

(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

Austinville #3
Mike at UT
1:39pm

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPUS STREET - DAY

MIKE (20s) walks alongside MR. BRADFORD (50s) down an empty campus street.

Mike wears a cheap, clean, pressed suit. He does his best to act professional and self-assured, and to conceal his considerable anxiety.

Mr. Bradford walks and talks like an old country boy with money. His dim, well-meaning exterior conceals... well, a dim, well-meaning interior.

Mike speaks with a Canadian accent. Nearly everything Mike says is a lie.

MIKE

-- and that's why UT has the highest UFO-abduction rate of any public university.

MR. BRADFORD

Wow.

Mike points at a distant building.

MIKE

On our right is --
(finding it)
-- the UT school of blues-rock guitar.

MR. BRADFORD

Well, I'll be.

Mr. Bradford spots a student -- CODY (18) -- who sits nearby, studying a flier that says simply: "Reginald? You suck."

MIKE

(not noticing)
This is why there is so much guitar-based roots --

Mike sees Mr. Bradford approach the student.

MIKE

Oh god.

MR. BRADFORD
Kid, do you go to blues-rock
school?

Cody looks back, baffled.

Mike grabs Mr. Bradford, pulls him away, and walks him away a few paces.

MR. BRADFORD
Why --

MIKE
I'm sorry, Mr. Bradford.

MR. BRADFORD
What --

MIKE
We can't talk to him. Because --
(finding it)
-- he's a freshman.

MR. BRADFORD
A freshman?

MIKE
It's part of the hazing. "No
outside communication."

Mr. Bradford spots another student O. S.

MR. BRADFORD
What about --

MIKE
She's a freshman, too.

Mr. Bradford spots somebody else.

MR. BRADFORD
Or --

MIKE
Freshman.

MR. BRADFORD
Are they all freshmen?

MIKE
Ninety percent of them.

As Mike continues, Cody approaches them.

MIKE
They start with lots of freshmen,
but the hazing is brutal --

CODY
There's no hazing!

MR. BRADFORD
Mike?

Mike takes a second to find it.

MIKE
(to Cody)
They haven't told you about it yet,
have they? It's pretty brutal.

CODY
(worried)
Brutal?

Mike does a quick "zip-it" gesture.

MIKE
"No outside communication!"

CODY
What?

MIKE
That was five points right there.

CODY
Can I at least listen in?

Mike shakes his head.

MR. BRADFORD
C'mon, Mike -- he's a good kid.

MIKE
Only if you stay silent.

Cody balks at this.

MIKE
Kid, the rules have been around
since 1842.

MR. BRADFORD
I don't believe this --

Mike looks shocked, then guilty: he's been caught.

MIKE

Okay, I --

MR. BRADFORD

-- that they will put kids through
this stuff when they're just trying
to learn!

Mr. Bradford shakes Mike's hand with a painfully-firm grip.

MR. BRADFORD

I appreciate this, Mike. You're
telling me about this town like it
is, even when it ain't pretty.

MIKE

It's just my job, sir.

Mr. Bradford and Mike continue their walk; Cody follows.

MR. BRADFORD

Now, about those UFOs --

FADE OUT.