)

There's been no "jelly stick", no "Boston creme", he just asked me out to dinner tonight.

REBECCA

Oh my god, the evil bastard! Dinner? I hope you kicked him in his munchins.

Desiree glares at Rebecca.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Sorry. It was just to easy.

DESIREE

Weren't you listening. I have a deadline and I have writer's block, and it's all because I'm torn between my theory, this book, and Samual.

(mumbling to herself)

Seven-Eleven's don't date Dunkin' Donuts, they just don't.

REBECCA

Speaking of Seven-Eleven, where's your coffee?

DESIREE

I was running late. I'll pick some up before work.

JULES

How do you know Des?

DESIREE

Because I'll go to Beans' and get a cup.

JULES

No. I mean, how do you know it's this Samual who's giving you your writer's block?

DESIREE

I don't know, I just do.

REBECCA

Then I have a better idea, change your theory so you can enjoy Samual.

DESIREE

It's not that simple Rebecca. Look, I like Seven-Eleven because of the control I have, the choices I have.

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Dunkin' Donuts, all that control and choice is handed over to someone else, someone who doesn't even know you. That's two very different people.

JULES

So different that they can't be together?

DESIREE

That's what I've always thought. That's what the book is supposed to be about.

REBECCA

And opposites attract, you've never heard of that?

DESIREE

Of course I --

REBECCA

And what about half caff?

DESIREE

What?

REBECCA

Half regular and half decaffeinated?

DESIREE

I don't need an explanation of what half caff is Rebecca.

REBECCA

Apparently you do because those are opposing coffees, and some people actually put them together and their coffee turns out fine. So why can't Seven-Eleven and Dunkin' Donuts "just all get along"?

Rebecca takes a sip of her coffee.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Ow!

(bites her lip)

And why can't Starbucks keep the lids I like in stock.

Rebecca's coffee has a flat lid with the "pull back" opening. She's cut her lip on the plastic.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I like the rounded ones with the opening in them. I always end up cutting my lip on this piece of shit.

JULES

Look, just go out with him. Stop over thinking everything. Just because your theory has worked for Rebecca

(Rebecca looks away)

and for me, doesn't mean you can't adapt. Maybe a nice date is all you need to clear your head, get you back on track with the book, get those creative juices flowing again.

REBECCA

A good vibrator could get the juices flowing again too.

All three LAUGH.

INT. "BEAN'S" SEVEN-ELEVEN - LATER

Desiree enters. Beans is at the coffee station; wiping, cleaning, straitening up, doing Desiree's usual "job". He sees Desiree out of the corner of his eye, he keeps cleaning. Desiree kisses his forehead, she prepares her coffee.

DESIREE

Hey Beans.

BEANS

Well, well, well. If it isn't Miss Cafferty gracing me with her presence.

DESIREE

I'm sorry I missed lunch again yest --

BEANS

And breakfast this morning.

DESIREE

Work. It's just been --

BEANS

Yes, so you've said. Work has just got you swamped.

She gives Beans another kiss on his forehead.

DESIREE

I really am sorry Beans. I'll try --  
(struggling)  
I'll just try.

Desiree quickly walks behind the counter, leaves her money, then exits, ashamed. Beans watches with disappointment, then turns his attention back to the coffee station.

EXT. NYC SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - AFTERNOON/EVENING

The sun sets, day turns to night. The city fills with moonlight and the brilliant lights of the skyline.

DESIREE (O.S.)

I don't know Jules.

JULES (O.S.)

It looks great. You look great!

BEEPING NOISES faintly BLIP IN THE BACKGROUND.

DESIREE (O.S.)

Not the outfit, the date. I just don't know.

INT. JULES' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEEPING NOISES louder.

Desiree wears a casual, yet beautiful dress. Hanging on her back, very out of place, is a PULSATING, BEEPING red cylinder. Jules sits on the floor, putting Lazer Tag equipment together. Running throughout the house with lasers and blinking, BEEPING red cylinders on their backs are Courtney, Jackson, and Alex.

JULES

Do you like him?

DESIREE

I do. I really think I do.

The red cylinder on Desiree's back FLASHES red, a siren WAILS.

JULES

Will you guys stop shooting Aunt Dee Dee! I told you, she's not playing!

DESIREE

Weren't you testing Easy Bake Ovens?

JULES

I was, but they had an issue with these "things".

(holds up equipment)

So now we're in Thunderdome for the next couple of days. Didn't I tell you to stop thinking so much. You look great, except for this thing.

(removes Desiree's cylinder)

Just go. Have a good time!

Phone RINGS.

JULES (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)  
 Try and keep it down please!

Jules answers the phone.

JULES (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)  
 Hello!

EXT. NYC SIDEWALKS - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Rebecca walks a few feet in front of her husband. He is consumed with his own phone call. They are physically and emotionally separated by their position and phone calls. Each sips a Starbucks coffee.

REBECCA  
 Excuse me? At least wait until you hear what I have to say first before you start yelling at me.

JULES  
 Sorry Rebecca, all hell is breaking out here.

REBECCA  
 Don't even tell me she's not going to go through with it?

JULES  
 No, no. She's going, and she looks phenomenal.

Desiree rolls her eyes.

REBECCA  
 Ask her if she's going to order coffee at dessert.

JULES  
 I will not.

REBECCA  
 Do it, come on, please.

JULES  
 No!

DESIREE  
 What?

JULES

Nothing.

(Beat)

She wants to know if you're going to order coffee at dessert.

DESIREE

Tell her to finish her triple latte and leave me alone.

JULES

Goodbye Rebecca.

REBECCA

Ooh! Ooh! No! I got it! She's going to order coffee but not drink it. Tell her! Tell her I know what she's going to do.

Jules hangs up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(to her herself)

She thinks she's so smart. Ha!

(takes a sip)

It's only a double latte.

With her husband still on his phone, Rebecca shakes head.

BACK TO SCENE

DESIREE

What did she say?

JULES

She wants you to relax, and go and have a good time.

DESIREE

Right. That's the ray of sunshine Rebecca's so known for.

Courtney and Alex jump out from behind the couch, they shoot their lazer tag guns at Desiree. Desiree DROPS to the floor.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Oh, the humanity. They got me.

(struggles to speak)

Can't. Go. On. Date! Must. Rest!

Jules "waves" the kids away.

JULES

For heaven's sake she's not even wearing one of these blinking things. Will you please just leave Aunt Dee Dee alone already. Shoo!

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

(picks Desiree up)

And you! You're not getting out of this that easy.

DESIREE

Okay, okay. I'm going, but I'm not ordering coffee. Absolutely no coffee for me tonight!

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

DESIREE

Yes, I'll just have decaf please.

SAMUAL

I'll have decaffeinated too, and a piece of the turtle cheesecake please.

The WAITRESS takes the dessert menus and leaves.

DESIREE

Cheesecake? Lawyers have a sweet tooth? I thought you all feasted on the flesh of new born puppies.

Samual rolls his eyes.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

No? Not even a sour ball for dessert?

SAMUAL

For someone who's not a lawyer, you seem to be quite the expert. We shouldn't wear jeans, we like the taste of fresh blood.

DESIREE

Well, Law and Order was on for over twenty years, and Sam Waterston seems real trustworthy.

The waitress returns with coffee and dessert. Samual picks up his coffee and SIPS.

SAMUAL

How about less talk about my job and more about your area of expertise.

Samual lifts his coffee cup up.

DESIREE

I told you, editor of --

SAMUAL

-- Of Fresh Brew magazine,  
contributing writer, drinks Dunkin'  
Donuts coffee.

Desiree is embarrassed.

SAMUAL (CONT'D)

I got the basics. But I get the  
feeling there's something more.  
Something just below the surface  
you're keeping from me.

Desiree mentally fumbles for answers, silent as Samual eats  
dessert and drinks coffee. Her coffee remains untouched.

SAMUAL (CONT'D)

You see, this is where I will go  
into lawyer mode. Silence is usually  
the first sign of guilt.

DESIREE

Guilt? Guilty of what?

SAMUAL

I don't know, that's what you're  
supposed to tell me.

Desiree doesn't want to reveal her Dunkin' Donuts lie.

DESIREE

Well? There is one thing. But only  
my closest friends know this, so you  
have to promise not to tell anyone.

SAMUAL

You obviously don't watch "Law and  
Order" *that* closely. Anything you  
tell me falls under attorney client  
privilege. I'm legally bound to  
remain silent, but I'll keep it  
between us because you asked so  
sweetly.

DESIREE

You see, editorials for Fresh Brew  
isn't the only writing I do.

SAMUAL

(leaning forward)  
Go on.

DESIREE

I write novels under a pen name.  
Have you ever heard of Dee Dee Caff?



SAMUAL

Dee Dee Caff? Can't say that  
I...wait, the romance novels?

DESIREE

Yes, the romance novels. But how  
could you possibly know about --

SAMUAL

(rambling, embarrassed)

My secretary, I've seen them on her  
desk, I would never read, I mean,  
not that I wouldn't read, I just  
mean your work, not that I wouldn't  
read your work, I just wouldn't read  
romance novels, not that there's  
anything wrong with romance novels,  
I'm just saying --

(Beat)

So, you're Dee Dee Caff?

DESIREE

Yes, I'm Dee Dee. Queen of the coffee  
themed romance novels, with the  
kitschy name to match.

SAMUAL

You don't sound happy about that.

DESIREE

Because look at your reaction. I'm  
the one writing it and I feel the  
same way as you.

SAMUAL

You know, not to sound sexist, but  
I'm --

(lowers his voice)

A guy. And that genre really isn't  
written with me in mind. Is it?

DESIREE

No, not usually.

SAMUAL

Are you good at it?

DESIREE

Yes.

SAMUAL

Do people enjoy reading them?

DESIREE

Yes.

SAMUAL

Have you been successful doing it?

DESIREE

(with pride)

Two New York Times bestsellers.

SAMUAL

Look at that, personal success *and* you make others happy while doing it. Life usually doesn't get better than that.

DESIREE

I suppose you're right, but --

SAMUAL

But what?

DESIREE

(opening up more)

I have a deadline fast approaching on my new book, and I've got the worst case of writer's block ever.

SAMUAL

Well, maybe I can help. What's the story about?

DESIREE

(knowing he's the cause of the block)

What? You help? I. No. God no! I really don't think so.

SAMUAL

Okay, I can take a hint. I was just --

DESIREE

No. No! Oh? Don't get me wrong, it's a wonderful gesture, it's not that I don't want your help, trust me, I would love your help, this is just something I have to work through. It's happened before, it's just this time it's a huge blockage I'm trying to get past.

(Beat)

Wow! That sounds real bad. Please, don't take it personal Samual, and do your best to ignore the words coming out of my mouth, especially about the part about being blocked. I'd just rather not talk about the book right now. Look, how about we get back to you.

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

You said sometimes you do things other than family law. Anything interesting that you're working on now? You had a meeting or something yesterday?

SAMUAL

I'm actually helping a friend with a new business venture.

DESIREE

Sounds intersting. What kind of business?

SAMUAL

Ah, now I get to be cryptic. My friend wants it kept under wraps until it's all finalized.

DESIREE

(still flustered)

Really? Sure you're not just being a little tat for tit? I mean tit for tat? Great. Now I've used blockage and tit in the same conversation.

SAMUAL

(laughs)

Believe me, I've had plenty of court cases where tit and blockage were not only used in the same conversation, but the same sentence. In fact, once the judge used it as a compound word.

DESIREE

Titblockage. Weren't they a grunge band? I'm pretty sure I saw Titblockage in the village sometime in the early nineties.

Both Desiree and Samual LAUGH.

MONTAGE - COUPLES EVENINGS TOGETHER - CONTINUOUS

A) INT. JULES' LIVING ROOM

Jules and her husband snuggle while watching a movie, "Sleepless in Seattle". The room is illuminated by the light of the television. It is strewn with Lazer Tag and Easy Bake oven toys.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

The children sleep on the floor while Lazer Tag disks silently glow red on their chests. Jules' head rests on Jackson's shoulder, she eats popcorn, he eats tiny Easy Bake cakes. Both wear Lazer Tag disks silently glowing on their chests.

B) INT. BROADWAY THEATER

(CONT'D)

Rebecca and her husband sit watching a show. They lean in opposite directions, as far away from each as possible. Both are bored and disinterested.

C) INT. FANCY RESTAURANT

(CONT'D)

Desiree and Samual talk, laugh; truly enjoy each others company. He continues to eat dessert, finishing off one cup of coffee after another. Desiree's original cup sits untouched. The restaurant slowly empties while Desiree and Samual continue talking.

BACK TO SCENE

Samual takes his last bite of dessert.

WAITRESS

We're closing up shortly folks.

SAMUAL

Thank you. We'll be out of your way in a minute.

Waitress leaves. Samual takes his last sip of coffee.

SAMUAL (CONT'D)

Seems we've overstayed our welcome. So much for the city that never sleeps.

(getS up)

And look, you didn't even touch your coffee.

DESIREE

(flustered)

Oh, it's cold now anyway. You know, it's just that the conversation was so engrossing, I must have forgot.

Leaving the restaurant.

SAMUAL  
Did you just call me gross?

DESIREE  
Engross!

SAMUAL  
So I'm full of gross.

LAUGHING, Desiree loops her arm through Samual's. They walk and talk.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN

A man should be like coffee;  
Strong, dark, and hot.

ANONYMOUS

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. BRYANT PARK - MORNING

Desiree, Jules, and Rebecca sit at their table sipping coffee.

DESIREE  
It was amazing! We talked for hours,  
walked around central park! Blah  
blah blah...AND HE'S SO HOT!

REBECCA  
Who cares what he looks like, did  
you or did you not order coffee?

JULES  
Leave her alone about the coffee.

DESIREE  
Yes. Of course I ordered coffee.

REBECCA  
Did you drink it?

JULES  
Rebecca!

Desiree remains silent.

REBECCA  
Did you or did you not drink it?

JULES

Enough Rebecca, she doesn't want to talk about it.

JULES (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You drank it. Right?

DESIREE

I didn't drink it! Okay!

Jules takes out a \$100 bill, Rebecca SNATCHES it.

REBECCA

Thank you very much.

DESIREE

Nice. Wagering on my date.

REBECCA

Don't be so sensitive. You're the one who creates all this drama over coffee. We're just having a little fun, and

(snaps the \$100 bill)

making some money off of it.

DESIREE

Well, your fun is over.

JULES

You're not going out with him again?

DESIREE

Are you crazy? That was probably the single best date of my life. Even Juan Valdez hand delivering me a cup of coffee on that donkey of his couldn't stop me from going out with Samuel again.

REBECCA

Then why can't we place bets on your evenings' outcomes?

JULES

You're coming clean, you're going to tell him all about the coffee theory? How you actually hate Dunkin' Donuts coffee?

DESIREE

No. For a change I'm just going to go with it. Like you said Jules, stop over thinking everything.

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

He has a great sense of humor, I really like him, and did I mention how good looking he is? And he's a lawyer with an actual conscience. What could be better?

JULES

You could tell him the truth.

DESIREE

It's just a little white lie. Besides, I'd sound like an idiot at this point if I tried to explain how I only drink coffee from Seven-Eleven.

REBECCA

So instead, you'd rather *look* like an idiot by continuing to order coffee but not drink any of it.

DESIREE

I'll tell him at some point, we'll have a good laugh, then move on from there.

JULES

There are no small lies Des.

REBECCA

Now that's where you're wrong, let her do a little lying Jules, it'll prepare her for marriage.

Desiree gets up to leave.

DESIREE

Just slow down Rebecca, marriage is at least, I don't know, a couple of weeks away. Right now, let me enjoy myself.

Desiree leaves. Jules and Rebecca sip their coffee.

JULES

You know she's going to mess this up.

REBECCA

Absolutely. I don't doubt it for a second. What's the bet this time?

INT. DESIREE'S OFFICE - LATER

Desiree TYPES on the computer, SIPS her Seven-Eleven coffee. Serena enters, holding a massive stack of papers and her coffee.

SERENA

(peeks around her  
papers)

Hello? Desiree? Hope I'm not  
interrupting.

DESIREE

No, it's fine Serena.

Serena deftly moves around the room, easily balancing in one hand an uncontrollable amount of paperwork, while calmly sipping her perfectly held coffee from her other hand.

SERENA

(rambling)

I have that information on prohibition and coffee. Turns out that's not how the Irish became drunks, but coffee sales did a booming business while alcohol was banned, which is very ironic because alcohol is a depressant, and I didn't realize this, but caffeine is actually a drug --

DESIREE

I know Serena, it's the most widely used and unregulated drug in the United States. It's also not a great choice for people who are naturally high strung.

SERENA

Right, that's because it's a stimulant, so like I was saying, it's ironic that people chose to replace a depressant with a stimulant when they weren't allowed to consume alcohol.

DESIREE

Very good Serena, just leave it on my desk and I'll --

SERENA

But the irony doesn't stop there, I like that word irony, it's like ironing but completely different, anyway *ironically*, while alcohol was banned in the twenties, throughout most of history it was coffee that was being banned. A Sultan in the fourteen hundreds had coffee houses closed and their owners tortured.

(MORE)



SERENA (CONT'D)

King Charles the Second believed that coffee houses were used by dissenters and was outraged by their very existence. In Sweden, around --

DESIREE

Thank you Sere --

SERENA

-- The late sixteen hundreds King Gustavus made prisoners drink coffee because he believed it was poisonous, and --

DESIREE

I get the point --

SERENA

Even the Pope was originally going to ban it as an  
(she checks her notes)  
"Infidel threat" when it first arrived --

The phone RINGS.

DESIREE

I should really take th --

SERENA

-- In Europe in the late seventeenth century, but after --

Desiree reads the caller I.D. on her phone, it's Samual.

DESIREE

I really do have to take this Sere --

SERENA

-- One taste, he baptized it instead. Can you imagine, baptizing coffee.

DESIREE

Serena. I need to take this call.

SERENA

Sure, no problem. I'll wait.

DESIREE

(answers the phone)  
Hey Samual, how are you?

Serena stands, waiting casually.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

(phone conversation)  
Yes, I had a good time too.

Desiree sees the cup of Seven-Eleven coffee on her desk, she scrambles to cover it, as if Samual was there to see it.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

I would love to go out again.

Desiree clumsily grabs her coat and covers the coffee. Serena watches her, puzzled. Desiree pauses momentarily, distracted by Serena's continued presence. She takes Serena's papers and shoos her out of the room. Serena exits.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

(Beat)

No I can talk.

Desiree starts to SCRIBBLE, next to her SCRIBBLING are copies of her romance novels.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

It was just my assistant, she was just giving me some research.

(Beat)

Oh, it's background information on coffee during prohibition.

(Beat)

It's really boring, I don't think you want to get me rambling, there's a chance I won't stop.

(Beat)

Okay, but you've been warned.

Desiree begins to RETELL some of the facts Serena was sharing.

INSERT - CLOSE SHOT OF SCRIBBLINGS

- Hearts

- Samual's name

- Prospective titles for future romance novels:

"Bean Prohibited To Love"

"Bean Guilty Of Love"

"Bean Convicted Of Love"

"Bean On Trial For Love"

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. TRIBECA - MANHATTAN - ESTABLISHING SHOTS - WEEKS LATER

REBECCA (O.S.)

(phone conversation)

No.

(MORE)

REBECCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Beat)

No! absolutely not!

(Beat)

I clearly said I would not pay six figures for this script.

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE SHOT placard on door reads "R-O-KAY PRODUCTIONS"

REBECCA (O.S.)

I know it's worth six figures, that's not the point. Once you hit six figures you hand all the power over to the writer.

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA

Next they want to be on the set, then comes the inevitable "I've always wanted to direct" bullshit.

(Beat)

Yes I want the script!

But do not offer more than ninety nine thousand nine hundred ninety nine dollars, got it, five figures, that's it. Hell, if you want to throw ninety nine cents onto it go ahead, but not a penny more.

(Beat)

What?

(Beat)

No, ninety nine cents does not make it a seven figure offer.

(Beat)

Because it's only change, not whole numbers --

Caller I.D. on the Rebecca's phone BEEPS. The I.D. reads Francesca.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I have another call. Get me the script at the price I want!

Rebecca abruptly SLAMS the button, hanging up one call, while answering Francesca.

FRANCESCA (O.S.)

Did Desiree get laid yet?

Rebecca sits back and reads through scripts while talking.

REBECCA

What are you Francesca, the sex police?

FRANCESCA (O.S.)

No, but I am in need of some royalty checks. I want some upgrades around here. Maybe put in a second bathroom or something.

REBECCA

Why do you need an extra bathroom?

INT. FRANCESCA'S UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Francesca's bathroom door is closed, leaning against it is UNKNOWN MAN #3, a new coffee truck driver. He's young, shirtless, rugged, and good looking; jeans are pulled up, not zipped. He BANGS on the door.

UNKNOWN MALE #3

Get a move on man. Some of us have to hit the pavement and actually make a living today!

The bathroom door opens, UNKNOWN MALE #4 exits in a fancy robe, he towel dries his hair.

UNKNOWN MALE #4

(British accent)

Just because I'm on holiday doesn't mean I don't work.

UNKNOWN MALE #3

I'm talking about work work, "get your hands dirty" work. Not pushing money around from one account to another.

(to Francesca)

DO You believe this guy babe?

Francesca sits naked, wrapped in a blanket at her kitchen counter holding a styrofoam cup of coffee.

FRANCESCA

Now now boys, play nice. We were all getting along splendidly a half hour ago.

Unknown Male #4 moves aside so Unknown Male #3 can enter the bathroom. Unknown Male #4 moves to the dresser and picks up his Blackberry, continues drying his hair, checks messages. Unknown Male #3 closes the bathroom door behind him.

REBECCA

What kind of freaky shit do you have going on there Francesca?

FRANCESCA

Just having a little party.

REBECCA

And two bathrooms would make your "party" better?

FRANCESCA

It would certainly reduce the line for the powder room, it's like half time at the Super Bowl here. But seriously, Desiree's been dating him for what, at least a few weeks now? Did she and Dunkin' Donuts guy get a little somethin' going yet or not? I have to get this book moving along.

REBECCA

Please don't talk like a teenager Francesca, it diminishes what we do. We're strong, professional woman. Our use of language should reflect that.

FRANCESCA

You know, you're right Rebecca. Did Desiree screw his brains out yet or not?

REBECCA

(exasperated)

Not yet. But you know Desiree, she's head strong; can't reconcile her personal feelings and --

FRANCESCA

That she wants to get laid --

REBECCA

That what she's writing about is different than what she wants personally.

FRANCESCA

And that she wants to get laid.

REBECCA

She wants what we all want.

FRANCESCA

Sex?

REBECCA

No. To find someone who makes her happy. And the fact that he's a "Dunkin' Donuts guy" is driving her crazy. She can't let go of this notion, this obsession, that a person's coffee and their love life are intertwined.

(tone changes; thinks  
about herself)

She can't accept that the person you fall in love with, the person you're going to spend the rest of your life with, spend everyday, every night with doesn't have to drink the same coffee as you, that they're two totally separate and unique entities. That they don't have to match, that they shouldn't match in order to find happiness.

(snaps out of self  
reflection)

And, she needs to just have a good old fashioned fuck.

FRANCESCA

So why don't you just help her?

REBECCA

To fuck?

FRANCESCA

No. To abandon this book, this theory.

REBECCA

But you love her theory.

FRANCESCA

I love *using* her theory to get laid, not to live my life.

(has a revelation)

You know what would work Rebecca? Tell her --

REBECCA

No.

FRANCESCA

If you told her about --

REBECCA

No Francesca. No. I'm not using that to help you get another best seller.

FRANCESCA

I don't care about this book. This book was her idea. If it was up to me she'd be writing another romance novel. She's great at it, and they're always a sure fire money maker.

REBECCA

You're her publisher. You want a different book, that's between you and Desiree, leave me out of it.

Flustered, Rebecca SLAMS the phone, falls back into her seat. She GRUNTS.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN

It's not unnatural to combine different beans, or men.  
It allows you to have Kenyan, Italian, Irish, and Columbian;  
One after another if the woman is lucky.

ANONYMOUS

MONTAGE - FALL MOVING TO WINTER

Desiree and Samual continue dating; VARIOUS LOCATIONS. They become closer, more intimate; body language conveys their growing relationship. They even exchange "dating anniversary" gifts. Desiree gives Samual a travel mug she picks up from Bean's Seven-Eleven. Throughout, Desiree always conveniently avoids drinking any coffee after ordering it. Her visits to Beans are quicker and less frequent.

HALLOWEEN

Desiree and Samual at a party. She's a styrofoam cup, Samual's a coffee pot. Desiree shows party goers how to make ghosts out of paper coffee filters.

Jules and her husband are dressed up, they hold hands while the children go trick or treating.

Desiree struggles to write, with her head lowered in her hands, she stares at a computer screen, all that's written:

"The Coffee Theory" by Desiree Cafferty.

Rebecca and her husband at a high end masquerade ball. They spend the evening separate, detached.

Beans wears a pumpkin costume as he cleans the coffee station.

## THANKSGIVING

Desiree and Samual attend Thanksgiving dinners (her extended family, his extended family, with Jules' family). At each function Desiree shows guests how to make Thanksgiving bouquets out of paper coffee filters.

Jules and her husband host Thanksgiving dinner for extended family, Desiree and Samual. Their home and attention to detail resemble a Norman Rockwell painting.

Desiree struggles to write, she hangs over a chair staring at the screen from across the room, all that is written is:

"The Coffee Theory" by Desiree Cafferty

Rebecca and her husband have Thanksgiving alone, they sit at opposite ends of the table, the turkey and trimmings fill the table and separates the two.

Beans wears an Pilgrim outfit as he cleans the coffee station.

## CHRISTMAS

Desiree and Samual attend holiday parties; personal parties, workplace parties. Both are comfortable in the other's environment. When there's no coffee filters, Desiree improvises, showing guests how to make coffee creamer container snowmen.

Jules and her husband drop the kids off at the grandparents, they "store hop" shopping for the children. Even in the insanity of crowded stores, they enjoy their time together.

Desiree struggles to write, she lays on the couch staring at the ceiling, her legs and arms stretch over the sides, OVER HER SHOULDER is the computer screen, all that is written is:

"The Coffee Theory" by Desiree Cafferty

Rebecca and her husband shop separately for each other. They rummage through impersonal items at high end stores.

Beans wears an elf costume as he cleans the coffee station.

## BACK TO SCENE

EXT. BRYANT PARK - MORNING (MID DECEMBER)

Jules and Rebecca sit, already CONVERSING.

JULES

All I'm saying is that I would sooner give up eating than give up my TIVO.



REBECCA

You're serious? Being able to record television shows is more vital to your life than food?

JULES

You don't have kids Rebecca.

REBECCA

And don't plan to for quite some time.

JULES

But when you do. When you finally do! You'll realize there's nothing like having T.V. personalized to your schedule.

Desiree arrives, upbeat and overly peppy.

DESIREE

Ah. The great TIVO debate. Greatest invention since the French coffee press. For the mid eighteenth hundreds, it was a modern marvel in terms of coffee technology.

Both Jules and Rebecca SIGH. Desiree sits.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

I'll go one step further. TIVO's even slightly better than when the Ottoman Turks in Constantinople opened the world's first coffee house in fourteen seventy five. Imagine. Over five hundred years ago, people sitting around Byzantine discussing the controversial mosaic of a "beardless Christ" while sipping from a "la turque" coffee set.

Desiree surveys Bryant Park; the mass of people sitting, talking, drinking coffee. She's content.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Some things never change.

Rebecca looks away, disgusted.

JULES

Spill it. What are you writing about this month Desiree?

DESIREE

Oh, it's the history of coffee houses.  
(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
Specifically a time line, a time  
line of when countries, societies,  
even when empires opened up coffee  
houses.

She turns to Rebecca to make a point about Starbucks.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
Essentially, each civilizations first  
attempt at a --

Rebecca arrogantly SIPS a large Dunkin' Donuts coffee.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
-- Starbucks so to speak.  
(to Jules)  
What's going on?

REBECCA  
(SLURPING coffee;  
condescending)  
Whatever do you mean?

DESIREE  
(to Jules)  
What's she doing?

REBECCA  
I'm right here Desiree, ask me  
yourself?

DESIREE  
What are you doing, making fun of  
me? Am I a joke to you?

REBECCA  
I'm just having a cup of coffee,  
enjoying the park, my friends. Same  
as we've been doing for ten years  
now.

DESIREE  
And in ten years you've never once  
had Dunkin' Donuts coffee.

REBECCA  
Are you the only one who gets to try  
new things? If I want to experiment,  
you know, fool around with Dunkin'  
Donuts, I can't? That really doesn't  
seem fair Desiree.

JULES  
Back off Rebecca, don't take it out  
on her.

DESIREE

Don't take what out on me? What's going on?

Rebecca gets up, walks away, realizes she's left her coffee, turns back, SNATCHES it, then twirls away and leaves.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Will someone please tell me what the hell is going on here? Is she pissed at me? At Sam? What?

JULES

Come on Desiree, you know Rebecca, don't make a mountain out --

DESIREE

How about you don't insult me Jules. This is more than Rebecca just "being Rebecca".

JULES

She's just a little, disappointed in you.

DESIREE

What?

JULES

She thinks you should come clean with Samual.

DESIREE

Come clean with Samual? Is this a joke? Are you serious? She's pissed because he thinks I drink Dunkin' Donuts coffee when I really don't.

Jules raises her eyebrows, shrugs her shoulders. Desiree gets up to leave.

JULES

Des, don't leave.

DESIREE

It's one thing when Rebecca treats me like an idiot. But you, I really don't appreciate it when you do it.

JULES

I'm telling you the truth Des.

DESIREE

It may be the truth, but it's not everything.

JULES

Des? Oh come on! Don't leave like this. What about tonight?

DESIREE

Tonight? That's what you're worried about?

Jules tries to say no but Desiree doesn't allow her.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I wouldn't want to ruin your party. Samual and I will both be there and I'll be sure to tell him my "dirty little secret" before we arrive, he'll know all about my predilection for Seven-Eleven coffee, and only Seven-Eleven coffee! What do you think? Do you think he'll be able to handle such an admission? Or do you think he'll be as disappointed in me as you and Rebecca are.

JULES

I never said I was disappointed in you.

DESIREE

See you tonight.

Desiree storms off.

JULES

(to herself)

There are no small lies Desiree, even if they're only about what coffee you drink, there's no small lies. It's just like those Arabian Knights! Boiling coffee beans to make them infertile so no one else could plant coffee trees outside of Africa, seems small, but it had a huge effect on the coffee trade for centuries to --

(Beat)

Great, now I'm talking like her.

(takes a sip of coffee)

What the hell is in this stuff that makes us all so crazy!

An elderly couple sits at the table next to Jules, both stare while she talks to herself. Jules grins awkwardly.

EXT. FRESH BREW MAGAZINE OFFICES - EVENING

Desiree and Samual stroll arm in arm. He SIPS his Dunkin' Donuts coffee, she just holds her unopened cup.

SAMUAL

So explain this party to me again.

DESIREE

Jules has it every year just before Christmas. You hold onto the worst possible gift you received from the year before. You wrap it, bring it, and then draw numbers. When your numbers up, you pick a gift, open it, and then decide if you want to keep it, or you can trade with someone else who's opened a gift already.

SAMUAL

So the higher the number the better chance you have of ending up with the "best" crap?

DESIREE

Pretty much. But you have to make sure you don't bring something you got from someone the year before who's going to be at the party.

SAMUAL

Well, that would make sense. Could turn ugly fast.

INT. FRESH BREW MAGAZINE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Except for the security guard, the building is empty. She needs her keys at every different entry point.

DESIREE

(agitated)  
Oh, and it has!

SAMUAL

What did you do?

DESIREE

It wasn't my fault!

SAMUAL

Come on.

DESIREE

Have you ever heard of the Kopi Luwak coffee bean?

SAMUAL

Again, you may find this hard to believe Des, but I haven't.

DESIREE

It's an incredibly prized roast. Highly sought after in the coffee community, a very hard bean to come by.

SAMUAL

And?

DESIREE

And? I was able to get my hands on a bag a few years back. I gave it to one of my friends, or so I thought she was, as a Christmas present. The following year, she had the nerve to re-gift it at Jules' party.

Desiree is completely appalled at the retelling of her own story. Samual doesn't get it.

SAMUAL

So she didn't like your gift? It happens.

DESIREE

Shit happens? Shit happens! Why would you say that? What do you mean by that? You've heard of the Kopi Luwak haven't you?

SAMUAL

Slow down, now you're hearing things. I don't know anything about, what'd you call it, Kofi Annan? Smokey and the Bandit? What am I missing here?

Desiree suddenly gets very quiet; long awkward pause.

SAMUAL (CONT'D)

Desiree?

DESIREE

It's Kopi Luwak, an Indonesian blend.  
(Samual waits)  
Well, there's an animal indigenous to the area called the Palm Civet.

SAMUAL

Yes?

DESIREE

You see, the Palm Civet lives on these coffee plantations, they like to eat the coffee cherries, but they pass through their entire intestinal tract undigested.

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

The animals' stomach juices ferment the beans without harming them, giving them a gentle nutty flavor.

Samual SPITS his coffee out.

SAMUAL

Wait a minute, are you telling me somebody picks through the shit, gathers the beans, then roasts, grinds and drinks it?

DESIREE

It's very rare, very expensive, and incredibly delicious.

Samual SPITS his coffee out again.

SAMUAL

You've actually drank it?

DESIREE

Yes I've drank it.

They reach Desiree's office door, she takes her key out.

SAMUAL

And you're pissed because your friend tried to re-gift shit flavored coffee beans?

Samual and Desiree LAUGH. Desiree puts the key in the door, Serena pops out of nowhere, coffee in hand. Samual and Desiree jump back.

DESIREE

Serena?

SERENA

(rambling)

Hey, Desiree, how are you, wasn't expecting you here today I --

DESIREE

Well I wasn't expecting you either. I just wanted to drop by and pick up some research to work on over the holid --

SERENA

Me too! Because we've got that time line thing coming up, well I don't have to tell you that --

REBECCA

Sere --

SERENA

-- It is your story, of course you know the deadline, is this the Dunkin' Donuts guy, you weren't kidding, he is good looking --

Both Desiree and Samual are embarrassed.

REBECCA

Serena I --

SERENA

-- Really good looking, maybe I should stop drinking this stuff and start hitting Dunkin' Donuts with you. Anyway I found some more interesting stuff, it's not about coffee house openings per say, but still very fitting for a time line.

REBECCA

I'd really like to stick to coffee houses Sere --

SERENA

Like in the mid sixteen hundreds when coffee replaced beer as New York City's favorite breakfast drink.

Desiree takes a BREATH to interrupt.

SERENA (CONT'D)

Or that in the late fourteen hundreds Turkish law made it legal for a woman to divorce her husband if he failed to provide her with her daily quota of coffee.

DESIREE

Serena! I want to stick with coffee houses, okay? Now I really need to get going.

SERENA

Oh, right, Jules' re-gifting party. You're not bringing shit beans again are you?

Desiree gets her office door open and enters with Samual.

DESIREE

Good night Serena, thanks for all your help.

Desiree closes the door behind her and Samual, Serena continues talking.



SERENA

Okay, sure, right, you wouldn't want to be late, especially with such a handsome man on your arm, you guys stopping for some Dunkin' Donuts on the way? Maybe I'll go with you.

INT. DESIREE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DESIREE

Sorry about that. She's really the best; big heart, reliable, super hard working, but if there ever was an argument to be made for making caffeine an illegal substance, she'd be the perfect test case.

Rebecca sets her unopened coffee and purse on her desk, goes through book shelves, filing cabinets. Her back to Samual.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

And sorry too for having to take a detour.

SAMUAL

It's fine, really.

DESIREE

It's just that the building's shutting down until after the new year for renovations, and I really want to work on this over the holiday break.

While Rebecca gathers materials, Samual casually wanders around looking at books, her desk.

SAMUAL

Take your time. From the sound of it, your friends don't care what time we show up, just as long as I'm there with you.

While reaching for papers, Desiree's ass accidentally nudges books on her desk, the books begin to push her coffee over.

DESIREE

It would be a huge understatement to say that they are more than just a little excited to finally meet you.

Desiree's coffee tumbles, it spills slightly onto her desk. Samual catches it before it can ruin her desk and work.

SAMUAL

Thought your desk was a goner.

Desiree whirls around.

DESIREE

If my ass caused that, I better look into developing a diet coffee.

Samual starts to wipe down and straighten up her desk, Desiree turns back to rummaging through her shelves.

SAMUAL

There's no diet coffee?

As Samual shifts things around on Desiree's desk he finds her scribbling for romance novel book titles with law phrases.

DESIREE

Nope, there's no such thing. There's diet creamers, sugar substitutes, but no diet coffee. There are some hybrid brews that claim to be coffee, but it's not real coffee in the way we think about --

SAMUAL

(serious; holding her book titles)

What's this Desiree?

Desiree responds in a SERIOUS TONE, thinking Samual's joking.

DESIREE

What's what Samual?

Desiree turns around.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

That? Oh, it's nothing. It's not for --

Desiree tries to SNATCH the papers, Samual pulls them back.

SAMUAL

(reading the titles)

"Bean Prohibited To Love", "Bean Guilty of Love", "Bean Convicted Of Love", "Bean On Trial For Love",

(Beat)

"Bean Sentenced To A Hot Swedish Prison"?

DESIREE

Yeah, that last one's just wrong.

SAMUAL

Seriously. What is all this?

DESIREE

I can explain. You see --

SAMUAL

Hold on a second.

Samual notices Desiree's unopened coffee, he ponders. He starts to put his own story together.

SAMUAL (CONT'D)

You know. I don't think I've ever actually seen you drink a cup of coffee.

DESIREE

If you give me a chance, I swear I --

SAMUAL

Have you drank any Dunkin' Donuts coffee these past few months?

DESIREE

(ashamed)

No. But I really can explain. I meant to but --

SAMUAL

You don't have to explain anything Desiree. I think I can deduce what's "bean" going on.

DESIREE

You can?

SAMUAL

Sure. New book, deadline fast approaching.

DESIREE

Yes. Yes, that's all true!

SAMUAL

So you figured you'd do a little first hand research into how the law works. How a lawyer works. Try and get past your writer's block.

DESIREE

What?

SAMUAL

Remember? "Big blockage!" You used me. For research. For your new "romance novel".

Samual throws the list of titles onto Desiree's desk.

DESIREE

No. That's not it at all.

(MORE)

DESIREE (CONT'D)

It's nothing like that. It's so stupid, it's a little white lie, I should have told you when I first met you.

Samual heads for the door.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Samual. Don't go. Just let me explain.

SAMUAL

I can tell you with all certainty, and feel free to use this in your book, if there's one thing I've learned practicing law, especially family law, there's no such thing as a little lie.

Samual exits. Desiree drops back into her chair. She takes the Dunkin' Donuts coffee off her desk and drops it into the garbage pail, she GRUNTS and drops her head onto the desk.

Serena slowly pokes her head into the office.

SERENA

(timid)

Did you want me to get you a fresh cup Desiree?

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACKNESS

WHITE LETTERING CENTERED ON BLACK SCREEN:

Switching to an artificial sweetener  
is like lying in a relationship;

When someone's used to sugar, they're going to  
be left with a bad taste in their mouth.

ANONYMOUS

INT. JULES' LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Apartment packed, the Christmas party is in full swing. Holiday music PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND, guests participate in "re-gifting", unwrapping and exchanging tacky gifts.

Jules coordinates the activities while NUZZLING up with her husband. She's distracted, continually checking her watch, she makes eye contact with Rebecca, who sits alone on the other side of the room.

Rebecca simply raises her eyebrows, both are unsure of what to make of Desiree's absence.

Desiree SLUGGISHLY enters, her eyes are blackened from crying and mascara running. Jules and Rebecca immediately jump to their feet. Jules points to her bedroom.

Desiree, Jules, and Rebecca head in the same direction.

INT. JULES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Desiree sits down, then falls back onto the bed. Jules and Rebecca sit on either side of her.

JULES

What happened Desiree?

REBECCA

You finally told him, about the theory. You told him how you really feel about Dunkin' Donuts didn't you?

JULES

Is that it? Is that why he's not here?

DESIREE

No, I didn't tell him anything. I didn't even get the chance to.

REBECCA

Then what the hell happened?

JULES

Rebecca! Please!

(to Desiree)

Then what the hell happened?

DESIREE

We stopped by the office on the way here to get some notes. I was about to tell him everything, just like you and I talked about this morning, when, when he --

Desiree starts to tear-up again.

REBECCA

When he what?

DESIREE

He found these...notes...scribbles of mine. Book titles for a romance novel. A romance novel where the lead character is a lawyer.

JULES  
But you're not writing a romance  
novel. Are you?

DESIREE  
I'm not.

REBECCA  
Then why do you have a list of --

DESIREE  
It doesn't matter why! Samual saw  
the titles and assumed I was writing  
a new book.  
(embarrassed)  
A new book with a hunky lawyer as  
the leading man.

JULES  
So?

DESIREE  
So he thinks I was just dating him  
for insight, for research.

JULES  
What happened when you told him the  
truth?

DESIREE  
He never gave me a chance. Once  
Samual saw the Dunkin' Donuts coffee  
he --

REBECCA  
Saw what?

DESIREE  
A cup of Dunkin' Donuts coffee. It  
was on my desk, I hadn't drank it,  
and he put everything together, except  
he got it all mixed up.

Desiree runs out of the room, then out the front door. Jules  
stares at Rebecca, Rebecca stares back.

REBECCA  
Fine. I'll do it.

Rebecca leaves.

EXT. JULES APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Desiree stands, stares into the sky, Rebecca moves next to  
her.

REBECCA  
Desiree. I'm getting divorced.

DESIREE  
If this is supposed to make me feel better --  
(Beat)  
-- I'm not really in the mood for one of your sick jokes. Can you please just leave?

REBECCA  
It's not a joke Desiree. We filed the paperwork a couple of weeks ago.

DESIREE  
But --

REBECCA  
But what? You thought we were perfect for each other, you thought drinking Starbucks was enough of a bond to make us happy?

DESIREE  
Why didn't you tell me Rebecca?

REBECCA  
Because I didn't want to get in your way.

DESIREE  
In my way? We've been best friends for how long Rebecca? It's to many years to even count. We tell each other everything.

REBECCA  
Yeah, but your book, your deadline. You didn't need more stress, and you certainly didn't need living proof that your theory has a few holes in it.

DESIREE  
Yeah, well, look at me. It's more than a few little holes, the entire cup is leaking.

Desiree gives Rebecca a hug.

DESIREE (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry, do you need anything? Are you doing okay?

REBECCA

I'm fine. There's no kids, we each have our own money, it should be very amicable. And you don't have anything to be sorry about, you're not the one who married him.

DESIREE

You married him on my bad advice.

REBECCA

Now that. That you're right about.

Desiree and Rebecca laugh.

MONTAGE - CHRISTMAS MOVES INTO NEW YEARS

INTERCUT

Desiree's writer's block disappears, she types feverishly. She repeatedly makes phone calls to Samual, Jules, and Rebecca. They discuss the holidays, relationships, and Samual's lack of response. Desiree checks her phone often for voice mails and texts from Samual, none arrive.

Samual works through the holiday season, he checks in on families, visits children from cases he's worked on. When messages and texts come from Desiree he doesn't respond. He's torn when her name appears in the caller I.D.

Jules and her family prepare and celebrate Christmas. She can't convince Desiree to join them, Desiree is focused on her writing and trying to contact Samual. Rebecca and her husband's divorce becomes final. They part ways. Rebecca spends Christmas with Jules.

As Christmas comes and goes, Beans switches from his elf costume to a baby new year outfit, it includes a diaper, baby hat, and oversized pacifier. Desiree continues to be absent from Bean's Seven Eleven, she puts all her energy into writing and trying new coffees. Each time she's at the computer she's drinking coffee from different establishments.

Just days before New Year's Eve, while finishing work in her office, Desiree calls Samual. He picks his cell up, but doesn't answer. When he drops the phone back onto his desk it lands against the travel mug that Desiree bought him. Samual has a revelation. He picks up the travel mug and looks underneath, he immediately picks up the phone and DIALS.

Just days before New Year's Eve, Desiree finishes her writing. She sits back in her chair, at peace with herself and her work. She has a revelation, she picks up the phone and DIALS.

DESIREE

Beans! I'm so glad I got you, listen do you have a second --



The CONVERSATION TRAILS off.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON

New Years Eve, REVELING crowds begin forming in and around 42nd street. As the sun goes down the crowd grows, the city lights and the New Year's Ball shine brightly.

INT. DESIREE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Desiree looks out her window, below is the massive New Year's Eve crowd. She goes to the living room, on her coffee table are snacks, dvd boxes (Sleepless in Seattle, When Harry Met Sally, Say Anything, French Kiss). She curls up on the couch with a cup of coffee, PRESSES play on the remote. She's content. The phone RINGS. She looks at the phone, PRESSES pause and answers.

DESIREE

Hello Jules.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. JULES APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JULES

So what are you starting with "When Harry Met Sally", or "Sleepless in Seattle"?

DESIREE

Jules, you can't start the night with "When Harry Met Sally", especially on New Years, that's what you finish the night with, you should know that. Actually I'm going old school first.

JULES

Ah, "Say Anything".

DESIREE

Of course! Who doesn't love John Cusack?

JULES

Everybody loves John Cusack, but you need to stop sitting around alone on New Years Eve and come out.

DESIREE

I told you I'm fine, I'm looking forward to a nice, quiet night. Alone!

Desiree's call waiting BEEPS.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Hold on Jules.

(Desiree looks at the  
I.D.; switches calls)

Hello Rebecca.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATIONS

INT. JULES APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca sits next to Jules. Jules is on her house phone with Desiree, Rebecca talks to Desiree on her cell.

REBECCA

Hello Dee Dee. Can Miss Cafferty  
come out and play?

DESIREE

No, she can't. Miss Cafferty has a  
date with --

REBECCA

If you even utter the words John or  
Cusack in the same breath I'm going  
to come over to that apartment and  
personally drag you out by your hair.

Jules ELBOWS Rebecca, Rebecca silently mouths "ow".

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I mean, please Des, it's New Years,  
come out and celebrate with us.

Desiree switches her call back to Jules.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(to Jules)

She hung up on me.

JULES

Desiree?

DESIREE

Okay, enough with the bullshit Abbott.  
What are you and Costello up to over  
there?

JULES

We just want to take you out for a  
good time. That's all.

DESIREE

That's all?

JULES

Just meet us at the corner of fifth  
and forty sixth.

Long pause, Desiree is perplexed.

DESIREE

Fifth and forty sixth? Fifth and  
forty sixth! Wait a second, that's --

JULES

(hastily; flustered)  
Just be there before midnight.

Jules hangs up on Desiree. Rebecca and Jules look at each  
other wide-eyed.

JULES (CONT'D)

Do you think it'll work?

REBECCA

You never know with Desiree. You  
just never know.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. DESIREE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Still holding the phone, Desiree looks at the clock, it's  
10:30 p.m. She shakes her head in despair.

EXT. FORTY SIXTH STREET SIDEWALK - LATER

Midtown is packed with people. Desiree walks the same  
sidewalk that leads to the Dunkin' Donuts where she met  
Samual. As she approaches 5th, she's puzzled.

Desiree's attention is drawn away from the Dunkin' Donuts  
and to the closed Seven-Eleven, it's open now, but it's a  
different store. Desiree cautiously approaches.

There's a party inside the new store. A neon sign hanging  
above the front door reads "THE PERFECT BLEND", the sign is  
adorned with a cup of steaming coffee. She grabs the door  
handle, it's in the shape of a coffee stirrer. She enters.

INT. THE PERFECT BLEND - CONTINUOUS

It is packed and decorated for New Years. Desiree is amazed.  
Every type of coffee establishment is set up side by side.  
She SCANS the room, seeing:

- A Starbucks "type" storefront
- A Dunkin' Donuts "type" storefront
- A Seven-Eleven "type" storefront

- A deli "type" storefront
- A full size roadside coffee truck

When the full size roadside coffee truck comes INTO VIEW, Desiree does a "double take". Standing in front of the truck flirting with the "hunky" truck operator is Francesca. Francesca raises her cup of coffee to Desiree.

Rebecca and Jules pop in front of Desiree, they give her a hug. Desiree is STARTLED.

JULES

You made it!

DESIREE

(deliberate)

What in the name of Chock Full of Nuts is going on in here?

REBECCA

Are you blind? It's a party of course! It's New Years! Come join the fun!

Rebecca leaves.

DESIREE

Jules? What is the place?

JULES

This is your theory in action.

DESIREE

What?

JULES

It's every type of establishment you could possibly buy coffee from! And it's all under one roof.

DESIREE

Who decided to do --

Beans pops in front of Desiree.

BEANS

I did! It's my new store.

DESIREE

Beans? But why?

Beans and Desiree hug.

BEANS

So coffee drinkers of all kinds can meet, no matter how they take it, or where they like to buy it from.

DESIREE

But that's the exact opposite of what I've always said.

Rebecca re-appears.

REBECCA

And like I said Desiree, half caff!  
Opposites attract!  
(she pokes Desiree)  
And you know it's true!

Rebecca leaves.

BEANS

Like you and Samual.

DESIREE

(taken back)  
What did you say?

BEANS

Like you and Samual. You know, you're a Seven-Eleven and he's a Dunkin' Donuts. And you guys hit it off.

DESIREE

How in the world would you know about that?

Samual pops in front of Desiree.

SAMUAL

I told you, I sometimes do work for friends.

BEANS

Desiree. I'd like you to meet my lawyer, Samual. He took care of the closing for me on this place.

DESIREE

You two know each other?

SAMUAL

Beans sold me my first cup of coffee when I first started practicing law in New York.

DESIREE

He sold me my first cup of coffee too.

BEANS

I sell a lot of people their first cup of coffee.

Beans leaves.

DESIREE

Samual, I'm so sorry about lying to you. I wasn't using you, honest. I did lie, but it was so stupid I don't --

SAMUAL

I know Des. After I put the whole Beans, me, you thing together I --

DESIREE

And you were able to do that how?

SAMUAL

The travel mug you gave me. It was from Seven-Eleven.

DESIREE

And that was enough?

SAMUAL

I'm a lawyer, remember, it's what I do. I connected a few more dots, got in touch with Beans, Beans put me in touch with your friends, and trust me, they explained everything.

DESIREE

Everything?

Desiree and Samual kiss.

SAMUAL

Everything! Can I get you a coffee from the Seven-Eleven section? And I'll make sure I use Sugar In The Raw.

Samual leaves to get Desiree's coffee. Desiree stands, taking in the whole scene, watching friends and party-goers interact, she's in awe. Samual returns, hands Desiree her coffee. She goes to take a sip but stops.

SAMUAL (CONT'D)

Did I make it wrong?

DESIREE

No. The sleeve.

CLOSE SHOT PROTECTIVE COFFEE SLEEVE:

No matter how bad your coffee is,

you always have the ability to make it better;

The same cannot be said for a man.

DESIREE CAFFERTY

BACK TO SCENE

SAMUAL

Yeah, I hope you're not talking about me there?

DESIREE

No. But this is one of my quotes. This is what I've been working on instead of the coffee theory. I sent them to Beans to hang up in his Seven-Eleven, how did they end up on these?

Francesca pops in front of Desiree with the "hunky" coffee truck operator on her arm.

FRANCESCA

It turns out there's just as much money to be made in catchy coffee sleeves as there is in novels. After you called Beans, Beans called me, and soon, every coffee shop, coffee house, and

(turns to truck operator)

coffee truck will have the wisdom of Desiree Cafferty wrapped around each steaming cup of Java that's sold across this great coffee drinking nation of ours.

DESIREE

What did you do Frances --

Everyone in the "The Perfect Blend" begins COUNTING DOWN to New Years. As the crowd gets closer to zero; Beans, Jules, and Rebecca join Francesca, Desiree, and Samual. When "Happy New Year" is SHOUTED, everyone raises their coffee cups and wishes each other a Happy New Year. Samual and Desiree kiss.

CLOSE SHOTS of everyone's protective coffee sleeves reveal all the previous anonymous quotes, now written with Desiree Cafferty's name as the author.

INT. THE PERFECT BLEND - WEEKS LATER

Onto a coffee table, the current edition of Fresh Brew Magazine is DROPPED. The front cover reads:

The History of Coffee Houses by Desiree Cafferty

The illustration on the front cover is a timeline, coffee houses are listed chronologically. The CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE TIMELINE, STOPPING ON 2013.

INSERT - CLOSE SHOT OF TIMELINE

- 1453 Constantinople
- 1645 Italy
- 1652 England
- 1672 Paris
- 1972 First Starbucks Opens In Seattle
- 2013 The Perfect Blend Opens In New York City

BACK TO SCENE

A cup of coffee is placed next to the magazine, the protective sleeve reads:

Sometimes life's greatest lessons  
can be learned from the protective sleeve  
on a coffee cup.

DESIREE CAFFERTY

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END