

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

Excuse me. VIOLET

Beg your pardon. WATSON

No, no, continue. VIOLET

I tend to yammer to myself on occasion. WATSON

I wouldn't consider Keats "yammering." VIOLET

I suppose not. Well, good evening to you. WATSON

Watson tips his hat and turns to exit.

Evening to you. VIOLET

Watson stops in his tracks, takes a deep breath and turns back to Violet.

How very rude of me. Might I ask...your name. WATSON

Violet. Violet Hunter. VIOLET

That is a lovely name. WATSON

Thank you. And you are. VIOLET

Watson. WATSON  
(expecting a reaction)

Nothing.

Doctor Watson? Doctor John Watson? I am a bit of big deal. WATSON (CONT'D)

Sorry. WATSON

I'm a writer. WATSON

VIOLET  
Wonderful. What have you written?

WATSON  
Watson.

Still nothing.

WATSON (CONT'D)  
It's about Sherlock Holmes.

VIOLET  
Oh, yes! The Sherlock Holmes! I love him. Oh, and you're his side kick. I do so love it when you bumble about.

WATSON  
Well...ummm...that's, I, well...hyperbole.

VIOLET  
You've not written in ages.

WATSON  
The world wasn't clamoring for an tale where the side kick becomes the hero.

VIOLET  
At least you had a lovely wife to which to return.

WATSON  
Had.

VIOLET  
Oh, dear. You've stepped in it this time, Violet.

WATSON  
No. You had no way of knowing.

WATSON  
I should prepare for dinner. Perhaps you'll join me this evening? It's a private event.

VIOLET  
I'll have to tear myself away from the children.

WATSON  
Children?

VIOLET  
I'm a governess.

WATSON  
And you're sojourning the Atlantic?

VIOLET

So go the children, goes the governess.

We hear the squeal of children.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

My call. Until dinner, then?

WATSON

Until...dinner, then.