

TFW Episode 5  
The Haunting

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COLD OPEN

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

School is over for the day. Kids are waiting for their buses and rides. JORDAN sits on a bench. It hasn't been a great day. His sister, JULIA, approaches with a PACKAGE OF PAPERS in hand - she's dressed more stylishly than we've seen her before and is wearing a new pair of shoes.

JULIA

Hey Loser.

JORDAN

Hey.

JULIA

What's wrong

Jordan looks over at a group of kids - one of whom is TABITHA KIM - the object of his affection. \*

JULIA (cont'd)

What happened when you talked to her?

JORDAN

I didn't.

JULIA

Why? I thought today was the day that you were going to tell her.

JORDAN

I chickened out.

Julia looks at him. What would her mother want her to do right now? And then it comes to her. \*

JULIA

No you didn't.

JORDAN

Yes I did! I chickened out. I'm such a loser.

JULIA

You're not a loser, loser. You just...forgot what you were going to say. \*

JORDAN

I did?

JULIA  
Of course you did. You had a plan  
right?

JORDAN  
Yeah.

JULIA  
Thought it over a million times,  
right?

JORDAN  
Yeah.

JULIA  
And then when you saw her you-

JORDAN  
-I couldn't remember what I wanted to  
say. And then I got scared of  
looking stupid.

JULIA  
Do you remember now?

JORDAN  
Um.

JULIA  
C'mon! You remember right?

JORDAN  
Yes.

JULIA  
Well? What are you waiting for? Go  
and talk to her.

Jordan gets up and walks towards Tabitha. Julia watches as  
he approaches her group of friends. He says something,  
Tabitha smiles and then Jordan smiles. Then he turns around  
and walks back to his sister. Tabitha has a slightly  
confused look and then laughs as he walks away. \*

Jordan returns to his sister and sits down. \*

JULIA (cont'd)  
Well? \*

JORDAN  
Well what? \*

JULIA  
What did you say? What did she say? \*

JORDAN  
I said "Hi" \*

OFF Julia's LOOK "You idiot"

JORDAN (cont'd)  
(proudly)  
And then she said "Hi".  
(beat)  
Ready to go now?

Jordan walks off towards a waiting school bus. Julia follows him. \*

JULIA  
Jordan! Wait. You don't just walk away after saying "Hi".

Julia watches him as he walks. \*

JULIA (cont'd)  
Hey! Wait up!

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

DONNY, SAMANTHA and TARYN are working behind the counter. The cafe is reasonably busy. ADAM, a very good-looking guy, has ordered a COFFEE TO GO and is being served by Taryn. \*

ADAM  
Thanks very much. \*

Taryn looks at him and tucks her hair behind her ear. She's just a little lost in his smile. \*

TARYN  
You're welcome.

Adam walks off towards the door. \*

TARYN (cont'd)  
(awkwardly)  
Y'all come back now! \*

DONNY bursts into laughter.

TARYN (cont'd)  
(coldly)  
What?

SAMANTHA  
Ya'll come back now?

\*  
\*

TARYN  
Shut up.

\*  
\*

DONNY  
You liked him.

TARYN  
No.  
(beat)  
Yes.  
(beat)  
So what if I did?

DONNY  
(still laughing)  
Nothing.

TARYN  
Samantha?

SAMANTHA  
I'm not getting in the middle of...  
whatever this is.

\*  
\*

DONNY  
You're such an easy read.

TARYN  
(excuse me?)  
An easy read? What does that mean?

DONNY  
You have a tell.

TARYN  
A tell? What the hell is a tell?

Samantha is back in the middle of whatever this is.

\*

SAMANTHA  
(to DONNY)  
The hair thing, right?

DONNY  
Exactly.

TARYN  
What hair thing?

DONNY  
You do this hair-tuck thing-

Samantha imitates her 'tuck her hair behind her ear motion' \*

SAMANTHA  
-when you think someone's cute.

TARYN  
No I don't.

DONNY  
Yeah. You do. It's kinda sweet.

Taryn, a self-made woman, business owner, and proud adult  
does not appreciate being called 'sweet.' \*

TARYN  
Sweet? It's sweet?  
(beat)  
Donny, I'm your boss. Remember who  
you're talking to, OK?

Samantha finds this hilarious. \*

SAMANTHA  
Yeah, patriarchy. Keep it under  
control.

DONNY  
I'm not the patriarchy.

SAMANTHA  
That's just what the patriarchy would  
do. Deny that it even exists.

TARYN  
So true. \*

DONNY  
What are you talking about? \*

SAMANTHA  
You men have it so easy in this life.

DONNY  
Me men? Maybe some men. But not me.

SAMANTHA  
Really? Do you know what the  
difference between men and women is?

DONNY  
Oh is there only one? \*

SAMANTHA  
Funny guy.  
(beat)  
Men worry about women laughing at  
them.  
(beat)  
Women worry about men killing them.

It's a profound statement, but Donny speaks without  
thinking. \*

DONNY  
Yeah, but not all men.

SAMANTHA  
(to Taryn)  
He didn't just say "but not all men",  
did he?

TARYN  
Yes he did.

Donny realizes he's not going to win this argument. He puts  
his hands up in surrender. \*

DONNY  
OK! You win. \*

TARYN  
And I do not have a tell!

DONNY  
Fine! You don't. \*

SAMANTHA  
(to Taryn)  
Yeah, you totally do. \*

Donny and Samantha share a giggle. The tension has broken \*

JORDAN AND JULIA enter the cafe.

JULIA  
What's so funny?

SAMANTHA  
Taryn was crushing on a customer.

JULIA  
Really? You go Taryn!

TARYN

I wasn't!

DONNY

You kind of were.

TARYN

Are we really going to do this again? \*

SAMANTHA

Whatever. Doesn't matter. He's gone now anyway.

(beat)

Probably walking down the street.

(sexily)

Lifting that americano to his lips.

(looking at Taryn)

Savoring. Every. Drop.

TARYN

(there are children present!)

Guys! Stop it!

JORDAN

You shouldn't tease. It's not nice.

DONNY

No. You're right, Jordan. It's not nice to tease.

JORDAN

Did she do the hair-tuck thing?

TARYN

Jordan!

(beat)

Don't you have homework or a science project or an app to develop or something?

Jordan smiles and heads off through the KITCHEN DOOR to the apartment, grabbing a CUPCAKE from the counter as he goes. \*

TARYN (cont'd)

How was your day, Julia?

JULIA

Fine. Got the package for the art trip.

Donny's attention is piqued on the words "art trip"



JULIA (cont'd)  
 You know - the overnight one to the  
 National Gallery?

TARYN  
 Right. Yes. You did mention that.

JULIA  
 You're still coming right? Parent -  
 well..Guardian volunteer?

TARYN  
 Of course. When is it?

JULIA  
 Next month. 16th and 17th.

Taryn pulls her phone out and starts typing. \*

TARYN  
 OK. Putting it into my calendar.

JULIA  
 Thanks, Taryn

DONNY  
 You're taking art classes?

TARYN  
 She's an excellent artist. Was  
 always drawing. It's her best  
 subject.

Donny smiles. He loved being a high school art teacher. \*

JULIA  
 Um. I get A's in Math and English  
 too.

SAMANTHA  
 We all know how smart you are, Julia.

TARYN  
 (to DONNY)  
 You remember our classes together?

JULIA  
 You guys were in high school  
 together? How come I didn't know  
 this?

DONNY  
We didn't exactly have classes  
'together'

TARYN  
Yes we did.

DONNY  
No we didn't.

TARYN  
Pretty sure. Grade 11 Art.

DONNY  
I was your student teacher. For one  
term.

TARYN  
Yeah, but you noticed me. You were  
totally into me.

SAMANTHA  
Wait. What? You were her teacher?

Donny is on the defensive, again. The last thing he needs  
is to be accused of something else.

DONNY  
I did not 'notice' you. You were  
sixteen.  
(to Julia)  
I did not 'notice' her.

SAMANTHA Uh-huh.  
TARYN Seventeen. And you noticed  
me.

Donny tries to change the subject.

DONNY  
(to Julia)  
So, what are you doing in Art class  
these days?

JULIA  
Mid-century moderns.

SAMANTHA  
Mid-century? Like how old Donny is?

DONNY  
I'm not fifty years old!

\*  
\*\*  
\*

\*

\*

\*

\*  
\*

JULIA  
I said mid-century, actually. Like  
the 1960's.

SAMANTHA  
(to Julia)  
I heard you, Julia...he just had that  
one coming.  
(beat)  
Dating a student...that's just so-

TARYN  
Inappropriate?

Donny is flustered.

DONNY  
Taryn! Tell them the truth. I I was  
a 22 year old student teacher! You  
were in the class. I didn't do  
anything!  
(beat)  
She had to remind me about it on our  
first blind date  
(beat)  
which was three years later!

TARYN  
He's right. I did. He was totally  
professional at school. Even a  
little dorky.  
(beat)  
Like a professional dork.

JULIA  
You were a dork?

SAMANTHA  
Were?

Donny's not sure if he should respond or say nothing.

Taryn absent-mindedly tucks her hair behind her ear as she  
reminisces.

TARYN  
But I'm still pretty sure he noticed  
me on that first day in class.

SAMANTHA  
(mimicking the hair  
tuck motion)  
Taryn?

TARYN  
It's not a tell!

INT. - HAIR SALON - DAY

A handful of STYLISTS are on duty in a tastefully-decorated, modern salon. A number of women and men are getting their hair styled.

TARYN sits in a chair as ABBY - Taryn's best friend (and stylist) stands behind her holding strands of Taryn's hair in her hands. \*

ABBY  
You're definitely overdue for coloring.

TARYN  
Good to see you too.

Taryn tucks her hair back over her ears and looks at herself in the mirror. \*

TARYN (cont'd)  
I'm thinking we might...make some changes?

The phrase 'make some changes' has an obvious traumatic effect on Abby. Taryn notices. This is unexpected. \*

TARYN (cont'd)  
Abby?

ABBY  
"Make some changes." That's exactly what Blake said. \*

TARYN  
When? \*

ABBY  
Just before he left and- sorry things have just not been- \*

ABBY looks like she's about to cry

ABBY (cont'd)  
It's just that-

Getting closer to real tears.

TARYN

Abby?

ABBY is now sobbing.

TARYN (cont'd)

Abby? What is wrong?

ABBY

I'm sorry, Taryn.

(beat)

Usually I'm the one giving...giving you advice.

TARYN

(full best friend mode)

Yes you are. Great advice too... mostly. Best hair-apy sessions ever.

(beat)

Please tell me what happened.

ABBY

He's moved in with her!

\*  
\*

TARYN

Abby. You are so much better off without him.

ABBY is still sobbing.

ABBY

I know. I know. But I just miss him, you know.

(beat)

The way he put his feet on the coffee table...and left his dishes everywhere and...

\*  
  
\*  
\*

TARYN

-I get it, Abby.

ABBY

(really?)

You do?

TARYN

Yeah. I do.

(beat)

But you'll be fine. It'll be fine.

(and then)

Totally fine.

ABBY  
You really think so?

TARYN  
I know so.

It has worked. Abby is calmed, momentarily. Then she picks up a HUGE PAIR OF SCISSORS and grabs a chunk of Taryn's hair. \*

ABBY  
He just makes me so mad, you know?

Taryn is terrified. Abby is going to take her frustrations with her ex out on her hair. \*

ABBY (cont'd)  
I just want him to feel what I'm feeling, you know?

Taryn grabs Abby's hand gently but firmly. Abby releases her grasp on Taryn's hair. \*

TARYN  
Of course you do.

ABBY  
I want him to suffer.  
(beat)  
Like I am.

Abby grabs a handful of Taryn's hair again and raises the huge pair of scissors. \*

ABBY (cont'd)  
How can I make him suffer?

Taryn smiles sweetly and reaches up and removes her friend's hand from her hair. Abby lowers the scissors. \*

Taryn thinks for a moment. Her friend is in pain. Then it hits her. She smiles. The solution is so obvious. \*

TARYN  
I know this guy-

ABBY  
Taryn, I'm not ready to date again.

TARYN  
No. Not like that. I think he can help you.

(MORE)

TARYN (cont'd)

(beat)

I think.

(and then)

Let me make a call.

Abby smiles. Her best friend really is there for her. It's enough to bring tears to her eyes. \*

Abby grabs a chunk of Taryn's hair and picks up the huge pair of scissors again. \*

ABBY

(choking back the emotion)

OK. So what are we doing again?

Taryn calmly reaches up and once again removes her hair from her friends grasp. \*

TARYN

I think today we'll just touch up the color, okay?

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

SAMANTHA is behind the counter. \*

DENNIS enters the cafe and swaggers up to the counter. His clothes suggest 'ex-special ops commando.' He wears MIRRORED AVIATOR SHADES.

He removes the shades. \*

DENNIS

Hey there, Samantha.

She swoons a little. \*

SAMANTHA

Um. Hi Dennis.

(beat)

Would you like a coffee

(and then)

or something?

DENNIS

Just a coffee, thanks.

Dennis turns and scans the cafe. He returns his gaze to Samantha. \*

DENNIS (cont'd)  
I'm waiting for a client.

SAMANTHA  
A client? Oh? What kind of business  
are you in?

Abby enters the cafe. \*

DENNIS  
I think that's her.

Dennis slides a five dollar bill across the counter. \*

DENNIS (cont'd)  
Wish me luck.

Dennis walks over to Abby and they take a seat together. \*

DONNY emerges from the kitchen.

DONNY  
Is that my brother?

SAMANTHA  
(dreamily)  
Uh-huh.  
(beat)  
He's meeting a client. What kind of  
business is your brother in, anyway?

Donny watches curiously as Dennis sit down at a table with  
Abby. Samantha sighs softly as she watches him. \*

DONNY  
I have no idea.

INT. - TARYN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TARYN is relaxing on the couch, the TV is on. JORDAN and  
JULIA are scrolling through their phones.

TARYN flips through a STACK OF MAIL. She looks over at the  
kids.

TARYN  
Is anyone actually watching TV?

JORDAN  
Um. Yeah.

He taps on his phone.



TARYN  
Who are you texting?

JORDAN  
Tabitha.

JULIA  
All right, Jordan!

TARYN  
Tabitha?

JULIA  
His new girlfriend.

TARYN  
Girlfriend? Wait-

Her PHONE rings. The CALL DISPLAY reads ABBY.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TARYN (cont'd)  
Hey girl.

ABBY (O.S.)  
So I met him.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

ABBY sits on a couch in a small studio apartment.

ABBY  
Dennis.

TARYN (O.S.)  
And? Did he say he could help you?

INT. CAFE - EARLIER THAT AFTERNOON

Dennis and Abby are seated at the cafe table.

\*

DENNIS  
So Taryn filled me in some of the details. Are you sure you want to go ahead with this?

ABBY  
I'm sure.

DENNIS

Once I put this in motion, there is no going back. The results will be  
(beat)  
Permanent.

ABBY

I don't care. He deserves it. No he earned it.

DENNIS

OK. You're right. He did. He has this coming.

ABBY

Did you have to use that word?

DENNIS

Sorry. The two of them have earned what I'm about to unleash on them.

ABBY

Unleash?

Abby begins to unravel. Dennis looks puzzled. \*

ABBY (cont'd)

Leash. I was going to get him a dog for his birthday. \*

DENNIS

I mean they will rue the day that they met.

Abby pulls herself together. \*

ABBY

Rue the day? Rue the day? Who talks like that?

DENNIS

(slowly and sounding  
as legalese as  
possible)

Sorry. What I mean is that they will look back on their initial meeting and regret fully and completely their ensuing actions and understand that those actions merit certain consequences.

Abby nods. A big sniffle. She likes this. \*

ABBY

OK. You're sure? You've done this before?

DENNIS

Every case is different. What I've got planned is not something I've done before, but I'm sure you'll be satisfied.

Abby slides a photo across the table to him.

ABBY

I brought the photo. Like you asked.

DENNIS

Thanks. We can't pull this off without the photo.

Abby is getting emotional again, but in a good way. Finally, a man who will keep his promises.

Dennis pulls out his phone as Abby watches.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JAG, 30's, is also dressed like an ex-special ops commando. He sits at a desk. His workstation is covered with multiple computer screens showing maps, charts, flight paths and graphs. If you didn't know better, you'd think this was in a command center at the Pentagon.

DENNIS (O.S.)

Jag? I've got a timeline we need to get onto the web. Names, dates, news articles, urban legend sub-reddits, social media. Everything.

JAG

You'll be wearing the Body Cam?

DENNIS (O.S.)

Yeah.

JAG

When do you need this by?

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

DENNIS looks at ABBY. He's all business now.

DENNIS

Yesterday.

Dennis takes a picture of the photo Abby gave him with his phone. \*

DENNIS (cont'd)

Sending you the photo now.

INT. JAG'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

JAG smiles. He's loves a challenge.

JAG

Did you want me to arrange a drone feed?

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Dennis smiles. His friend is a true pro. \*

DENNIS

Yeah. Let's scramble the drone for this one.

Abby's eyes widen with awe. This guy doesn't fool around. \*

INT. - TARYN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TARYN sits on her couch. She is still on the phone with ABBY. Abby has just described her afternoon meeting with Dennis. \*

TARYN

Wait. A drone!? Abby! What exactly is he going to do?

ABBY (O.S.)

He wouldn't say.

(bravely)

But Blake will rue the day he cheated on me!

EXT. - SUBURBAN HOME - EVENING

DENNIS stands in front of an older, but modest, house on a tree-lined street in an established residential neighborhood. A late model SUV sits in the driveway. He approaches the front door and rings the bell. \*

INT. JAG'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

JAG sits at his desk staring intently at the computer screen. He clicks his mouse. On one of his monitors a video feed appears.

EXT - SUBURBAN HOME - EVENING

A QUAD-COPTER DRONE hovers silently over the house.

INT. JAG'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

JAG zooms in on the video feed from the QUAD-COPTER DRONE

POV - QUAD-COPTER DRONE

We zoom in to DENNIS at the front door of this house.

INT. JAG'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

JAG  
And cue the audio.

POV - DENNIS BODY CAM

An attractive woman, CASSANDRA, early 20's has answered the door.

DENNIS (O.C.)  
Hi there, I'm Dennis McLeod  
(beat)  
Of Haunted Toronto Tours?

EXT. - SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

DENNIS stands at the front door of the home.

CASSANDRA  
Haunted Toronto Tours? Um. Thanks but  
we're not interested in buying any-

DENNIS  
Oh. I'm not selling anything.

CASSANDRA  
You're not?

DENNIS  
 (such a funny  
 misunderstanding)  
 Oh heavens no. I run the tours. You  
 and your husband-

CASSANDRA  
 Boyfriend

DENNIS  
 Right. Just moved in, right?

CASSANDRA  
 (unsure)  
 Yeah?

DENNIS  
 Right. So this house - Your house -  
 has been part of the tour for years.

CASSANDRA  
 The tour?

DENNIS  
 The Haunted Toronto Tour.  
 (beat)  
 Basically, I charter a bus once a  
 month - during the full moon - and we  
 drive around to all of these  
 different places in the city. I do my  
 little spiel and-

Cassandra believes in ghosts. This is really frightening. \*

CASSANDRA  
 Our home is on a haunted house tour?

DENNIS  
 You didn't know about this?

Cassandra calls out over her shoulder to her boyfriend. \*

CASSANDRA  
 Blake!

Donny mouths the name "Blake" - what an odd coincidence. \*  
 Cassandra notices him doing this and looks puzzled. \*

BLAKE (O.S.)  
 What?

BLAKE, 40's, appears at the door.

BLAKE

Who the hell are you?

Dennis hands him a business card. \*

DENNIS

Dennis McLeod. Haunted Toronto Tours.

(beat)

Here's our brochure.

Blake glances at the brochure. Who is this asshole? \*

BLAKE

Go away. We're not buying.

DENNIS

Oh. I'm not selling. In fact, we always do a profit share with the homeowners.

Blake is suddenly intrigued. \*

BLAKE

Profit-share?

CASSANDRA

Honey? No.

DENNIS

Yeah - I mean I can't really tour the most haunted places in the city without the help of the homeowners.

BLAKE

Haunted places? This is a joke, right?

DENNIS

(offended)

Um. No.

(then)

Once a month, I charter a bus. We drive around to all of these different places in the city. I do my little spiel. And this house, of course, is kind of the star of the show.

BLAKE

This house?

DENNIS  
 (really?)  
 You do know about the history of this  
 house, right?

CASSANDRA  
 Honey?

Blake waves his arm at her to shut up like the asshole that  
 he is. The man did say 'profit-share' after all. \*

Cassandra meekly complies. She pulls out a phone and starts  
 searching. \*

CASSANDRA (cont'd)  
 I'm googling this.

BLAKE  
 History?

DENNIS  
 I mean...it was like fifty years  
 ago...and if you're new to the area-

Cassandra looks up from her phone. \*

CASSANDRA  
 OH MY GOD.

Cassandra is terrified. \*

BLAKE  
 What?!

Cassandra holds up her phone. She is confused. Angry.  
 Terrified. \*

CASSANDRA  
 What is going on, Blake? Why is your  
 picture in these old newspaper  
 articles?

BLAKE  
 What?

Cassandra is terrified. Nothing makes sense. She keeps  
 scrolling her phone and seeing more and more horrific  
 stories about "Blake" and the events of fifty years ago.  
 This is like some kind of horror movie. And she's not going  
 to be the next victim. \*



CASSANDRA

Oh my god. I have to get out of here.

(beat)

My friends were right.

(beat)

You are old and creepy.

Blake looks dumbfounded at this accusation. What the hell is going on? He stands with his mouth agape. Like an idiot. \*

BLAKE

What are you talking about? What is going on?

(to DENNIS)

You need to get out of here.

Cassandra has grabbed her coat and purse. She pushes past Dennis and runs to the SUV. \*

BLAKE (cont'd)

Cassie! Come back. This is some kind of mistake.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

CASSANDRA, out of breath and terrified, starts the engine and slams it into reverse. We see the look of terror in her eyes in the rear view mirror.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE and DENNIS watch as the SUV backs out of the driveway at high speed.

BLAKE

CASSANDRA!

Dennis watches the scene unfold. Almost exactly like he wrote it. \*

BLAKE (cont'd)

(to Dennis)

Get the fuck off of my property!

Dennis raises his hands in surrender and backs away. He turns and walks down the sidewalk. He smiles to himself and looks up towards the QUAD-COPTER DRONE. \*

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

ABBY sits on a couch in a small studio apartment with a cup of tea. Her CAT is asleep on the couch next to her.

A NOTIFICATION SOUND plays on her phone. She picks the PHONE up and clicks on a message. She smiles. Then laughs. Revenge is sweet.

INT. - TARYN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TARYN sits on her couch watching TV. The STACK OF MAIL is on the coffee table the letter on top says 'JURY DUTY NOTICE'.

JULIA scrolls through her phone. We hear the audio looping from a VIRAL VIDEO.

CASSANDRA (O.C)  
My friends were right.  
(beat)  
You are old and creepy.

JULIA  
(laughing)  
What a loser!

TARYN  
What are you watching?

JULIA  
Just this video. It's hilarious.  
This girl's dumping this old dude.

Julia hops onto the couch and shares the video with Taryn. \*

CLOSE ON PHONE

A looping video of DENNIS' BODY-CAM video plays on the phone.

CASSANDRA  
Oh my god. I have to get out of here.  
(beat)  
My friends were right.  
(beat)  
You are old and creepy.

BLAKE looks dumbfounded at this accusation. What the hell is going on? He stands mouth agape. Like an idiot.

INT. - TARYN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

JULIA

It's new but it's trending like  
crazy.

\*  
\*

TARYN begins to laugh. Dennis delivered on this one.

\*

INT. JAG'S WORKSTATION

We see the video feed on JAG's MONITOR from the QUAD-COPTER DRONE as DENNIS puts on his MIRRORED AVIATOR SHADES and looks up to the drone.

JAG smiles and clicks on the screen.

FADE OUT

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