War Horse
Example playscript - The Auction

At the horse auction. A bright morning. The buyers stand around the yard where the horses are displayed. The auctioneer stands on a small platform leading the bidding.
Joey enters and walks around the yard. There are mutters of approval from the buyers.
Sergeant Thunder and thin old man begin bidding for Joey.

Auctioneer: At twenty-five, twenty-six. At twenty-seven. Twenty-seven I’m bid. On my right. Twenty-seven I’m bid. Any more please? He is a fine young animal, as you see. Got to be worth a lot more than this. Any more please?

Sergeant Thunder shakes his head.

Albert (in a whisper): Oh God, no. Dear God, not him. He is one of them, Joey. He’s been buying all morning. Old Thunder says he is the butcher from Cambrai. Please God, no.

Auctioneer: Well then, if there are no more bids, I’m selling to Monsieur Cirac of Cambrai at twenty-seven English pounds. Is that all? Selling them for twenty-seven. Going, going...

An old man steps forward.

Emilie’s Grandfather: Twenty-eight.

The crowd gasps.

Emilie’s Grandfather (turning to the butcher from Cambrai): I am bidding you twenty-eight of your English pounds. And I’ll bid for so long and so high as I need to, I advise you, sir. I advise you not to try and bid me out. For this horse I will pay one hundred English pounds if I must do. No one will have this horse except me. This is my Emilie’s horse. It is hers by right.

Can you continue the playscript from here?