

(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

Cut to William working. He looks up casually. And sees something. His reaction is hard to read. After a pause...

WILLIAM
Can I help you?

It is Anna Scott, the biggest movie star in the world -- here -- in his shop. The most divine, subtle, beautiful woman on earth. When she speaks she is very self-assured and self-contained.

ANNA
No, thanks. I'll just look around.

WILLIAM
Fine.

She wanders over to a shelf as he watches her -- and picks out a quite smart coffee table book.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
That book's really not good -- just in case, you know, browsing turned to buying. You'd be wasting your money.

ANNA
Really?

WILLIAM
Yes. This one though is... very good.

He picks up a book on the counter.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I think the man who wrote it has actually been to Turkey, which helps. There's also a very amusing incident with a kebab.

ANNA
Thanks. I'll think about it.

William suddenly spies something odd on the small TV monitor beside him.

WILLIAM
If you could just give me a second.

Her eyes follow him as he moves toward the back of the shop and approaches a man in slightly ill-fitting clothes.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

THIEF

Yes.

WILLIAM

Bad news.

THIEF

What?

WILLIAM

We've got a security camera in this bit of the shop.

THIEF

So?

WILLIAM

So, I saw you put that book down your trousers.

THIEF

What book?

WILLIAM

The one down your trousers.

THIEF

I haven't got a book down my trousers.

WILLIAM

Right -- well, then we have something of an impasse. I tell you what -- I'll call the police -- and, what can I say? -- If I'm wrong about the whole book-down-the-trousers scenario, I really apologize.

THIEF

Okay -- what if I did have a book down my trousers?

WILLIAM

Well, ideally, when I went back to the desk, you'd remove the Cadogan guide to Bali from your trousers, and either wipe it and put it back, or buy it. See you in a sec.

He returns to his desk. In the monitor we just glimpse, as does William, the book coming out of the trousers and put back on the shelves. The thief drifts out towards the door. Anna, who has observed all this, is looking at a blue book on the counter.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Sorry about that...

ANNA

No, that's fine. I was going to steal one myself but now I've changed my mind. Signed by the author, I see.

WILLIAM

Yes, we couldn't stop him. If you can find an unsigned copy, it's worth an absolute fortune.

She smiles. Suddenly the thief is there.

THIEF

Excuse me.

ANNA

Yes.

THIEF

Can I have your autograph?

ANNA

What's your name?

THIEF

Rufus.

She signs his scruffy piece of paper. He tries to read it.

THIEF (CONT'D)

What does it say?

ANNA

Well, that's the signature -- and above, it says 'Dear Rufus -- you belong in jail.'

THIEF

Nice one. Would you like my phone number?

ANNA

Tempting but... no, thank you.
Thief leaves.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I think I will try this one.

She hands William a \$B!r(J20 note and the book he said was rubbish. He talks as he handles the transaction.

WILLIAM

Oh -- right -- on second thoughts
maybe it wasn't that bad. Actually
-- it's a sort of masterpiece
really. None of those childish
kebab stories you get in so many
travel books these days. And I'll
throw in one of these for free. He
drops in one of the signed books.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Very useful for lighting fires,
wrapping fish, that sort of things.
She looks at him with a slight
smile.

ANNA

Thanks.