

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT

Two MEXICAN JANITORS with vacuum backpacks clean the halls of the production office. JIMMY, the P.A. and KYNDALL, his master, appear to be waiting for something.

KYNDALL

I want to get the hell out of here.

JIMMY

Has the Callsheet come in yet?

KYNDALL

Fuck no!

Kyndall throws an empty glass bottle of corona and it EXPLODES INTO PIECES against the wall.

JIMMY

Why don't you just go home and email it to me when you get it?

A Janitor submissively begins to vacuum the broken glass.

KYNDALL

(to Janitor)

Missed a spot, bitch!

(then to Jimmy)

Okay, you're right. You're totally right! I don't have to stay here!

Kyndall laughs. Then she laughs louder. Jimmy begins to laugh with her. The Laughter escalates, then:

KYNDALL (CONT'D)

SHUT UP.

(silence)

I'll email you the callsheet and you can print it and distro it. Don't worry about sides. Jessi will do it in the morning. Leave a note on her desk and tell her to do it. Fuck this place, I'm out of here.

Kyndall leaves. Jimmy uses his time to write a one-page award-winning screenplay instead of making sides and distros it to JESSI'S DESK.

FADE OUT.