INT. AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE - DAY

Two admission windows, one is closed. Eager teenager CHRIS with his paperwork in hand approaches ADMINISTRATOR BECK.

CHRIS

Hi! I'd like to apply to MILF School.

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

MILF school?

CHRIS

Yeah. Oh, I'm sorry, American MILF Institute.

Chris points at the banner "American Film Institute", Administrator Beck stares at the banner confused.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'd like to study MILF! Here is my ID, GED, application, and \$60.000 tuition check.

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

Ah! Oh, no no no. Sorry. I can't enroll you to MILF school.

CHRIS

Why? Do I have to be 21?

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

What? No!

CHRIS

Than what's the problem?

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

It's a FILM school. FILM.

CHRIS

Oh, I get it! I'm gonna have to film it. Yeah! No problem.

ADMINISTATOR BALDEV

NO. I'm saying this is a American FILM institute not American MILF institute. American FILM.

CHRIS

Oh, sorry, which window do I go to?

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

For what?

CHRIS

To apply to American MILF institute.

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

There is no American MILF institute!

CHRIS

But all your flyers say MILF!

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

They Say FILM! FILM! FILM!

CHRIS

Ah, I get it! Listen, man, I hate to break this to you but...I think you are dyslexic.

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

I AM NOT, YOU ARE!

CHRIS

SIR! This isn't a middle school!

ADMINISTRATOR BECK

Well this isn't a MILF school either! And even if it were, what would we teach?! How to be a MILF?!

ADMINISTRATOR CICELY returns to the second window.

CHRTS

WOAH! This lady looks like she might be able to help!

Chris takes his papers to Administrator Cicely.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hi, I'd like to apply to MILF school.

She slaps him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Sorry, American MILF Institute.

BLACKOUT