

What's in a Name

By Ted Stanley

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FADE IN:

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INT. STYLISH APARTMENT - NIGHT

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JANE a 30-year-old advertising executive is sitting at a table in a kitchen/diner. JOHN, a 28-year-old *resting* actor, is pouring her a glass of wine. Their conversation is light-hearted banter.

JANE:

So, are you going to tell me?

JOHN:

Tell you?

JANE:

Yes ... tell me! A name would be a good start.

JOHN:

Mmm.... his name is....

JANE:

Wait a minute! His name. But I thought...I just expected... This is a bit of a shock.

JOHN:

Shock?

JANE:

Yes, Shock! You've always preferred... the female of the species.

JOHN:

What about Jack?

JANE:

Jack?... Oh, Jack. That was just a one-nighter and we both enjoyed having him.

JOHN:

(Chuckling)

From what I remember, you enjoyed having him more than I did. Moonlit walks? Very romantic.

JANE:

(Poetically)

We just had this immediate bond: soul mates: creatures of the night.

JOHN:
 (Chuckling and bending to
 bite her neck)
 Arrrr! Love at first bite eh?

JANE:
 Oh! shut up. It didn't stop you
 sleeping with him, did it?

JOHN:
 I didn't have much choice. He
 just came upstairs and jumped
 into bed with me.

John walks over to the sink and picks up the tea towel to
 dry some dishes

JANE:
 (Exasperated)
 So...what's his name then?

JOHN:
 Esteban.

JANE
 (Laughing)
 Esteban? Esteban? Bit pretentious
 isn't it?

JOHN:
 (Using the tea towel to
 imitate a matador's pass.)
 It reflects his Latin origins.
 He's very macho.

Jane Snatches the tea towel off him and goes to dry the
 dishes, while John sits down at the table and sips wine.

JANE
 Well, I suppose it will make a
 change to have a real man about
 the house. When do I get to meet
 him?

JOHN: As soon as he's out of
 quarantine, and the vet gives him
 the all clear.

FADE OUT

THE END