

(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)

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Address
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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Dirty clothes lay in multiple heaps all over the bedroom floor, empty pizza boxes are scattered everywhere. In this filthy mess lies a naked man fast asleep in bed, MICHAEL HANDLER, mid-twenties, shaggy brown hair.

The alarm clock goes off. Michael starts to groan and rustle in his sheets, his eyes open.

MICHAEL
(groggily)
God. Shut up.

Michael turns the alarm clock off.

MICHAEL
(sluggishly getting up)
I hate my life.

Michael yawns, stretches, and eventually stands up. He starts to look for a pair of boxers. Finally, he finds a pair, picks it up and takes a big whiff. He shrugs and puts them on.

Michael staggers to the bathroom, and closes the door.

SFX: A sturdy stream of urine hitting the toilet water.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Michael trudges down a busy downtown street. He's dressed in a cheap suit that needs to be ironed. The street is filled with impatient drivers honking their way to work on time.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
My name is Michael Handler. And this is my story. I believe we all have a voice in this world, no matter who we are, no matter what we've done. We all have a story to tell.

