

THREE HAPPIES by Nils Osmar - script excerpt - copyright
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A middle aged businessman, ALAN, sits alone in a seedy cafe,
drinking a stale cup of coffee. The door opens. A pleasant
older man, MR. JEFFREYS, enters and waves at him.

JEFFREYS

Mr. Alan? From the Sun? Thank you so
much for meeting me.

ALAN

Hey. It's a free lunch. So what's
this story you wanted to talk to me
about? Oh and, ah, what was your
name again?

Jeffreys grins, hands him a business card.

JEFFREYS

Jeremy Jeffreys. "Happy, Happy,
Happy, LLC." Order anything on the
menu. It's on me.

Jeffreys sits. Alan looks at the card, then picks up a
menu.

ALAN

"Happy happy," huh.

Jeffreys shakes his head.

JEFFREYS

No no. *Three* happies. I'm a
planner, you see. A consultant. I
see the future, so I'm always right.
I want you to do a story about me
for your paper. Can you do that?

ALAN

You see the future?

Jeffreys points at him and winks.

JEFFREYS

I knew you'd say that.

ALAN

Mr. Jeffreys....

JEFFREYS

Ask me anything. Test me.

ALAN

Okay. What's going to happen to me.
Say in the next week or so.

Jeffreys looks at him thoughtfully, concentrates.

JEFFREYS

You'll have good times, and bad
times. A revelation. Life's a
journey, Alan. You're never too old
to be surprised.

ALAN

That's pretty general.

JEFFREYS

You wouldn't want the details.

WAITRESS comes up, pad in hand, smiles at them.

WAITRESS

You guys ready?

ALAN

Burger and a beer for me.

JEFFREYS

I'll have the chef's salad and a
turkey sandwich, double lettuce and
pickles, please *do not* hold the
mayo, and four pieces of your
wonderful apple pie. And some ice
cream. Oh, and some of your double
mocha chocolate cake, with the
strawberry vanilla frosting.

WAITRESS

Big spender. I love it. You eaten
here before?

Jeffreys shakes his head, winks at her.

JEFFREYS

I just know it'll be good.

She takes the menus, leaves.