

<Title>

an original screenplay by

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Florida Man gets Bombed

By The Rowdy Writer

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FADE IN

SCENE ONE

EXT. FLORIDA MAN'S PORCH - AFTERNOON

FLORIDA MAN is sitting on his porch. He finishes drinking a can of beer.

FLORIDA MAN

Hey baby!

BABY

(From inside the house,
a few feet away)

What!

FLORIDA MAN

Bring me, another beer.

BABY

You're out of beer.

FLORIDA MAN

How in the hell am I supposed to
watch Cops without some damn beer.

Florida Man thinks for a second.

FLORIDA MAN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

Florida Man removes his phone from his blue jeans shorts, pulls up his Walmart app and orders a six pack of beer.

FLORIDA MAN (CONT'D)

I hope this won't take long. I'm
starting to loose my buzz.

The sound of a drone can be heard in the distance.

FLORIDA MAN (CONT'D)

Here it comes.

Florida Man stands up from his chair and runs out into his yard. He begins waving his arms.

FLORIDA MAN (CONT'D)

Hey bud, I'm right here!

A six pack of beer falls out of the sky and hits him in the head. Florida Man screams in pain as he falls to the ground.

FLORIDA MAN (CONT'D)

What?

Baby walks out to the porch.

BABY

We have to talk about your damn can.
He's downloading porn again.

Baby turns to see Florida Man lying on the ground.

BABY (CONT'D)

What the fu...

Baby runs out to Florida Man.

BABY (CONT'D)

Are you okay honey?

Florida Man looks up at Baby.

FLORIDA MAN

You know, I don't think Donald Trump
was a good president.

BABY

Oh god help him he's got brain damage.

FADE TO BLACK