

SCRIPT TITLE

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Based on, If Any

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CLASS EXERCISE 8.26.15

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A lonely-looking man, BOB, 30s, disheveled but in a handsome sort of way, stumbles up to the BARTENDER, same age, stern-looking. Bob supports himself on the bar, almost falling over. It's clear Bob has had one too many.

BARTENDER
Sorry, pal. No more.

BOB
Just one more.

BARTENDER
No. You can't even stand.

BOB
Sure I can. See!

Bob wobbles back a step, and raises his arms triumphantly, but his lower body buckles as he falls back to the bar.

BARTENDER
(turns)
Security!

BOB
Wait! I'll give you a big tip if
you let me have one more.

Bob reaches into his pocket for his wallet. Digs inside.

BARTENDER
I don't take bribes.

Just then, the bulky SECURITY GUARD charges up.

SECURITY GUARD
Is there a problem?

BOB
Hey... Nick? Nick Murphy?

The guard crooks his head. Lights up with recognition.

SECURITY GUARD
Bob?

BOB
Holy crap! How are ya man?

The two men embrace and laugh loudly, like long old friends.
The bartender looks with confusion.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - LATER

Bob and the guard share a drink a together, laughing wildly.
The annoyed bartender simply watches.

BOB
You look good. Lost weight?

SECURITY GUARD
Been lifting. You're pretty built
yourself.

BARTENDER
This is ridiculous! He needs to be
thrown out. He's drunk.

SECURITY GUARD
He's an old friend. Go easy, Craig.
(to Bob)
Maybe you should get some coffee.

Bob looks between the angry bartender and the guard.

BOB
I guess I have been overdoing it. I
know a good cafe nearby.

Then men walk off together.

A moment passes. The bartender looks after them.

BARTENDER
Nick, you know you're still on the
clock!

He sighs.

FADE OUT.