

Format for a TV Script

The following is a scene from *Sprinkles*, a sitcom written by Richard Stone, Enid Duchin Jackowitz and Syd Jackowitz.

Note that descriptive copy that let's the reader know where the scene is occurring and what is happening has margins of 1.25" both left and right. Dialogue has margins of 2 1/2" left and right, with the character speaking centered and all caps. Scene changes, such as "CUT TO:" are right justified. For more examples of screen plays, try these links:

www.dailyscript.com

www.breakingin.net/format_tutorial.htm

SPRINKLES

ACT II
SCENE 1

The scene opens with Socrates talking to three young boys, age 11. They are Joey Butler, Jimmy Paresi, and Jeff Smith. Sonny enters from the kitchen wiping his hands on a towel. The kids are wearing Pfufnik's Bakery baseball jerseys. Their caps are all turned backwards. Jimmy is carrying a baseball bat and continues to hit it in his hand. Jeff is wearing a baseball mitt and keeps throwing the ball into it.

SOCRATES

Sonny, these three gentlemen
have a business opportunity
they'd like to discuss with
you.

Sonny gives Socrates a screwy look, then winks.

SONNY

Hi. I'm Sonny Ginzburg. Who
are you guys?

Sonny extends his hand to each.

JOEY

Joey.

JIMMY

Jimmy.

JEFF

Jeff.

SONNY

Please, step into my office.

Sonny motions to the pagoda. They precede him. He looks back at Socrates who shrugs his shoulders. The four of them sit down.

SONNY

Well, how can I help you young
men?

Jimmy and Jeff look at Joey who speaks up.

JOEY

Well, as you know Mr.
Ginzburg, advertising is the
backbone of the American
economy. There have been many
bakeries that have come and
gone because they didn't have
the proper marketing mix.

Sonny keeps nodding throughout the conversation, occasionally glancing in Socrates direction and raising his eyebrows.

JOEY

Now, Mr. Ginzburg, the previous owner, Joe Pfufnik, he understood the value of sports promotion. Take these jerseys, for example.

All three stand up and turn their backs to Sonny. Then, in unison, they sit back down.

JOEY

Let's get to the bottom line, Mr. Ginzburg. Your purchase of the bakery has jeopardized our team's future. But, we'd like to give you the first shot at signing on to be this year's sponsor and buy us new uniforms.

SONNY

That's an interesting proposition, Joey. Tell me, how many games did you guys win last year?

JIMMY

Do you know how many people would see your name on our

uniform each week for a whole season?

SONNY

No. How many?

JEFF

You know Mr. Ginzburg, you can't put a price on goodwill.

SONNY

Those are all good points, guys. But tell me, how many games did you win last year?

JOEY

Well, we didn't actually win any, but we came close a couple of times. I think we would have won them if our coach hadn't quit.

SONNY

You played without a coach?

JIMMY

Well, Bobby Kowalski's mom coached us for the rest of the season, but she got banned from the league because the

last game she attacked the
umpire.

JEFF

Yeah, and the ump was Bobby
Kowalski's father, and now
they're getting a divorce.

SONNY

Sorry to hear that . . . Tell
you what I'll do. I'll sponsor
the team.

The guys give each other high fives.

SONNY

And, I'll find you a new
coach.

The guys give each other low fives.

SONNY

But no new uniforms until you
win five games.

With long faces the three of them huddle.

JOEY

Okay, but Mr. Pfufnik used to
give us chocolate chip muffins
before each game. Throw them
in and we have a deal.

SONNY

I'll give you the muffins
after the game, and I choose
what kind.

The three of them huddle once again.

JOEY

We'll accept your conditions,
but no bran muffins.

SONNY

You guys drive a hard bargain.
But it looks like we've got a
deal.

He shakes hands with each of them as they get up.

SONNY

What do you say we seal the
deal with a muffin?

JEFF

Chocolate chip?

SONNY

Yeah, chocolate chip. Soc, set
each of these gentlemen up
with a deluxe chocolate chip
muffin.

Socrates gives each a muffin. Exuberantly, they swagger out of the bakery. Joey turns at the door.

JOEY

You won't be sorry, Mr.
Ginzburg. This is the best
business decision you've ever
made.

Sonny waves as they leave. They whoop it up as they go across the air jets. Sonny turns to Socrates.

SONNY

We've only been in business
for a week and I already own
my own baseball franchise.
Where else but America.

FADE OUT: