

(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. BAR WITH DANCE FLOOR - EVENING

Donna sits at the bar with a stiff drink. Marty from behind.

MARTY

You okay?

DONNA

Am I okay? Do I seem okay? I get attacked by this sick twist, I've lost my case, I'm out of a job. No, Marty, I'm not particularly okay. But, hey! You won! Justice was done. Who the hell cares, right? Congratulations.

(beat)

You knew didn't you. You knew if I went after him, he'd wig out up there.

MARTY

Well, I knew he'd come out if he was threatened.

DONNA

And who better to do that than me? You used me.

MARTY

Yeah, I did. I had no choice. What did I use, by the way, that was so terrible? I knew you'd do your job. I knew you'd stand up to Chaunacy. I knew you'd try to win the case. What's wrong with that?

DONNA

I lost my fucking job!

MARTY

And that's good! You should have left him years ago.

DONNA

Oh, Christ, Marty. Why is it you think you always know what's good for me?

MARTY

Because I'm arrogant. I'm very, very arrogant.

He hugs her from behind.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Wanna dance?

DONNA
No.

MARTY
You sure?

DONNA
Yeah.

MARTY
All you have to do is turn around.

DONNA
No.

MARTY
Donna, turn around.

DONNA
No.

MARTY
(stung)
I have to see my client.

She tries to keep it together as he leaves.