

THE BLACK STUFF

Written by

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EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

ANTHONY, 30, drags his feet down an empty street. His head perpetually stuck looking at the ground.

He kicks a CIGARETTE PACK. He stops. His eyes open with excitement. He runs to it. He shakes it. Nothing. He opens it. Nothing.

ANTHONY

Fuck.

The sound of a door creaking open and slamming closed causes him to turn around.

An imposing hulk of a SECURITY GUARD stares at Anthony with a questioning look.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Long day.

The guard opens the door and motions for him to go inside.

Anthony cautiously steps towards the door.

INT. BAR

Anthony steps in.

A dimly lit bar. Not a soul in sight save the BARTENDER. He walks up the bar and takes a seat. He continues to study the area. He nods in approval.

The Bartender walks up to the Patron.

BARTENDER

What can I get for you?

ANTHONY

A glass of the Black Stuff and some water.

BARTENDER

Coming right up.

He puts his hands in the pocket of his hoodie. HE pulls a PINK SLIP.

Anthony crumples it up.

ANTHONY

Fuck that place!

The patron throws it at the TRASH CAN but misses.

Bartender comes back with Anthony's drinks.

Anthony chugs the GLASS of black liquid. He then chugs the GLASS of water in a few gulps.

The Bartender looks dumbfounded. Anthony smiles back.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Can I get another one... and a pack
of smokes, please and thank you

Bartender nods their head.

People start to come into the bar and greet the barkeep before sitting down. The regulars.

Anthony's drink comes up with the PACK of CIGARETTES. He slams down the drink and takes the smokes. He gets up and leaves to...

INT. BAR RESTROOM

Anthony dries his hands under the blow dryer .

He rubs his hands against his pants. He starts to tap his pockets. All of them. He put his hand in and pulls them out. All of the pockets are empty.

ANTHONY

Where's my wallet?

INT. BAR

He walks up to the bar and slams down the drink.

The Bartender is busy serving the other patrons their drinks.

He power walks to the exit.

The coast is clear... except for the Security Guard that stands at the exit.

ANTHONY

Fuck!

He goes back to the bar and slams himself down on the stool. His face with a worried look.

BARTENDER

We doing another, sweetie?

He shakes his head no. He looks at the bartender. He shakes his head yes.

ANTHONY
Yes, one more, please.

Bartender leaves. He looks around. Everyone is distracted.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Fuck it!

He gets up and starts to run away.

As the Bartender pours the drink they notice Anthony running.

BARTENDER
WE HAVE A RUNNER!

Anthony turns to look behind him.

The Bartender chases after them.

He looks ahead of him.

The security guard stands in front of him. The guard tackles him to the ground.

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. BAR KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anthony's leg is CHAINED to the dishwasher. He washes away as the Bartender comes up with a platter full of drinks.

BARTENDER
Another one?

ANTHONY
Yes, please

The Bartender hands the drink to Anthony. The barkeep walks up to a WHITEBOARD and adds another tally under his name. He has 7 tallies.

There are two other names next to his, those names are also full of tallies.

Anthony turns to the person next to him. ERIC, 30.

Eric shrugs his shoulders

ERIC
The bartenders are hot.

ANTHONY
Which ones?

ERIC
All of them

ANTHONY
Right on.

Anthony turns to the older looking man, HANK; 62.

HANK
I just came to use the bathroom 20
years ago.

The Bartender motions to the drinks. Eric and Hank reach for
their drinks.

HANK (CONT'D)
Thanks, love.

ERIC
Ditto.

A SHORT, LANKY MAN enters the kitchen; whistling. He looks at
what's going on. The Bartender, with a sultry smile on her
face, offers him a beer.

He makes a crucifix with his fingers.

The bartender hisses

ANTHONY
Aww, fuck...

Eagle's Hotel California starts to fade up.

FADE To BLACK.

CREDITS