

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.

Crib Sheet & Instructions.

Click on the Smiley button in the Scripts Toolbar above to fill in the names of the Characters or revise them; (do not attempt to directly edit the names between the square brackets). The keystrokes shown will then start a dialogue for the named person.

Keystroke	Person	Keystroke	Person
CTRL+1	[SHARPE]	CTRL+Shift +1	[DUNDREARY]
CTRL+2	[BUDDICOMBE]	CTRL+Shift +2	[MRS M]
CTRL+3	[SKILLET]	CTRL+Shift +3	[ASA]
CTRL+4	[BINNY]	CTRL+Shift +4	[COYLE]
CTRL+5	[JOHN]	CTRL+Shift +5	[MURCOTT]
CTRL+6	[FLORENCE]	CTRL+Shift +6	[MOUNTCHESSINGTON]
CTRL+7	[VERNON]	CTRL+Shift +7	[MARY]
CTRL+8	[AUGUSTA]	CTRL+Shift +8	[PERSON 18]
CTRL+9	[DE BOOTS]	CTRL+Shift +9	[PERSON 19]
CTRL+0	[SIR EDWARD]	CTRL+Shift +0	[ALL]

When you have finished filling in the person names I suggest you print this page and place it above your keyboard. **This is Section 0; do not delete this page!**

Paragraph styles can be set quickly with the following keystrokes. These should be pressed just before typing such a paragraph, or later when editing paragraphs. The action will affect which ever paragraph contains the current insertion point.

Keystroke	Paragraph-Style	Details
CTRL+SHIFT+A	ACT	Insert first line of PART N
CTRL+SHIFT+B	Page Break	Inserts (CONTINUED) etc
CTRL+SHIFT+C	Cut-To	End-of-Scene
CTRL+SHIFT+D	Dialogue	Spoken dialogue
CTRL+SHIFT+E	Scene EXT -	New Scene EXTERNAL Slug Line
CTRL+SHIFT+I	Scene INT -	New Scene INTERNAL Slug Line
CTRL+SHIFT+L	Location	Sometimes second line of a scene
CTRL+SHIFT+M	Normal	Misc left justified (notes?)
CTRL+SHIFT+N	Name	The name of a person speaking
CTRL+SHIFT+P	Parenthesis	(OOV), mode of speech etc.
CTRL+SHIFT+S	Scene & Location	Scene Heading
CTRL+SHIFT+U	Non-Print	For non-printing notes (Unseen)
CTRL+SHIFT+V	Directions	Visual exposition: (the Action or Stage directions)
...		
CTRL+SHIFT+Y	Poetry	Poetry & Blank Verse
CTRL+SHIFT+Z	EndAct	Insert END OF PART N

Template by Bill Williams,

Data Highways Ltd, 252 Colney Hatch Lane, London, N10 1BD

☎: 020-8444-6706 e-mail: toolkit@datahighways.co.uk

See: http://www.bbc.co.uk/writersroom/help/scriptsmart_layouts.shtml for more information

THE ANTIQUE PLAY SEASON

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.

written by
Tom Taylor

**The right of <your name> to be identified as the author
of this work has been asserted by him (her) in accordance
with the Copyright Designs and Patent Act 1988**

**Copyright © 20xx: Your name here
All Rights Reserved**

Author:
Your Name
Address 1
Address 2
Postcode

Phone num
Email:

Agent:
Your Agent's Name
Address 1
Address 2
Postcode

Phone num

SCENE 1: INT.DRAWING ROOM - DAY 1
[11:45]

[DRAWING ROOM IN TRENCHARD MANOR. TABLE CENTRE WITH LUNCHEON SPREAD. LARGE FRENCH WINDOW ON RIGHT THROUGH WHICH A FINE ENGLISH PARK IS SEEN. OPEN ARCHWAY LEFT WITH BALCONY BEHIND. TABLE RIGHT WITH BOOKS AND PAPERS ON IT AND A WORK BASKET CONTAINING WOOLS AND EMBROIDERY FRAME. A FASHIONABLE ARM CHAIR AND SOFA. SMALL TABLE CENTRE. COSTLY FURNITURE, CARPET ETC.

BUDDICOME ON SOFA READING NEWSPAPER. SKILLET AND SHARPE ARRANGING FURNITURE]

SHARPE:

I don't know how you may feel as a visitor, Mr. Buddicombe, but I think this is a most uncomfortable family.

BUDDICOMBE:

Very uncomfortable. I have no curtain to my bed.

SKILLET:

And no wine at the second table.

SHARPE:

And meaner servants I never seed.

BUDDICOMBE:

I'm afraid Sir Edward is in a queer strait.

SKILLET:

Yes, for only this morning, Mr. Binny, Mrs. Skillet
says he--

[ENTER BINNEY LEFT]

BINNY:

Mind your hown business instead hof your better.

I'm disgusted with you lower servants. When the
wine merchant presents his bills, you men, hear me,
say he's been pressing for the last six months, do
you?

SKILLET:

Nor I, that the last year's milliner's bills have not
been paid.

SHARPE:

Nor I, that Miss Florence has not had no new dresses
from London all winter.

BUDDICOMBE:

And I can solemnly swear that his lordship's hair has
been faithfully bound in this bosom.

BINNY:

That'll do, that'll do; but to remember to check hidle
curiosity is the first duty of men hin livery. Ha, 'ere
hare the letters.

[ENTER JOHN WICKENS LEFT WITH GREEN BAIZE BAG. BINNY TAKES BAG, TAKES OUT LETTERS AND READS ADDRESSES.]

BINNY:

Hah! bill, of course, Miss Augusta, Mrs. Mountchessington, Lord Dundreary, Capt. De Boots, Miss Georgina Mountchessington, Lieut. Vernon, ah! that's from the admiralty. What's this? Miss Florence Trenchard, via Brattleboro', Vermont.

BUDDICOMBE:

Where's that, Mr. Binny.

JOHN:

Why that be hin the United States of North Hamerica, and a main good place for poor folks.

BINNY:

John Wickens, you forget yourself.

JOHN:

Beg pardon, Mr. Binny.

BINNY:

John Wickens, leave the room.

JOHN:

But I know where Vermont be tho'.

BINNY:

John Wickens, get hout.

[EXIT JOHN, LEFT]

BUDDICOMBE:

Dreadful low fellow, that.

BINNY:

Halways himpudent.

BUDDICOMBE:

(LOOKING AT LETTER IN BINNY'S HAND)

Why, that is Sir Edward's hand, Mr. Binny, he must have been sporting.

BINNY:

Yes, shooting the wild helephants and buffalos what abound there.

BUDDICOMBE:

The nasty beasts. (LOOKING OFF, RIGHT)

Hello, there comes Miss Florence tearing across the lane like a three year old colt.

SHARPE AND SKILLET:

Oh, Gemini.

[SHARPE & SKILLET RUN OFF, RIGHT.
BUDICOMBE. RUNS OFF, LEFT

ENTER FLORENCE RIGHT]

FLORENCE:

(AS IF AFTER RUNNING) Oh! I'm fairly out of breath. Good morning, Binny, the letter bag I saw coming, Wickens coming with it. I thought I could catch him before I reached the house. (SITS RIGHT) So off I started, I forgot the pond, it was in or over. I got over, but my hat got in. I wish you'd fish it out for me, you won't find the pond very deep.

BINNY:

Me fish for an at? Does she take me for an hangler?

FLORENCE:

Give me the letters. (TAKES THEM) Ah, blessed budget that descends upon Trenchard Manor, like rain on a duck pond. Tell papa and all, that the letters have come, you will find them on the terrace.

BINNY:

(GOING LEFT) Yes, Miss.

FLORENCE:

And then go fish out my hat out of the pond, it's not very deep

BINNY (ASIDE):

Me fish for 'ats? I wonder if she takes me for an hangler?

[BINNEY EXITS RIGHT DISGUSTED]

FLORENCE:

(READING DIRECTIONS.THIS IS A LARGE LETTER WITH A LARGE WHITE ENVELOPE, AND A RED SEAL.) Lieut. Vernon. In her Majesty's service. Admiralty, R. N. Ah, that's an answer to Harry's application for a ship. Papa promised to use his influence for him. I hope he has succeeded, but then he will have to leave us, and who knows if he ever comes back. What a foolish girl I am, when I know that his rise in the service will depend upon it. I do hope he'll get it, and, if he must leave us, I'll bid him good bye as a lass who loves a sailor should.

[ENTER LEFT: SIR EDWARD, MRS M, AUGUSTA, CAPT. DE BOOTS, VERNON]

FLORENCE:

Papa, dear, here are letters for you, one for you, Mrs. Mountchessington, one for you, Capt. De Boots, and one for you, Harry. (HIDING LETTER BEHIND HER.)

VERNON:

Ah, one for me, Florence?

FLORENCE:

Ah, one for me, Florence?

VERNON:

Ah, then you have one?

FLORENCE:

Yes, there, Harry. (GIVES IT.)

VERNON:

Ah, for a ship. (OPENS AND READS.)

FLORENCE:

Ah! Mon ami, you are to leave us. Good news, or bad?

VERNON:

No ship yet, this promises another year of land lubbery. (GOES UP.)

FLORENCE:

I'm so sorry. I'm so glad he's not going away. But where's Dundreary. Has anybody seen Dundreary?

[ENTER DUNDREARY]

DUNDREARY:

Good morning, Miss Florence.

FLORENCE:

Good morning, my Lord Dundreary. Who do you think has been here? What does the postman bring?

DUNDREARY:

Well, sometimes he brings a bag with a lock on it, sometimes newspapers, and sometimes letters, I suppothe.

FLORENCE:

There.

[GIVES LETTER. DUNDREARY OPENS
LETTER AND FLORENCE GOES UP
RIGHT.

DUNDREARY KNOCKS KNEES
AGAINST CHAIR, TURNS ROUND
KNOCKS SHINS, AND AT LAST IS
SEATED EXTREME RIGHT].

DUNDREARY:

Thank you. [Reads letter.]

MIX TO

SCENE 2: INT.LOCATION #2 - DAY 1 [09:30]

CUT-TO

SCENE 3: EXT/INT .LOCATION #3 - DAY 1 [10:00]

END OF EPISODE