

(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
Address
Phone

Roadside script by Kelly Fuhrer.

(cell phone ringing)

BIFF:

Hello? Oh, hello, Nigel. (laugh)
Yeah, I'm on my lunch break right
now. (pause) Yes, I'm sorry, I
had to drive by the Starbucks in
town here, I was just DYING for an
espresso, if you know what I mean.
(laugh) (pause) Now hold your
horsies there, I'm on my way to the
club right now. Don't get your
panties all bunched up. (laugh)
Oh, wait, 'til you hear this
ridiculous story. I was at the
club yesterday, and you could not
believe the commoners I saw there.
(laugh) Yeah, you should have SEEN
the polyester trousers they were
wearing. Where did they get their
clothes, at JCPenney's? (laugh)
(pause) H-Hold on Nigel, I have
another call. (beep) Hello? Oh
yes, hello Debra. (pause) Hmmm...
ah, yes, just pencil me in for 6:00
tomorrow, I'm kinda busy right
now. (laugh) Ok, thanks, hon,
toodles (laugh) (beep) Nigel?
Yeah, that was my secretary.
(pause) I KNOW, I should have
fired her weeks ago for showing up
to work wearing THAT. I mean,--
HEY, YOU LOWLIFE, YOU'D BETTER
WATCH OUT WITH THAT... PPPICK-UP OF
YOURS, YOU BUTTHOLE! Nigel, you
wouldn't believe what just
happened, this scumbucket just cut
me off... and he has the NERVE to
make the rudest gesture. He almost
scratched my new Jag. Isn't that
just preposterous? I know, and I...
(tires squeal) Ahh!
Ohh, what a mess (cough cough). I
just spilled coffee all over my new
cashmere. Can you believe that?
(laugh) Ok, I'll talk to you
later. Au reverie. (beep)

(footsteps)

OTHER GUY:
Aw man, are you alright?

BIFF:
No! Look at my new sweater!

OTHER GUY:
I'm really sorry, sir, I didn't
even see you come into my lane!

BIFF:
That was awful, you're going to
have to pay for that! I can't
believe it. This is imported
cashmere, mister.

OTHER GUY:
I said I'm really sorry!

BIFF:
Hey (gets out of the car), where's
your insurance, buddy.

OTHER GUY:
What's your problem, man?

BIFF:
You are, you low-income dirtbags
are everywhere.

OTHER GUY:
What?? Man, this is whack. None of
this would've happened if you
weren't on your phone.

BIFF:
Oh, so this is my fault?

OTHER GUY:
Uh, yeah.

BIFF:
Well, we'll see about that. Put
'em up, buddy.

OTHER GUY:
What? (punch) Ow! Man, that's
it.

Several fighting sounds
sirens, cop car comes to a halt.

OFFICER:
Hey guys, break it up! What's the problem?

OTHER GUY:
This guy over here has some beef with me. He thinks he's all that, or something.

BIFF:
Awww, man. Where's my lawyer when I need him?

OFFICER
Ok, fellas, now take it easy. Now, how did this all happen?

BIFF
I was just having a phone conversation, and this bozo hits me from behind and-

OTHER GUY
What? I didn't even hit you!
(pause)

BIFF:
Oh... I see. Well, I'm off the road and he comes up to my car and sucker-punches me, and I'm forced to defend myself.

OFFICER:
Ah, I see. So THAT explains why you were in a submission hold when I got here, without a scratch on you. Sir, I'm going to have to place you under arrest for assault.

BIFF
What? This is preposterous!
Ridiculous! I'll see you in court, mister!

OFFICER
(simultaneously) (says Miranda Rights)