

Our Last Coffee Hour

written by

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FADE IN:

INT./EXT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

CHARLIE, 17, short brown hair, glasses, stands at his wardrobe trying to pick out something to wear. He first pulls out a pair of black denim jeans and a red t-shirt. He puts the clothes on. Charlie looks down at his clothes and shakes his head. He t shirt off and hangs them back up. He now takes out a white t-shirt and nods.

He sits down on the edge of his bed and gets dressed. Once dressed he meticulously folds the clothes he has taken off and places them on his bed. Charlie sees his phone light up and picks it up looking at the multiple messages from MAX.

Charlie stands up and walks back to his wardrobe, he tracks his clothes with his eyes and stops at a plain black hoodie. He puts the hoodie on quickly and walks out of his room.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP/STREET - DAY

Charlie, head down, hood up, and his hands in his pockets, walks quickly along the street to get to his destination as soon as possible. He crosses the road and approaches the COFFEE SHOP ENTRANCE.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Charlie enters. MAX, 17, medium length brown hair, confident, sits at a table over at the far side of the room. He is dressed in a pastel purple sweatshirt and blue denim jeans. Charlie sees Max and heads towards him.

Charlie takes off his coat.

CHARLIE
(slightly out of breath)
You alright?

MAX

Yeah, how about you?

CHARLIE
You know, same as usual, cold.

A WAITRESS walks over to the table.

WAITRESS
Can I get you two anything?

MAX

Yeah, can we both get a black coffee please?

WAITRESS

Sure, coming right up.

MAX

Thanks.

Charlie looks up and gives a slight smile acknowledging his gratitude.

The waitress walks away back to the counter to get their drinks.

CHARLIE

How long have you been here?

MAX

Since 12:00,
(checking his phone which
reads 12:34AM)
so about 35 minutes.

CHARLIE

Sorry for making you wait.

MAX

What took you so long anyway?

CHARLIE

I thought you said half twelve rather than 12 o'clock.

The waitress walks back over carrying their cups of coffee on a tray. Max and Charlie look up at the waitress as they wait for her to place their cups of the table. The waitress places down the tray and places the coffee's in front them.

MAX

Thank you.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

WAITRESS

Will that be all?

MAX

Yeah, thank you.

The waitress walks away to another table.

Max pours sugar into his coffee and then stirs it. He slides the pot of sugar in front of Charlie. Charlie picks up a spoon in one hand and the pot of sugar in another.

He takes a spoonful of sugar and stirs it into his coffee. He does this again 2 more times. Max looks waits while Charlie does this.

MAX (CONT'D)

So tell me, did you like it?

CHARLIE

Like what?

MAX

The DVD I gave you to watch.
'*Suspiria*'. Did you like it?

CHARLIE

Oh, I haven't gotten round to seeing it yet.

Max sighs as he's been excited to talk about the film with Charlie.

MAX

Watch it tonight then tell me your thoughts. I think you're gonna love it.

Charlie nods as he picks up his coffee to take a sip.

CHARLIE

How was your game last night? Did you guys win?

Max smirks out of excitement.

MAX

Yeah, we won 3-0. It was a nice way for my last game to go.

Charlie raises his eye brows as he finishes his mouthful of coffee. Max mouths the word "fuck" as he wasn't meant to say that.

CHARLIE

What do you mean it's your last game? Are you leaving the team?

Max sighs as he's dug himself into a hole by saying that. His smile drops to a blank expression.

MAX

Well, kind of, yeah.

CHARLIE

Is this what you wanted to tell me?

MAX

Not really, but that's got something to do with it.

Charlie puts down his coffee and looks straight at Max. Charlie starts nervously stirring his coffee.

CHARLIE

So what did you need to tell me?

Max takes a deep breath.

MAX

So you know the company my dad works for?

CHARLIE

Yeah?

MAX

Well when he was in California last month they offered him a promotion.

CHARLIE

Well that's great... Isn't it?

Max shakes his head and looks down at his coffee.

MAX

But the thing is, it's in California so we have to move.

Charlie chokes on his coffee and starts coughing. His face turns red as everyone in the cafe turns to look at him. He takes deep breathes coughing as he goes.

He looks at Max and begins shaking his head.

CHARLIE

(forceful but quiet)

No you're not leaving. That's not true.

He continues to shake his head. The emotions start to build up inside of Charlie but he tries his hardest to keep them hidden.

MAX

I am Charlie, look, I only found out yesterday and I knew you had to be the first one I told about it so you had longer to process it all.

CHARLIE

How are we going to talk, and do things together like go to the cinema and stuff if you are in America?

MAX

We can FaceTime, and i'm sure we can find a way to watch films together. It'll all be okay.

CHARLIE

That won't be the same. Nothing is going to be the same.

Max looks at Charlie and then down at the table.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Did you even think about me at all?

MAX

What could I have done. Refuse to go because of you? I had no part in this decision whatsoever.

Charlie sits back in his chair. He wipes the tears forming in his eyes away with the sleeve of his jumper.

CHARLIE

What's going to happen to us then?

The tears forming in Charlie's eyes begin to run down his face uncontrollably. He wipes them away with his sleeve.

MAX

Nothing Charlie. We'll still be friends, we'll still talk. The only thing changing is that i'll be in America and you'll be here. You're overreacting.

Charlie shakes his head.

CHARLIE

I'm going.

Charlie puts on his coat and stands up.

MAX

Don't go Charlie. Sit back down.

Max leans over the table to grab his arm to stop him from going, knocking his cup of coffee over the table.

He frantically grabs some tissues from the pot on the table to mop up the mess.

CHARLIE

I'm going.

Charlie puts his hood up and walks in a fast pace towards the coffee shops door. He leaves without looking back at Max.

Max gives up on cleaning up the mess. He throws on his coat and walks towards the door, on his way he leaves a £10 note on the counter. He looks back at the table and then At the waitress.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Max walks out of the coffee shop and spots Charlie a few metres down the street. He walks towards him.

MAX

Charlie. You don't need to go home.

He speeds up to catch up to Charlie. Once he's caught up to Charlie he stops in front of him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Come on Charlie you're overreacting. Everything is going to be okay.

CHARLIE

How else am i meant to react?

MAX

I imagined we'd be able to talk this out. Sit down so we can talk.

Charlie looks at him and nods. They both walk and sit down on a bench nearby.

MAX (CONT'D)

I know the idea of me moving way is hard for you but it's not like we won't be friends any longer.

CHARLIE

I suppose you're right.

Charlie looks down at his hands.

MAX

What would make this easier for you?

CHARLIE

I just want to be able to do stuff we do at the moment. Like watch films and, well this.

MAX

We can still do this. We can set a time where we will video call each week and do this? And i'm sure we can find a way to watch films together.

CHARLIE

I guess that sounds okay.

MAX

Yeah? So are you more okay with this now?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I just don't know what it's going to be like when you're gone.

MAX

I'm not gone yet, so you don't need to worry. But it'll be okay Charlie.

Charlie nods and smiles at Max.

The two carry on talking as the CAMERA zooms out and stops on a wide shot of Max and Charlie on the bench.

FADE TO BLACK.

END