

(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

A man and a girl approach, walking...

Girl is hit by a bus. She regains consciousness.

They're in the ER. He notices her going through his things.

PORTMAN: Sorry. Looking for a cigarette.

DAN: I've given up.

PORTMAN: Thank you.

PORTMAN: Gotta be somewhere?

DAN: Work.

PORTMAN: Mmm.

DAN: Do you fancy my sandwiches?

PORTMAN: Don't eat fish.

DAN: Why not?

PORTMAN: Fish piss in the sea.

DAN: So do children.

PORTMAN: Don't eat children either.

PORTMAN: What's your work?

DAN: I'm sort of a journalist.

PORTMAN: What sort?

DAN: I write obituaries.

She moves over, offering him a seat.

PORTMAN: Are we in for a long wait?

He looks at an elderly lady.

DAN: She was 21 when she came in.

She laughs.

DAN: Does it hurt?

PORTMAN: I'll live.

DAN: Do you want me to put your leg up?

PORTMAN: Yes, please.

He puts her leg up. It's somewhat bloody, but there's no major wound.

PORTMAN: Who cut off your crust?

DAN: Me.

PORTMAN: Did your mother cut off your crust when you were a little boy?

DAN: Yes, I believe she did.

PORTMAN: You should eat your crust.

DAN: You should stop smoking.

PORTMAN: How long was I out?

DAN: About 10 seconds.

PORTMAN: Then what?

DAN: You came to. You focused on me. You said, "Hello, stranger."

PORTMAN: What a floozy!

DAN: The cabby crossed himself. He said, "Thank fuck! I though I'd killed her."

She laughs.

DAN: You live here.

PORTMAN: Just arrived. From New York.

DAN: Taking a vacation?

PORTMAN: I'm on an expedition.

DAN: Where's your baggage? Where are you staying?

PORTMAN: I'm a waif. How did you end up writing obituaries?

DAN: Well, I had dreams of being a writer, but I had no voice. What am I saying? I had no talent. So I ended up in obituaries, which is the Siberia of journalism.

PORTMAN: Tell me what you do. I want to imagine you in Siberia.

DAN: Really?

PORTMAN: Mmm.

DAN: Well, we call it the "obits" page. There's three of us: me, Graham, and Harry. When I get to work without fail...

DAN: Are you sure you want to know?

DAN: Well, if someone important died, we go to the deep freeze, which is a computer file with all the obituaries.

PORTMAN: So those obituaries are written while they're still alive?

DAN: Some peoples'. And Harry, he's the editor. He decides who we're going to lead with. Make calls, check facts. At six, we stand 'round the computer, and look at the next day's page. Make final changes, add a few euphemisms for our own amusement.

PORTMAN: Such as?

DAN: "He was a convivial fellow," meaning he was an alcoholic.

DAN: "He valued his privacy," gay.

DAN: "He enjoyed his privacy," raging queer.

She laughs.

PORTMAN: What would my euphemism be?

DAN: "She was disarming."

PORTMAN: That's not a euphemism.

DAN: Yes, it is.

DAN: What were you doing in New York?

PORTMAN: You know.

DAN: Well, no I don't. What were you, studying?

PORTMAN: Stripping. Look at your little eyes.

DAN: I can't see my little eyes.

Approaching work...

DAN: Why'd you leave?

PORTMAN: Problems with a male.

DAN: Boyfriend?

PORTMAN: Kind of.

DAN: And you left him, just like that?

PORTMAN: It's the only way to leave. "I don't love you anymore. Goodbye."

DAN: Supposing you do still love them?

PORTMAN: You don't leave.

DAN: You've never left someone you still love?

PORTMAN: Nope.

He arrives at work.

DAN: This is me.

DAN: Enjoy your stay. Please remember our traffic tends to come from the right. Bye.

He starts to walk off, then executes a semi-circle and returns.

PORTMAN: You have a girlfriend?

DAN: Yeah. Ruth. She's called Ruth. She's a linguist. What's your name?

PORTMAN: Alice. My name is Alice Ayres.