

COOL TINY NOTEBOOK

Written by

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

In a coffee shop with tight corners, a turtlenecked BOHEMIAN sketches into a VERY TINY NOTEBOOK.

He occasionally looks up in the general direction of the cash register and-

-A messy-haired PLEBIAN, who sits near the front.

PLEBIAN
Whoa, cool tiny notebook. Is that
one of those *mole-skeins*?

The Bohemian smiles.

BOHEMIAN
(expecting this)
It's actually pronounced *mole-skin*.
But it's not a Moleskine.
It's a Foreskine.

Beat.

PLEBIAN
Foreskin?

BOHEMIAN
Uh-huh.

The Plebian leans in his seat to inspect the JOURNAL'S COVER.

It's flesh-colored. And almost a little wrinkly.

PLEBIAN
Foreskin, as in-

BOHEMIAN
-one-hundred acid-free pages front
to back, yeah.

PLEBIAN
(still wrapping his head
around this)
It's a *foreskin* notebook-

BOHEMIAN
-bound in repurposed, genuine
leather.

Another beat.

PLEBIAN
W-what kind of leather?

BOHEMIAN
Repurposed, genuine leather.

The Bohemian returns to sketching, leaving the Plebian with a puzzled look on his face.

Our artist steals another glance in the general direction of the Plebian, jotting into his notebook.

PLEBIAN
 Can I see it?

The Bohemian holds it out ever so slightly, but pulls back as soon as the Plebian reaches for it.

PLEBIAN (CONT'D)
 Can I just-

BOHEMIAN
 -The Foreskine ethos is simple: to inspire creators and conceivers to bring their conceptualizations to life on the pages of tiny notebooks.

The Plebian squints from his seat.

The journal's GENUINE LEATHER appears to be comprised of several hodge-podged, hand-sewn, STRIPS OF SKIN.

A SCROTAL NECRONOMICOM.

The Plebian's face turns white.

The Bohemian returns to work, and again, looks to the front of the shop. This strikes a nerve.

PLEBIAN
 (angered)
 What are you writing in there?

BOHEMIAN
 Hmm?

PLEBIAN
 I saw you looking at me while you were writing. Let me see it.

BOHEMIAN
 I wasn't looking at you-

The Plebian stands. And walks towards the Bohemian.

PLEBIAN
(forceful)
Then let me see-

He lunges and the two grapple over the notebook.

BOHEMIAN
I said I wasn't looking at *you*-

The Foreskine notebook flings upwards into the air and lands directly behind the Plebian, by the cash register, revealing a DETAILED SKETCH of-

-THE COFFEE SHOP BARISTA and her pierced smile.

Yes, the BARISTA. The person minding the shop this whole time, even in the chaos, with diligence and grace. Standing directly behind the Plebian.

BOHEMIAN (CONT'D)
-I was looking at *her*.

Under the drawing is a PROSE-LIKE CAPTION:

"a sunburnt soul that still yearns for sunshine"

The Barista sees it. And opens her mouth, awestruck.

The poetry continues down the page.

BARISTA
(reciting poetry)
This sunburnt soul still yearns for
sunshine.

BOHEMIAN
(also reciting poetry)
This unkempt heart: unlocked in
kind.

BARISTA
Your smile brings shape to hope-

BOHEMIAN
-That which is yours-

BARISTA
-Thus will be mine.

They kiss.

PLEBIAN
Awww.

The Plebian, tail between his legs, cranes his neck to admire the sketch. He then touches it.

In doing so he accidentally flips a page to reveal another DETAILED DRAWING, this time IT'S OF HIM with the caption:

"appears to be uncircumcised, could provide leather"

PLEBIAN (CONT'D)

Uhhh.

THE END.