

**BIG CITY GAL ON THE GO**

A comedy in one act

by

Bradley Hayward

**PREVIEW ONLY!**

To request a complete script, or apply for production rights, contact:

[haywardb@hotmail.com](mailto:haywardb@hotmail.com)

Copyright 2026

by Bradley Hayward

## SYNOPSIS

In a high tech coffee shop, a stressed corporate climber finds her morning caffeine run derailed by a pretentious barista and a condescending tech bro. What starts as a simple order for a vanilla latte spirals into a hilarious clash between big city absurdity and small town sanity. As the clock ticks toward a high stakes meeting, she must decide if the perfect coffee bean extraction is worth the cost of her soul.

## CHARACTERS

(1m, 1f, 1 either)

**MELANIE:** (30s, f) A high powered business executive from a small town whose high stakes career path in the big city has left her on the verge of an emotional breakdown. She wears a tailored power suit and expensive designer heels.

**JUNIPER:** (20s, f/m) A highly specialized and pretentious barista who treats coffee preparation with the precision of a laboratory scientist. She wears a white lab coat over a black turtleneck.

**BROCK:** (30s, m) A tech focused corporate employee with definite bro energy who views every human interaction through the lens of data and optimization. He wears a high end fleece vest over a performance fabric shirt and a glowing smart watch.

## SETTING

A hyper minimalist coffee shop that resembles a laboratory, featuring stainless steel counters and glowing nitrogen chambers instead of espresso machines.

## RUNNING TIME

10 minutes.

# **BIG CITY GAL ON THE GO**

A comedy

by

Bradley Hayward

(The lights rise on a hyper minimalist coffee shop that looks less like a cafe and more like a laboratory. JUNIPER, a pretentious barista in her 20s, stands behind the counter. She wears a white lab coat and uses a pair of tweezers to move a single coffee bean onto a digital scale. MELANIE, a high powered business executive in her mid 30s, enters in a flurry and approaches the counter. She doesn't even look at JUNIPER as she orders, staring at her phone the whole time.)

**MELANIE:** I need an extra large vanilla latte. I need it yesterday.

**JUNIPER:** We don't recognize extra large in this space. It's a binary free zone.

**MELANIE:** Then give me the biggest cup you have. The one that looks like a bucket.

**JUNIPER:** That would be The Vessel. It's ergonomically designed for maximum palm contact.

**MELANIE:** Fine, give me The Vessel. Fill it to the brim.

(BROCK, a young tech executive in his early 30s with definite bro energy, enters and waits in line behind MELANIE. He taps away at his smart watch.)

**JUNIPER:** And the vanilla? We only use a fermented bean paste harvested from the northern slope of Mount Vesuvius.

**MELANIE:** Yes, lots of it. I want to taste the volcano.

**BROCK:** (Without looking up from his phone) Vanilla is a legacy flavour, Melanie.

**MELANIE:** (Whirls around) I don't know you. Please stop talking to my back.

**BROCK:** I'm just saying you're masking the bean's integrity, Melanie.

**MELANIE:** Stop talking to my face, too.

**BROCK:** Whoa, Melanie! Chill!

**MELANIE:** I'm sorry, how do you know my name?

**BROCK:** We're on the same team, Melanie. Total synergy.

**MELANIE:** I've never seen you before in my life. I work in a corner office with glass walls.

**BROCK:** I'm in 6 D. The far cubicle by the temperamental printer.

**MELANIE:** (Horrified) You're the guy who keeps replying all to the lunch emails?

**BROCK:** I'm disrupting the corporate thread. It's about engagement.

**MELANIE:** It's about me wanting to throw my laptop out a window!

(JUNIPER clears her throat and leans on the counter.)

**JUNIPER:** I'm sensing a lot of hostility toward the process. Your negative mojo is blocking the roast's potential.

**MELANIE:** My mojo is fine! My schedule is the problem!

**JUNIPER:** I can't begin the extraction while the air is thick with conflict.

**BROCK:** Sorry, Juniper. I'll take care of this.

**MELANIE:** I don't want juniper in my coffee.

**BROCK:** Juniper is her name.

**MELANIE:** What kind of name is Juniper?

**JUNIPER:** (Proudly) Actually, my birth certificate says Quinn, but that name was far too abrasive for a workspace dedicated to subtle extractions. I chose Juniper because it reflects a certain botanical stoicism and, frankly, the vowels provide a much cleaner resonance when vibrating against the glassware.

(MELANIE stares blankly at JUNIPER, her jaw agape.)

**MELANIE:** I'm sorry. I showed an interest in your life. That was my fault. I have a meeting in three minutes on the eighty fourth floor, so can we hustle this along?

**JUNIPER:** The beans are currently resting in a pressurized nitrogen chamber.

**MELANIE:** Wake them up! Give them a tiny alarm clock!

**BROCK:** Quality doesn't scale on a deadline, Melanie. You have to respect the grind.

**MELANIE:** Stop calling me Melanie!

**BROCK:** Sorry, Babe.

**MELANIE:** And definitely don't call me Babe!

**JUNIPER:** Which emulsion would you like? We have cashew extract or oat sediment.

**MELANIE:** Which one tastes like a cow made it? I want something that once had a pulse.

**BROCK:** Cows are inefficient hardware. They're basically 404 errors with hooves.

**JUNIPER:** We also don't have sugar.

**MELANIE:** It's a coffee shop! Sugar is the primary reason people come here!

**JUNIPER:** White crystals are a sign of a weak mind. We have dehydrated beet dust or agave friction.

**MELANIE:** What is agave friction?

**BROCK:** It's the future of sweetness. Flavour disruption at its finest.

**MELANIE:** Back home, we had a pot. A glass pot on a hot plate that never turned off.

**JUNIPER:** That sounds traumatic for the bean.

**MELANIE:** The only thing that ever changed was how loud the waitress at Dairyland yelled your order at the cook.

**BROCK:** Low tech environments lack nuance. You were drinking liquid boredom.

**MELANIE:** We used powdered creamer that lived in a plastic shaker and tasted like chemicals. It was pure joy.

(JUNIPER sighs loudly. She makes a whole production of it.)

**JUNIPER:** Now I have to calibrate the laser. Your nostalgia is stressing the samovar.

**MELANIE:** You want to talk about stress? I'm about to walk into the office and fire a man I once shared a blooming onion with.

**BROCK:** Firing people is just trimming the fat. It's a growth metric.

**MELANIE:** It's a Tinder nightmare! We've worked in the same office for six months, but our departments are so siloed that we've never even shared an elevator.

**BROCK:** That's efficient workspace architecture.

**MELANIE:** We went on one date a year ago. It was a catastrophe of epic proportions.

**JUNIPER:** Did he disrespect the roast?

**MELANIE:** He spent forty five minutes explaining the philosophy of crypto while wearing a Bluetooth headset.

**BROCK:** Crypto is a valid conversational vertical.

**MELANIE:** He tried to split the check on a two for one coupon. Then he told me I had downward sloping career energy.

**BROCK:** Ouch. That's a harsh performance review for a first date.

**MELANIE:** And now, thanks to corporate restructuring, I have to look him in the eye and tell him his user interface is no longer required.

**JUNIPER:** Please, no more mention of coupons. The beans are reacting poorly to this narrative.

**MELANIE:** I'm reacting poorly! Back home, if you went on a bad date, you saw them at the grocery store for the next forty years and ignored each other over the produce.

**BROCK:** That's not marketable.

**MELANIE:** It was human! Now I'm paying eighteen dollars for agave friction, just to get the courage to terminate a guy I blocked on WhatsApp.

**JUNIPER:** The acidity is spiking. I'm almost ready for the centrifugal fold.

**MELANIE:** Is that a dance move?

**BROCK:** It's a high velocity stir. It's disruptive to the water molecules.

**MELANIE:** In my town, we stirred with a plastic stick. Then we threw the stick in the trash.

**JUNIPER:** (Gasps) That's barbaric! Think of the carbon footprint.

**MELANIE:** It worked for my grandfather. He lived to be ninety and never once used the word emulsion.

**BROCK:** But was he peak performance ninety? Or was he just idling?

**MELANIE:** He could out run a tech bro while carrying a bale of hay!

**BROCK:** Baller!

**MELANIE:** I left a world of simple handshakes for a world where I'm firing my Tinder reject in a glass tower.

**BROCK:** He'll be fine. He can pivot to a new startup.

**MELANIE:** I don't want to make someone pivot. I want to pivot! I want to go back to a time where the biggest problem was whether the high school volleyball team would make playoffs.

(JUNIPER sighs again. It's another dramatic performance.)

**JUNIPER:** The fold has failed. The tension in the air has curdled the emulsion.

**MELANIE:** What are you even talking about?!

**JUNIPER:** I have to restart the extraction. Your date trauma has compromised the beans.

**MELANIE:** You're not making any sense!

(She sighs. This time she makes a production out of it, mocking JUNIPER.)

My life is a nothing more than glass boxes, blooming onions, and coffee bean babble.

**BROCK:** Then just go back.

**MELANIE:** What?

**BROCK:** Go home. If you miss the coffee at Dairyland that much, just leave.

**MELANIE:** I can't just leave. I have a lease, a power suit, and a pension plan.

**BROCK:** You're a high functioning asset in a low reward environment. If the user experience of this city is 0 out of 5 stars, why are you still logged in?

**MELANIE:** Because big things were expected of me! I'm the "Big City Gal on the Go!"

**BROCK:** Expected by who? Some guy back home who pumps gas at the Shell station?

**MELANIE:** (Softens) Kenny wouldn't even know what a merger is. He thinks a pivot is something you do with a tractor.

**BROCK:** Exactly. He's probably at home right now, perfectly happy drinking brown water out of chipped mug that says "I Heart Boobs."

**MELANIE:** It's that simple? I just stop?

**BROCK:** Close the tab. Delete the app. Go find a place where agave friction sounds like gibberish.

**MELANIE:** I'd miss the height of the building. But I'd love the height of the grass.

(JUNIPER clinks a spoon on a beaker.)

**JUNIPER:** I'm beginning the extraction. It will be another eleven minutes for the beans to find their center.

**BROCK:** You're experiencing small town drag. You need to defragment your ambition.

**MELANIE:** What do you know about small towns? You act like you were born in a server room. Where are you even from?

**BROCK:** A glitch in the map called Melville. Population, three hundred. And that's mostly chickens.

**MELANIE:** (Stops vibrating) Melville? That's not too far from Broadview.

**BROCK:** Wait. You're from Broadview? The place with the giant fiberglass moose?

**MELANIE:** His name is Moosie and he's a local landmark.

**BROCK:** No way. Did you go to Moose Mountain High?

**MELANIE:** (Nods) I was captain of the volleyball team.

**BROCK:** Wait. Red and black jerseys? High ponytails? Aggressive serving?

**MELANIE:** We were the Moose Calls. We were unstoppable.

**BROCK:** You guys crushed us in regionals! I was the mascot for Melville. I had to wear a moth suit.

**MELANIE:** (Laughs) You were the Melville Moth? I remember you! You tripped over the net during the halftime show!

**BROCK:** The visibility in that moth head was limited.

**MELANIE:** Hold on. Is your sister Becky? Becky with the crimped bangs?

**BROCK:** Yeah. Why?

**MELANIE:** My brother, Curtis, dated her for three years! He still has her senior prom picture on his mantle!

**BROCK:** Curtis? The guy who drove the truck with the mismatched door?

**MELANIE:** That's him! He's a mechanic now. He still lives three blocks from the high school.

(A beat of silence.)

**BROCK:** Small world.

**MELANIE:** Too small. Here we are, standing in a laboratory in a skyscraper, and I'm talking to the Melville Moth.

**JUNIPER:** The molecular structure of the water is confused by this coincidence.

**MELANIE:** If you're from Melville, how can you stand this? The eighteen dollar vessels? The

molecular structure?

**BROCK:** I couldn't wait to get out. I wanted the nitrogen and the algorithms. I wanted to be disruptive.

**MELANIE:** But look at us! We're disrupting our own sanity just to get a cup of coffee. We're paying a premium to turn a basic human necessity into a physics final. Back in Broadview, if you wanted disruption, you put regular in the decaf pot and watched the seniors play hopscotch on Main Street.

**BROCK:** That's just poor inventory management.

**MELANIE:** No, that's life! Here, I'm optimizing my morning by standing on a concrete floor that costs four thousand dollars a square foot, waiting for someone named Juniper to perform surgery on a bean. I have thirty four unread Slack messages, a Tinder reject to terminate, and a blazer so tight that my tits are pancakes. All so I can earn enough crypto points to buy a drink called The Vessel.

**JUNIPER:** The Vessel is not just a container. It's a philosophy.

**MELANIE:** Stick a bean up your nose, Juniper. The Vessel is a cup! A cup! In Broadview, coffee isn't a belief, it's a fuel source. And it's not even real coffee. It's INSTANT!

**JUNIPER:** (Gasps) Please! Not while the beans are listening!

## **END OF PREVIEW**

To request a complete script, or apply for production rights, contact:

haywardb@hotmail.com