

Coffee Time

by

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INT. DORM ROOM - MORNING

Junk. But high-tech. Electrical appliances, hi-jacked. Gears spin in a toaster, an upside-down pencil sharpener sits taped on a toy car, two lightbulbs glow at the end of a broomstick, and TIFFANY, 19, lies on a bed.

She rolls over and looks at her ALARM CLOCK.

TIFFANY

No. No. What? It didn't go off! I know I turned it on!

Feet hit the floor. Shirt out of the closet. Button the top button. Feet shoot out of pants.

The room is divided into two. One side is a mild-mannered, tidy, color coded space. The other side is a hectic mess, stacked to the ceiling with half-baked inventions.

On the cluttered desk sits a MODIFIED KEURIG MACHINE. Tiffany steps over to it and powers it on. She opens the drawer below it. Inside are K-Cups, Each labelled with tape. "-2 days" one says. "+2 hrs" says another. She grabs one labeled "-45 min".

Cup in the Keurig. Button pressed. Coffee shoots into a mug. She lifts the mug to her face and smells it, stirs it up a little, and then gulps it down.

The door snaps open. ANNE, also 19, barges in and plops her backpack down on the clean desk.

ANNE

Hey, Tiffany. I see you didn't show up at my recital last night.

TIFFANY

Shhh. Be quiet, Anne. I'm trying to sleep!

She points to her bed where, to Anne's surprise, there is a Tiffany still fast asleep.

ANNE

(Whispering)

Oh! So you'll use your little time machine to sleep in, but not to be there for my big night?

TIFFANY

I meant to! Honestly. I was just so many places at eight o' clock last night, I couldn't keep track!

ANNE  
Tiffany, if this is about your  
financial aid, you need to relax.

TIFFANY  
Relax? I don't even know if I can  
come back to school next semester!  
I've got an interview today for  
some scholarship.

Tiffany hands Anne a sheet of paper. Anne reads it.

ANNE  
You're presenting a biology  
experiment?

TIFFANY  
Biology?  
(taking paper back)  
Oh no!

ANNE  
You don't know anything about  
biology, do you?

TIFFANY  
It's ok. I can figure it out.  
(holding up a K-cup)  
I've got some spare time.

She opens up her drawer, and pulls out a cup. Cup in the  
Keurig. Button pressed. Coffee shoots into a mug. She holds  
the mug up to her face.

ANNE  
Well, when you need help, you have  
my number.

TIFFANY  
Thanks but no thanks, Anne. I've  
got everything under control.

She takes a big swig, and immediately disappears.

ANNE  
Good luck.

Anne looks at the first Tiffany still lying in bed.

ANNE (CONT'D)  
And you could probably use a  
little more sleep.

She picks up Tiffany's alarm, and switches it off.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - EARLY MORNING

Tiffany stands at a table behind THREE COLORED DIXIE CUPS, each filled with dirt, A full GLASS OF WATER, and THREE COFFEE MUGS. Her Keurig Machine sits off to the side.

TIFFANY

Alright, Tiffany, here we go. You can do this. It's just science.

She picks up the water, and pours it into the first cup.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Water for you...

She picks up two of the coffee cups, and pours them into the next two cups.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Two hours for you... two days for you...

(picking up last mug)

And fifteen minutes into the future for me. Please do something interesting. Please.

She takes a sip, and looks back down. A plant has sprouted.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Ha! The coffee makes them grow faster!

A voice comes from beside her.

SECOND TIFFANY

And thank goodness. Otherwise we'd be in trouble.

Tiffany looks around, and discovers that she is the first of four Tiffanys in the room. The second sits beside her, with TWO LITTLE SPROUTS in her cups, one bigger than the other. She is measuring the leaves with a RULER.

FIRST TIFFANY

Wow. I'm going to be here longer than I thought.

SECOND TIFFANY

Tell me about it.

The third Tiffany sits by her TWO MEDIUM PLANTS, plugging data into a spreadsheet on her LAPTOP. The final Tiffany

sits by her TWO TALL PLANTS, designing a colorful powerpoint on her LAPTOP.

FINAL TIFFANY

Hey! Don't you two complain. I've already been all of you. And I'm still here.

THIRD TIFFANY

Yeah, but you're almost done.

FINAL TIFFANY

(Clicking 'Save')

Um, correction:

The second and third Tiffany have already heard the coming obnoxious line, and imitate it as final Tiffany says it.

FINAL, THIRD, AND SECOND TIFFANY

(second and third imitating)

I'm *actually* done!

FIRST TIFFANY

So, do you think we have a chance?

FINAL TIFFANY

You know what? I think we do.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

The interviewers sit in a row at a desk. Their eyes drill into Tiffany sitting confidently across from them, presenting from her laptop.

TIFFANY

So I saw a remarkable increase in the speed of the plants growth.

INTERVIEWER #1

That's unbelievable.

TIFFANY

I know! You can see by this graph-

INTERVIEWER #1

I'm sorry, I may not have made myself clear. I don't believe it.

TIFFANY

You think I made this up?

INTERVIEWER #2

That's not what he said. It could be a simple miscalculation, or a mismanagement of data.

TIFFANY

No! This is real! Just bring me a plant, I'll show you.

INTERVIEWER #1

Do you deserve our funding?

TIFFANY

Yes!

INTERVIEWER #1

Then please explain, in biological terms, by what mechanism this is occurring.

Feigning composure, Tiffany reaches into her backpack and pulls out a thermos.

TIFFANY

Well, it's simple really.

Placing one hand back on the backpack, she takes a sip.

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. Tiffany is alone. She leaps out of her chair panicking.

She digs into the backpack and pulls out a device made of two stopwatches fused together. It's already ticking. She pulls out a second thermos, and slams it and the timer on the desk in front of her. She yanks out a textbook and begins flipping frantically.

TIFFANY

Where do I even start?

(glancing up at timer)

An hour isn't going to be enough.

Dropping the book, she dashes to the door. It's locked. She pulls out her phone and makes a call.

ANNE

Hey, Tiffany!

TIFFANY

Anne! I'm from tomorrow. I'm in an interview, I mean was, I mean will be. But now I'm locked in the board room and I can't get out.

ANNE

Hey, hey. Breathe, Breathe.

TIFFANY

I need this scholarship. I need to stay in school.

ANNE

You need to calm down. Look, I know how nervous you feel. I'm only thirty minutes away from getting on stage myself.

TIFFANY

Oh, Right. The recital.

ANNE

Yep! If you're from tomorrow, You've already seen it, right?

TIFFANY

Of course. You'll do great.

ANNE

Thanks. Just go back to your interview. And remember, no matter what happens, I'm always here for you. Any time.

TIFFANY

Yeah. Thanks, Anne.

ANNE

Like I said, any time.

She hangs up, and sits down. The timer continues ticking down the hour.

She looks out the window. She lies on the floor. She flips through the book, but closes it again.

The timer beeps. One minute. She rushes into the chair and stuffs everything back into her backpack. She holds the new thermos, and rests the timer in the very top of her bag. She tries to match her exact pose, with her hand on the backpack, and the thermos to her face.

TIFFANY

Let's hope this works.

Beep. Beep. Beep. BEEP! Chug.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Tiffany sits in a chair feigning composure. She reaches into her backpack and pulls out a thermos.

TIFFANY  
Well, it's simple really.

Placing one hand back on the backpack, she takes a sip.

And then appears about a foot to the left. She falls to the floor. The interviewers stand up in shock.

INTERVIEWER #1  
(Standing up)  
What happened?

TIFFANY  
(moving to the chair)  
The chair must have... moved.

INTERVIEWER #2  
Are you ok?

TIFFANY  
I've never felt better. Thanks.

Tiffany straightens herself up, the interviewers sit down.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
To answer your question, I'm not entirely sure why it causes this reaction in plants.

Interviewer #1 clicks his pen, and begins scribbling. The others follow.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tiffany sits beside her Keurig. She pours half of the coffee from one mug into another. Anne walks in, drops her bag on the floor, and flops on her bed.

ANNE  
How'd the interview go?

TIFFANY  
Not great. But who knows? How are you doing?



ANNE  
I'm tired.

TIFFANY  
How about a cup of coffee?

Tiffany extends one of her mugs to Anne. Anne sits up.

ANNE  
For me?

TIFFANY  
Yeah! I heard there's going to be a great show last night. I thought we could see that first.

ANNE  
(taking the mug)  
Yeah? And when to next?

TIFFANY  
It's up to you! We could go to any time.

ANNE  
Really? Because I've got a package coming Friday, but I don't want to wait that long.

TIFFANY  
Like I said, any time.

As they talk, they hear running in the hall outside their room. Through the open door, they catch a glimpse of who the two runners are as they speed by.

SECOND ANNE  
Come on Tiff, we'll miss it again!

SECOND TIFFANY  
Oh, I can't wait to see the look on his face yesterday!

In the room the two look at each other, curious about their future that just past, and excited for the adventures that await.

TIFFANY  
To the recital!

Mugs clink. They chug it down.

CUT TO BLACK