

PROOFREAD/FORMAT SAMPLE - SCRIPT READER PRO

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

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[Naked slugline.]

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PAULETTE

Did you put any more thought into college?

Leslie shrugs.

LESLIE

Not really.

PAULETTE

You said either journalism or creative writing.

LESLIE

It doesn't matter.

PAULETTE

Yes, it does, you're two years behind.

LESLIE

I'm not counting.

PAULETTE

Leslie, when you first came in here, you were too scared to touch the dog. Now—look at you. You touch people every day. People watch your videos. People like you!

\*

Leslie looks out the window.

PAULETTE

Well?

LESLIE

Sometimes I think... maybe if you take someone's life, you have to give up yours in return.

PAULETTE

You don't believe that.

LESLIE

Sometimes I do.

Paulette nods.

PAULETTE

You can go out of state. No one  
will know about your past. It'll be  
a fresh start.

**EXT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

An UBER waits in front of Leslie's house.

Mark, Angela, and Paulette gather outside. They're seeing  
Leslie off. Mark grabs her by the shoulders.

MARK

Call us right when you get in.

LESLIE

I'll be fine, Dad.

Angela whispers in Leslie's ear.

ANGELA

We're proud. I hope you know that.

LESLIE

I know, Mom. I love you.

Paulette wipes tears as she hugs Leslie.

PAULETTE

I'm a phone call away, OK? If  
you're having doubts about  
anything, you call me.

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The UBER DRIVER takes Leslie's bag and puts it in the trunk.

[It's no big deal, but characters are generally only  
capitalized if they have dialogue.]

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~~INT. UBER/MOVING—DAY~~ INT. UBER (MOVING) - DAY

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~~REFLECTIONS OF TREES~~ Reflections of trees move across  
Leslie's window as the Uber pulls out from the driveway.

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The car takes off down the street.

~~EXT. DORM ROOM/HALLWAY—DAY~~

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[This is an interior location not an exterior one.]

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INT. UNIVERSITY[?] - HALLWAY - DAY

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Leslie nervously waits by ~~the~~ a door.

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It swings open on CLAIRE, 17, a catty blonde.

CLAIRE

You the fifth? Leanne?

LESLIE

Leslie.

CLAIRE

Shit, people call me Clarissa, and  
it drives me nuts. I'm Claire.

Leslie follows her into the mangy dorm.

INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

[Naked slugline.]

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CLAIRE

You're last. I was second last, so  
we're sharing a bathroom.

A communal living area with five rooms on either side.

Claire lights a joint.

CLAIRE

Want some?

LESLIE

No, it makes me paranoid.

CLAIRE

Well, it does whatever the opposite  
is for me.

LESLIE

That's, umm, pronoia.

CLAIRE

What?

LESLIE

Pronoia means the world is trying  
to help you. That's the opposite.

Claire takes a drag.

CLAIRE

Yeah... that's it. Other girls went to some frosh thing. Kitchen's there. You're here.

Claire opens the door to Leslie's minuscule room.

~~INT. DORM/LESLIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS~~

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INT. LESLIE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT?

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[The action's jumped to a later time, so it's not CONTINUOUS. Only use that when we're following a character in real time from one location to another.]

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Leslie is in the middle of a SKYPE CALL with her parents.

MARK ~~(ON SKYPE)~~ (V.O.)

\*

OK, baby, we don't want to stop you from having fun. You call us if you need anything.

LESLIE

I'll be fine, Dad.

MARK ~~(ON SKYPE)~~ (V.O.)

\*

I'm going to miss you.

LESLIE

Aww, Dad.

MARK ~~(ON SKYPE)~~ (V.O.)

\*

Check the front pocket of your bag.

LESLIE

What did you do?

Leslie unzips the front pocket of her bag and finds a package of CUPCAKES along with her PINK UNICORN SHIRT.

She holds the shirt up for her dad to see.

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LESLIE

Dad, I'm not a little girl.

MARK ~~(ON SKYPE)~~ (V.O.)

\*

You'll always be my little girl. Get used to it.

~~INT. DORM/LESLIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS~~

LATER

Leslie sleeps on an AIR MATTRESS.

[There's a lot of capitalization happening here but the more you use it the less it stands out. So when you want to draw our attention to something more important than an air mattress we may miss it.]

She shifts from side to side -- tossing in her sleep.

Leslie squeezes into a ball and grabs her stomach. She lets out a TORTURED MOAN. [Technically, there's no need to capitalize sounds made by actors.]

She rolls onto the floor with a THUD. She doesn't wake up. She just sits in a ball on the floor. [Sits?]

Leslie twitches. Little by little, she rises from the ground, her eyes roll back in their sockets.

Her breath boils. She opens her jaw and WAILS like a banshee, swinging her head from side to side.

Leslie feels along the wall. She makes her way to --

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leslie touches along the counter. She fingers MAKE-UP and EYELINER till she finds her RED LIPSTICK.

She scrawls along the mirror using the makeup. Scribbling, back and forth, coloring the mirror red.

A KNOCK from Claire's door.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Hey, you decent?

Leslie WHEEZES. LIPSTICK CRUMBLES IN HER HAND AS SHE SCRAWLS.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Hey! You in there, yes or no?

A LOUDER knock.

Leslie's eyes return to normal. She looks as if she's waking from a dream. Her face seems to say: "How did I get here?"

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
I'm busting in if you don't answer!

Leslie is quick to run the SINK. She trembles as she unravels TOILET PAPER and wipes the lipstick. The red lipstick smears.

LESLIE

Just one second.

Beads of sweat run down Leslie's forehead.

**EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY**

Leslie wears her tight pink unicorn shirt.

She's sitting on a grassy hill with a bunch of FRESHMEN.

The students are on edge. First day of school jitters.

A WHISTLE SOUNDS OFF. The Freshmen turn to the SOUND. [No  
real need to capitalize this last "sound."]

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TAYLOR, late 20's, lowers the whistle. He drops a GARBAGE BAG by his feet at the base of the hill.

TAYLOR

Soo, this is orientation for group  
5B. If you're in the wrong group,  
you won't get credit for attending,  
so make sure you're all 5B.

A FEMALE STUDENT raises her hand.

TAYLOR

I'm sure you have questions, but  
let's get through the basics and  
then we'll address all of your  
concerns individually.

Leslie looks around. She spots a BALD GUY, late 20's, he's concealing a WATER GUN between his legs.

She scans the crowd, seeing another SOPHOMORE discreetly pumping a super soaker.

TAYLOR

So, the first thing we have to  
cover is school conduct.

Taylor grows a ~~shit-eating grin~~ shit-eating grin. He covers his face, points to someone in the crowd.

\*

TAYLOR

I can't do it with you looking at  
me like that!