NOT A MORNING PERSON

Written by

Phillip Mullings, Jr.
INT. BANK ENTRANCE - MORNING

JOHN, 26, lethargic and dispassionate, strolls through the entrance of the bank lobby. He wears a backpack, his hands full of papers and folders.

Customers sit in the lobby, waiting to be assisted. John walks past them. He approaches his desk and slumps into his chair. He looks at his watch. It reads 8:52 AM.

Doughnuts lie on the refreshment table next to the COFFEE The coffee pot is half empty. John gets up and strides towards the table.

DYLAN, 34, John’s supervisor, animated and energetic, steps in front of John.

DYLAN
John. Hey, man, how was your weekend?

John shrugs and grunts.

DYLAN (CONT’D)
Yeah. Mine was good too. Sarah had her dance recital. She was amazing. We hosted a nice barbecue afterwards.

John stares.

DYLAN (CONT’D)
Yeah... good stuff. But, hey, did you happen to get that trans. report done?

John looks over Dylan’s shoulder at the coffee pot.

DYLAN (CONT’D)
If not, no worries. But, whenever you get a chance could you get that to me? I’d appreciate it.

John lurches towards the refreshment table, leaving Dylan standing there.

INT. REFRESHMENT TABLE - BANK - MORNING

SECURITY GUARD, 45, overweight and wearing a wrinkled uniform, sips his coffee as John approaches.
MOM, 30s, distressed and overworked, pours the last of the coffee. Her TODDLER, 5, hyper and gleeful, runs up to John, screaming. She pulls on his pant leg.

MOM
Oh my god, I’m so sorry.

John smiles, annoyed. The mom grabs her toddler.

TODDLER
Mommy, I want a doughnut.

MOM
No. You say sorry to the nice man, for pulling on his leg.

John looks down at the toddler. The toddler looks up at John, then back to her mother.

TODDLER
Mommy, I want a doughnut.

MOM (to John)
I’m so sorry.

The Mom and the toddler walk towards the doughnuts. John grabs the empty coffee pot and prepares a new batch.

INT. REFESHMENT TABLE - BANK - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

John pours the water into the coffee maker and begins the brew. INVESTMENT BANKER, 28, good-looking and self-indulgent, paces waiting for his turn to get coffee. He is talking into his earpiece.

INVESTMENT BANKER
Hell no, I’m not getting the Audi, might as well get the Beamer... You want an Audi that bad you get one. I’m looking at the Mercedes, bro.

John stares. The coffee pot CHIMES. John grabs the pot.

INVESTMENT BANKER (CONT’D)
Hey, dude, customers first.

The investment banker pushes past John, and snatches the coffee pot from his hand, as Dylan approaches.
DYLAN
Hey, buddy. I didn’t see that report on my desk, did you get a chance to print that out?

TODDLER
Sprinkles!

The investment banker bumps past John; who ignores Dylan, and grabs the coffee pot.

INT. LOBBY - BANK - MORNING

ROBBER, 30s, intimidating and masked, creeps pass the waiting customers. He takes out his pistol and fires a warning shot into the ceiling.

ROBBER
Everyone on the ground!

Panic ensues.

John grabs a cup.

ROBBER (CONT’D)
That means you too, Folgers!

John begins pouring his coffee.

BANG.

The coffee pot explodes. John stiffens. He looks at his hand. He places the remnants of the pot onto the refreshment table, and strolls towards the security guard.

ROBBER (CONT’D)
I said, get on the ground!

John grabs the security guard’s gun and UNLOADS THE ENTIRE CLIP into the robbers chest. The robber drops, dead.

INT. REFRESHMENT TABLE - BANK - MORNING

The room is silent. The customers and employees rise to look at John. John thrusts the gun into the security guards hands and walks away.

TODDLER
Mommy!

The Mom, still staring, snatches her toddler away from John.
The investment banker, holding his unfinished coffee, stares at John, wide-eyed. John stares back at him. The investment banker offers his coffee to John. John takes it.

He grabs two sugars, and ambles towards his desk. He sits down, sips his coffee, and smiles.

FADE OUT.