

CALVIN YOUNG'S FINEST HOUR

Written by

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INT. CAFE - DAY

A small cafe bustles with CHATTER. Calm music plays over head, EMPLOYEES behind the counter paying customers out, a MAN reads a newspaper in the corner.

CALVIN YOUNG (early 20s) sits alone at a table on the phone. His table is cluttered with a book bag, coffee cups, pencils and a History book on pirates.

CALVIN

Yeah I'm at the cafe mom.

LIZ, a young geeky/nerdy waitress, walks by placing another cup of coffee onto the table. She smiles at him and pushes her hair behind her ear. Calvin continues to look down at the table.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

No, I don't have a date for...

Liz places a small napkin, on the table next to him. Calvin places his fresh new cup onto the napkin, oblivious to the phone number scrolled onto it. Calvin nods and she walks away.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Okay.. gotta go... Mom I have to go

He pulls the phone down and hangs up. He lets out a huge sigh.

He overlooks the mound of materials and pulls a book closer. He sees the Man with the paper has now moved a little closer to him. Shrugging it off, he notices a bombshell of a woman DAISY BISLEY (early 20s) sitting nearby.

Daisy has her head in book, glasses hanging off the tip of her nose, and her table cluttered with papers, coffee and the same history textbook on pirates.

Calvin looks down at his disheveled look and tucks in his tee shirt into his tattered jeans.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Okay Calvin, play it smooth, suave, sophisticated. What's your pickup line...I just quickscoped you out, because I felt your duty calling.

He smirks as he strolls over to her table.

Calvin stands next to her, she looks up at him. He stands there frozen, posing awkwardly.

DAISY  
Can I help you?

Words fail to come out of Calvin's gaping mouth; sound finally comes out..

CALVIN  
I just quick dutied you calling  
because I felt your scope. I  
mean...

An awkward silence grows between them.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
Uh, don't we have histo...

He leans down, his arm knocking over the coffee cup, spilling it. Daisy lets out a shocked GASP. Calvin quickly reaches over grabbing napkins trying to contain the spill.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
Oh my God...

DAISY  
Stop, stop you're making it worse.

CALVIN  
Sorry I just-

DAISY  
Leave it, stop helping.

Daisy jumps up wiping some of spilt liquid off her skirt.

DAISY (CONT'D)  
Can you just watch my stuff. And  
try not to make any more of a mess.

Daisy storms off to the bathroom, Calvin continues to try and clean the spill.

CALVIN  
Way to go man, trying to impress a  
girl and what do you do...

He picks up a piece of paper with FINAL RESEARCH PAPER written on it.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
... Great. Now she'll definitely  
not talk to me when she gets back.

Calvin notices that the Man has now moved even closer to his position. He looks around to see if anyone else in the cafe has noticed this odd occurrence.

He picks up her purse, it drips. The purse vibrates as a cellphone RINGS from a text alert, with a PIRATEY ringtone, Calvin doesn't notice.

The music overhead changes to a Pirate theme, Calvin's head perks up realizing that it is no longer pure coincidence. He takes a deep breath and coughs...

CALVIN (CONT'D)

(To no one)

Why does it smell like seaweed?

Still holding the purse, another TEXT alert. Calvin places the purse down, through the opening he sees a message on the lock screen. It reads GIVE ME THE BOOTY, CALVIN.

Puzzled he looks up and sees the Man now in the booth next to him. The Newspaper slowly lowers revealing...

STEVE THE PIRATE. A real pirate, dressed from head to toe in pirate regalia. A fake parrot sits on his shoulder.

Steve stands up and Calvin quickly looks around.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Does anyone see this pirate? Sir are you a pirate?

People turn to look, giving puzzled looks.

STEVE THE PIRATE

Give me the booty.

CALVIN

Okay that answers that question.

STEVE THE PIRATE

Give me the booty and yee won't get hurt.

A PATRON watching a fight on a TV in the corner yells KICK HIS ASS!

Calvin looks at him confused, his brow lowers. Steve The Pirate points to the purse that Calvin is holding on to.

STEVE THE PIRATE (CONT'D)

Just hand it over.

Steve the Pirate approaches Calvin. Calvin backs up avoiding Steve's attempt to grab the purse.

Steve lunges for the purse again and Calvin smacks the fake parrot off Steve's shoulder. Steve turns giving a death glare. Patrons begin to gather.

CALVIN  
(Stammering)  
What? No, your bird. I didn't mean.

Steve The Pirate GRUNTS. The music overhead changes. BOSS BATTLE MUSIC. Calvin looks to the speaker. He looks back at Steve, a fist coming towards his face.. A Patron yells FIGHT!

The fight breaks out. Calvin blocks Steve's punch using the purse. Steve swings again, Calvin dodges. Calvin throws a punch back, it lands only to anger the pirate further. The two dance back and forth in a choreographed fight. Think Charlie Chaplin silent film fight.

The fight is over, Steve lays on the ground. Defeated. Pirate coins at his feet. Calvin's exhausted from the scuffle. He spots Daisy rushing towards him.

Daisy spots Calvin holding her purse. Calvin's eyes meet hers. He looks down at the purse and back at her. A smile grows. She steps closer.

DAISY  
You little pervert going through my stuff.

CALVIN  
It's not what it looks like, this guy tried to..

Daisy snatches the purse out of his hand

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
...Steal it.

Calvin smiles awkwardly, slightly chuckling. Daisy annoyed.

DAISY  
Just leave me alone, you've caused enough trouble for today. And take your pirate friend with you.

CALVIN  
But..

Calvin slumps back into his booth. His face with a fresh bruise. He sighs flopping his head onto the table. He looks up, to see Liz in front of him standing.

LIZ

That was an impressive fight.

She places another cup of coffee on the table.

LIZ (CONT'D)

It's on the house. My name is Liz  
by the way.

CALVIN

You know, no matter how hard I try  
I can never catch a break.

He looks at Liz.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Thanks for the coffee.

He stands shoving his things into his bag. Liz stands shocked as Calvin walks out the door.

FADE TO BLACK.