

(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

INT. BAR - DAY

OSWALD is slightly tipsy.

OSWALD

This thing used to mean something.
Not anymore.

STACE

Can I get you anything else?

OSWALD

It *meant* something. They fired
me.

STACE

I thought you didn't want to talk
about it.

OSWALD

Well now I do. They fired me.
More. Now. Bartender, prithee,
fly.

OSWALD, to the PATRONS. He is drunk.

OSWALD

The Victorians...invented the
field of archeology. They didn't
invent the diary, not exactly, but
its got their frilly little hands
all over it. These people were
obsessed, with history, *historical
self-consciousness*. To be aware
of your place in the universe
suddenly meant looking at yourself
as a historical specter. And
specters fade. Queen Victoria
ruled England for sixty-four
years. Sixty-four, look it up,
that's
factual.

Now he stands up and addresses the whole bar.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

But she *died* and the world moved
on! Eras end! Dynasties... And
the next one comes along and it
promises to be better, and it
promises to *remember*, but it's
barely better at all and
everything it thinks it remembers
is wrong -- I mean, knickers!
Please!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSWALD (CONT'D)

So after a while, all that's left
floating around our...*amnesia-*
riddled attention deficit cultural
consciousness is, like, what's the
moral here? At the end of the
day, this is what we celebrate:
the Victorians were grand, and
then they were gone, and better
throw a party now, cause someday
that's gonna be us!

He finishes, grandly. He looks around for his response.

PATRON 2

Can you shut up? We're watching
the parade.