

MORNING COFFEE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BREAKROOM - MORNING

We open on a bland and lifeless corporate breakroom. In the back corner sits a water cooler, and in the center of the room is a small table covered in an assortment of donuts and a pot of black coffee.

Standing beside the water cooler is GREG (Late 20's). He has a thin mustache, and his hair is combed neatly. He wears a basic buttoned shirt and tie combo; he looks put together.

He holds a donut in one hand and is scrolling through his phone in the other. He chuckles at a video of a dog doing a handstand and takes a bite of his pink sprinkled donut.

GREG
(To himself)
Oh my lord that is hilarious.

The door to the breakroom opens and tired and grumpy CHUCK (late 20's) enters the room. He wears a similar outfit to Greg, though his shirt and tie are a little unkept. His hair is messy, as if he had just gotten out of bed.

Greg puts his phone down and waves to Chuck, who quickly averts eye contact and makes a b-line to the coffee pot.

Greg approaches Chuck, looking way too enthusiastic for how early in the morning it is.

GREG (CONT'D)
Chuck! Chucky! My main man, How's
it going partner?

CHUCK
(Mumbling)
Oh, hey Greg. I'm fine I guess.

Chuck grabs a Styrofoam cup and pours himself a cup of coffee.

GREG
How's your weekend? We missed you
at Sarah's BBQ.

CHUCK
Ah, yeah I was uh busy. Swamped
with work.

GREG

Well that is a shame. It was a blast, had literally the most intense Cornhole tournament ever. Don't wanna brag but I made semis so... Shoulda been there, it was wild to say the least.

As Greg rambles on, Chuck adds sugar and cream into his coffee.

CHUCK

(Annoyed)

Right, yeah. So sorry I missed it. I'll be sure to join up next time.

Chuck gives Greg a single pat on the back and begins to leave the breakroom. Greg quickly pulls him back.

Greg pauses, and looks into Chuck's eyes with a concerned manner. He puts a hand on his shoulder.

GREG

You good man? You don't seem like your usual self.

CHUCK

Yeah, fine. Just didn't get much sleep that's all. Not quite awake for small talk yet.

GREG

Are you sure? Everything cool at home?

Chuck sighs.

CHUCK

Yeah, no I'm good. I'm sorry man. I don't mean to be short with you. I mean, hey. You know what they say, I'm not me without my morning coffee.

Chuck awkwardly chuckles.

GREG

I'm sorry, what?

CHUCK

Hm?

GREG

What do you mean?

CHUCK

I- I said I'm, uh not myself
without my coffee... is there a
problem?

GREG

Is that like a joke or-

CHUCK

-no just an expression. You've
seriously never heard anyone say
that? You work in a office!

GREG

Wait, wait, wait. I'm confused...
who are you then?

CHUCK

Dude what are you talking about?

Greg slowly begins to back away from Chuck.

GREG

(almost frightened)
If you aren't yourself without
coffee, then... who are you man?

Chuck chuckles.

CHUCK

Greg, I'm me.

Greg looks down at the cup in his hand.

GREG

(accusingly)
But you haven't had your coffee
yet.

CHUCK

(nervously)
I'm... uh I mean. This is
ridiculous. I'm- well I'm-

Beat. Greg stares gravely at Chuck and drops his doughnut.
Chuck slowly tilts his head down to the cup of steaming black
coffee.

Dramatic and intense music builds up as we slowly cut back
and forth between Chuck and the coffee, zooming closer and
closer with each cut. Chuck's hand begins to tremble as he
stares into the black liquid abyss. His face displays pure
terror.

Chuck looks back up to Greg who is cowering in the corner. Chuck begins to freak out with his coffee.

GREG
Who are you?

CHUCK
(muttering)
I-I'm-

GREG
What have you done with Chuck?!?!

CHUCK
(Whispering)
I don't know. I don't know.

Chuck's voice grows from a whisper to a loud shout as he begins to panic.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I don't know! I DON'T KNOW!! WHO AM
I?????!!?! AGGGHHHHHHHH!

GREG
AGGGHHHHHHHH!

Chuck is now bawling into his coffee. Chuck looks down at his cup, and his reflection in the coffee speaks to him.

CHUCK'S REFLECTION
FACE IT CHUCK! YOU'RE NOTHING
WITHOUT ME!

Chuck drops the cup, and it spills all over his hands and clothes. He falls to his knees and looks to the sky.

CHUCK
WHO AM I?????? ANSWER ME GOD!!!!

The overhead lights begin to flicker, the room lightly trembles, various paperwork flies around chaotically. Chuck desperately grabs the coffee pot off the table and begins to rapidly chug it, half of it spilling on his chest in the process. Greg looks horrified. He finishes the pot and it falls down the ground, rolling out of his hands.

For a second, Chuck looks lifeless, before rapidly convulsing like he is the possessed by the antichrist. Greg screams.

Suddenly, Chuck springs to his feet, now with a wide and happy smile. Everything in the room is now calm. He still looks like a complete and utter mess. He lets out a long a satisfying sigh.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Ahhh, much better. Hahaha. Anyway,
time to hit the ol' grindstone,
don't want the bossman to get
upset.

Chuck makes his way to confidently to the breakroom door,
passing a very traumatized Greg.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Toodles!

Chuck exits the room. Greg looks around the office, not
knowing what to do with himself.

Suddenly, Chuck peeks his head back in the door.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Oh, and next time you wanna corn
some hole, you better call me up
mister! Hahaha, ok take care now.

Chuck exits once more.

Greg looks around the room in disbelief, before reaching down
and picking up his half eaten donut, which he promptly
resumes eating.

THE END.

FADE TO BLACK.