

In Cold Coffee

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INT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT - DAY

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RILEY and PETER are sitting at a table about to order brunch.

RILEY

So, what happened to you last night?

*

PETER

What do you mean?

RILEY

Well, we go to the bar together, I loose track of you, you didn't come home, and then you frantically call me saying "come to brunch".

PETER

There's a special.

Beat.

PETER (CONT'D)

Fine. I went back to this girl's apartment.

The waitress, FANNY, comes up to the table.

FANNY

You guys ready to order?

Riley is overly excited and tries to keep her cool.

*

RILEY

WE'RE GONNA NEED A MINUTE!

*

She walks away.

RILEY (CONT'D)

... continue.

PETER

It was a wild night. Let me just spoil it and tell you that it ends with "we had--"

*

A CHILD and his MOM walk past the right of their table. Peter and Riley both smile at them. They switch to the left side of their table.

A GRANDMA looks at them from her table and smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)

--Brunch."

Peter and Riley understand what they'll have to do in order to talk about this.

RILEY

Ahh... "brunch". Do tell. *

PETER

Well the night started--

Fanny comes with cups of coffee to the table.

FANNY

And that's a minute! Here's some coffee for you darlin's.

She sets the coffee down. A bit spills onto Riley's side of the table.

FANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, there's napkins right there to clean that up.

Riley grabs the napkins to wipe up Fanny's mistake.

FANNY (CONT'D)

You ready now?

Riley and Peter share a look.

PETER

We're still looking.

FANNY

Okay, well I'll just be over there waiting.

Fanny leaves.

RILEY

So... back to "brunch".

PETER

Yes. First we had a round of ...coffee. But you know caffeine doesn't really affect me. Until three shots... of espresso and then I was out of it.

RILEY

Okay, okay. But once you got back to her--

PETER

--RESTAURANT. We conversed over some more coffee. And then... had brunch.

RILEY

Peter, brunch is subjective. What did you do?

Peter looks around.

PETER

Well, we started off with what we knew. I had a sausage, she had a bagel.

RILEY

Naturally.

PETER

And both of those can be finger foods, so we shared.

*
*

RILEY

Did you eat her bagel?

PETER

For a bit, but she really wanted pigs in a blanket.

RILEY

Please tell me you used condiments--
-

PETER

--WOAH! Riley, this is brunch, you can't talk like that.

*

Peter looks around frantically then continues.

PETER (CONT'D)

ANYWAY--

RILEY

Wait, this all sounds great. Why'd you call me freaking out about coming to brunch?

PETER

I told you. There's a special.

*

RILEY

I'd honestly have brunch with anyone right now.

*
*
*

Riley takes a sip of her coffee and burns her mouth. *

Fanny returns. *

FANNY
You should try blowing. Now, who's
ready to order! *

Riley passive aggressively blows on her coffee.

INT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT - FEW MINUTES LATER

Fanny pours more coffee for Riley.

FANNY
The food should be out in a jiffy.

She leaves.

A moment.

RILEY
I hate her.

PETER
Oh my god me too! She is the worst
I can't believe it.

RILEY
Honestly would feel no pain if she
died right now.

An idea.

PETER
We could kill her...

RILEY
Like totally could do it. I've
listened to all of *My Favorite
Murder*.

PETER
Yeah, and I've watched like most
Tarantino movies.

The joke subsides.

PETER (CONT'D)
So... you wanna?

RILEY
Let's.

In one swift motion, Peter and Riley get up and head towards the back of the restaurant.

Peter veers towards the kitchen. Riley heads to the jukebox.

She plays "*Fanny*" by Marvin Gaye.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter leads Fanny out the door.

FANNY

I assure you honey, we recycle!
Look we have three recycling bins.

Riley pops out from the side and WHACKS her in the face.

RILEY

I don't blow, I'd much rather eat
a bagel.

Peter covers her mouth and nose with a chloroformed towel. She goes limp.

As Fanny goes down, Riley SLITS her arms vertically. She hands Peter the knife. Peter SLICES Fanny's throat. Riley removes her heels and puts them in her bag.

PETER

What, a keep sake?

RILEY

Heels are expensive! These are
just going to be thrown away!

PETER

Just bag her.

RILEY

Look at you! "Bag her". I love it.

Riley slides a blue trash bag over her legs.

Peter dances to the song.

PETER

You picked a good one, Riley.

Riley stares at him blank-faced.

RILEY

It's literally her name.

She grabs the name-tag off of the body before they tie the bag up and toss her in the recycling.

INT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Back in the booth.

WAITRESS #2 comes to the table with their food.

WAITRESS #2
Sorry about the wait, Fanny
stepped out. Here, on us!

She leaves.

PETER
I told you there was a special.

RILEY
Peter what we just did...

Beat. Anticipation.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Was so much fun! We could like do
this.

PETER
Anyone annoys us... They're dead!

They dig in.

RILEY
Honestly, that was better than
"brunch".

*

FADE TO BLACK.