

(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. JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Julie gets a call from Harvard explaining that they never received her SAT scores from collegeboard.

At this point she is going ballistic.

Julie yells, exasperated, to her mom downstairs.

JULIE  
Mom! Harvard never got my SAT  
scores!

Julie slams her bedroom door in frustration.

JULIE (O.S.)  
AHHHHH!

EXT. HARVARD'S MAILBOX - DAY

Julie leaves in the morning to drop off her SAT scores at the Harvard mailbox.

There are about seven to eight mailboxes lined up next to the admissions office each reading "SAT scores", "Resume", "Recommendations", "Transcript", "Mid-Year Report" etc.

Her papers are gripped tight in her hands as she reads each mailbox.

Each mailbox is labeled with a different area of the application that students may have forgotten to send.

JULIE  
Oh, great.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julie walks out to her mailbox. She opens the mailbox and takes out a pile of mail, all from her colleges.

All envelopes appear thin, and as she tears open each one she grows faint.

One by one, each of her applications reject her, stating their reasons in bold letters.

She is crying hysterically as she rips open her final envelope from Harvard. She pains herself to look, knowing that she has a good chance of not making it to college.

Harvard's letter reads "Accepted".