

Sample Title Page for submissions to the SPC
Please include Play title, your name, and contact info on the Title Page.

Your Submission MUST include an SPC Submission Form along with your properly formatted script.

The Play should be typed in 12-point font (either Courier or Times New Roman) on 8 ½ x 11 paper
Printed on ONE SIDE only
Double spaced, with a one-inch margin on both the right and left.
See following sample.

Sample Play Submission

by

Playwright X

© Playwright X

Your address - street
City, postal code
Phone number
Email address

Submitted to the Saskatchewan Playwrights Centre
October 30, 2010

Put a HEADER ▲ on each page with the Play Title and Page number

Characters

(Name and describe ALL characters briefly. Sample from my first play SADDLES IN THE RAIN - bit dull, but basic.)

KATHRYN: A young woman
KAT: Kathryn as a child - from 5 to 15
BABBER: Kathryn's sister - from birth to teenager
DARLENE: Kathryn's mom
JAKE: Kathryn's stepfather

Setting:

(Describe the stage: both what it's supposed to be and how it's physically laid out. Some go long, some go short - here's my favorite from Mansel Robinson's play THE HEART AS IT LIVED)

A room, 10,000 books. June 1996. Regina Saskatchewan

(I went a bit longer in SADDLES)

Notes:

The scenes are written to flow into each other. Blackouts should be used VERY SPARINGLY.

The main areas on the set are Kathryn's apartment in the Big City and the family's house, which represents all the houses they have ever lived in. These "homes" can be just suggested, or as realistic as you want.

Kathryn's apartment should be quite obviously separate and have a very different feel than the family house. A Circle is good.

The Family house has a bedroom with a door that shuts and a window Kat can climb out of, a kitchen and a living room with a tape deck and television.

There's a huge but portable, velvet Elvis watching over us all. Kat takes the painting off the wall at one point so it needs to be reachable.

There is coffee - lots and lots of coffee.

Mark the act and scene breaks as in Act 1, Scene 1. And let the reader know where you are (SADDLES sample again) I've included a two page sample - because it starts off... weird.

NOTE - that the **stage directions** are separated from the character dialogue. The main idea is to make the scrip as EASY as possible for people to read and understand.

Prologue

Kathryn listening.

The whispery voices she hears are her mother, her sister, and herself. The lines overlap - so you can't really make them out.

The song she hears is Kat singing her mermaid song. It is a beautiful, haunting, childlike tune.

If you do the voices live Kat's song is more important than her speaking lines.

Suggestions of lines to choose from:

Kat/Kathryn: I swear never to tell.
Give me a break.
I can't.
I don't understand.

Babber: I swear never to tell.
He gone to get her?
You were gone long.
I'm okay.

Darlene: Your dad's here.
Leave her alone Jake.
I really mean it this time...
We'll get away together.

Kathryn speaks. Voices continue under.

Kathryn: Women's voices whispering.
What language? I cannot hear it through my sleep.
The window is open. The women outside.
It's raining.
A child cries. A young girl hums. Sings a mermaid song on the fire escape of an east Toronto tenement. Drifting notes to slip away on.
Sitting up, I see her through the window. Her dress is blue cotton.
Sleeveless.

Hanging in the still air
swinging leg
air ruffles near the hem.
Tanned arms,
head bent to the side,
singing into the dusk.

Kat stops singing. Whispers stop.

Kat: What do you fear the most?

Kathryn: Death.

Kat: No.

Kathryn: Knives.

Kat: Why?

Kathryn: I'm afraid of being cut - what it would feel like.

*We hear a woman {Darlene} crying with a moaning Oboe accompaniment.
Sniffles and whimpers. Sobs.*

Kathryn: I hate the sound of women crying.
What is that "song" on the radio? I hate that. Hate it.
Reminds me of...
Reminds me of my mother when she thinks I'm asleep.

**Kathryn and
an unseen**

man: Who would ever find you sexy?
Who would ever love you?

Kathryn: My father said before he left.

Crying stops.

Kat: What do you fear the most?

Kathryn: Crying. And growing up to be just like Daddy.