

Don't ever call me Johnny

an original screenplay by Annika Lidne
Story by Annika Lidne & Henrik Jansson

THIRD DRAFT - VERSION 2.0

Annika Lidne
The Street
City 12345
The Country
+1 1234567890

© Copyright 2002 Annika Lidne & Henrik Jansson
Registered by Writers Guild of America, west: no 857743

Printed 2015-01-05 for
Annika Lidne, Producer
info@lidne.com
The Movie Company

EXT. SOUTH BEACH, MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

Miami's South Beach is glowing in the warm sun. THE CAMERA PANS across the busy waterfront with its blue ocean and swaying palm trees, which leads us to -

EXT. CAFÉ IN SOUTH BEACH, MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

YAYA -- A LATIN TUNE creates an exotic joyful mood at the café where an up-scale crowd fills the tables. A distinguished gentleman in his sixties, BEN HESSEY, sits at a table, sipping an ice-tea and enjoying the bustle while leafing through a magazine.

A very good-looking, well-dressed man in his late forties, LOUIS, stops at the entrance and scans the café. His eyes light up when he sees Ben. Slowly, keeping his eyes on the older man, he walks closer.

LOUIS

Excuse me, do you mind if I share your table?

Ben looks up and breaks out in a big smile.

BEN

Louis, finally.

He rises and they awkwardly start to shake hands, then change their minds and embrace. They sit down and just look at each other. A WAITER appears.

LOUIS

I'll have what he's having.

The WAITER nods and disappears.

BEN

So, how was the trip?

LOUIS

(in a staccato voice)

Airline food. Peanuts. Broken air conditioning. Two dozen blue-haired ladies in spandex pants and Pamela Anderson lips.

(resigned)

I needed to drown my misery in whisky but they only allowed me three tiny drinks.

Ben chuckles.