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Freelance writer, ghostwriter, blog content writer, seo specialist

SAMPLE OF MARSHA'S SCREENPLAY WRITING SERVICES

SPECIAL NOTE

Please do not reuse this for any selfish purposes. This is hard work on my part and based on another's imagination. The names of the characters in this screenplay has been changed and some of the situations reversed to protect the real scriptwriters. This is intended as a sample only. Please respect the rights of this writer and also the owner of the story.

Thank you.

IT STARTS HALFWAY THROUGH THE STORY

In their sub-conscious minds, together, their memories came alive again. It was a time when their lives intertwined and changed. Vivid images were brought alive again as they relived the past.

Young college-attending Devon was waiting for Rihanna outside her college. He checked his watch a little impatiently and then looks around. Then he sees Rihanna sauntering over to him beside the car. She had her hair tied up in a ponytail because Devon has a thing for girls in ponytails.

Devon smiles when she approaches. He reached out his hand to take hers as she came over. He held hands and he embraced her while kissing the top of her head.

Three years of courtship later, Devon, Rihanna and their child, Emma were sitting at the dining table in their comfortable home. Emma was singing a new song she learned in school, standing on top of the chair. While Rihanna clapped encouragingly along with their singing daughter, Devon chuckled over the top of his spoon filled with cereal and milk.

Then one fateful night, Rihanna woke up a startled Devon.

RIHANNA

(almost in tears)

I think we should take Emma to the doctor, Devon. Her fever's not going down. I'm just so worried.

She runs her fingers through her hair. Groggily, Devon stroked her cheeks and wiped off some of the streaming tears.

Hours in the hospital took its toll on the couple as Rihanna falls asleep on Devon's thigh in the waiting room. The doctor approaches the hopeful couple. He had the look on his face that is common for the bearer of bad news

DOCTOR

(hanging his head low)

I'm sorry. I've done everything I can to help her.

Rihanna, who was holding her breath, collapsed into Devon's arms.

Emma's untimely death caused the couple's relationship to suffer.

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In the kitchen, Rihanna and Devon are having a huge row. From the window, other onlookers or neighbors can see and hear the arguing couple.

RIHANNA

(flinging her arms around her angrily)

You're never here for her. You're never here for me! We're practically on our own all the time. We are your family and yet we get to stay in the backseat of your life all the time. This isn't what I bargained for. It's certainly isn't what Emma bargained for as your daughter.

DEVON

(holding back his anger)

It's my job, Rihanna! Why can't you understand that? I've got crimes to solve, criminals to catch, thieves to pluck out of our society. I can't fight back and say I can't do it because I've got a family to go back to or TV show to catch. Why can't you understand that? I thought you knew this was what it was going to be like! I know it's not the best kind of family life there is, but it's the best kind of family life I can give. What more do you want from me, Rihanna? What more?

RIHANNA

(softly)

Come home, Devon. I wanted you to come home.

Devon stared at Rihanna helplessly, knowing that there's nothing he can do to rewind time and do things over. He looked at her and wished that she could or would understand. He looked at her wishing that there was a miraculous cure or solution that could give Rihanna what he wanted and fulfilled his passion for being a police officer.

But he knew there never will be. One would have to be sacrificed for the other.

In the office, Devon has trouble concentrating. Emma's death and his constant arguments with Rihanna took his focus away from work. His boss walks up to him at his table, summons him for a private discussion in his office. The boss privately chastised him for a critical mistake he made when putting up a report on a recent unsolved crime.

Devon held his head down, nodding because he had nothing to say. He had no excuse. He had let his own personal problems seep into his professional life. In this line of work, the margin for error is NIL.

In Devon's and Rihanna's conscious minds, (the bad guy in this story) Evil Patrina's face looms around the things that they are now revisiting in their subconscious minds.

Images of them laughing, marrying, crying, Emma's dead body, scenes from her burial floated around surrounding Evil Patrina's face. Rihanna consciously wanted to hear Emma's voice again. Devon started feeling the regret of not being more physically present with his family. The

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old wounds are now being subconsciously reopened. It felt like opening an old wound and rubbing salt into it.

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