

**COFFEE AND CIGARETTES**

by

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EXT. COFFEE GROUNDS - MORNING

Boring, unoriginal. A corporate cookie-cutter coffeehouse with a green and tan paint job and a coffee bean for a logo.

SAM REMINGTON (27) stands in front of the building. His visor and apron identify him as an employee. His eyes are distant, thoughtful, and a little confused... lights a smoke and flips through a magazine.

INT. BLACK BMW - DRIVING - MORNING

BRUCE BILLINGHURST (55) at the wheel. Looks important, even when dressed in faded jeans and a t-shirt like he is now.

EXT. COFFEE GROUNDS - RESUME

The door opens and ERIC MILLER (35) pokes his head out, gives his coworker a douchey smile. Eric is a born loser and knows it, destined for a life of serving artisan beverages and taking shit from ungrateful customers.

ERIC

Sup, homo?

SAM

Miller. Get the oven turned on?

ERIC

Crap, I forgot. I was cleanin' the shitter.

SAM

That's not you're job...

ERIC

I'm fuckin' with you, shit for brains.

(taps his watch)

It's almost 7:30, bro.

Sam nods, snuffs out his cigarette. They head inside, walk past a few early CUSTOMERS.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(re: magazine)

What is that, anyway? Another one of your faggy acting mags?

SAM

Here it comes, another dream crushing speech from the world's biggest fuck-up.

ERIC  
Least I know my place.  
(shakes head)  
You don't even have an agent.

SAM  
But I will get one, and soon. I got  
a good feeling this time.

ERIC  
You should just give it up, man.

SAM  
(grins)  
And you should have been a wet  
dream.

ERIC  
(chuckles)  
Yeah, you should have been a  
blowjob, mother fucker.

An elderly WOMAN (65) overhears all this, her jaw dropping as Sam and Eric get behind the counter.

Sam drops the mag in the trash, done with it...

THE MAGAZINE, is a copy of TIME -- BRUCE BILLINGHURST on the cover with the words "He's known as the world's greatest actor. Do you agree?"

INT. BMW - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce's cell RINGS. He looks at the flashing screen, sighs.

BRUCE  
Fuck.

He lights a smoke, answers the call.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hi sweetie bear.  
(listens)  
I'm headed there now, and no, I'm  
not smoking.  
(listens, beat)  
No, I'm not. I promise. I don't  
even miss it.

He takes a long drag, loves it.

INT. COFFEE GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

An OBESE GUY at the counter. Sam at the register, Eric GRINDING some beans, and JESSIE (22) pouring milk into an iced coffee. She's absolutely stunning, Playboy Bunny hot.

SAM  
 (to Obese Guy)  
 Welcome to Coffee Grounds. What can I get for you?

OBESE GUY  
 I dunno yet, can you give me some time?

Sam rolls his eyes as Obese Guy looks at the menu, a hard decision...

SAM POV

looking at the register, behind the counter, at the coffee maker, the sink, finds -- JESSIE'S PERFECT CHEST...

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Bruce shuts his car door, locks it. Lights another smoke. Long drag...

INT. COFFEE GROUNDS - SAME TIME

Sam irritated. Jessie still so perfect, spraying whipped foam topping on a drink. Obese Guy continues to ponder, a line of irritated CUSTOMERS now behind him...

OBESE GUY  
 Is the double mocha latte non fat?

SAM  
 It can be, dude...

Obese Guy contemplates it. Is that *really* what he wants....?

OBESE GUY  
 I guess I'll one of those, then.

Sam sighs, finally.

SAM  
 Do you want extra foam on that?

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - MORNING

Bruce sits on the exam table, DR. PRYOR seated nearby. Whatever they've been talking about, it isn't good.

BRUCE  
Just give it to me straight, doc.

PRYOR  
(solemn beat)  
There's no easy way to say this,  
Bruce. I...

BRUCE  
I know it's not easy.  
(sighs)  
Just tell me what's wrong with me.

OFF PRYOR, not sure how to reply...

INT. COFFEE GROUNDS - RESUME

Eric puts a top on the foamy latte, and we only wish it was Jessie -- who is bent down right now to pick up some coffee mix. Eric hands it to Obese Guy, who doesn't get a good grip and drops the coffee. It explodes all over the counter.

OBESE GUY  
Fuck!

Sam glances over and laughs to himself. Takes his next order.

EXT./INT. BMW - MORNING

Bruce rubs his chest as he gets into his BMW, looks stressed.

BRUCE  
Son of a bitch... Son of a bitch...

He gets in his car. Looks at his weathered face in the rearview. Eyes filled with defeat...

*WHAM! --WHAM! --WHAM!* Bruce BATTERS the dash and wheel, horn HONKING -- plastic CRACKING as he unleashes his rage on the poor car.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Goddamn son of a bitch mother  
fucking cock sucker!!

FROM OUTSIDE, the car shakes and shudders as Bruce unleashes his rage.

INT. COFFEE GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

Sam takes an order from a BUSINESSMAN.

SAM  
Coming right up, sir.

He turns to Jessie, looks right into her gorgeous baby blues. He melts.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Large with three sugars, extra cream.

BUSINESSMAN  
I said no cream.

SAM  
I meant, no cream.

Jessie smiles, goes to make it. Sam's next customer steps up... eyes tired, stressed... it's BRUCE. Sam's jaw drops, holy shit.

BRUCE  
Morning.

Sam is in awe, unable to speak. Bruce rubs his chest and narrows his eyes to read the menu.

SAM  
Good uh...  
(long beat)  
Morning, sir.

Jessie and Eric notice Bruce, taken aback. Sam can't believe who he's in the presence of. He's shaking.

BRUCE  
I think I'll just go with a regular, please.

SAM  
(slow nod)  
What size, Mr... Billinghamst?

Bruce faintly grins, notices Sam's expression. Bruce extends his hand.

BRUCE  
Just call me Bruce, kid. What's your name?

SAM  
Sam... uh... Sam Remington, sir.

Bruce extends his hand to shake. Sam takes it, almost afraid, and limp wristed.

BRUCE

Like I said, just call me Bruce.

(smiles)

Sir's my father's name.

(squeeze's Sam's hand)

Put some grip in there, son. I feel like I'm holding a dead fish.

Sam realizes and does, so nervous right now that he can't stop shaking. They release, Sam now punching numbers into the register. Jessie and Eric still gawking...

SAM

Anything else for you, sir--?

(correcting himself)

I mean, Bruce.

BRUCE

No, that's it. Thank you, Sam.

Sam manages a smile.

SAM

You have to forgive me. It's just, I'm a huge fan of yours.

(as Bruce humbly nods)

This is a big day for me, having you here and all. Life changing.

BRUCE

Then it's been a life changing day for both of us.

(beat)

Thanks again.

Bruce takes *two steps* toward the waiting area, suddenly grabbing his chest in anguish -- GROANS. World spinning as he clutches for the counter, knocking everything over -- and doubles over onto the floor.

SAM doesn't know what the hell to do, but instinct takes over, and he leaps across the counter to help his hero--

JESSIE and ERIC, watch in sheer terror, dropping the coffee they're making. Is this happening?

SAM at BRUCE'S SIDE, quick acting. Bruce GROANS and holds his chest--

SAM

Oh, shit. Hang in there, Bruce!

I'll get you help!

(to Eric)

Call 911!!

Eric grabs the phone off the wall--

ERIC  
What do I tell 'em?!

SAM  
That Bruce Billinghamurst's having a  
fuckin' heart attack!

ERIC dials, SAM at trying to stabilize BRUCE as he convulses--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bruce hooked up to a respirator in his bed. An EKG monitors his heart. Beside him is KATE BILLINGHURST (29) and drop dead out of this world hot. Dr. Pryor with a medical chart.

PRYOR  
He'll be okay, Mrs. Billinghamurst, I  
promise.

DIXIE  
I told him to stop smoking all  
those goddamn cigarettes.

EXT. COFFEE GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

Sam on break with Jessie. He's about to light a smoke but stops, thinks better of it. Both deep in thought.

JESSIE  
I hope he's okay.

SAM  
Yeah, me too.

She pulls out a Camel, goes to light it -- but Sam intercepts the cancer stick.

JESSIE  
What are you doing?

SAM  
You should quit.

JESSIE  
A lot easier said than done. Give  
it back.

Sam shakes his head, crumbles the smoke, and throws it in the trash.



JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Really, Sam?

SAM  
Yeah, really. You're done with  
these.  
(meets her eyes)  
We both are.

FADE TO:

INT. COFFEE GROUNDS - MORNING - A WEEK LATER

Sam behind the counter taking an order from a WOMAN, Jessie and Eric behind him.

WOMAN  
And I'd like extra foam on that  
latte, please.

SAM  
You got it, ma'am.

He smiles and turns to Jessie. She smiles back.

SAM (CONT'D)  
You get that?

JESSIE  
Yeah. Did you get the tickets for  
tonight?

Sam grins.

SAM  
Maybe I did, maybe I didn't...

JESSIE  
Is that right?  
(off his look)  
Maybe I'll forget to wear my new  
outfit.

She SLAPS him on the butt, grabs a handful of meat. He jumps,  
Eric noticing.

ERIC  
Get a fuckin' room. I feel sexually  
harassed right now...

SAM  
It's probably jealousy.

ERIC

Well, that too. You are dating the hottest chick on the goddamn planet.

Jessie giggles, goes to make a fresh pot. Sam laughs.

BRUCE (O.S.)

You two quit playing grab ass and get me a large coffee.

Sam stops, knows the voice. Turns to BRUCE... both of them smiling.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Black.

SAM

You're alright.

BRUCE

Yeah, thanks to you, kid. You saved my life.

Bruce puts out his hand and they shake -- *firmly*.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Tell me about yourself, Sam.

Sam's smile grows by a tenfold, and the hard lines we saw earlier on Bruce's face disappearing as he smiles bigger, the stress and pain he had before now gone...

SMASH TO:

BLACK.