

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

**BLACK.** From out of the void a voice:

SELDON (V.O.)  
I think she's staring at me. I mean,  
normally I'm pretty much invisible...  
But when I'm seen? Yeah, staring.

**INT. NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY**

An East Village, purple-haired PUNK ROCKER stands in the subway car, nodding to an unheard beat.

SELDON (V.O.)  
Okay, not me. That guy's practically  
begging for attention.

The voice belongs to SELDON MARKOFF - 16, an unruly mop of hair, awkwardly charming as he grows into his good looks.

SELDON (V.O.)  
That's me: Seldon Markoff.

Across from Seldon, an OLDER WOMAN unabashedly stares at him.

SELDON (V.O.)  
There, you see her? I mean, what is it?

Seldon checks his fly and then, just in case, wipes his nose.

SELDON (V.O.)  
Great. Now she thinks I'm a coke fiend.

The train comes to a stop and the Older Woman gets up and goes to the door with a frowning backward glance at Seldon.

SELDON (V.O.)  
Why should I care what she thinks? I swear, the next time that happens, I'm gonna look them right in the eyes and say: "What the Hell is your problem, lady?" I probably won't, though. To be perfectly honest, I'm always talking about what I'm gonna do "Next Time."

A YOUNG WOMAN, mid-20's, attractive, takes the vacated seat. She wears a tight-fitting shirt and a short skirt.

Seldon can't help himself. His eyes wander down to the darkness between her legs.

From the shadow of her skirt, the word "MYSTERY" floats out, followed by "TABOO" and "NOT A CHANCE!" The legs close.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(bemused smile)  
Maybe in five years, kid.