

Adaptation Sample

Screenplay to Novel

Screenplay

INT. MOUTH OF A CAVE

We see the back of BECKA TAYLOR, 37, looking at her FAMILY—husband CRAIG, 43, daughter SASHA, 14, and son SAM, 10. They look at her, smiling.

Becka stands on solid dirt at the MOUTH OF A DARK CAVE. With a sense of surreal serenity and a light breeze, the Family stands on the green grass of a well-manicured lawn. There is no sky, only black behind them.

With no emotion, Becka she reaches her hand out to her Family. Without pause, the GROUND BETWEEN THEM BREAKS AWAY IN PIXELS as they separate and move further apart. WIND INCREASES, BREAKING LARGER PIECES OF EARTH from beneath Becka's. The Family smiles with love as the woman steps backward into the cave with calm.

THE CAVE CLOSES around the woman as we hear

SASHA (V.O.)
You're a hero, Mom.

INT. HOSPITAL ER

VIC PERRONE stands behind his wife, LIZ. She is bandaged from an accident, smiling at Becka.

WOMAN
You're my hero, Becka.

They BLOW AWAY LIKE DUST, disappearing into the VOID.

SOUND INTIMATE SEXUAL PASSION.

INT. BEDROOM

CU TWO BODIES in the sensual movements of a couple making love in the midst of tousled bedsheets and surreal lighting. SOUNDS INTIMATE PASSION AND LIGHT LAUGHTER.

With his mouth to Becka's ear, he WHISPERS.

MAN (V.O.)
You're their hero, you know.

HER POV The HANDSOME DARK-HAIRED MAN smiles at Becka.

CUT TO:

INT. TAYLOR HOME - MEDITATION/EXERCISE ROOM - DAY

Becka opens her eyes with a start and orients herself to the room. A HELICOPTER overhead DRONES ON at a distance.

Becka walks to the window. She sees nothing. She leaves the room and goes about her morning getting dressed for work.

FADE OUT

Novel

His smile – it's not real, Becka thought. The more she looked at Craig, the more unreal he became. Standing a distance away, her husband's hands rested easily on their children shoulders. Sasha and Sam were smiling too. Looking into the eyes she knew so well, the swell of their genuine smiles melted her heart. Her shoulders relaxed. Her breath released. Closing her eyes, she felt cleansed.

Renewed with her next in-breath, Becka surrendered to the rhythmic cadence of her breath as it softly merged with the nourishment of sensations fulfilling in her body. Noticing the solid ground beneath her feet, the essence of earthly warmth lit with ease throughout her legs and into her belly. Feeling safe, Becka relaxed ever deeper.

Craig's smile invaded. In sudden rampage, Becka's mind fought in rebellious scream, "His smile isn't real!" Bracing against the deafening onslaught shrieking in her head, Becka's body tensed. Opening her eyes with angry fury, her family still stood in front of her – on green grass – in the sunlight – together – smiling – in the distance. Becka's tumultuous emotions dissipated in the periphery around her.

Suddenly, the ground began to break apart between Becka and her family. It was then she noticed. The sky behind them was black. It was not ominous or dark, just black. It was fake. "Like Craig's smile," she thought.

Looking down at the earth breaking away from her feet, Becka stepped gently backward. One step. Then, another. And another, as the cave that embraced her beingness closed in around

her. Sam and Sasha soared across the crevasse and jumped joyfully into Becka's enfolding arms just as the cavernous walls embraced Mother and Children with its protective hug.

"You're a hero, Mom," Sasha said, smiling.

Unnerved, Becka quickly turned away from the joy of her children. Looking into the darkness, a singular light ebbed and flowed. Abruptly, Liz appeared in bright silhouette, bandaged and sitting on a hospital bed. Standing by her side, Vic smiled at his wife. Deep within her, Becka felt the vast love Liz and Vic shared with one another. Turning to look at Becka, Liz gratefully reached her hand out to her friend and smiled, "You're my hero, Becka." Feeling the weight of unbelieve drop from her heart into her belly, Becka felt the sharp contrast of untruth in her body.

Both smiling at her, Liz and Vic dissipated into tiny particles and blew away like dust.

Becka stared at the last glints of dust floating into the darkness. A soft breeze tousled her hair. Involuntarily, her body arched with a sudden intake of breath as she felt the familiar hand caress the small of her back. Becka closed her eyes into the relax of his warmth. Reaching her hand to his neck as he bent to her, his lips brushed her skin as they lifted to her ear, "You're their hero, Becka."

Becka stiffened as The Man's voice echoed loudly. She could not breathe. The deafening thump-thump of her own heartbeat drown out his voice and – FLASH – The Man's face blurred through her vision. With explicit clarity, she could see – his smile was genuine.

Thump-thump, thump-thump...thump, thump, thump...

Changing from the rhythmic racing of her heart to the beat of a helicopter hovering nearby, Becka Taylor became fully present in the soft meditative surroundings of her sanctuary. It was morning and she could hear Sasha and Sam had begun their day as usual – tripping each other down the hallway.