

TEXICAN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SINGLE-BEDROOM TRAILER HOME - MORNING

One-bedroom trailer, with a kitchen, kitchen table, TV, and a bed. The small bathroom off to the side is so close that someone in the bed can hear the toilet flush.

The Texas sun creeps in through the front trailer window.

The make-up table has make-up strewn over, and tissues overflowing out of the trash can. There are dishes piled in the sink, and Taco Bell leftovers on the table. Men shirts are hung up on the back of the door while men work boots litter the floor.

LEIGHANN, 28, trailer trash babe, sits on the sink, in her pajamas, smoking a cigarette by the window, basking in the sunrise.

As the sun rises, JAVI, 32, working Mexican, stirs in the bed. She looks over at him, smiles, and starts getting ready for the day. While she changes out of her pajamas, she does not shy away from deliberately dressing in Javi's eyesight.

With a quick look at the alarm clock, LeighAnn picks up her pace.

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LEIGHANN

I'm late.

Javi sits up in bed.

JAVI

You're late?

LEIGHANN

I'm late.

JAVI

Aye Dios Mio.

LeighAnn stops pacing.

LEIGHANN

No, not like that.
(sigh, relieved,
disappointed)
Work. I'm late for work.

JAVI

(relieved? Disappointed?)
Oh my God.

Javi sits back down into the bed.

LEIGHANN
I know. I'll get there.

They are quiet for a few moments as she goes to the sink and begins washing herself off, scrubbing violently under her armpits, neck and the back of her legs.

Javi's eyes never leave her.

JAVI
You scrub so hard.

LEIGHANN
I want to be clean.

JAVI
The clean will happen.

LEIGHANN
No, it's the smell.

JAVI
The smell?

LEIGHANN
Your smell.

JAVI
My smell?

LEIGHANN
No, not you, Javi. It's just that smell. You know?

JAVI
No, I don't know.

LEIGHANN
The smell!

JAVI
I don't know what smell you're talking about.

LEIGHANN
Please don't make me say it Javi, all beaners have it.

A moment.

JAVI
All beaners have it?

LEIGHANN

Jesus, Javi, can you just let it alone?

JAVI

No, I don't think I can actually. I just want to be crystal clear here - you're saying that all beaners have an unpleasant smell? Can we just get this right? All beaners have a smell? Yes or no?

LeighAnn sighs loudly.

LEIGHANN

Please don't do this to me. You're walkin' me into an argument.

JAVI

Yes or no?

LEIGHANN

Yes.

LeighAnn throws her rag in the sink and sits at her make-up stand.

JAVI

I can't believe you just called me a beaner.

LEIGHANN

I didn't call you a beaner.

JAVI

You did.

LEIGHANN

I didn't.

JAVI

You agreed.

LEIGHANN

But I didn't say it.

JAVI

I don't think not-saying-it means you don't mean it, LeighAnn. Do you do this every time we have sex?

LeighAnn sets down her blush brush.

LEIGHANN

No.

JAVI

Do I make you sick every time I
make love to you?

She turns in her chair to face where he lays on the bed. Not quite making eye contact.

LEIGHANN

You just put it in such specific
words, Javi! I love you.

JAVI

I nauseate you. I am in the middle
of making love to you, and you
don't like my smell. You scrub my
smell off of your white body every
time we are done.

LEIGHANN

As soon as I can, yes.

JAVI

And what defines as soon as you
can?

LEIGHANN

As soon as I don't think you'll
notice.

JAVI

Great. You're a racist.

LEIGHANN

Can you just back up a second here?
I love you! We are partners, and I
love you.

JAVI

I don't believe you. I don't
believe you.

LEIGHANN

I just don't like the way you
smell!

JAVI

You said it!

LEIGHANN

I did! Deal with it! I don't like
the way you Mexicans smell.

Javi jumps up first, while LeighAnn slowly stands up. Javi grabs a bag and a mixture of female and male clothes, including a hot pink bra, off the ground - shoving them in his bag without looking.

JAVI

You're not allowed to say that you know.

LeighAnn is frozen while he furiously moves around.

LEIGHANN

No, I do know. That's why I don't, unless I'm reasonably pressed.

JAVI

I'm not a minority here. You're not allowed to treat me that way.

LEIGHANN

I just told you that you made me.

JAVI

I didn't make you think that way.

LEIGHANN

But what if I do? What if I really think this way? What if I think it's terrible that I think this way and decide to not say anything about it?

JAVI

Then you're still a terrible person.

LEIGHANN

I don't think I am.

Javi comes to a halt and swings around to meet her eye-to-eye.

JAVI

You're not respecting an entire part of the population based on smell. Respect. We are talking about R-E-S-P-E-C-T here.

LEIGHANN

Listen, man, this is my trailer and you don't have to be welcome here.

JAVI

So now you're kicking me out
because I demand my equal rights?

LEIGHANN

I'm kicking you out because you're
being an ass.

JAVI

I'm not threatening you, I'm just
trying to make you see a point.

LEIGHANN

You are threatening me, and I won't
have it.

JAVI

LeighAnn, you are a person that
claims to love me, and yet you find
it in your soul to humiliate me for
no reason.

LEIGHANN

There is a reason, and the reason
is that the stereotype is true. You
do smell bad! You smell too sweet!

JAVI

Describe it.

LEIGHANN

Doritos.

Javi drops the bag and throws his hands in the air, looking
away and around the small trailer.

JAVI

Usted es una perra.

LEIGHANN

And refried beans.

JAVI

Bien. No me escucharas. Bien,

LEIGHANN

Laundry detergent. A mini-market
with pinatas. Avocados. Guacamole.
Fabuloso. Jesus candles.

Javi rustles through the drawers, leaving them open.
LeighAnn's voice follows him as he moves.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

Fanta.

He looks through the closet.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

Dirt.

He yanks open the cabinet under the sink and rustles through the cleaning supplies.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

He moves to the kitchen cabinets and opens all of them.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

Stop fooling around.

He picks up all of the clothes on the floor and throws them on the bed.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

I don't like fighting.

Javi runs into the bathroom. He returns with a roll of toilet paper.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

He starts marking off the apartment into a big half that belongs to her, and a marginally smaller part that belongs to him.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

JAVI

This is no longer a partnership.
This is a democracy.

LEIGHANN

A democracy?

JAVI

Yep, and I pay 40% of your trailer,
so 40% of this is mine.

LEIGHANN

No, I own the trailer, and everything within it belongs to me, including whether or not you stay here so don't push it.

JAVI

Do you own it because you were here first?

LEIGHANN

I own it because I bought it.

JAVI

But I pay for it too.

LEIGHANN

But you do that because you spend time on my property!

JAVI

Okay, let's vote on it. There's only two of us in here, so we're equal. White vs. Mexican. Who thinks that I should get out of this trailer?

LeighAnn raises her hand.

JAVI (CONT'D)

Who thinks that I have a right to own what I pay for?

Javi raises his hand.

JAVI (CONT'D)

Okay - parece como si nos encontramos en in punto muerto.

LEIGHANN

English, please!

JAVI

Okay - we are in a standstill. Guess we'll just be stuck in government.

LEIGHANN

Javi, you can't vote. You're not a resident.

JAVI

That doesn't mean I can't affect what I inhabit.

(MORE)

JAVI (CONT'D)

As an equal representative of this land, I claim 40% of this space.

He motions to his side of the trailer.

LEIGHANN

You can't.

JAVI

I can. Stop me.

LeighAnn looks at him, taking in how much bigger he is, the wild gleam in his eye and his clenched fist.

JAVI (CONT'D)

You can't. And we find ourselves in the middle of democracy. Democracy without racism, I might add. So LeighAnn, what will you offer me?

LEIGHANN

What will I offer you?

JAVI

Yes. Obviously I have the bathroom, and I know you haven't brushed your teeth. Considering last night's "negotiations"

(he makes an obscene blow job gesture)

I am certain that you will need to clean your mouth before going to work on other people's faces at JCPenny.

LEIGHANN

You're such a bastard...

JAVI

A bastardo, yes, but wavering in my state of trailer-home rights? No.

LeighAnn starts toward the bathroom, Javi blocks her way. She fakes, tries to go another way, he stops her and pushes her back to her side.

LEIGHANN

Please let me by!

JAVI

"Please" will get you nowhere this time.

LEIGHANN
Javi, please!

JAVI
Simply? No. No, no, no.

He widens his stance.

LEIGHANN
(Pleading)
Javi, this isn't fun.

JAVI
You have given me no reason to
consider that you are capable of
honoring my portion of this space.

LEIGHANN
Javi, stop this!

JAVI
Let's vote again! Who thinks I
should cut this out?

LeighAnn raises her hand.

JAVI (CONT'D)
Who thinks I should press on until
you apologize?

Javi raises his hand.

LEIGHANN
Is that all you want from me? An
apology? I'm sorry! I'm sorry,
okay! I'm sorry your people are
culturally lazy and can't make it
work in Mexico! I'm sorry that you
illegally immigrated to this
country and I fell for you, and now
you live here! I'm sorry the system
is designed to keep out those that
can't follow the rules, and that
you have to get paid under the
table to maintain a job you only
have because the other Mexicans
listen to you as their illegitimate
leader - because - get this - you
learned English! Whoopdee doo! I'm
sorry you can't afford your own
home and live with your extended
family. I'm sorry, okay! I'm sorry,
I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

LeighAnn has gotten into his face.

Javi deflates as his breathing slows down.

JAVI

See, LeighAnn? This is why democracy doesn't work. I don't care enough to fight for what I want because of the way you take advantage of me. To change you have to respect, and you, with the power, don't care enough to learn. You are stupid and foolish and I don't like you right now.

LEIGHANN

I'm sorry, Javi. I didn't mean to say all that.

Javi sits at the table, with his head lowered. He takes deep breaths.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Javi. I'm sorry.

Javi doesn't respond. She looks around, confounded. She notices a hat of his hanging on the door, and picks it up and puts it on.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, sweetie. I don't want to hurt you.

She sees an undershirt of Javi's laying next to the bed. She quickly scurries across the room, picks it up and takes off her shirt. She puts his on instead.

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

She runs to the closet and pulls out more clothes of his: shirts, boxers, socks, boots, glasses, pants, and puts them all on, piling one on top of the other. Javi looks up, incredulous.

JAVI

What are you -

She runs across the room again and pulls coats out of a closet, piling them on.

LEIGHANN

I'm sorry! I do love you. I think I'm racist and I don't mean it.

(MORE)

LEIGHANN (CONT'D)
I'm not perfect now and I can
change. I love you, and I'm sorry,
and I'm sorry.

LeighAnn is at his legs, kneeling on the ground

JAVI
You are loca, mi amor.

He sinks to the ground and holds her.

LEIGHANN
I can't get enough of you, Javi.

JAVI
Ay Dios Mio.

He lays his head on top of hers.

FADE OUT.