

(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

INT. BATHROOM VANITY AREA - DAY

DAUSSA stands looking in a mirror, turning different angles, trying desperately to improve the reflection, when --

MIKA, brassy and tough, bursts in.

DAUSSA  
(grabs a robe)  
Could you give me just *one* freaking  
*moment* of privacy for once??????

MIKA  
Sorry. Just had to.

Mika proceeds to the commode and pees.

MIKA (CONT'D)  
(after a moment)  
Are you mad?

DAUSSA  
Yes!!! Yes, I'm mad. Is it that  
hard to take one second to knock on  
the door before bursting in here?

MIKA  
I'm sorry. I'll leave you  
to...whatever it was.

Mika starts to exit.

DAUSSA  
Wait. I'm sorry. I'm frustrated.

MIKA  
Taking it out on me?

DAUSSA  
What I said was true. I just --

MIKA  
What?

DAUSSA  
Ordinarily, I wouldn't say it out  
loud.

MIKA  
You don't have to hide your  
feelings. Just come right out and  
tell me how much I suck.

DAUSSA  
That's not what I'm saying.

MIKA  
Oh?

DAUSSA  
I'm sure there are things that I do  
that irritate you and you don't say  
anything. So, now I'm giving you  
permission to go for it.

Mika stands in the doorway. Nothing.

DAUSSA (CONT'D)  
Let me have it.

Nothing.

DAUSSA (CONT'D)  
Oh, please. Do not take the high  
road and be the better person here.  
I deserve it.

Mika thinks.

DAUSSA (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on!!!! I am amazingly  
insecure!...I pretend to be  
smart...I have no idea what I'm  
doing with my life!...I dramatize  
meaningless events to make my  
boring life more interesting!!!

Mika processes.

MIKA  
Sounds about right.

DAUSSA  
I hate you.