

Come in for Coffee?

Cathy: 20's to 30's. Happy, air-headed, passionate about coffee

Ian: 20's to 30's. Cool, hopeful.

Set: A coffee shop/cafe, can be a simple or complicated as desired, but must be upmarket. There should be a table and 2 chairs center stage, a serving counter to one side, a sofa the other side, with soft cushions. The cat can be played by a soft toy cat.

Time: Present. Late at night. Sound effects of traffic, music, revelers etc.

(Cathy and Ian ideally walk in from the back of the auditorium through the audience, arm in arm. The curtains to the set should be closed, then open as the couple reach the stage, and arrive in the coffee shop/café.)

Cathy: Thanks so much for walking me home, you really didn't have to.

Ian: Of course I did, I'd never let a lady walk home alone, late at night.

Cathy: Such a gentleman.

Ian: That's me!

Cathy: And thanks for a lovely dinner, you really shouldn't have paid!

Ian: It's fine, don't mention it.

Cathy: We could have gone Dutch.

Ian: Honestly, don't worry.

Cathy: The Dutch make such nice coffee, although usually with added ...you know what!

Ian: Ah, back to coffee again?

Cathy: Sorry, I do like coffee. Rather a lot!

Ian: I gathered.

Cathy: Oh, did I bore you?

Ian: No, no! Not at all.

Cathy: Phew, you had me worried there!

Ian: I feel I now know all there is to know about the bean!

Cathy: Oh no! You have lots to learn boy!

Ian: Do you flick the bean?

Cathy: *(The joke is lost on her.)* No, I grind it, I only buy beans, never ground coffee.

Ian: OK.

Cathy: Haha!

Ian: What?

Cathy: So funny, that waiter really had the hots for you!

Ian: Yes...hilarious.

Cathy: He fancied you something rotten!

Ian: I can't help attracting people...female or male!

Cathy: Ha! So modest!

Ian: It's the cross I have to bare, people love me! I am attractive to all. Even cats and dogs follow me.

Cathy: That's a bit weird.

Ian: Yes.

(They stop near the stage.)

Cathy: So, this is me.

Ian: Oh, that *was* quick, you really do live nearby.

Cathy: Yep.

Ian: So?

Cathy: Yes?

Ian: So. This is it?

Cathy: I guess so.

Ian: Can I...

Cathy: Can you what?

Ian: Can I...

Cathy: I know what you want!

Ian: Do you?

Cathy: Yes, silly!

Ian: Oh, cool!

Cathy: *(flirty.)* I know *exactly* what you want!

Ian: Yes?

Cathy: You want a cuddle!

Ian: No, erm...well yes, OK.

Cathy: Come here then silly! Don't be shy! *(She gives him an elaborate hug, patting him on the back.)*

Ian: *(breaking off.)* That was, er...nice?

Cathy: Haha!

Ian: What?

Cathy: I'm messing with you!

Ian: Oh.

Cathy: We can kiss if you like?

Ian: That would be a good start.

Cathy: What do you mean by *start*?

Ian: Well, I mean...

Cathy: Don't go assuming there will be more!

Ian: I, I wasn't assu/

Cathy: I'm not easy you know!

Ian: I never said/

Cathy: Although you might get more.

Ian: Really?

Cathy: Maybe, haha!

Ian: *(Confused.)* Right.

Cathy: S'OK. We can kiss. Just once, mind! *(She leans forward and gives Ian the smallest kiss, barely a peck on the lips.)* There!

Ian: Thanks, I think?

Cathy: Would you like to come in for coffee?

Ian: *(pleased at last.)* That would be nice. You live above a coffee shop? How fitting!

Cathy: No I don't live *above* it.

Ian: Pardon me?

Cathy: I live *in* it.

Ian: You said you... *work* in a coffee shop?

Cathy: I do, I own it too.

Ian: Ah.

Cathy: It's my business. Set it up from scratch two years ago, had a small inheritance. Something I've always dreamed of. Now I have eight staff work for me!

Ian: That's great, well done.

Cathy: Thanks, why don't you...

Ian: Yes?

Cathy: Come in?

Ian: For *coffee*?

Cathy: Yes, cheeky!

Ian: That would be nice.

(Curtains open as Cathy acts unlocking the door. They walk in. Cathy 'turns on' the lights.)

Cathy: Here we are, welcome to Cathy's Coffee Café!

Ian: *(Looking around, impressed.)* Nice! You built all this up yourself?

Cathy: Yep, just me and the proceeds of Aunty Mary's house!

Ian: You've done very well, quite the businesswoman!

Cathy: Thanks. Have a seat. Anywhere you like.

Ian: OK.

Cathy: Would you like a coffee?

Ian: Actually I'd love a cuppa tea.

Cathy: *(Scolding, a little cross.)* We do not serve *tea*!

Ian: I...

Cathy: What?

Ian: I was joking....

Cathy: I know you were, silly!

Ian: *(Increasingly confused.)* Oh, good.

Cathy: So, Coffee? How do you have your coffee?

Ian: Strong and sweet like you. *(‘Dark and smooth’ is an alternative line.)*

Cathy: Yuk, is that all you've got haha!

Ian: Ha, sorry, that was bad!

Cathy: We have eighty six varieties of coffee here and thirty two ways of serving it.

Ian: Surprise me.

Cathy: WHAT?

Ian: Sorry, I mean I don't mind. What would you recommend?

Cathy: Oh shit, right....OK. There's so many to choose from!

Ian: Then what's your favourite?

Cathy: You're making me choose?

Ian: I'm sure you can.

Cathy: How can I possibly choose? It's like choosing your favourite child! This isn't Sophie's Choice you know!

Ian: Eh?

Cathy: The film!

Ian: Right.

Cathy: OK, let me think. OH FUCK, I LIKE THEM ALL! Why do you make me choose? Come on Cathy think, it's late at night, you're half cut and bought a fella back, what coffeeyyyyy...Yes! *(Reaches up to a jar.)*

Ian: You've chosen?

Cathy: YES! Hawaiian Toasted Coconut! Perfect.

Ian: Sounds exotic.

Cathy: Oh it is, and expensive. Did you know the beans are rubbed on the thighs of eighteen year old Hawaiian virgins?

Ian: Really?

Cathy: No.

Ian: Oh.

Cathy: Let me lay the table.

Ian: *(Trying harder now, suggestive.)* Let me... lay you on the table.

Cathy: I can't serve coffee to a bare table.

Ian: You can be bare on the table...

Cathy: I REALLY NEED TO LAY THE TABLE!

Ian: OK...*(alarmed, backs away from the table.)*

Cathy: Thanks, it won't take a minute, better that way.

Ian: Fine by me, I just like watching you.

Cathy: Weird.

Ian: Not at all.

(Through the following Cathy is reaching a cupboard under the counter, her backside pushed up slightly towards Ian, this interests Ian a lot, without Cathy noticing he stands up and moves towards her.)

Cathy: Did you know that coffee originated back in 810 AD when Arabic goat herders noticed their goats eating the berries and went mad shortly after. So they tried the berries, coffee is actually from berries, not a bean at all, then they realized the berries kept them awake and they would dance. The herders would dance, not the goats, obviously.

(Ian is now close behind Cathy, his hands reaching for her backside.)

Cathy: *(Stands up straight, spins round and shouts,)* KENCO!

Ian: *(Jumps back in surprise.)* What?

Cathy: KENCO!

Ian: Is this some sort of weird rape alarm thing of yours?

Cathy: No.

Ian: Then why did you shout out Kenco? Twice?

Cathy: My cat. He's called Kenco, Oh you'll love him. He's as soft and fluffy as a cappuccino.

Ian: Then why didn't you name him Cappuccino?

Cathy: Ian, my cat isn't Italian.

Ian: Right. So why Kenco?

Cathy: Because I fell for him INSTANTLY! Haha.

Ian: Fine.

Cathy: He must be out, or asleep. He hides anywhere, never the same place twice.

Ian: Instead of coff...*(corrects himself carefully.)* As well as coffee do you have any wine? Or whiskey or anything?

Cathy: Qahwah.

Ian: Pardon me?

Cathy: *(Emphasizing.)* Qah-wah.

Ian: Are you ill? What language are you speaking?

Cathy: No, Qahwah is Arabic for coffee, it's a type of wine to them.

Ian: *(Getting frustrated.)* I see.

(Cathy goes behind the counter to serve the coffee, Ian walks around admiring the café.)

Ian: So where's your bedroom? Out the back?

Cathy: No, I only have a small kitchen and shower room just behind here.

Ian: Oh, where do you sleep then?

Cathy: On that sofa in the corner next to the fake fireplace.

Ian: You sleep on a sofa?

Cathy: It's a sofa bed, I flop it out when I go to bed.

Ian: Me too. Well I hope to...

Cathy: I love sleeping in here, my café takes on a whole new feeling at night. And it means I can keep an eye on the place. I keep the till float under my sofa bed.

Ian: Wise. *(Looks around again, Cathy starts to bring out the coffee in two very large, ornate cups with saucers.) (Ian notices something on the floor.)* Oh, is that what I think it is?

Cathy: What, where? *(She places the cups on the laid table before going to see what Ian is looking at.)*

Ian: Cat Shi/

Cathy: KENCO!

Ian: Jeez!

Cathy: For heavens sake Kenco, use the cat flap if you need to crap, you have the whole back yard to use. I have to keep this place clean. Do you want to explain that to the health and safety executive?

Ian: Are you talking to me or the cat?

Cathy: To Kenco.

Ian: Well he clearly isn't here.

Cathy: You start your coffee while I clear this up. It'll be ruined cold.

Ian: Have you got any whiskey? Get us in the mood a bit? Maybe flop out the sofa bed....?

Cathy: *(While quickly cleaning up.)* Kopi Luwak.

Ian: Oh here we go again. *(sips his coffee, surprised,)* Wow, this is actually really nice!

Cathy: Kopi Luwak. The most expensive, most coveted coffee in the world. *(She has finished cleaning up and sits opposite, for the first time she is acting slightly flirty.)* It's a smooth, less acidic... darker bean, rich in aroma, velvety... some even say... seductive...

Ian: *(Finally getting somewhere, leans in.)* I'm listening...

Cathy: The Asian Palm Civet...

Ian: Pardon me?

Cathy: It's a wild cat.

Ian: Yes

Cathy: The Asian Palm Civet.

Ian: You said.

Cathy: The Asian Palm Civet eats the coffee cherries, but cannot digest the beans, so out it comes in the cats feces.

Ian: *(Shocked, spits his coffee out.)* Really?

Cathy: But I wouldn't serve you Kopi Luwak, far too elite for a novice like you.

Ian: Do you have any vodka?

Cathy: Maybe, but haven't we had enough alcohol for one night?

Ian: Katy/

Cathy: Cathy!

Ian: Cathy, sorry. One bottle of white wine shared between us, isn't *too* much. Honestly.

Cathy: I can do you an Irish coffee?

Ian: Can I just have the Irish? I've had enough coffee to keep me up all night. Or is that your plan all along?

Cathy: OK, whiskey it is. Why don't you have a seat on the sofa and I'll see what I can find in the kitchen for us.

Ian: That would be nice.

Cathy: Yep.

Ian: I'll be just over here then? On the sofa.

Cathy: Yes, make yourself at home. My home. My coffee café.

Ian: I will. Don't be long now!

Cathy: It won't take me long to pour us a drink.

Ian: Whiskey? Not Coffee?

Cathy: Kopi Luwak if you're really lucky!

Ian: Whiskey's fine, all the same.

Cathy: Coming right up. *(She leaves via the counter and out the back door and off set.)*

Ian: *(Walks up to the sofa, unbuttons his shirt a bit. He moves some cushions off the sofa, one is soft, he holds it to his face and smells Cathys perfume on it, he softens and smiles, taking in her scent. He sits on the sofa. He gently throws the cushion onto a nearby chair, then notices another cushion, soft and fluffy. He pick's it up but recoils when he realizes it's Kenco the cat! Kenco lets out a loud, strained cat screech, instinctively Ian throws the cat on the floor, he has been cut by Kenco's claws in the process.)* Dammit! *(He looks around, then down at the cat who remains motionless at his feet.)* Oh God NO! Kenco? Kenco? SHIT! *(Panicking he looks around and towards the door where Cathy went.)* Sorry Kenco, I've gotta go! *(Ian runs out of the front door, back through the audience and out of sight.)*

*(The stage lights dim slightly as Cathy returns from the kitchen, we see her walk behind the counter and only when in full sight we see she is wearing a white French Maids 'bonnet' and white maids apron (*as depicted in the picture at the end of play.) Otherwise she is naked. (This should be at the discretion of the actress playing Cathy, but she should be wearing as little as she dare.) Cathy walks towards the sofa-bed and quickly realizes Ian has gone.)*

Cathy: Fuck it! Again? *(She sits at the nearest chair, facing the audience, clearly deflated.) (Meow sound effect. Cathy looks down to her feet and sees Kenco.)* There you are Kenco! Now you appear? *(Cathy picks Kenco up, holds him on her lap and starts to stoke him.)* Ian never got to meet my pussy.
(Lights fade as Cathy fusses Kenco, Kenco purrs. Black out.)

End of Play.

Suggested headdress/bonnet and apron for Cathy at the end of the play.

