

(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

ABOUT A BOY

Will's on a date, Maggie enters.

MAGGIE

Okay, what the hell are these little after school tea parties.

WILL

Sorry? What did you say?

MAGGIE

Well, I was just wondering why a single childless man would want to hang out with a 12 year old boy everyday.

WILL

Wait a minute, he didn't tell you that he's been coming around?

MAGGIE

Tell me what? What are you doing with my son?

WILL

Wait a minute what exactly are you suggesting here?

MAGGIE

I'm not suggesting anything.

WILL

Well, I think you are. I think you were suggesting that I've been "playing around" with your son.

MAGGIE

I'm simply asking you why you are entertaining 12 year olds in your apartment? What do you have to say for yourself? Well?

WILL

Don't "well" me. Don't fucking well me about any of it for Christ sakes. He comes around uninvited everyday of the week and do you know why? Because, he's getting the shit kicked out of him at school and you haven't got a clue. You're sending him out there like a lamb to be slaughtered.

(MORE)

WILL (cont'd)

He's being taken to pieces everyday
cause you're a clueless fucking
hippee!

MAGGIE

I think you're being a big
melodramatic. Marcus is doing fine.
Maybe you haven't had much contact
with kids before--

WILL

I used to be a fucking kid. I used
to go to fucking school and I know
the difference between kids who
can't settle down and kids who are
just plain miserable. You should
take a good look at your kid.
And don't accuse me of being
melodramatic -- this coming from a
woman who tried to commit...

MAGGIE

Cowwwabunga.

WILL

Wha...what's the matter with you?

MAGGIE

Nothing I felt like shouting.

WILL

Jesus, what a family.

MAGGIE

So you're not um...

WILL

No, I'm not. Okay, listen don't
worry about it. I will not open the
door for Marcus again. I'm glad to
be rid of the both of you. So go
on, take a flying leap.

(to his date)

I'm sorry.

Maggie doesn't leave, she sits down instead.

MAGGIE

So that's it is it? You're just out
of his life just like that.

WILL

Excuse me?

MAGGIE

Let's say you're right and I'm wrong. Let's say that there's a whole world going on for Marcus that I don't understand and somehow miraculously you do -- Well, what are you gonna do about it?

WILL

I'm not gonna do anything. He's none of my business.

MAGGIE

Oh god you're a selfish bastard. You're just gonna put yourself first.

WILL

But I'm on my own. It's just me. I'm not putting myself first because there "is" nobody else.

MAGGIE

Yes, yes there is... there's Marcus. You're involved now. He keeps coming around your fucking house. I understand. You've come into his life for a reason and you can't just shut him out. You can't shut life out. No man's an island.

WILL

No. You're wrong. Some men are islands. I'm a fucking island. I'm fucking Ibiza.

MAGGIE

What? What are you talking about... Do you want to come over for Sunday dinner?

Will looks at her like she's lost her mind.