

(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

EDDIE

Hey, Ma...Pa...I'm sorry we never got to know each other...Ma, I know you died doin' what you thought was best for me and for that I can never thank you enough. My life is kinda' mess right now. I don't know, who I am or who I'm suppose to be. Hopin' to figure that out...all I know is that I can't keep livin' the way I have been...I'm gonna' die if I don't get out. Problem is, I don't know where to go. I know you, you know what it feels like to be caged like an animal. You wanna' run, but ain't sure, which direction. And the part that eats you alive is that you know there's a better life out there. You see it in the paper, the news, TV, Internet...always in your face, but out of reach. No matter how hard you fight it...you're trapped. I'm not talking about actually being locked up or nothin'. Maybe I am...the prison are those, who have known you you're whole life. They box you in so tight, you can't even breathe. The guards that patrol the prison you created...are you own fears of actually escaping. Before you've even taken one step forward, you've already thrown away the key.

(beat)

Then you wake up one day and realize that everything you've ever known is a lie. The door is wide open now...do I walk through?

(beat)

I hunt people, our people for a livin', probably because I'm too scared of myself.