

Sample Play Script Format for 10x10 Plays

Font: Times New Roman 12

Margins: L-R 1 inch / Top-bottom 0.5 inches

Spacing: single-spaced

PHILAE

A play

by

Your Name

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Phone:

Email:

PHILAE

CHARACTERS

PHILAE	Female, 18 yrs old. Intelligent, bored by her small town life
CARM	Male, 19 yrs old, Philae's friend, a year or two older, a worrier
RELIC	Male 50+, Philae's hard-living estranged father
TIME	the present
SETTING	a Greyhound station somewhere in rural Northern Ontario

TEASER

It's the summer after grad, and Philae is dying to escape her small town. An unexpected encounter at the Greyhound station provides the opportunity she's been looking for.

PHILAE

Morning. The waiting room of a Greyhound station in a small town somewhere in rural Northern Ontario. The space is empty as the lights come up. PHILAE enters hurrying, holding a plastic toiletry container that once contained face cream. She runs off opposite, toward where the buses would be parked for boarding passengers, then comes back.

PHILAE Well that's just great! (*Looks at the container.*) Crap!

(CARM enters hurriedly.)

CARM Did you catch her?

PHILAE Well waddaya think Sherlock? This place is deserted. The bus is long gone.

CARM Oh. I parked the car.

PHILAE Maybe we should chase the bus in your car.

CARM You mean my *dad's* car. And no, we can't do that. (*PHILAE gives him a look.*) You're not talking me into it. He's Italian, as in nuts about his car. It wouldn't go well.

PHILAE Why not? Serves him right for giving you a girl's name.

CARM It's not a girl's name.

PHILAE Don't you want to get out of this dump of a town? You could change your name.

CARM Not as bad as you do.

(Philae shoves the container in her pocket and flops down on one of the waiting room benches, defeated.)

I'm sure your grandma will survive without her hearing aid.

PHILAE Are you kidding? She's completely deaf without it! What if she's trying to cross the street? Or some dork on his bike thinks she can hear his stupid bell and she steps right into him? Or there's a fire alarm at the art gallery?

CARM Maybe she can borrow someone else's.

PHILAE That's just gross! Oh, I don't know. I guess she'll read lips. She did that for years before my mom figured her out. Hey, you talk, say something that's a huge secret, but don't actually make a sound. I'll see if I can read your lips.

CARM I don't have any secrets.

PHILAE Come on Carm, there's gotta be something! (*Carm shakes his head.*) Just something I don't know already then.

CARM Um, okay. I have to think first. Okay, I have it.

(CARM starts talking silently. PHILAE stares at his lips intently. While this is going on, RELIC enters from the arrival side of the terminal and watches. He is carrying a duffel bag and wearing a clean collared shirt and trousers, with boots and work jacket. PHILAE does not see him enter.)

PHILAE Again. Do it again.

(CARM continues mouthing words)

PHILAE You're mumbling!

CARM (*spoken*) No I'm not!

RELIC He said please don't leave.

PHILAE What?

CARM (*embarrassed*) No I didn't!