

(Name of Project)

by
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(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

FADE-IN

EXT. DONKEY KONG TOWER, DAY

SIGN outside the tower reads "DONKEY KONG TOWER - CENTRAL OPERATIONS". Business-suited men and women walk in and out of the building. Everyone looks SERIOUS.

A pair of denim clad legs and cowboy boots stops directly ahead. A cigarette but lands nearby. A boot squashes it.

The person walks off toward the main entrance to the building.

INT. DONKEY KONG TOWER, DAY

A man is leaning on the reception desk where the RECEPTIONIST, 28, is talking to him. He wears, cowboy boots, blue indigo jeans, brown suede jacket with tassels and a Stetson. His face is hidden.

RECEPTIONIST

You cannot just turn up without an appointment. You will have to leave the premises and arrange to meet... whoever it is you want to see.

The man straightens up and turns away from the Receptionist. He is JAY LAX, 28, about six feet, moustache and leathery face. He puts gum in his mouth and tilts his hat back and looks up at the high atrium he is standing in.

Still with his head tilted back he closes his eyes.

JAY LAX

(to himself)

Your assistance is appreciated.

Jay Lax snaps out of his reverie and looks back to the Receptionist. He has a wicked smile on his face as he touches the tip of his hat.

JAY LAX (CONT'D)

Have a nice day, won't you Miss?

The receptionist looks up from her desk at Jay Lax. Her look is one of surprise.

Jay Lax adjusts his hat and tidies his jacket. His eyes squint as he seems to make his mind up. Looking about, he makes for the lifts.

THE END