

I'LL TAKE A COFFEE PLEASE

Written by

Eric Cook

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - PARKING - DAY

Two henchmen in black and white suits and ties blast gangster rap with rolled down windows.

A laid-back black guy, JILES (30s), tries to park and a dark-haired white guy, TRUMAN (30s), rides shotgun.

TRUMAN
You like this shit?

JILES
Yeah, man. It go hard.

TRUMAN
Really? It all sounds the same.

JILES
You more of a fan of lyrics, huh?

TRUMAN
Eh, I'm both. Just music like this
is just mumble and bass.

JILES
So, you don't like Tupac? YG? NW--

TRUMAN
Eh. It all sounds the same to me.
Plus, play that in the wrong
neighborhood and we can get shot.

Jiles puts a finger each on two switches that seal the windows.

JILES
If they shoot at me, I'll put a
trigga on a nigga.

The car comes to a complete stop.

Jiles grasp the keys out of the ignition.

TRUMAN
Have you ever thought one day it
will cause you your life?

JILES
Everyday--

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - DAY

JILES

(stepping out of the car)
But I've been in these streets long
enough to know how to survive, doc.

They both step out of the car.

TRUMAN

I guess all that dick sucking came
to you, huh?

Truman starts laughing.

JILES

Truman--
(pressing button on the
key)

The car locks and sounds a horn.

JILES (CONT'D)

--*shucho* bitch ass up.

INT. REGGIE'S - DAY

Reggie's, a stuffy diner with booths occupied by old men,
young couples, and waitresses that get hit on way too often.

Jiles and Truman walk in. Take a booth with a window view of
the street.

They sit down and begin to check their menus.

Truman looks up. Sees a curvy blonde waitress (20s) with the
name tag "JENNY" coming to their booth.

JENNY

Hello. Welcome to Reggie's. May I
start you off with something to
drink?

TRUMAN

Sure,
(looks at "name tag")
Jenny. I'll take a coffee please.

Jenny scribbles the order on the notepad.

JENNY

M'kay.
(points pen at Jiles)
And you?

JILES
Same thing.

Jenny jots down another order.

JENNY
M'kay. I'll be back with your
drinks.

Jenny walks away.

Truman stares at her ass.

Jiles looks at Truman and sees what he's looking at.

JILES
Horny ass nigga.

TRUMAN
Fuck off. Can you blame me? I don't
see you lookin' at women.

JILES
I do, I do. Just don't stare like
you. Shit creepy.

TRUMAN
That's because you stare at men.

Jiles blank faces at him.

JILES
Nah. Just nah.

Jenny struts back to their booth with a tray that has two
coffee mugs.

She puts one plate and mug in front of Jiles, then Truman.

JILES (CONT'D)
Thank you.

JENNY
The man in the far corner's says
he's going to pay for your bill.

TRUMAN
Man? Who?

With her pen, Jenny points down to the corner. A booth with
no windows or doors.

Three men are in that booth. Staring at Truman and Jiles.

VINNY, typical middle-aged balding Italian crime lord, chomping down on a salad.

The other two, two tall broad shouldered GUARDS with a lot of muscle on standby.

JILES

Holy--

TRUMAN

Shit.

JENNY

Are you guys ready to order?

TRUMAN

(looking at Vinny)

Can you come back in a few minutes?

JENNY

No problem.

Jenny leaves without any attention given.

TRUMAN

Dude, we gotta get outta here.
Vinny plus us equals no good.

JILES

Stay cool. We may be enemies but he ain't shootin' us with all these people. He probably don't know who the hell we even are.

TRUMAN

But Jiles, what if--

JILES

Stay. Cool.
(pats BACK-POCKET)
We always come strapped.

TRUMAN

Dude, I'm going to head to the bathroom. This is just too much.

JILES

You better not leave. Otherwise, their bullets won't be the only thing that's going to kill yo ass.

Truman smirks.

TRUMAN

No promises.
(walks away from the booth
and points)
Don't die.

INT. RESTROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

Truman pisses in a urinal, whistling to himself.

The restroom door opens. Somebody has walked in the restroom.

A restroom faucet turns on and the water begins to whish.
That "somebody" washes his hands.

Truman lets a little more out, then zip.

Truman turns around toward the faucets. But his legs stop him
in his tracks.

That *somebody* is one of Vinny's butt-ugly guards.

The guard glances at him. The stare breaks Truman from his
shock.

Truman walks to the remaining faucet next to the guard. Turns
it on.

Truman begins to wash his hands with water and caution.

He leaves the faucet and the guard follows him.

The guard walks in front and opens the door for Truman.

TRUMAN

Thank you.

Truman walks out of the restroom. Fast.

As he leaves, the guard watches him.

INT. JILES AND TRUMAN'S BOOTH

Jiles sips his coffee while looking at the menu.

Jiles hears quick footsteps coming to his booth. Jiles looks
up: a frantic Truman.

Truman quickly sits in his seat.

TRUMAN

We need to fucking go. Now.

JILES

What happened?

TRUMAN

One of Vinny's big motherfuckers was eyeballing me, Jay. I think they're planning something.

JILES

'Kay. Here come the waitress. I'll ask for the bill and that's when we go.

TRUMAN

(whispering)

You fuckin' serious!?

Jenny walks over to their booth from the kitchen.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, c'mon. Hurry up.

BULLETS tear through Jenny's body.

BYSTANDERS SCREAM and get the hell out of the diner.

Jenny falls and oozes blood on the floor.

Vinny's guys hold machine pistols.

They begin SHOOTING at Truman and Jiles' booth.

Truman and Jiles duck under their table.

The guards walk to Jiles' and Truman's booth. Shooting at Truman and Jiles' table, hoping to nab one dead.

UNDER TABLE,

where a couple of rounds go through the table but not Truman or Jiles.

Truman and Jiles quickly go into their backpockets. Take out their only hope.

A machine pistol. Has enough bullets to light them like a firecracker.

DINER

The muscle-head guards and Vinny continue walking to their booth.

They are clueless. Don't even know if they shot one dead.

One of the guards is willing to take the risk.

The guard halts Vinny and the other guard and continues forward.

He slowly walks to the booth, gun in front of him.

He gets to the table. Looks under the table and--

BAM!

Jiles blasts chunky heaps of skin and red gunk onto the ground, as if it was watermelon.

The guard takes his final fall onto the floor.

Seeing the corpse, the last guard and Vinny step back a little. Reload. Spray at the table again.

Truman and Jiles start squeezing a few rounds.

Bullets from both sides hit everything, from shakers, mugs, to picture frames.

But then, a bullet pierces Truman's chest.

Truman rolls into the table more and rests.

Jiles sprays some more bullets.

A load of bullets blow holes in the guard's neck. The result is profuse bleeding.

Second one down.

Then, headshot to Vinny.

Last one down.

Jiles pulls Truman out from under the table.

He wraps an arm around Truman's shoulder, trying to help him stand up.

TRUMAN

(coughs blood)

You fucking dumbass! Do you realize what you just caused?!

JILES

Yeah. *War.*

(beat)

C'mon, let's go before the--

Faint police sirens wail outside.

JILES (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

FADE OUT.