

CAFE FLAMINGOS

By

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Morales

EXT. 12TH STREET CORNER NIGHT

Black and White.

12th Street is full with a row of strip malls and eatery's.

A light rain begins to fall on 12th street. A unmarked cop car pulls up and a neatly suited detective walks out of the drivers seat. A uniformed officer meets him at the curve.

DETECTIVE

Well Daniels, how bad is it in there?

INT. CAFE FLAMINGOS - CONTINUES

The camera scans the scenes of the crime:

a) The tables tipped over. b) coffee cups and saucers broken some with traces of blood on them. c) An old man has a bullet in his head and sits in the corner of the Cafe under a table. d) The waitress shot twice, lays dead in the middle of the cafe. e) The cook dead, stove still on, a burned egg still cooking. f) Fresh coffee brewing.

DANIELS

(voice only)

It's bad in there, boss. It looks like a robbery that went wrong. They killed everyone, from what we know. The old man who patrons this place, the waitress and the cook.

INT. CAFE FLAMINGOS - FLASH BACK

The coffee brews fresh and the muffins are stale on the counter top. Five people occupy seats and two people work.

At table one an Old Man in his late sixties pretends to read the paper as his eyes are really focusing on the waitress.

Table two has a Mother and her child, a newborn in a stroller. The Mother makes baby sounds as she feed the child baby food, and enjoys her coffee.

Table three has a Man sitting by himself, enjoying a cigarette and a coffee. His attention is no where at the moment as he stares directly into his cup.

Table four a Woman spins a engagement ring, waiting to be served.

The Waitress and the preparer are the only two employees present.

The Waitress, late teens, swings around the counter and heads toward table four.

The Woman spins her engagement ring, when it stops spinning, the diamond part is pointed directly at the waitress.

WAITRESS

Hey, would you like to try our new spicy ham and egg?

WOMAN

I'll just have a coffee, black. Can I smoke in here? I see that the gentleman's smoking, but I don't want to just light up with out permission, because that would be rude of me.

WAITRESS

Feel Free. You're coffee will be right up.

The waitress walks away.

WAITRESS

(Off Screen)

Coffee Black.

The preparer scrambles to pour the coffee.

The woman reaches into her purse and pulls out a box of slims, she pulls the cigarette out with her teeth as she uses her hands to find her zippo. She snaps her head back to get the hair out of her face and lights her cigarette. She drops the lighter back in the bag and takes a deep drag off the smoke.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

Nothing beats a good fucking cigarette. Nothing. Sex comes close, but there's no faking the enjoyment I feel when I have a smoke.

The Waitress comes back with the woman's coffee.

The Woman takes the cigarette out her mouth, exhales and says:

WOMAN

Thanks.

The Woman takes the coffee off the saucer and uses the saucer as an ashtray. She looks at the Waitress who is now walking away.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

The way she walks begs to be watched. And I'm not the only one staring at her perfect figure. The old man who grab yesterday's paper when he walked in is staring to. The woody that man probably has right now, is probably stopping the flow of traffic to his brain because he is forgetting to close his mouth. Drool is for dogs, and dogs are man's best friend, man imitate their friends, case and point. And she knows he's staring, her extra fake smile and the extra push back of her hair is a dead give away. She knows that she can have him. Look at the games they play now.

P.O.V. of the Woman at table four.

The Waitress refills the old man's cup.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

She refills his cup. She probably offers him a spicy ham and egg.

WAITRESS

Do You Want a Spicy ham and egg?
They are really good.

The Waitress smiles as she tries to sell him the sandwich.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

Which he answers with--

OLD MAN

-- No thank you. But can I have one of those muffins.

WAITRESS

No problem.

She turns around and bends over the counter showing the man her behind.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

She bends over the table and shows him what he might die trying to get, she looks over her shoulder enjoying the fact that a man her father's father's age is getting off on her. She smiles to make his Jimmy wet.

WAITRESS

Blueberry.

The Old Man nods. The Waitress hands him the muffin and walks away.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

All he can do is nod. His brain can no longer command his lips to move. Now she'll walk around the counter and sit, looking up from her Us weekly from time to time to let the old man know she is thinking of him. Classic tease. Even for a girl as young as her.

The Woman puts out her cigarette and takes a sip of her coffee.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

The mother, is playing with her baby, making her baby laugh. And on the outside she is happy to be with her child. But the way she drinks that coffee tells me another story. That coffee is her escape. The aroma, of her coffee, sends her back to a time before she had that baby, before she got married, to the first real joy of her life. Only she knows what that is. And I can respect that. I know what it feels like to search for a fucking escape. Mine was that cigarette I just had, hers is the coffee. I think I'll have another.

The Woman goes into her bag again.

The Man at table three stares at the Woman at table four like he has just seen a ghost. Something about her has caught his attention.

MAN

(Voice Over)

I can hear every thought in this woman's head. Her beauty amazes me, so much so that I might have to shift my bottoms so that my bulge doesn't show. Every time she pulls a drag from her cigarette looks like a sexual innuendo. She could be mines, I'm not cocky or nothing I can just tell when I can easily have some one. I'll talk to her but I won't take any action of affection. I have something else on my mind.

The Woman sits with a new cigarette implanted in her mouth. The Woman looks up from her bag and sees the Man at table one staring at her.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

If this man doesn't stop looking at me like that, I'm gonna cut his head off with my butter knife.

The Man casually looks away, ashamed and almost embarrassed. The Man downs his coffee and stands up.

MAN

(Voice Over)

Moment of truth. The fire is settling in my lungs so I think I will light another.

The Man pulls out a pack of cigarettes and walks over to the Woman.

MAN

I too enjoy a good cigarette.

WOMAN

Excuse me.

MAN

I'm sorry. I was watching you from over there. Non-stalkerish I swear.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

But in a cafe so uninteresting you feed off of what you can and the only one to catch my attention and keep it was you. May I.

The Woman nods and the Man sits.

WOMAN

I know what you mean. I just analyzed everyone in this room. Except the ham and egg cook back there.

MAN

Delicious that sandwich is.

WOMAN

You're kidding right.

MAN

No. I stop in here everyday. And I learned quick that the muffins are stale and the coffee is amazing. But a man can't fulfill hunger by just drinking coffee. So the nomad in me told me to take a chance.

WOMAN

Well the next time I come in here I'll be sure to give it a try.

MAN

You do that. So what did you think about me?

WOMAN

What?

MAN

You said you analyzed everyone in the room except the ham and egg cook. So what did you think about me?

WOMAN

Well honestly I didn't get to you either.

MAN

But you didn't say that.

WOMAN

Well you were my next analysis.

MAN

Was I?

WOMAN

Ah-Huh.

MAN

So?

WOMAN

So. I'm not gonna just say it aloud. That'll be rude of me, to tell someone who i just met what i honestly think about them.

MAN

Well you could lie.

WOMAN

Lies hurt.

MAN

So does the truth.

WOMAN

Yeah but lies hurt more. Because when a lie is revealed it makes person B, the one being lied to, unable to trust person A, the one who lied.

MAN

Nicely said. But what makes you think, we'll keep this conversation going long enough for me to discover the truth.

WOMAN

TouchÈ.

The Man watches the Woman take another drag off her cigarette.

MAN

Have you ever noticed that in some stores they sell the cigarettes right next to the condoms behind the counter. They are really just promoting smoking after sex.

WOMAN

Sex sells. A big business like the tobacco industry knows that.

MAN

Do they also know cigarettes kill?

WOMAN

So does sex.

MAN

Then does people aren't doing it right.

WOMAN

Neither are the people dieing from smoking.

The Man laughs.

MAN

Not only do you inhale fire, you spit it.

WOMAN

Hey I speak my mind. You don't like it you can go back and sit in your corner.

MAN

No I don't mind. It's nice to have company from time to time.

The Man looks at the engagement ring that is still on the table.

MAN

Are you getting married?

The Woman slides her hand over the rings, then slides her hand back bringing the ring with her.

MAN

To personal?

WOMAN

It's a long story.

MAN

It's a Monday. I ain't got shit else to do on a Monday besides drink the best coffee 12th street has to offer.

WOMAN

Well if you got time. I can
defiantly tell it to someone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

The animals of the suburban night make noise, as, the Woman,
swings from a hammock. Bug candles lite around her, as she
smokes a cigarette.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

See the rings not mine. It's a long
story that started back when I was
younger. See it was just me and my
sister growing up. So me as the
oldest, took the father/mother
role, you know. So when it came to
the men she dated I was real
protective, like I would go to
their house and beat their asses if
my sister ever came home crying.
You know, there's a lot of
Cinderella's in the world and not
enough Prince Charming's. So
when it was time for my sister to
go to college, she decides to go to
one over in Pennsylvania. Granted
it's close but I don't have the
control I once had over the men in
her life. At least that's what I
thought. Until--

The Woman's phone begins to vibrate. She looks at who it is
and it reads Sister on the display screen. She answers it.

WOMAN

This is a voice that makes me
happy. Hey baby girl.

SISTER

Hey.

WOMAN

What do I owe this call to?

SISTER

Love.

WOMAN

Are you serious? Again.

SISTER

This ones different. He has such ambitions that make me go crazy, and I want him to father my children.

WOMAN

You know who else was ambitious. Julius Caesar. Now lets forget about his tragic end. Let's look at his love life, at home he adored his wife, but did he listen to her. I think not. Is that the kind of man you want one that doesn't listen to you.

SISTER

You're gonna preach Shakespeare to me. Can't you just be happy for me.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

I love to see my sister happy. And anything that makes her happy, makes me happy, because I know she's happy. So she's said she's coming down. So I met him.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Woman smokes a cigarette and sits on a swing. Her sister sits next to her on the other swing. In front of both of them is her sister's Boyfriend. Trying real hard to impress her.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

He was cute and enthusiastic, smart. Everything my sister has always been into. And at the end of the night, I kind of liked him.

INT. WOMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

The Woman is sleeping, her house phone and cell phone are both ringing, she picks it up. It's her Sister, who is crying on the other end.

WOMAN

(Voice Over)

Then one night my sister calls me crying about, how her Romeo joined the Marines and is going off to fight in another mans war. I didn't know what to tell her. I can't beat a man up if he's willing to die for someone else. That tells me a lot about a person. It told me a lot about him. That not only would he die for another person. He would die for my sister.

INT. CAFE FLAMINGOS

The Woman puts out her cigarette. And puts the ring back on the table.

WOMAN

And then he calls me, out of the blue and tells me to meet him at this little restaurant by where he's stationed. So I Do. And he gives me this.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The Woman stands outside of the restaurant, she is just putting out a cigarette as her sister's boyfriend pulls up in a car.

BOYFRIEND

Get In.

She steps into the car.

INT. THE BOYFRIENDS CAR - CONTINUOUS

BOYFRIEND

Did you drive here?

WOMAN

I took the bus.

BOYFRIEND

I might as well drive you back to your house. Bus doesn't come back for another hour.

WOMAN

Find by me. Saves me two dollars.
So why did you call me.

BOYFRIEND

Well I'm being shipped out
tomorrow. Your sister knows, I
don't think she's taking it well,
though.

WOMAN

She loves you. Love does insane
things to people. It drives some to
drink. It develops some into
smokers.

BOYFRIEND

Is that why you smoke?

WOMAN

I smoke because I have nothing
better to do with my life. Do you
mind is I have one now.

BOYFRIEND

Go ahead.

He pulls over to the side of the road.

WOMAN

What are you doing?

BOYFRIEND

I can't concentrate anymore. I need
to say something and I need to do
it now.

WOMAN

Say it.

BOYFRIEND

I Love your sister and I'm scared.
I'm scared I won't see her again.
But I want to see her every morning
and every night. I want to have
children with her and I want her to
be my wife. And I want to say this
to her, but I can't. Because of
this war, that I signed up to fight
in. But I have to tell someone. I
have to give someone this.

He pulls out a box with an engagement ring in it.

BOYFRIEND

If something happen to me. I want you to give this to her and tell her my intentions.

INT. CAFE FLAMINGOS

The Woman spins the ring. Her eyes stare at the ring. She slowly brings her head up as she does a tear falls from her eyes. The Man lights her another cigarette. She takes a deep drag off it.

WOMAN

Thanks. And every time I hear the news about attacks and soldiers dieing, I think about telling her this. But I can't because it would tear her apart. I been trying to protect her my whole life but I can't protect her from my own words.

She points at the waitress.

WOMAN

Another Coffee, please. (to Man)
You want one.

MAN

No thanks, I'm fine.

The Man watches her drink her coffee, then without looking away he say:

MAN

You know, I think I will have another coffee. (To Waitress) Miss.

The Man points to his cup. The Waitress wonders over slowly, she smacks around the gum in her mouth and fills his cup. The Man stares at her as she walks away.

MAN

How do you tip a waitress like that?

The Woman fights threw her tears to laugh.

WOMAN

So. I got all personal with you, now it's your turn to get personal with me. It's only fair. What do you do for a living?

MAN

I drink coffee.

WOMAN

No really. What's your profession?

MAN

So I guess if I say I was a coffee critic you wouldn't believe me.

WOMAN

I didn't even know a job like that existed, so no I wouldn't.

MAN

Well the truth is I don't have a job. Not anymore. That's kind of why I'm here.

WOMAN

How is that?

MAN

Because I'm gonna rob this place.

The Woman looks at him wide eyed. The Mother puts her baby in the stroller and wheels her to the door and stops, turns around and heads toward the Man and the Woman.

MOTHER

Excuse me. I don't mean to interrupt by watching you guys smoke has really gave me a crave for nicotine. Do you think i can bum a smoke off you.

The Woman doesn't look away from the Man. The Man goes into his pocket and hands her a smoke.

MOTHER

Do you have a light?

Man lights her cigarette.

MOTHER

Oh. That feels so fucking good. Three months but it feels like I never stopped.

The Mother eyes the Man and the Woman and sees that she has interrupted something.

MOTHER

Oh sorry. You two were in the middle of something. Thanks for the cigarette.

The Mother walks away.

MAN

You're Welcome. (to Woman) What is the matter? Why all of a sudden have you become speechless? Are you scared?

WOMAN

Amazed really. What would drive a man to rob a restaurant?

MAN

Do you want to know?

WOMAN

I did ask a question, that I do want an answer to, so yes.

MAN

Ok.

EXT. MAN'S HOUSE

The room is mostly dark only lite by a table lamp, by which the man sits, smoking what appears to be a cigarette.

The door opens, a light rain is falls outside, Ken, the Man's brother enters. He looks over at the Man while searching for another light.

KEN

Why are you sitting in the dark?

He turns on the light and on the floor are contents of what use to be a room: pictures, statutes, and other things all on pieces on the floor.

KEN

What the fuck happened here? Talk to me.

Ken walks over to the Man.

KEN

What are you smoking?

He pulls the cigarette out of the mouth of a motionless Man, and smells the wrap.

KEN

Is this a joint? Jesus Christ, kid
I thought you gave this up.

MAN

Well, (grabbing the joint out of
Ken's hand) I guess not.

KEN

So what happen here?

MAN

Gail. Gail came home and Gail left.
In the middle of all that, this
happened. How it happen, I guess
only Gail knows. You know I think
that woman has Month long PMS.
Because most months she heavenly
and then there are some months.
(Takes a drag off cigarette) This
happens.

KEN

Alright but Gail doesn't just snap,
what happened? Or are you to baked
to give me an answer.

MAN

Why do you come here and bust my
balls?

KEN

I'm not busting your balls, but
you're sitting in the dark pity
smoking when there is no one here
to pity you. Now stop pussy footing
around what ever it is you're not
telling me and just fucking tell
me.

MAN

I got laid off. Something about the
current economic issue, you know
good 'ol America trying to fuck
everyone, well it seem she fucked
me. So anyway, I come home and
Gail's here, being Gail. Playful,
beautiful and caring. Caring until
I drop the hammer and I tell her
what happened then all of a sudden

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

she fucking flips. Blaming it all on me, on something that was clearly not my fault. People get laid off all the time and they recover but Gail is convinced that I won't. She calls me lazy and I won't get a jump until one fall on my lap. Now I've just been fire, I don't need to come home to be bashed, so I do something i haven't done since grade school, I hit a girl and not just any girl this time, my girl. Gail. (Takes drag off smoke and begins to cry) what was i thinking. I love her but yet, I hit her. And not just once I keep hitting her. I don't know what got into me. The moment I restrain myself she's out the door. I don't go after her because I'm scared I'll hit her again. I leave to get a joint from Ray and when I get back I see this and notice, Gail's shit is gone.

KEN

Jesus man. Did she tell you why she was mad?

MAN

Didn't I just say.

KEN

Ok I'm gonna tell you something. I want you to look around first, look at where you live, look at the size of the place. Now i want you to think about your accounts, your piss broke and that job of yours was the only money both you and Gail were living on. Now I want you to listen to what I'm about to tell you. You know Dr. Morgan, Gail's OBGYN, well me and him are Golfing buddies and one day he goes, congratulation, I go for what, and he hits me with a shocker and he says for being a soon to be uncle. I didn't know how to handle that, because I know damn well you didn't know that because if you knew something of that magnitude I, your

(MORE)

KEN (cont'd)
brother, would be the first one to know. But you see, now I don't know how to tell you.

MAN
What are you saying? Gail was--

KEN
--Makes sense to me. Like I said before, Gail doesn't just snap.

INT. CAFE FLAMINGOS

Man puts out his cigarette and stares into the Woman's eyes, who is clued to his every word.

MAN
So now I know I have to find Gail. I love Gail and the thought of us Mothering and Fathering a child makes me crazy inside, but I can't just go and tell her this. I've just done a terrible thing. Then it hits me, get a job, get money, get Gail. Money solves all problems, and I know money can't fix the puddle of shit I put myself in when I laid my hand on her but it could get her to know that I'm serious about this child. And the time, as they say will heal the wounds.

INT. MAN'S HOUSE

Montage:

The Man sits at a table looking for a job.

Man cleans house.

Man looks at picture of him and Gail.

MAN
(Voice Over)
So I did the job thing, I applied everywhere, even places I was over qualified for. Each place got the same thing, sorry sir, we're going another way. And then one day, it happens. Gail comes over.

Gail walks into the house as the Man stares at the picture of them.

Man doesn't get startled. The two stay silent for a beat or two.

MAN

Gail. Tell me that's you, tell me it's not something I'm imagining?

GAIL

It's me. Are you becoming delusional in my absents?

MAN

I guess feeling like shit could do that to a person. I'm sorry Gail.

GAIL

Sorry.

MAN

Thanks for coming back.

GAIL

I came for my stuff. I'm staying at my sisters and I need a change of clothes.

MAN

What are you saying? That we're--

GAIL

--No. Just that right now, given are situation and what happen, that we both need our own little breathing room. Until we're both stable again.

MAN

Just a break.

GAIL

Yeah.

MAN

Yeah. Okay.

Gail starts to head up the stairs.

MAN

Gail!

Gail stops and looks at him.

MAN

I love you.

Gail looks at him and smiles but looks away before she starts to tear up and runs up stairs.

INT. CAFE FLAMINGOS

Man lights another cigarette and motions to the waitress for another cup of coffee.

MAN

Look at you. I know exactly what you're thinking. Ever since you walked in here and started dwirling your ring. Judging the people who in the last month or so I've come to know as my friends--

Waitress pours the glass.

MAN

--Thank you.

Waitress walks back behind the counter.

MAN

And you nailed everyone perfectly. The pervious old man, the slutty waitress. The depress mother who's enjoyment comes from a fucking cup of coffee. But all that time you don't judge yourself, and after hearing your story, maybe you can't be put into a section. And right now you're thinking, what section to you belong to. So go ahead and ask?

WOMAN

What section are you in?

MAN

Here comes the hammer baby.

Takes a drink of his coffee.

MAN

I belong to the section of people who kill their wives, blame it on some nigger, get away with and now I'm a little struck for cash you

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)
see. And I need a plane ticket.
Like now.

The Woman looks shocked.

WOMAN
You killed your wife?

MAN
No. The bullet from the gun I shot
did. I been living everyday in
shame, but was able to craft a
giant ball of shit that ended up
being believable for the local PD
to believe. So what have I been
doing? Creating a routine, everyday
I do this, every-other-day I do
that. I'm the last guy expected for
this and I would never be expected
to do that.

WOMAN
You're crazy.

MAN
Am I. I must be, I'm hearing all of
your thoughts. Why? Maybe its a
message from god or someone telling
me to spare your life. And that is
exactly what I'm gonna do.

He finishes his cigarette.

MAN
Thanks for the sharing your time,
your coffee and cigarettes. Now
please go, go tell your sister you
love her. Comfort her, all that
talk about soldiers dieing on the
news kills you but she's already
dead. I got you bill. Now go.

The Woman doesn't know what to say. She begins to shake a
little as she grabs her stuff. The Man lights two cigarettes
hands her one and she puts it between her teeth. She stands.

WOMAN
One question. Can I ask one
question?

The Man doesn't say anything but his body language suggest
yes.

WOMAN

When you woke up this morning did you know what you were going to do?

MAN

Yeah.

WOMAN

I'm gonna be outside for three minutes, my car is that crappy Neon parked across the street. If you get what you need, I'll be waiting to drive you to the airport. If you don't then just walk out and I'll drive away. I'll be waiting, and I hope this is good bye.

With that the Woman exits.

The waitress walks to the table.

WAITRESS

Hey miss, you forgot to pay.

The Man grabs her hand.

MAN

I GOT IT.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END!