FADE IN: [Transition, ALL CAPS always]

LOCATION SLUG: INT. SCREENPLAY/TELEPLAY FORMAT CENTER – DAY

Screen directions that say what the location looks like in brief but telling detail.

SCRIPTA (20s, attractive, dressed like a pirate) stands in the location, doing something that the screen directions describe. Scripta suddenly stands at attention:

SCRIPTA [ALL CAPS here, always]

I love to speak dialogue!

(feels parenthetical)

But only after I’ve been introduced in the screen directions by name in ALL CAPS, followed by a brief description in parentheses!

WRITOR (30s, rugged, long-haired in a flight suit) runs into the room. He stands in front of Scripta and salutes her in the British military style as a SOUND EFFECT is added and noted in ALL CAPS because it’s a cue for the sound department.

WRITOR [ALL CAPS here, always]

I also love to speak dialogue and be introduced in ALL CAPS! But I prefer being referred to afterwards with an initial capital!

(conspiratorially)

Not only that, but I love to indent my parenthetical instructions of no more than one line!

SCRIPTA [ALL CAPS here, always]

I love that, too! But, like everything else in the screenplay, it must be in Courier New 12! And nothing in bold ever!

SCRIPTA and WRITOR embrace and kiss passionately. Amid their feverish making out, they speak.

WRITOR [ALL CAPS here, always]

Will we ever be in an exterior or EXT., my love?

SCRIPTA turns WRITOR’s head toward the wall.
A CLOCK ON THE WALL shows it is noon.

SCRIPTA

Yes, but only in the DAY, NIGHT, DAWN or DUSK! Our creators may only show or have someone say a specific time of day!

WRITOR

Oh, Scripta! This is the first time the audience knows your name! Until now they’ve just known you as a woman dressed like a pirate!

Scripta pulls out a JEWELLED SCIMITAR and holds it to Writor’s throat.

SCRIPTA

Did I TELL you to say my name? If so, it would be in ALL CAPS which is the only way to emphasize something in a screenplay!

WRITOR

(struggling)

Oh, Writor! Why did you center that dialogue? Why? Why?

Scripta holds the blade closer to Writor’s throat and GROWLS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY GRAVEYARD – NIGHT

As the WIND HOWLS, Scripta, wearing a sexy evening gown, dabs her eyes in the moonlight, looking at something near her feet.

SCRIPTA

Oh, Writor! Why did you center that dialogue? Why? Why?

Scripta throws herself on the grave and WAILS.

END CREDITS