

COFFEE'D - EPISODE ONE: THE 1911

Written by

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EXT. BLACK RIFLE COFFEE CAFE - DAY

An American flag waves in the breeze.

INT. BRC CAFE - DAY

CLOSE ON: Clock on the wall reads 9:11AM

Military and Americana decor visible throughout the cafe as a line of four people wait to order at the counter.

Behind the counter, **LACEY** (20s, gun nerd, loves roasted coffee and roasting people) runs the register.

In the background, maintenance guy **BRUCE** (30s, large but soft, type of guy to talk to you for the entire flight) stands on a step stool fixing a ceiling tile.

GARRETT (40s, tactical vest over a golf polo, a 1911 holstered prominently on his hip) steps up.

GARRETT

Morning. Let me get a medium
lavender oat milk latte. Half-caf.
Light on the lavender, heavy on the
foam.

Lacey looks at the gun. Looks back at the order.

LACEY

You worried the foam's gonna rush
you?

GARRETT

Excuse me?

LACEY

(sarcastic)

Good thing you brought that 1911!

GARRETT

It's my constitutional right to
have a--

LACEY

Totally. It's also older than my
grandparents. You should have that
appraised, not holstered.

The line behind Garrett leans around him, curious about the conflict brewing. Garrett squints.

GARRETT
I want to speak to your manager.

LACEY
She's in the back. She doesn't have
a gun either, so you'll be fine.
That'll be six-fifty. Name for the
cup?

Garrett scowls.

GARRETT
Garrett.

She writes on the cup: GARRETT (ARMED)

On the step stool, Bruce stops working. He looks concerned.

SMASH TO TITLE: COFFEE'D

INT. BACK ROOM — 10:14 AM

ERICA (30s, store GM, ambitious, has the posture of a woman holding an entire business on her back) is on the phone.

She sits in a cramped office: syrup boxes, a mini fridge, a whiteboard that says "SAFETY IS EVERYONE'S JOB" in faded marker. Taped beside it: a printed BRCC org chart with Erica's face glued over the Regional Manager box.

ERICA
(into phone)
Yes, Evan. She said what? Wait. The
customer had a 1911?

Erica laughs. Catches herself.

ERICA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
No. Of course it's not funny, sir.
I know we can't lose another
regular after the pastry debacle.
(beat)
Understood. We'll see him then.

She hangs up. **J.D.** (36, assistant GM, formerly enlisted, has PTSD from never getting deployed) is already standing in the doorway. Nobody saw him arrive.

J.D.
Was that HQ?

ERICA

Lacey insulted a customer carrying a 1911 and Evan says she has to apologize. Tomorrow morning.

J.D. Thinks hard for a moment.

J.D.

Ok here's the op. That guy is in here every morning at oh-nine-hundred.

ERICA

You can just say nine a.m.

He grabs a marker and draws an aerial view of his plan on the whiteboard.

J.D.

Lacey approaches from the west entrance. Target approaches from the east. She casually crosses his path, compliments his firearm, and neutralizes the threat.

ERICA

By apologizing.

J.D.

We ran a similar op in Iraq.

ERICA

You never went to Iraq.

J.D.

But I was READY. My whole unit was ready to go!

INT. BEHIND THE COUNTER — 10:22 AM

A lull. Erica gathers Lacey, J.D., and Bruce (holding a mop he's not using).

ERICA

Okay. HQ called about this morning. Before we get into it, one thing for the record.

(beat)

Is anybody here saying the 1911 is a bad gun?

Everyone shakes their head in unison.

ERICA (CONT'D)

The issue is the 1911 as a *carry*.

LACEY

Seven rounds.

J.D.

And a .45. It's the minivan of bullets.

LACEY

A guy walks in with an AK. Garrett reaches for his hip, and what does he have? Seven shots of Honda Odyssey.

J.D.

Beautiful gun, though.

EVERYONE

Beautiful gun.

ERICA

Great. Evan told the guy to come back in tomorrow morning, so you can apologize to his face.

LACEY

I'm not apologizing.

J.D.

Lacey, do not lose this job for me. Civilian life has been hard enough.

LACEY

You were stationed in Hawaii for four years. You didn't come home from war, you came home from a timeshare.

Erica turns to Bruce, who has been gently mopping the same tile this whole time.

ERICA

Bruce. Back me up.

BRUCE

Oh, I'm good. I'm just gonna...
(gestures at the mop)
...keep doing this.

J.D.

You're part of the platoon, Bruce. This is a team issue.

BRUCE

Is it though? It feels more like a *feelings* issue. Honestly, I just think if everybody took a deep breath and said one nice thing about each other--

J.D.

Nobody says nice things in the trenches, brother.

LACEY

How would you know?

ERICA

-- Bruce. Help me out.

BRUCE

I really don't like conflict. It makes my hands sweaty.

ERICA

Oh my God, stop being such a pussy!

Silence. The espresso machine hisses.

Bruce slowly leans the mop against the counter. His lip does something small.

BRUCE

(quietly)

Okay.

He walks into the back. The door swings shut behind him.

ERICA

This isn't gonna be an HR thing, right?

Lacey shrugs with a cocky smile and walks away. Erica looks concerned.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. BACK ROOM - 12:05 PM

Lacey and J.D. sit across from Erica like it's a deposition.

ERICA

You don't think Bruce will tell HR, right?

LACEY

Not if you *apologize* to him.

ERICA

Why would I apologize for --

ERICA (CONT'D)

Telling the truth?? Exactly!!

J.D.

Can we please focus on the actual threat?

ERICA

Me getting fired IS the threat, J.D. I have a truck payment, a dog with a thyroid problem, and a five-year plan.

J.D.

Becoming CEO of the entire company in the next five years is as likely as an IED going off in the espresso machine.

LACEY

Do you even know what IED stands for?

J.D. stares at Lacey, then slowly walks away.

INT. BREAK AREA — 2:30 PM

J.D. writes on a whiteboard: "PROPOSED COURSES OF ACTION."

> COA 1: Lacey apologizes to Garrett

> COA 2: Erica apologizes to Bruce

> COA 3: Both

> COA 4: Neither.

LACEY

I like four.

ERICA

I'm not apologizing to Bruce. If I apologize, it's an admission. It's on the record. That's how they get you.

LACEY
Oh, so NOW apologizing is bad.

ERICA
For me. For you it's great. Draft
it.

Lacey is already writing on a napkin. She holds it up.

LACEY
"Dear Garrett. I'm sorry your gun
only holds seven bullets."

ERICA
No.

LACEY
"I'm sorry the bullets are so
slow."

ERICA
That one's worse.

LACEY
"I'm sorry you'd be the first to
go."

ERICA
Better.

Bruce walks in, peeling off a pair of yellow rubber gloves.
He looks like he's been through something.

BRUCE
Hey guys. Just wanted to let you
know the men's toilet is working
now. But boy, was it bad. Like...
real bad.

Bruce's eyes glaze over, lost in thought. J.D. and the others
grimace.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Anyway, it's good now. I stress-
tested it. Flushed it eleven times.
Didn't flinch.

J.D. rises slowly, like a man receiving a vision.

J.D.
Stress test.

ERICA
What?

J.D.
That's it. A stress test. In
Afghanistan--

Lacey and Erica are about to give him shit but he stops them.

J.D. (CONT'D)
LET ME FINISH! In Afghanistan, they
ran war-game simulations. We do
that to Garrett. Put him in a live
scenario. If he stands his ground,
he's a hero. He's earned his
apology.

LACEY
And if he runs?

J.D.
Then he's a coward, and nobody owes
him shit. We just need someone to
play the *hostile*...

Slowly, all three turn to Bruce. He is mid-granola bar.

BRUCE
...What?

J.D.
Would be a great way to prove
you're not a pussy.

Bruce swallows his granola bar.

INT. COUNTER - NEXT MORNING - 9:59 AM

Coffee's brewing. Erica and Lacey stand behind the counter.

The door chimes. GARRETT enters, 1911 on his hip, chest out.

ERICA
Garrett! Hey there, thank you so
much for coming in. On behalf of
Black Rifle Coffee, we are all so
sorry for the incident you
experienced with Lacey. She'd
actually like to share something
with you.

GARRETT
Sure, thank you. Yes, Lacey?

Lacey steps forward with an index card. Clears her throat.
She looks at Garrett. Then at the clock.

Bruce smiles smugly, awaiting his apology. Erica nudges Lacey.

LACEY

Garrett. I just want to say--

BANG!! The back door slams open. Bruce bursts in: ski mask, AK raised, still wearing his tool belt.

BRUCE

NOBODY MOVE.

(beat, softer)

Please.

Lacey drops the index card and grabs Garrett's arm.

LACEY

Oh my God. A guy with an AK!

J.D. chimes in from near the coffee fridge.

J.D.

That's so many bullets!

ERICA

What do we do?! Who's gonna defend us and keep us safe?!

LACEY

Garrett! You're armed, right?

Everyone turns to Garrett.

His hand hovers over his holster. He looks at the AK. His lips move silently. He's counting.

Long beat. Garrett raises both hands and backs toward the door, slowly. It takes a while, but he walks backwards with his hands raised, the entire time.

Once outside, he sprints toward his truck then peels out of the lot.

Bruce lifts his mask.

BRUCE

Do you think he's okay?

Lacey picks the index card up from the ground and tears it to pieces.

LACEY

Who cares. Problem solved.

The store phone RINGS. Erica answers.

ERICA
Black Rifle Coffee, this is Erica.
Oh. Evan. Hi, boss.

EVAN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Erica. That 1911 thing? I was just
messing with you guys. Lacey
doesn't need to apologize, (laughs)
I would have probably said the same
thing to that dude!

ERICA
...You were joking.

Lacey silently mouths: "Told you."

EVAN (V.O.)
Also - Bruce mentioned you said
some *unsavory* things to him the
other day.

Erica looks at Bruce. Bruce gives her a sweet little wave.

ERICA
Evan, I can explain. --

EVAN (V.O.)
Put me on speaker.

Erica, hand trembling, hits speaker. Everyone leans in.

EVAN (V.O.)
Bruce? You there, buddy?

BRUCE
(brightening)
Hi, Evan! How have you--

EVAN (V.O.)
Quit being such a pussy!

Click. Dial tone.

CUT TO BLACK