

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FRED

Fred is a drug lord. He's fifty four years old. His father worked as a gardener. Fred takes his fathers persona when he leaves the house. Few people know what he looks like. He doesn't fear anyone. He sees himself as the smartest person in the room, and he's been right so far.

Fred takes a paper lying on the counter.

WAITRESS

Here you go darling.

FRED

Thank you.

Fred takes a sip. Turns to Jim.

FRED (CONT'D)

How's your coffee?

JIM

What was that again?

FRED

Your coffee. How is it?

JIM

Just fine.

FRED

Mine is a bit thin. Can I taste yours. If you don't mind.

JIM

It's probably the same coffee.

FRED

Could be. Maybe yours is stronger?

Jim pushes the coffee cup towards Fred. Fred tastes it.

FRED (CONT'D)

The same pot. Too thin.

JIM

Taste is individual.

FRED

Yeah? I don't know. I asked for a strong coffee and she gave me this. What does that make her?

JIM

She probably prefers it on the thin side.

FRED

But I asked for something else. You see from my standpoint, that either makes her a liar or it makes her stupid. Stupid people are boring. Am I right?

No answer.

FRED (CONT'D)

Well am I right?

JIM

Yes.

FRED

I don't like to be bored.

JIM

Okay.

FRED

Are you stupid?

Jim looks at Fred. Feels the threat.

FRED (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. Otherwise, you wouldn't be sitting here. You see. Not stupid. Why the thin coffee?

Jim doesn't know how to answer. He just looks at Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

I'm a businessman. I make a deal and I get my money back and more. And when I ask for strong coffee and they serve me this thin shit, well It's bad business. I don't like that.

JIM

Okay.

FRED

You know who I am?

Jim shakes his head, knowing all too well who he's sitting in front of.

FRED (CONT'D)

No? Well how do you trust a liar? Oh I see the white man in your eyes. Looking for a solution right? You ambitious?

JIM

Not really.

FRED

White men are always thinking you know, always want more. Always want to learn more, but not so good at leisure. Right. It's hard to be their friend, but if you are, they'll be there for you always. They'll die for you if they have to. And when they're brutal oh boy. They make a blanket out of your skin and put your head up on the wall. White people are like birds. Long necks. Staring eyes. Always figuring out. We Mexicans are dogs. We bark, fight and fuck. And we like our time off. We love our families right?

JIM

I guess.

FRED

So are you a dog or a bird?