

(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

JOE

- How are you doing?

BILL

- What the hell do you care?

JOE

Just asking, Bill.

BILL

You wanna know? I'll tell you. You're looking at a man who is not walking through the valley of the shadow of death. He's galloping into it. At the same time, the business he built...with his own hands and head has been commandeered by a couple of cheap pirates. Oh, yes! I almost forgot. My daughter's fallen in love with Death.

JOE

And I'm in love with your daughter.

BILL

Say again?

JOE

I'm in love with your daughter, and I'm taking her with me tonight.

BILL

- You what?

JOE

- I think you heard me, Bill.

BILL

You're not taking Susan anywhere. What does that mean, anyway? We had a deal.

JOE

And I'm sorry.

BILL

Susan's my daughter. She has a wonderful life ahead of her. You're gonna deprive her of it, and you're telling me you're sorry? I'm sorry. Apology not accepted.

JOE
I don't care, Bill. I love her.

BILL
How perfect for you...
to take whatever you want because
it pleases you.
That's not love.

JOE
Then what is it?

BILL
Some aimless infatuation which, for
the moment, you feel like
indulging. It's missing everything
that matters.

JOE
Which is what?

BILL
Trust, responsibility, taking the
weight for your choices and
feelings...and spending the rest of
your life living up to them, and
above all, not hurting the object
of your love.

JOE
So that's love according to William
Parrish?

BILL
Multiply it by infinity and take it
to the depth of forever,
and you will still have barely a
glimpse of what I'm talking about.

JOE
- Those were my words.

BILL
- They're mine now.

JOE
Bill, Susan wants to come with me.
She loves me.

BILL
- She loves you?

JOE

- Mm-hmm.

BILL

Who is you? Did you tell her who you are?

JOE

- No.

BILL

- Does she know where she's going? Huh? You see, Susan went for that poor son of a bitch whose body you took, and everything since has been aftermath. You don't know what love is. She doesn't know who you are. You make a deal; you're breaking it. Bottom line is, Joe, you're swindling her soul, and you're doing it with your eyes wide open.

JOE

- I don't like what you're saying.

BILL

I'm past caring what you like and don't. You're stealing my daughter, and I'm not gonna let you.

JOE

You're not?

BILL

No.

JOE

Are you threatening me?

BILL

Yeah, I certainly hope so. Yeah. I loved Susan from the moment she was born, and I love her now and every minute in between.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

And what I dream of is a man who will discover her, and that she will discover a man who will love her, who is worthy of her, who is of this world, this time and has the grace, compassion and fortitude to walk beside her as she makes her way through life.

JOE

Enough! What I know is what I want, and what I want is Susan. And I will have her, and she will have me. And that's the way it's going to be. And there's nothing you can do.

BILL

Why did you tell me all this, Joe? You're the big shot, the biggest shot of all. You don't have to ask permission, but that's what you're doing. Do you know why? Because you've somehow developed into a good guy, and you know this is all wrong. I don't know what you're gonna do, but, uh, how can this be love? She doesn't know who you are. Why don't you tell her, try it out, see what happens? Reveal everything there is to know about yourself and let the chips fall where they may. Okay? I've given it my best shot. I, uh...I wish I could tell you to sleep on it.