

Alright, here's the long single-flow version — the full arc of **“Café at the Beginning (and End) of the Universe.”**

It's written as prose narrative, not a screenplay, so you can later lift scenes for radio or storyboard pacing.

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### **“Café at the Beginning (and End) of the Universe”**

Somewhere outside time, where physics takes its lunch break, there is a café. The windows look out on nothing, yet light still finds its way in. Steam rises eternally from a row of cups that were never filled and will never cool.

At one corner table, four minds gather daily, though *daily* has lost its meaning. The waitress calls them regulars.

**Buddha** sits with a stillness that bends the air. His cup never empties, never overflows.

**Schrödinger** sits next to him, eyes half-closed, one hand absent-mindedly stroking the cat that sometimes exists on his lap.

**Einstein** hunches over his coffee, chin propped on folded hands, mesmerized by the curvature of steam rising from the cup.

Across from him, **Descartes** drums his fingers on the table, whispering to himself in a soft French rhythm: “Yes... maybe... quite likely...”

The café is quiet except for the small noises of thought: a sigh, a mutter, the sound of a universe being considered.

A waitress passes, dropping a cup of coffee at the empty chair.  
Steam curls. No one ordered it.

Moments later, **Fermi** arrives—coat a little too large, eyes bright behind tired spectacles. He stops short, staring at the waiting cup.

> “What are the odds,” he says, “that my coffee would appear without me ordering it? Statistically significant, I’d say.”

The other four don’t even look up.

> “You’re a regular,” they say in perfect unison. “Don’t take yourself so seriously.”

Fermi shrugs, sits, begins stirring sugar into equations.

Einstein finally moves. He holds his spoon above his cup, watching steam bead along its underside. He’s been waiting for the droplets to gather, to fall, to rain back into the coffee. But they hesitate.

He murmurs: “It will depend on the shape of the spoon. A flat one cannot gather enough. A narrow one will never meet itself. But a cone—ah—a cone could return the universe to its source.”

Schrödinger opens one eye. “You mean a spoon sharp enough to cut probability itself?”

Einstein nods slowly. "If the thought is sharp enough... perhaps it could regenerate the entire universe."

At that, every head turns toward Buddha.

They all shout, "No! Stop!"

Too late.

A small smile passes across Buddha's face, a kind of apology to the cosmos. The air hums. The cups rattle. The steam reverses direction.

Everything collapses into white light.

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**\*\*INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY — SOMEWHERE ELSE, SOMEWHEN ELSE.\*\***

Lullabies hum through a ceiling vent. Five bassinets. Four tiny bodies with unmistakably adult heads. In the fifth: a baby-sized bottle of coffee, quietly steaming.

Descartes wakes first. He lets out a huge sigh, looks around at the sterile lights, the pastel walls.

> "Back to square zero," he mutters.

> Then, with the resigned air of a man re-entering an equation, "I cry, therefore I am."

> And he starts bawling.

Einstein tugs at his blanket. "Interesting," he mumbles. "The blanket curves toward me. Gravity persists. Locally, at least."

Schrödinger lifts his cap. "Cat?" he asks. A faint \*mew.\* He nods, satisfied. "Both here and not. Still consistent."

Buddha only smiles, eyes closed, tiny hands folded over his chest. "Samsara! We meet again! But now you are my servant and not my master. I am at Peace," he says, as though that explains everything.

Then the door swings open. The nurse strides in, practical, unflappable, and drops a small baby bottle of coffee into Fermi's crib. Steam rises.

Fermi adjusts his absurdly small fedora. "The probability of reincarnation in a fully staffed nursery—astronomical," he says, awed.

The nurse doesn't look up. "Here's your order, sugar."

Fermi blinks. "What are the odds?"

All four turn their oversized heads toward him and groan in chorus:

> "You're a regular. Don't take yourself so seriously."

Collective sigh.

The nurse rolls her cart away, muttering, “You geniuses never tip.”

The mobile above them spins—tiny planets, tiny spoons. The bottle steams; a droplet forms, wobbles, and falls back into the coffee.

Buddha whispers, almost asleep, “Tomorrow at the coffee shop.”

The others, already drifting, murmur, “Of course.”

The mobile turns once more. Somewhere, outside time, the café lights flicker on.

**\*\*FADE OUT.\*\***

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That’s the whole thing, end to end: circular, deadpan, cosmic, and ready for sound design. You could layer it with ambient café clatter and newborn breathing, fade between them like the same scene cycling in different realities. It’d make a brilliant short radio play or animation storyboard—funny, unsettling, and complete in its incompleteness.