

Not Today

Episode One

PERFECTLY GOOD THINGS: THE PODCAST

written by

Kira Pelletier

(484) 864 1337  
kira.pelletier@temple.edu

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FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A normal day in a coffee shop. The general SHUFFLE of zombified college kids looking for their caffeine fix -

- the CLACKING of computer keys as the hipster in the back worries over his great American novel -

- BELLS TINKLING above the door, SOFT JAZZ over the speakers that grows louder...louder...

LUCY

Hey.

A to-go cup hits the table, startling the ambience back to normal. It's actually...not so great? They didn't pay for premium Spotify, so an ad is playing. Faintly, the ESPRESSO machine is GRINDING its gears in the back.

AD

[tbd]

LUCY

Am I interrupting your pining?

DANIELA

(sputtering)

What - no. There is no pining.  
You're just late.

LUCY

Uh-huh.

Daniela huffs. Lucy slides a chair out from the table and sits.

DANIELA

That much espresso will kill you,  
you know.

LUCY

Yeah, yeah, it'll be a glorious  
death. Way better than keeling over  
from work deadlines. You, though -  
fading away from lesbian pining?

DANIELA

Ugh, Lucy -

LUCY

I'm not wrong.

DANIELA  
You're all kinds of wrong.

LUCY  
Not about this.

Daniela groans. Lucy somehow radiates smugness, even though we can't see her.

DANIELA  
Fine. Fine! Fuck. Is it that obvious?

LUCY  
That...you always pick the table with the clearest view of the bookstore, and you keep glancing at the cashier like you're passing notes in second grade? Yeah. If it weren't so cute, it'd be kind of stalkery.

DANIELA  
*I am not stalking her!*

Her breathing becomes more pronounced, and she slouches down in her chair as if hiding from the authorities.

LUCY  
(concerned in earnest)  
Whoa, hey, I know. I know.

DANIELA  
I just -

LUCY  
- I know. Look...

Lucy awkwardly traces the edge of her cardboard sleeve, trying to come up with the right words.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
...I've seen her looking back, you know. Why don't you just...go over and talk to her?

Daniela makes a wheezing, incredulous sound, like she can't even articulate how insane that idea is.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You both like books! I mean...I assume she also likes books, so it's not like you won't have anything to talk about!

DANIELA

(sarcastic)

Right, so I'm just going to go in there and say, "Do you think Raskolnikov was just a dick, or was his behavior reflective of the societal harm of mental illness stigmas and systemic poverty?"

LUCY

I mean, it's probably better than saying, "I've been watching you for months from the coffee shop next door."

DANIELA

That is not -

She sighs and relents.

DANIELA (CONT'D)

Sorry. I know you're trying to help.

LUCY

It's fine.

Beat.

DANIELA

It's just - it's not like you and Marcus. I can't just...go for it.

LUCY

Okay, it's not like me and Marcus hooked up that fast -

DANIELA

NOT what I meant, oh my god. Jeez. I meant, I can't just...ask her. Not like you and Marcus.

LUCY

First of all, I didn't really ask Marcus, I messaged his profile. And second...it's probably good if you aren't like us.

DANIELA

...Are you...?

LUCY

(the verbal equivalent of waving her off)

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 No, we're fine. I meant, it's probably good you're not meeting this girl on Rimbr. I think your head would explode if you saw half the shit on there.

Daniela laughs, fond and a little self-deprecating.

DANIELA  
 Yeah. Not going there.

LUCY  
 Took me years to get you to order anything less boring than hot chocolate here, so...for the best, I think.

A beat. The ambience rises up around them again as they reminisce.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Hey.

DANIELA  
 Yeah?

LUCY  
 If you say hello to the cute girl from the bookstore, I'll buy you a boring hot chocolate.

DANIELA  
 Not going to work.

LUCY  
 I won't even make fun of you...

DANIELA  
 Nope. I don't even know her *name*, Lucy. It's probably just a passing...thing.

LUCY  
 What if it isn't?

DANIELA  
 Then I'll...deal with it. I'll have you, won't I?

LUCY  
 Yes, but I'm not in love with you, and she could be, one day.

DANIELA  
 (loftily)  
 No one needs romantic love to  
 survive.

LUCY  
 Doesn't mean it wouldn't be nice.

Her PHONE RINGS.

DANIELA  
 Speaking of romance...

Lucy's purse and keys clatter as she slides away from the  
 table and prepares to go.

LUCY  
 (hurried)  
 Yeah, no, I've gotta run. Sorry.  
 Think about it, okay? You should  
 talk to her! And your boring hot  
 chocolate, it's still on the table!

Her words fade as she retreats from the table; we hear the  
 CLACK of her shoes as she goes.

DANIELA  
 (calling after her)  
 Not today!

BARISTA  
 Large Americano for...Mackson?

CUSTOMER  
 It's Mason. The "K" is silent.

The BELL TINKLES above the door, signaling Lucy's exit.

Daniela sighs and leans back in her chair. The unimpressive  
 parts of the coffee shop ambience - the NOW-BROKEN GRINDER,  
 the OBNOXIOUS TYPING, and the GRUMBLING CUSTOMERS fade out,  
 and we're left with an idyllic shop suffused with soft jazz.

DANIELA  
 (wistfully)  
 Not today.

FADE TO:

INT./EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS EARLIER

CUSTOMER

(fading)

It's Mason. The "K" is silent.

The door SHUTS.

Cars. SO MANY CARS. Wind from the street vents blow; trash skitters along the sidewalk. No soft jazz romance in this city.

LUCY

Hey, Marcus...No, we were almost done anyway...I don't know, I'm really tired. Can we just do Chinese? Or...yeah, I guess. Should I still order for you?...no, you can't leave it in my fridge till Tuesday, it's going to be insanely old by then. Let's just say not tonight. Okay? No, it's fine. It's fine. Just not tonight.

FADE OUT.