

Susan

passive vs active

Ladies who Critique

Summary: Mrs. Dooley is a woman who has decided to leave her troubled past behind, and is on a quest for a new life. In doing so she is befriended by a woman and her friends who believe in kindness and the power of love for humanity. They live on an Island that no one else, but forty families know is inhabited. Mrs. Dooley's past surfaces, when thirteen year old Terry, the teachers son discovers her deepest secret and darkest dis pare. The Islanders feel they must decide her fiat; whether she will live or die. Entitled "The Death of Mrs. Dooley"

island: isolated scene
characters
objective in 1st scene

showing vs. telling

transition from Mrs. Dooley to Mr. Matthews

Mrs. Dooley, a middle aged woman, who battles with herself over good and evil, and whose new adventure take her on the journey of a life time. Her dark despair is lifted by a group of woman who work together for the greater good of all. Through April, Mrs. Dooley meets a group of woman who through kindness brings her into their world and show her she is a part of theirs. Mrs. Dooley is a middle aged woman with long silky hair that she keeps in a ponytail at the back of her head. She keeps a mothers ring on a chain around her neck even though she doesn't have any children. She needlessly wears a straw hat to hide her grey hair, and is always seen working in her garden. She has an attitude and when it comes to her husband, but every once and a while when her husband has had enough and threatens to leave, she tries a little harder to be a better person. She has a small farm on an Island off the East Shore. Mrs. Dooley was one of the first people who lived there from the very beginning. From a distance it looks like a snow-covered mountain, but most people believe the Island to be uninhabited, because seagulls circle overhead every day, and the white chalk like covering down the sides gives the allusion of desolation, and that keeps everyone away. Not too many know the Island is occupied, and the Island people go to great lengths to keep it that way. Small motor boats and large sailing vessels glide by carefully, so not to drift near the jagged rocks. If encored one could easily get stuck

between rocks, while their boats thrash around helplessly. The Island can be seen from the shore clearly, however if a boat was near when a big oil tanker or a ship passes the north side, a small pleasure vessel would not stand a chance.

Mr. Matthews spends most of his day reading on his front porch with a long cigar pressed between his teeth, or tending to his garden. He only has a hand full of novels that are worn on yellow paper with curled up edges, but the older things are the things he loves the most; they are familiar to him and he likes to keep things close even if they are no good any more. Nothing is useless to him, everything is of value from the smallest to the largest, just like that old rusted Chevy that has sat in his yard for twenty years, and that's the way he likes it. He won't have anyone tell him what to do or how to do it, ~~he~~ is an independent man and too old to change now. He is the oldest living, and first person to live on the Island. The old things that should have been thrown out long ago are like his dear wife. He tried to throw out an old pot of hers once, but he got too upset, started crying and put it back in the cupboard. His wife died many years ago and he mourns for her still.

A low-lying part of the south side of the Island extends half way to the main land, and from a distance it blends in with the rest of the shore line. They make sure they go back and forth before and after sunset to assure that they are not spotted, because their privacy is of the utmost importance. The main land has ~~over the years~~ become so corrupt with violent gangs with guns, *(implied)* high numbers of murder's reported, sirens blast through town waking up children out of a sound sleep. It was not safe anymore. A hand full of business owners decided to hire others to manage their businesses, handing over the responsibility to capable people, and this is the sole reason ^{one word} they decided to disappear onto the Island and they now stay secluded from the rest of the world. No one knows that the forty families who live there occupy this cool, foggy discreet retreat. Oh,

there ^{are} some days when it is warm and sunny, but it is rare for the Island to get hot and muggy. They live off the land with vegetable gardens and animals for milk and meat. Some go to the main land to buy their goods, but a hand full of people never leave, using their gardens. It works well for them; ^{one word} they're a community that help each other. It takes a village they say and this idea has worked well for them. Everyone lends a hand to help the elderly gentleman who had been there the longest, Mr. Matthews.

He has little company that stops by, but when they do he perks up and is the happiest person around. Roger Proctor, strolls by Mr. Mathews front gate with his girlfriend, Martha and they stop to say hello. ^R "Hi there Mr. Mathews, how are you this fine day?" Roger said. ^R "Oh can't complain, can't complain." Mr. Mathews said and he lifts himself up slightly from his chair and takes off his imaginary hat, tipping it to Martha. I chopped up some vegetables from my garden this morning and put them in the freezer for keepen ^R "Oh, yah, that's a good idea, looks like you got it all figured out, now you gotta teach the rest of us." ^R "Well sure, any time", and he reaches in his pocket and pulls out his stop watch and glances down at it. "Any time... this old watch keeps clicking away; it's busted, broken glass and the minute hand moves like it's an old woman trying to climb out of the tub, but it's a still worken" "I could see if I can find you a new one when I go to the main land next week" "Oh, I don't know, hate to part with it after all this time. It's like an old friend, you know"? No bother Mr. Mathews, I'd be happy to oblige you" He waves his hand, no, no, it's just fine! "

"Come on up and you and your sweetheart can join me in a glass of ice tea" "Well that will be fine; we'd like that very much." The old planks that line the porch creaked when they walked on them, and an old cow bell with no paint left on it clanked lightly in the breeze. Mr. Mathews wobbles to his feet, turned slowly and opens the old squeaky screen door. The smell of

wood that had burned in the wood stove drifted out the door. "I'll be right back, don't go anywhere, it might take me a few minutes"

"Do you want me to help you? Martha asked as she giggled at his humor. "No, no, it would put a skip in my step if you come into the house with me, and I'm too old for that, it would probably kill Me." he laughs as he walks toward the kitchen. They sat on the porch and smiled and watched clouds start to form overhead and shade the brilliant sun. He was such a pleasure to those he liked, but to Mrs. Dooley he was not. He wouldn't give her the time of day and no one on the Island would either. Roger jumped up and reached for the tray of drinks as Mr. Mathews opened the screen door with his elbow. "Well here we are. You too getting anxious about the coming nuptials" "Yes we can't wait, it's going to be a great time and to be with all of our friends is what will make it a perfect day" "That's one of the reasons why we stopped by, we wanted to make sure you came and to see if you want us to arrange for someone to bring you down?" "I'm invited?" "Yes of course you are, it would not be the same if you weren't there!" "Is Mrs. Dooley going to be there?" "No she is not invited" "Then I'll not miss it for the world. He lifted his right leg and slapped it. "Sure, I will be there, nothing will keep me away" He smiled showing his yellow dentures and his eye's widened as he tried to see the clouds drawing closer through his dirty glasses. "That woman uses her emotion as a weapon or if she was playing a hand of poker." he whispered, wiping his glasses with his already dirty hanky. He fishes on Wednesdays and Fridays, takes his fish up to the main land in his dingy and sells his goods by the side of the road where he has been selling them for thirty five years. Everyone knows him for his variations of fresh fish, lobsters and clams, but no one knows where he lives, he disappears as fast as he appears. No one really questions it though, they are just grateful for

his service and his wonderful scene of humor. Everyone on the Island loves him, but he sometimes does not want to be bothered and has no time for nonsense.

Mrs. Dooley put some coffee on to perk, then put two pieces of bread in the toaster, and took down one of the jars of jam she and her friend April made last fall. Oh, I wish April were her having coffee with me. I love it when we're together looking up recipes, or cooking lasagna or a turkey for Christmas. She knew she had to except that she was wrong for endlessly complaining, and, humble herself. It was hard to get to this point, because she only saw her own pain. She remembers how selfish she'd been, and unfair to her quiet, husband. She pushed him around, ordered him to do what she wanted or she would make his life a living hell. Over the years his confidence dwindled down to nothing, and he felt like a broken man. He knew he was already in hell with no way out, because she would do whatever it took to keep him. "Frank Dooley, get in here!"

"Are you listening to me? I said, get in here!" Her voice rumbled as loud as it could go and it fluctuated like music playing in an opera. "She makes Ma Kettle look like a fairy princess." Mr. Matthews used to say. She cringed to think she acted that way. There was a knock on the door and there stood one of the nicest woman in town and her closest friend. "What's up" "I was just looking for my glasses." "Your glasses are on your head!" "Oh, that's where they are," she said, smile. They were always together, baking cookies, knitting sweaters, or playing cards.

"Sit down April, and I'll make you coffee, you want coffee?" "Yes, I would love a coffee. "Here is some sugar and cream for your coffee." "Don't mind the mess April." "What! your too hard on yourself." Dooley smiled. "My back still hurts from that fall I took last month." "Didn't you use the muscle cream I gave you." "Yes, thank you!" "Here is a cake I made, got

the mix at the store on the main land.” said Mrs. Dooley. “How did you come up with the money to buy it?” “Oh, I followed Mr. Matthews to the main land and watched him in action, so I decided to start doing odd jobs to make a little money, “Are you stayen long April, you know I have the pigs that need to be fed out back, could you go feed them for me?” “No, But, I will go and talk to you while you’re doing your work. “Alright then lets enjoy our cake and coffee; I’ll feed the pigs after you’ve gone.” “Were you invited to Roger and Martha’s wedding? April asks, looking down out of the corner of her eye. “No, when is it” “It’s in two weeks, at Nicole’s house. “They’ve hung lights on a gazebo to surprise Roger and Martha, and they have put in an order at the florist for ten dozen long stem roses.” “What they gonna do with them?” asked Mrs. Dooley “I heard that they are going to tie some to the lights to drape down over the gazebo, with branches of leaves and babies breathe.” "What they gonna do that for"?

Dottie

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

Summary: Mrs. Dooley is a woman who has decided to leave her troubled past behind, and is on a quest for a new life. In doing so, she is befriended by a woman and her friends who group who believe in kindness and the power of love for humanity. They live on an Island that no one else, but forty families, know is inhabited. Mrs. Dooley's past surfaces, when thirteen year old Terry, the teacher's son, discovers her deepest secret and darkest dispare despair. The Islanders feel they must decide her fate, whether she will live or die. Entitled "The Death of Mrs. Dooley"

back cover
verbiage

passive
voice

Mrs. Dooley: is a middle aged woman, who battles with herself over good and evil, and whose new adventure take her. She embarks on the journey of a life time. Her dark despair is lifted by a group of woman who work together for the greater good of all. Through April, Mrs. Dooley meets a group of kind women, woman who through kindness brings her into their world and show her she is a part of theirs.

Mrs. Dooley, is a middle aged woman with long silky hair that she keeps in a ponytail, at the back of her head. She keeps a mother's ring on a chain around her neck even though she doesn't have any children. She needlessly wears a straw hat to hide her grey hair, and is always seen working in her garden. She has an attitude and when it comes to her husband. bBut every once and a while, when her husband has had enough and threatens to leave, she tries a little harder to be a better person. She has a small farm on an Island off the East Shore. Mrs. Dooley was one of the first people who lived to ever live there from the very beginning. From a distance, it looks like a snow-covered mountain, but most people believe the Island to be uninhabited, because seagulls circle overhead every day, and the white chalk like sand? covering down the sides gives the illusion-illusion of desolation, and that keeps everyone away. Not too many know the Island is occupied, and the Island people go to great lengths to keep it that way. Small

- Comment [PHS IS1]: The month of April? Or is there a character named April?
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- Comment [PHS IS2]: This is redundant, the prior phrase already establishes this.
- Comment [PHS IS3]: You've already established this in the first sentence.
- Comment [PHS IS4]: Redundant. Most people will assume ponytail is at back of head. Don't feel the need to explain every detail. Allow the reader to fill in some of the blanks.
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- Comment [PHS IS5]: Why is this significant? It's an interesting tidbit. Delve deeper into this at point during the story.
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- Comment [PHS IS6]: This is using what's called "passive voice". I make it "active voice" reword as "Her neighbors see her working in her garden."
- Comment [PHS IS7]: Why? What kind of attitude? Is she angry, is she abusive, does she treat him like an inconvenience? Dive deeper.
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- Comment [PHS IS8]: Vary your sentence starters.
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- Comment [PHS IS9]: redundant
- Comment [PHS IS10]: covering what? The mountain?
- Comment [PHS IS11]: Redundant. You've already established this.

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

passive voice
Motor boats and large sailing vessels glide by carefully, so not to drift near the jagged rocks. If anchored one could easily get stuck between rocks, while their boats thrash around helplessly. The Island can be seen from the shore clearly, however if a boat was near when a big oil tanker or a ship passes the north side, a small pleasure vessel would not stand a chance.

Most days, Mr. Matthews spends most of his day reading on his front porch with a long cigar pressed between his teeth, or tending to his garden. He only owns a hand full of novels which have curled yellow pages that are worn on yellow paper with curled up edges, but the older things are the things he loves the most. They're familiar to him and he likes to keep things close even if they are no good any more. Nothing is useless to him, everything is of value from the smallest to the largest, just like that old rusted Chevy that has sat in his yard for twenty years, and that's the way he likes it. He won't have anyone tell him what to do or how to do it. He is an independent man and too old to change now. He is the oldest living, and first person to live on the Island. The old things that should have been thrown out long ago are like his dear wife. He tried to throw out an old pot of hers once, but he got too upset, started crying, and put it back in the cupboard. His wife died many years ago, and he mourns for her still.

A low-lying part of the south side of the Island extends half way to the main land, and from a distance, it blends in with the rest of the shoreline. They make sure they go back and forth before and after sunset to assure that they are not spotted, because their privacy and safety are of the utmost importance. The main land has over the years become so corrupt with violent gangs with guns, and a high numbers of murder's reported. Sirens blast through town waking up children from their out-of-a sound sleep. It was not safe anymore. A hand full of business owners decided to hire others to manage their businesses, handing over the responsibility to capable people, and this is the sole reason they escaped decided to disappear onto the

Comment [PHS IS12]: ??? Do you mean anchored?

Comment [PHS IS13]: The shore is clearly visible by passersby.

Comment [PHS IS14]: Worn out?

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Comment [PHS IS15]: Be careful with the repetition of words.

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Comment [PHS IS16]: Redundant. Pick one.

Comment [PHS IS17]: redundant

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sound word echo
Comment [PHS IS18]: Who is they? The islanders?

Comment [PHS IS19]: Redundant. Already established.

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

Island, and they now stay secluded from the rest of the world on their cool, foggy retreat. No one knows that the forty families who live there occupy this cool, foggy discreet retreat. Oh, there is-are some days when it's is warm and sunny, but it's is rare for the island to get hot and muggy. They live off the land with vegetable gardens and animals for milk and meat. Some go to the main land to buy their goods, but a handful hand full of people never leave, using their gardens. It works well for them, they're a community that help each other. It takes a village they say and this idea has worked well for them. Everyone lends a hand to help the elderly gentleman who had been there the longest, Mr. Matthews.

He has little company that stops by He has few visitors, but when they do when people stop by, he perks up and is the happiest person around. Roger Proctor, strolls by Mr. Mathews' front gate with his fiancée girlfriend, Martha, and they stop to say hello.

"Hi there Mr. Mathews, how are you this fine day?" Roger said.

"Oh can't complain, can't complain," Mr. Mathews said, and he lifts himself up slightly from his chair and takes off his imaginary hat, tipping it to Martha. "I chopped up some vegetables from my garden this morning and put them in the freezer for keepin' keepen."

"Oh, yah, that's a good idea, looks like you got it all figured out, now you gotta teach the rest of us."

"Well sure, any time," and he reaches in his pocket and pulls out his stop watch, and glances down at it. "Any time... it his old watch keeps clicking away; it's busted, broken glass and the minute hand moves like it's an old woman trying to climb out of the tub, but it's a still workin' worken"

"I could see if I can find you a new one when I go to the main land next week."

Comment [PHS IS20]: Redundant. Already established

Comment [PHS IS21]: One word

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watch
Comment [PHS IS22]: Watch your verb tenses. You switch from past to present tense. Stay consistent.

Comment [PHS IS23]: Start a new paragraph when a new person speaks.

Comment [PHS IS24]: One word

cut down
play-by-play

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

“Oh, I don’t know, hate to part with it after all this time. It’s like an old friend, you know?”

“No bother, Mr. Mathews, I’d be happy to oblige you.”

He waves his hand. “No, no, it’s just fine!”

“Come on up, and you and your sweetheart can join me in a glass of ice tea.”

“Well, that will be fine; we’d like that very much.”

The old planks that line the porch creaked when they walked on them, and an old cow bell with no paint left on it clanked lightly in the breeze. Mr. Mathews wobbles to his feet, turned slowly and opens the old squeaky screen door. The smell of wood that had burned in the stove drifted out the door.

“I’ll be right back, don’t go anywhere, it might take me a few minutes.”

“Do you want me to help you? Martha asked as she giggled at his humor.

“No, no, it would put a skip in my step if you come into the house with me, and I’m too old for that, it would probably kill me.” He laughs as he walks toward the kitchen.

They sat on the porch and smiled and watched clouds start to form overhead and shade the brilliant sun.

He was such a pleasure to those he liked, but to Mrs. Dooley, he was not. He wouldn’t give her the time of day, and no one on the Island would either. Roger jumped up and reached for the tray of drinks as Mr. Mathews opened the screen door with his elbow.

“Well here we are. You too getting anxious about the coming nuptials?”

“Yes we can’t wait, it’s going to be a great time and to be with all of our friends is what will make it a perfect day.” “That’s one of the reasons why we stopped by, we wanted to make sure you came and to see if you want us to arrange for someone to bring you down?”

Comment [PHS IS25]: Move this up a line because the same person is still speaking.

Comment [PHS IS26]: Watch verb tense - wobbled

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Comment [PHS IS27]: Why?

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

"I'm invited?"

"Yes of course you are, it would not be the same if you weren't there!"

"Is Mrs. Dooley going to be there?"

"No she is not invited"

"Then I'll not miss it for the world." He lifted his right leg and slapped it. "Sure, I will be there, nothing will keep me away." He smiled showing his yellow dentures and his eyes widened as he tried to see the clouds drawing closer through his **dirty** glasses. "That woman uses her emotion as a weapon or **as** if she was playing a hand of poker." he whispered, wiping his glasses with his **already dirty** hanky.

He **fishes** on Wednesdays and Fridays, takes his **fish** up to the **main land** in his dingy and sells his goods by the side of the road where he has been selling them for thirty five years. Everyone knows him for his variations of fresh **fish**, lobsters and clams, but no one knows where he lives. **He** disappears as fast as he appears. No one really questions it though, they are just grateful for his service and his wonderful **sense** of humor. Everyone on the **island** loves him, but he sometimes does not want to be bothered and has no time for nonsense.

Mrs. Dooley put some coffee on to perk, then put two pieces of bread in the toaster, and took down one of the jars of jam she and her friend, April, made last fall. *Oh, I wish April were here having coffee with me. I love it when we're together looking up recipes, or cooking lasagna or a turkey for Christmas.* She ~~knew~~ **s**he had to ~~accept~~ **except** that she was wrong for endlessly complaining, ~~and~~ **humble herself**. It was hard to get to **this point**, because she only saw her own pain. She remembers how selfish **and unfair** she'd been, ~~and unfair~~ to her quiet, husband. She pushed him around, ordered him to do what she wanted or she would make his life a living hell.

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Comment [PHS IS28]: Who? Mr Matthews or Roger? Plus this is an awkward transition to go from Mrs Dooley to fishing.

Comment [PHS IS29]: One word

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Comment [PHS IS30]: If she's thinking thi then put it in italics.

Comment [PHS IS31]: Complaining about what?

Comment [PHS IS32]: What point? Elaborate?

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

Over the years, his self-confidence dwindled down to nothing, and he felt like a broken man. ~~He knew h~~He was already in hell with no way out. ~~because s~~She would do whatever it took to keep him. "Frank Dooley, get in here!"

"Are you listening to me?" I said. ~~g~~Get in here!" Her voice rumbled as loud as it could go and it fluctuated like opera music ~~paying in an opera~~.

"She makes Ma Kettle look like a fairy princess." Mr. Matthews used to say. She cringed to think she acted that way.

There was a knock on the door, ~~and there stood one of the~~ She was thrilled to see it was April, the nicest woman in town and her closest friend. "What's up?"

"I was just looking for my glasses."

"Your glasses are on your head!"

"Oh, that's where they are," she said, smiling.

They were always together, baking cookies, knitting sweaters, or playing cards.

"Sit down, April, ~~and~~ I'll make you coffee, you want coffee?"

"Yes, I would love a coffee. ~~Here is some sugar and cream for your coffee."~~

"Don't mind the mess, April."

"What! You ~~ref~~ too hard on yourself."

Dooley smiled. "My back still hurts from that fall I took last month."

"Didn't you use the muscle cream I gave you?"

"Yes, thank you!"

"Here is a cake I made, got the mix at the store on the main land," ~~said~~ Mrs. Dooley ~~said~~.

"How did you come up with the money to buy it?"

Comment [PHS IS33]: How is abusing him keeping him? Explain.

Comment [PHS IS34]: Who is narrating right now? Mrs Dooley. I'm confused who is telling this part of the story.

Comment [PHS IS35]: playing

Comment [PHS IS36]: Jumping around too much. I thought we left Mr Matthews and now weer with Mrs. Dooley?

Comment [PHS IS37]: Cut down on the ply-by-play.

Comment [PHS IS38]: Don't include small talk in dialogue. It slows the story down.

Comment [PHS IS39]: One word

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

"Oh, I followed Mr. Matthews to the main land and watched him in action, so I decided to start doing odd jobs to make a little money. "Are you stayin' ~~en~~ long, April, you know I have the pigs that need to be fed out back, could you go feed them for me?"

"No, But, I will go and talk to you while you're doing your work."

"Alright then let's enjoy our cake and coffee; I'll feed the pigs after you've gone."

"Were you invited to Roger and Martha's wedding? April askeds, looking down out of the corner of her eye.

"No, when is it?"

"It's in two weeks, at Nicole's house. "They've hung lights on a gazebo to surprise Roger and Martha, and they have put in an order at the florist for ten dozen long stem roses."

"What they gonna do with them?" asked Mrs. Dooley asked.

"I heard that they're are going to tie some to the lights to drape down over the gazebo, with branches of leaves and babies breathe."

"What they gonna do that for?"

Comment [PHS IS40]: That's creepy. No wonder he doesn't like her.

Comment [PHS IS41]: One word

Comment [PHS IS42]: Really? Here's some coffee, I made you a cake, now go feed by pigs?

Resources:

www.WritersDigest.com/online-editor
www.quickanddirtytips.com/grammar-girl

Book:
Grammar Desk Reference
by Gary Hutz +
Plane Stevenson

Scenes:

Research how to write scenes.
Each scene should have a problem, conflict, and a goal.
And then setup the next scene.

Books: Scene + Structure by Jack M. Bickham
Make a Scene by Jordan E. Rosenfeld

First of all, this is shown to be a screen play. This is not a screen play. It is the beginning of a story, not a screen play.

Okay, let me see if I can summarize these pages-

There's an island off the coast of a mainland (never identified either.)

The store owners in a town on the mainland realized that the town has become very dangerous. They hired people to manage the stores and they left the mainland to resettle on the island.

There are two people of interest on the island.: 1. Mrs. Dooley who is disliked by the people on the island. She is old and was the first to live on the island. She was very mean to her husband and feels guilty about that.

2. There is Mr. Mattews, who is loved by the people on the island. He is old and was one of the first people on the island. He fishes and takes his catch to the mainland to sell it. He, then, disappears from the mainland to return to the island.

No one on the mainland knows there is anyone living on the island.

There's a wedding coming up. Mr. Mattews has been invited. Mrs. Dooley has not.

That's what I can get out of these pages.

On to the critique

First, you have to learn the basics of grammar and punctuation. I begin reading a submission intending to enjoy the ride. No bumps, pot holes, sharp turns, no traffic, no red lights. Smooth ride and pleasant surroundings.

Unfortunately, these pages are riddled with all the bumps and curves that will distract a reader. I mention some below. I'm sure the group will mention more.

There is an interesting suggestion of a plot – the conflict between Mrs. Dooley and Mr. Mattews. If that's the direction the story is going, I feel that you must establish the setting quickly, and then get on with the story because LITERATURE IS PEOPLE. Anything else is a distraction.

I've imbedded some comments into the story. I hope you can follow them.

Good luck with your writing.

Dave

Summary: Mrs. Dooley is a woman who has decided to leave her troubled past behind, and is on a quest for a new life. In doing so she is befriended by a woman and her friends who believe in kindness and the power of love for humanity. They live on an Island that no one else, but forty families know is inhabited. Mrs. Dooley's past surfaces, when thirteen year old Terry, the teachers son discovers her deepest secret and darkest dis pare. The Islanders feel they must decide her fiat; whether she will live or die. Entitled "The Death of Mrs. Dooley"

Summary

Mrs. Dooley, a middle aged woman, who battles with herself over good and evil, and whose new adventure take her on the journey of a life time. Her dark despair is lifted by a group of woman who work together for the greater good of all. Through April (*Why is April important?*), Mrs. Dooley meets (*how did they meet. This is more of a summary than a story.*) a group of woman who through kindness (*vague. Let the reader see the reader experience the kindness. Difficult to have compassion or empathy for the kindness unless we see it in action.*) brings her into their world and show (*how?*) her she is a part of theirs. Mrs. Dooley (,) is a middle aged woman with long silky hair that she keeps in a ponytail (,) at the back of her head. She keeps a *mother's* ring on a chain around her neck even though she doesn't have any children. (*This bit of information needs embellishment. You can't drop an important item like this without further explanation.*) She needlessly wears a straw hat to hide her grey hair, and is always seen working in her garden. *She has an a (bad?) attitude. And when it comes to her husband (,) but every But, every once and in a while (,) when her husband has had enough and threatens to leave, she tries a little harder to be a better person. (Odd phrasing. Review and rewrite.) (new paragraph)* She has a small farm on an Island off the East Shore (*of what?*). Mrs. Dooley was one of the first people who lived ~~there from the very beginning~~ *on the island*. From a distance ~~it~~ *the island* looks like a snow-covered mountain (,) but most *Most* people *on the mainland* believe the Island to be uninhabited (,) because seagulls *Seagulls* circle overhead every day, and the white *White* chalk like covering down the sides gives the allusion (*sp illusion.*) of desolation, and that keeps everyone away. Not too many know the Island is occupied, and the Island people go to great lengths to keep it that way. Small motor boats and large sailing vessels glide by carefully, so not to *avoid drifting* near the jagged rocks. If encored (*anchored?*), one

could easily get stuck between rocks(,) while their boats thrash around helplessly. The Island can be seen from the shore clearly(,) however if *If* a boat was *were* near(*were near what?*) when a big oil tanker or a ship passes the north side, ~~a small pleasure vessel~~ *it* would not stand a chance. (*I'm confused. Where is the island? What is the mainland?*)

Mr. Matthews (*Who is Mr. Matthews?*) spends most of his day reading on his front porch with a long cigar pressed between his teeth, or tending to his garden. He only has a hand full of novels that are worn on yellow paper with curled up edges, but the older things(*avoid "things". It explains nothing.*) are the *things* he loves the most, (.) ~~They~~ *they* are familiar to him and he likes to keep things close even if they are no good any more. (*Still don't know what the things are.*) Nothing is useless to him,(.) *Everything* ~~everything~~ is of value(,) from the smallest to the largest, just like that old rusted Chevy that has sat in his yard for twenty years, and that's the way he likes it. He won't have anyone tell him what to do or how to do it, *He* he is an independent man and too old to change now. *He is the oldest living on the island, and first person to live on the Island to settle here.* (*Please rephrase this sentence.*) The old things that should have been thrown out long ago are like his dear wife. He tried to throw out an old pot of hers once, but he got too upset, started crying and put it back in the cupboard. His wife died many years ago and he mourns for her still.

A low-lying part of the south side of the Island extends half way *across the channel* to the main land, and(,) from a distance(,) it blends in with the rest of the shore line. ~~They~~ *Who? The fellow or person* (*islanders?*) make sure they go back and forth before and after sunset to assure that they are not spotted, because their privacy is of the upmost importance. The main land has(,) over the years(,) become so corrupted *by* with violent gangs with guns, high numbers of murder's reported, *and* sirens *that* blast through town waking up children out of a sound sleep. ~~It was not safe anymore.~~

(obvious) (new paragraph) A hand full of business owners decided to hire others to manage their businesses, handing over the responsibility to capable people, ~~and this~~ **This** is the sole reason they decided to disappear onto the Island and ~~they~~ now stay secluded from the rest of the world. No one knows that ~~the~~ forty families who live there occupy this cool, foggy discreet retreat. Oh, there is some days when it is warm and sunny, but it is rare for the Island to get hot and muggy. They live off the land with vegetable gardens and animals for milk and meat. Some go to the main land to buy their goods, but a hand full of people never leave, using their gardens. It works well for them, they're a community that help each other. It takes a village they say and this idea has worked well for them. Everyone lends a hand to help the elderly gentleman who had been there the longest, Mr. Matthews. *(A lot of narration. We're not following any specific person or group. Very general and bland. Needs a personal view.)*

~~He has little company that stops~~ **Few people stop** by, but when they do he perks up and is the happiest person around. Roger Proctor *(who? Need an introduction)*, strolls by Mr. Mathews' front gate with his girlfriend, Martha. ~~and they stop to say helle.~~ *(new para)* "Hi there Mr. Mathews, how are you this fine day?" Roger said. *(new para)* "Oh can't complain, can't complain.," Mr. Mathews said ~~and~~ **as** he lifts himself up slightly from his chair and takes off his imaginary hat, **tipping** it to Martha. "I chopped up some vegetables from my garden this morning and put them in the freezer for keepen" *(new para)* "Oh, yah, that's a good idea, ~~looks~~ **Looks** like you got it all figured out(.), ~~now~~ **Now** you gotta teach the rest of us." *(new para)* "Well sure, any time." ~~and he~~ **He reaches** ~~reached~~ in his pocket and pulls out his ~~stop~~ **pocket** watch and ~~glances~~ **glanced** down at it. "Any time... this old watch keeps clicking away; it's busted, broken glass and the minute hand moves like it's an old woman trying to climb out of the tub, but it's a still worken" *(new para)* "I could see if I can find you a new one when I go to

when I go to the main land next week" "Oh, I don't know, hate to part with it after all this time. It's like an old friend, you know?" "No bother Mr. Mathews, I'd be happy to oblige you." He waves his hand, no, no, it's just fine!

"Come on up and you and your sweetheart can join me in a glass of ice tea" "Well that will be fine. We'd like that very much." The old planks that line the porch creaked when they walked on them, and an old cow bell with no paint left on it clanked lightly in the breeze. Mr. Mathews wobbles to his feet, turned slowly and opens the old squeaky screen door. The smell of wood that had burned in the wood stove drifted out the door. "I'll be right back, don't go anywhere, it might take me a few minutes."

"Do you want me to help you? Martha asked as she giggled at his humor. "No, no, it would put a skip in my step if you came into the house with me, and I'm too old for that, it would probably kill me." He laughs as he walks toward the kitchen. They sat on the porch and smiled and watched clouds start to form overhead and shade the brilliant sun. He was such a pleasure to those he liked, but to Mrs. Dooley he was not. He wouldn't give her the time of day and no one on the Island would either. Roger jumped up and reached for the tray of drinks as Mr. Mathews opened the screen door with his elbow. "Well here we are. You too getting anxious about the coming nuptials" "Yes, we can't wait, it's going to be a great time and to be with all of our friends is what will make it a perfect day" "That's one of the reasons why we stopped by. We wanted to make sure you came and to see if you want us to arrange for someone to bring you down?" "I'm invited?" "Yes of course you are, it would not be the same if you weren't there!" "Is Mrs. Dooley going to be there?" "No she is not invited" "Then I'll not miss it for the world." He lifted his right leg and slapped it. "Sure, I will be there, nothing will keep me away" He smiled showing his yellow dentures, and his eye's widened as he tried to see the clouds drawing

closer through his dirty glasses. "That woman uses her emotion as a weapon or if she was playing a hand of poker," he whispered, wiping his glasses with his already dirty hanky.

He fishes on Wednesdays and Fridays, ^{↓ took catch} takes his fish up to the main land in his dingy, ^{He} and sells

his goods by the side of the road where he has been selling them for thirty five years. Everyone ^{KNOW} knows him for his variations of fresh fish, lobsters and clams, but no one ^{KNOW} knows where he lives.

He disappears as fast as he appears. No one really questions it though, they are just grateful for

his service and his wonderful scene of humor. Everyone on the Island loves ^{ed} him, but he

sometimes ^{did} does not want to be bothered, ^{He} and has no time for nonsense.

Mrs. Dooley put some coffee on to perk, then put two pieces of bread in the toaster, and took down one of the jars of jam she and her friend April made last fall. Oh, I wish April were

her [↑] having coffee with me. I love it when we're together looking up recipes, or cooking lasagna or a turkey for Christmas. ^{she thought} She knew she had to except that she was wrong for endlessly

complaining, and, ^{hub?} humble herself. It was hard to get to this point, because she only saw her own

pain. She remembers ^{ed} how selfish she'd been, and unfair to her quiet ^{husband} husband. She pushed him

around, ordered him to do what she wanted or she would make his life a living hell. ^{FOR} Over the

years his confidence dwindled down to nothing, and he felt like a broken man. He knew he was

already in hell with no way out, because she would do whatever it took to keep him. "Frank

Dooley, get in here!"

"Are you listening to me? I said, get in here!" Her voice rumbled as loud as it could go and it fluctuated like music ^{paying in an opera} paying in an opera. "She makes Ma Kettle look like a fairy

princess," Mr. Matthews used to say. ^{Mrs. Dooley} She cringed to think she ^{used to act} acted that way. There was a knock

on the door, and there stood one of the nicest woman in town and her closest friend. "What's up?"

"I was just looking for my glasses." "Your glasses are on your head!" "Oh, that's where they

are," she said, smile. They were always together, baking cookies, knitting sweaters, or playing cards.

"Sit down April, and I'll make you coffee, you want coffee?" "Yes, I would love a coffee. "Here is some sugar and cream for your coffee." "Don't mind the mess April." "What! your too hard on yourself.' Dooley smiled. "My back still hurts from that fall I took last month." "Didn't you use the muscle cream I gave you." "Yes, thank you!" "Here is a cake I made, got the mix at the store on the main land," said Mrs. Dooley. "How did you come up with the money to buy it?" "Oh, I followed Mr. Matthews to the main land and watched him in action, so I decided to start doing odd jobs to make a little money." "Are you stayen long April, you know I have the pigs that need to be fed out back, could you go feed them for me?" "No, But, I will go and talk to you while you're doing your work. "Alright then lets enjoy our cake and coffee; I'll feed the pigs after you've gone." "Were you invited to Roger and Martha's wedding? April asks, looking down out of the corner of her eye. "No, when is it" "It's in two weeks, at Nicole's house. "They've hung lights on a gazebo to surprise Roger and Martha, and they have put in an order at the florist for ten dozen long stem roses." "What they gonna do with them?" asked Mrs. Dooley. "I heard that they are going to tie some to the lights to drape down over the gazebo, with branches of leaves and babies breathe." "What they gonna do that for"?

who is speaking here. bad tags

JULIE

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

Perhaps choose a less revealing title

screenplay format?

Summary: Mrs. Dooley is a woman who has decided to leave her troubled past behind, and is on a quest for a new life. In doing so she is befriended by a woman and her friends who believe in kindness and the power of love for humanity. They live on an Island that no one else, but forty families know is inhabited. Mrs. Dooley's past surfaces, when thirteen year old Terry, the teachers son, discovers her deepest secret and darkest dis pare. The Islanders feel they must decide her fiat, whether she will live or die. Entitled "The Death of Mrs. Dooley"

despair fate

sentence fragment

Mrs. Dooley, a middle-aged woman, who battles with herself over good and evil, and

whose new adventure take her on the journey of a life time. Her dark despair is lifted by a group of woman who work together for the greater good of all. Through April, Mrs. Dooley meets a

group of woman who through kindness brings her into their world and show her she is a part of

theirs. Mrs. Dooley, is a middle aged woman with long silky hair that she keeps in a ponytail, at

the back of her head. She keeps a mothers ring on a chain around her neck even though she

doesn't have any children. She needlessly wears a straw hat to hide her grey hair, and is always

seen working in her garden. She has an attitude and when it comes to her husband, but every

once and a while when her husband has had enough and threatens to leave, she tries a little

harder to be a better person. She has a small farm on an island off the East Shore. Mrs. Dooley

was one of the first people who lived there from the very beginning. From a distance it looks like

a snow-covered mountain, but most people believe the Island to be uninhabited, because seagulls

circle overhead every day, and the white chalk-like covering down the sides gives the allusion of

desolation, and that keeps everyone away. Not too many know the Island is occupied, and the

Island people go to great lengths to keep it that way. Small motor boats and large sailing vessels

glide by carefully, so not to drift near the jagged rocks. If encored one could easily get stuck

through x2

means the same

x2

Why?

x2

redundant

different word

encored one encountered?

person or boat?

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SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

between rocks, while their boats thrash around helplessly. The Island can be seen from the shore clearly, however if a boat was near when a big oil tanker or a ship passes the north side, a small pleasure vessel would not stand a chance.

?!
..

Mr. Matthews spends most of his day reading on his front porch with a long cigar pressed between his teeth, or tending to his garden. He only has a hand full of novels that are worn on yellow paper with curled up edges, but the older things are the things he loves the most, they are familiar to him and he likes to keep things close even if they are no good any more. Nothing is useless to him, everything is of value from the smallest to the largest, just like that old rusted Chevy that has sat in his yard for twenty years, and that's the way he likes it. He won't have anyone tell him what to do or how to do it, he is an independent man and too old to change now. He is the oldest living and first person to live on the Island. The old things that should have been thrown out long ago are like his dear wife. He tried to throw out an old pot of hers once, but he got too upset, started crying and put it back in the cupboard. His wife died many years ago and he mourns for her still.

run on
Fighter to make point.

handful

run-on

A low-lying part of the south side of the Island extends half way to the main land, and from a distance it blends in with the rest of the shore line. They make sure they go back and forth before and after sunset to assure that they are not spotted, because their privacy is of the utmost importance. The main land has over the years become so corrupt with violent gangs with guns, high numbers of murder's reported, sirens blast through town waking up children out of a sound sleep. It was not safe anymore. A hand full of business owners decided to hire others to manage their businesses, handing over the responsibility to capable people, and this is the sole reason they decided to disappear onto the Island and they now stay secluded from the rest of the world. No one knows that the forty families who live there occupy this cool, foggy discreet retreat. Oh,

Islanders

still meet
and
collect
& ?

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SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

No questions from main and re: where they live?

There ~~is~~ ^{are} some days when it is warm and sunny, but it is rare for the Island to get hot and muggy. They live off the land with vegetable gardens and animals for milk and meat. Some go to the main land to buy their goods, but a hand full of people never leave, using their gardens. It works well for them, they're a community that help each other. It takes a village they say and this idea has worked well for them. Everyone lends a hand to help the elderly gentleman who had been there the longest, Mr. Matthews.

Then, introduce Mr. Matthews

cliché

Keep spelling consistent

New # each new speaker

He has little company that stops by, but when they do he perks up and is the happiest person around. Roger Proctor, strolls by Mr. Mathews front gate with his girlfriend, Martha and they stop to say hello. "Hi there, Mr. Mathews, how are you this fine day?" Roger said. "Oh can't complain, can't complain," Mr. Mathews said and he lifts himself up slightly from his chair and takes off his imaginary hat, tipping it to Martha. "I chopped up some vegetables from my garden this morning and put them in the freezer for keepen." "Oh, yah, that's a good idea, looks like you got it all figured out, now you gotta teach the rest of us." "Well sure, any time", and he reaches in his pocket and pulls out his stop watch and glances down at it. "Any time... this old watch keeps clicking away; it's busted, broken glass and the minute hand moves like it's an old woman trying to climb out of the tub, but it's a still worken" "I could see if I can find you a new one when I go to the main land next week" "Oh, I don't know, hate to part with it after all this time. It's like an old friend, you know"? No bother Mr. Mathews, I'd be happy to oblige you" He waves his hand, no, no, it's just fine!

francie?

New # each new speaker. Identify the speakers.

"Come on up and you and your sweetheart can join me in a glass of ice tea" "Well that will be fine; we'd like that very much." The old planks that line the porch creaked when they walked on them, and an old cow bell with no paint left on it clanked lightly in the breeze. Mr. Mathews wobbles to his feet, turned slowly and opens the old squeaky screen door. The smell of

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wood that had burned in the wood stove drifted out the door. "I'll be right back, don't go anywhere, it might take me a few minutes"

Break up long pts.

"Do you want me to help you? Martha asked as she giggled at his humor. "No, no, it would put a skip in my step if you come into the house with me, and I'm too old for that, it would probably kill Me." he laughs as he walks toward the kitchen. They sat on the porch and smiled and watched clouds start to form overhead and shade the brilliant sun. He was such a pleasure to those he liked, but to Mrs. Dooley he was not. He wouldn't give her the time of day and no one on the Island would either. Roger jumped up and reached for the tray of drinks as Mr. Mathews opened the screen door with his elbow. "Well here we are. You too getting anxious about the coming nuptials" "Yes we can't wait, it's going to be a great time and to be with all of our friends is what will make it a perfect day" "That's one of the reasons why we stopped by, we wanted to make sure you ^{could come} came and to see if you want us to arrange for someone to bring you down"? "I'm invited?" "Yes of course you are, it would not be the same if you weren't there!" "Is Mrs. Dooley going to be there?" "No she is not invited" "Then I'll not miss it for the world. He lifted his right leg and slapped it. "Sure, I will be there, nothing will keep me away" He smiled showing his yellow dentures and his eyes widened as he tried to see the clouds drawing closer through his dirty glasses. "That woman uses her emotion as a weapon or if she was playing a hand of poker." he whispered, wiping his glasses with his already dirty hanky.

Verb tense

incongruous

He fishes on Wednesdays and Fridays, takes his fish up to the main land in his dingy and sells his goods by the side of the road where he has been selling them for thirty five years. Everyone knows him for his variations of fresh fish, lobsters and clams, but no one knows where he lives, he disappears as fast as he appears. No one really questions it though, they are just grateful for

thought they were gang members.

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his service and his wonderful ^{sense} scene of humor. Everyone on the Island loves him, but he sometimes does not want to be bothered and has no time for nonsense.

Mrs. Dooley put some coffee on to perk, then put two pieces of bread in the toaster, and took down one of the jars of jam she and her friend April made last fall. Oh, I wish April were her having coffee with me. I love it when we're together looking up recipes, or cooking lasagna or a turkey for Christmas. She knew she had to ^{ac} ~~except~~ ^{different word} that she was wrong for endlessly complaining, and, humble herself. It was hard to get to this point, because she only saw her own pain. She remembers how selfish she'd been, and unfair to her quiet, husband. She pushed him around, ordered him to do what she wanted or she would make his life a living hell. Over the years his confidence dwindled down to nothing, and he felt like a broken man. He knew he was already in hell with no way out, because she would do whatever it took to keep him. "Frank Dooley, get in here!"

When is April?

"Are you listening to me? I said, ^{ALL CAPS ?} get in here!" Her voice rumbled as loud as it could go and it fluctuated like music paying in an opera. "She makes Ma Kettle look like a fairy princess." Mr. Matthews used to say. She cringed to think she acted that way. There was a knock on the door and there stood one of the nicest woman in town and her closest friend, ^{APRIL} "What's up?" "I was just looking for my glasses." "Your glasses are on your head!" "Oh, that's where they are," she said, smile. They were always together, baking cookies, knitting sweaters, or playing cards. ?!

Mention her by name.

"Sit down, [↓] April, and I'll make you coffee, you want coffee?" "Yes, I would love a coffee. "Here is some sugar and cream for your coffee." "Don't mind the mess, [↓] April." "What! ^{you're} you too hard on yourself." Dooley smiled. "My back still hurts from that fall I took last month." "Didn't you use the muscle cream I gave you." "Yes, thank you!" "Here is a cake I made, got

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the mix at the store on the main land." said Mrs. Dooley. "How did you come up with the money to buy it?" "Oh, I followed Mr. Matthews to the main land and watched him in action, so I decided to start doing odd jobs to make a little money, "Are you stayen long April, you know I have the pigs that need to be fed out back, could you go feed them for me?" "No, But, I will go and talk to you while you're doing your work. "Alright then lets enjoy our cake and coffee; I'll feed the pigs after you've gone." "Were you invited to Roger and Martha's wedding? April asks, looking down out of the corner of her eye. "No, when is it?" "It's in two weeks, at Nicole's house. "They've hung lights on a gazebo to surprise Roger and Martha, and they have put in an order at the florist for ten dozen long stem roses." "What ^{we} they gonna do with them?" asked Mrs. Dooley "I heard that they are going to tie some to the lights to drape down over the gazebo, with branches of leaves and babies breathe." "What they gonna do that for?"

Fun on
All right

stayin'

baby's

THIS SEEMS MORE CHARACTER SKETCH THAN SCREENPLAY.
DO FIGURE OUT LOTS OF DETAILS WITH YOUR CHARACTERS,
BUT ALSO KEEP THE STORY MOVING WITH DIALOGUE,
AND, PLEASE FLESH OUT MR. DOOLEY. THE READER
KNOWS VERY LITTLE ABOUT HIM, AND I BET HE'S AN
IMPORTANT CHARACTER.
YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME ON MR. MATTHEWS BUT
MAKE NO MENTION OF WAY HE DISLIKES MRS. DOOLEY.
SHOW MORE OF HER INTERACTIONS.
AND, TELL HOW THESE 40 ISLANDERS ENDED UP TOGETHER
ON THE ISLAND.