

(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

DEXTER

I'm Dexter and I'm... not sure what I Am. I just know there's something dark in me. I hide it. I certainly don't want to talk about it - but it's there. Always. This darkness. When he's driving, I feel... alive, half sick with the thrill, the complete wrongness. I don't fight him. I don't want to. He's all I've got. Nothing else could love me, Not even - especially - not me...

Or is that a lie the Dark Passenger tells me? Because lately, there are these moments, when I feel connected to something else... to someone. Like the mask is... slipping. And things, people, that never mattered before - they're beginning to matter, And it scares The hell out of me. . .