

(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)

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Address  
Phone Number

Jones. Sod 'em all.

DANIEL: It was a brilliant... post-modernist masterpiece of oratorical fireworks, really. Uhh. You're looking very sexy, Jones. I think I'm gonna have to take you out to dinner now... whether you like it or not, OK? Come on, get your stuff.

BRIDGET:[Sighs] So how do you feel about this whole situation... in Chechnya? Isn't it a nightmare?

DANIEL: I couldn't give a fuck, Jones. Now, look, how do you know Arsey Darcy?

BRIDGET: Apparently, I used to run 'round naked... in his paddling pool.

DANIEL: I bet you did, you dirty bitch.

BRIDGET: What about you?

DANIEL: Same. Yeah. No, no, I was best man at his wedding. Um, knew him from Cambridge. He was a mate.

BRIDGET: And then what?

DANIEL: And then, uh...nothing.

BRIDGET: You don't need to protect him. no friend of mine.

DANIEL: Well, um, then... many years later... I made the somewhat catastrophic mistake... of introducing him to my fiancée. And, um... I couldn't say, in all honesty, I've ever quite forgiven him.

BRIDGET: God, so... he's a nasty bastard. And a dull bastard.

DANIEL: Yes. Yes, I think that's fair. Anyway, fuck him. Listen, don't let him ruin our evening. Why don't you have some more wine... and tell me more about practicing French-kissing... with the other girls at school... because that's a very good story.

BRIDGET: -It wasn't French-kissing.

DANIEL: -Don't care. Make it up. That's an order, Jones.

DANIEL: So, um, how about a drink at my place? Totally innocent, no funny business... just full sex.

BRIDGET: No, no, no. I should get a taxi. But thank you for the lovely dinner.

DANIEL: It's a pleasure, Jones.