Novel and Play 3

* About the structure of a screenplay (not so relevant to our study of novel, though)

The man’s face in the window scared her horribly.

→ At the sight of the man’s face in the window she tripped backwards over the chair and shrieked.

**Emotions**

1.

The cell squeezed her and the air was hot and fetid. All the joints of her body burned from her frantic twisting against the walls, her head was pressed into her chest and her legs shot with cramp, but her struggles had worked—one wall felt weaker.

2-1

I’m so happy right now./ This really freaks me out. (X)

“I can’t believe I fell for your crap.” He shook his head so hard, his hair fell into his eyes.

2-2

Sasha felt the waiters eyeing her as she sidled back to the table holding her handbag with its secret weight. She sat down and took a sip of her Melon Madness Martini and cocked her head at Alex. She smiled her yes/no smile, “Hello,” she said.

 The yes/no smile was amazingly effective.

 “You’re happy,” Alex said.

 “I’m always happy,” Sasha said. “Sometimes I just forget.”

3

Mary’s eyes widened to discs, and she stepped away from me. “I can’t believe you think that.”

4.

Lewis didn’t feel like roaming the neighborhood anymore. A plane zoomed across the sky. Lewis looked up. He imagined Mr. Corcoran’s missile flying down from the sky, aimed right at them, lean and silver as a needle. Would he see it before it struck or would it happen so fast that everything would be obliterated? Would he know a Communist if he saw one?

5-1

A door opened. On the other side of it was a world of stunted color and muted sound, as if something was stuck in Wil’s ears, and eyes, and possibly brain. He shook his head to clear it, but the world grew dark and angry and would not stay upright.

5-2

Her mother is a moon eye in the sky. Not perfectly white, but bruise-hued. The moon eye casts a gaze over all of the world, over violence and lovers with equal compassion, over living and dead, over children and old men curling into brittle-boned fetal positions in bed.

**Awareness**

1. Cold Cases is good. Very bleeding good for a guy like me: working-class Dub, first in my family to go for a Leaving Cert instead of an apprenticeship. I was out of uniform by twenty-six, out of the General Detective Unit and into Vice by twenty-eight—Holly’s da put in a word for me there. Into Cold Cases the week I turned thirty, hoping there was no word put in, scared there was. I’m thirty-two now. Time to keep moving on up.

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Seven years on, and the truth was starting to hit.

 Murder is the thoroughbred stable. Murder is a shine and a dazzle, a smooth ripple like honed muscle, take your breath away. Murder is a brand on your arm, like an elite army unit’s, like a gladiator’s, saying for all your life: *One of us*. *The finest*.

 I want Murder.

1. Even with the ferry nearing the shore, or the shore nearing the ferry, Ray still felt like he might never make it to Jura. Zeno’s paradox would take over. He would continue to travel half the distance, and then half of that, and half of that, and. . . . The closer he got, the more he felt his body shutting down. Famine, dehydration, and fatigue nipped at his heels. Marshmallow-like mucus colonized his chest and bits of it escaped every time he coughed. . . .

↓

“You can call me Mr. Pitcairn.”

 “It sounds like the whole island was expecting me, Mr. Pitcairn.”

 “The whole island? Who do you think you are, the king? Did you think we’re one big happy family? That we were going to throw you a parade?”

1. “I’m aloof because my parents withheld affection from me as a child,” she said. “It really shaped me into being unable to trust people.” (X)

“This room is so opulent. Look at those brocade curtains, with that elaborate design. And the tall bed with its heavy mahogany wood posts.”

Cf.

She found the room opulent, with heavy brocade curtains woven with an elaborate Celtic design, and a four-poster bed made of gleaming, heavy mahogany.

1. As before, it takes me a while to reconcile the memory of Colin Shea to the reality of him. I always expect the worst: flashbacks, regret, unbearable tension. Instead, it’s relief that sweeps through me—relief and a strange sense of groundedness.

 “Better weather up here?” He watches me for a moment, perhaps gauging my reaction to his teasing tone, his shy smile. I see then that he’s changed in other ways, too—he seems relaxed, eased of some terrible burden. I don’t know if that burden is the crash, or expectations, or even me, but its absence plays on his face.

**Tension**

* 1. (first-person)

The automatic locks clicked. I tried to think of something else, to act as if I hadn’t just driven off with a guy I barely knew. Rita and all her talk about stalking! This was Princeton, everyone knew the place was safer than a police station. Besides, if I wanted a safe and sheltered life, what was I doing in a foreign country, all by myself?. . .

 Before I noticed, the houses had given way to woods. Smudged green, racing on both sides of the road.

 “Where are you taking me?”

 A smile—slow and sure of its impact. For a moment or two, while my heart pounded its panic through my chest, I had mental flashes of what could happen next. Things this guy might do to me. Stuff I had seen only in movies.

 He stepped on the breaks and swerved into the grass. I looked in the side mirror—the road was completely empty.

 Was there any chance that pain hurt less if inflicted by some one beautiful?

 A key turned, choking the engine off—

 Then everything became absolutely quiet.

* 1. third-person

“Jimmy’s not here?” Lewis said. Ava stared at him, incredulous. His hair was awry and there was some sort of muddy stain splashed across his shirt and pants.

 “Weren’t you with your brother?” Dot cried, and Rose looked down at the ground. “Where is he?”

 Ava felt Jake’s hand against the small of her back. She thought of Jimmy, crying because he had lost at checkers. She saw him standing at his doorstep, waving at her, his chin tilted up. Jimmy, she thought. Oh Jesus, Jimmy.

2. It was one of those days. It had been a while. Not since well before Christmas. Celeste’s mouth was dry and hollow. Her head throbbed gently. She followed the boys and Perry through the school yard with her body held stiffly, carefully, as if she were a tall fragile glass in danger of spilling.

 She was hyperaware of everything: the warm air against her bare arms, the straps of her sandals in between her toes, the edges of the leaves of the Moreton Bay fig tree, each sharply delineated against the blue of the sky. It was similar to that intense way you felt when you were newly in love, or newly pregnant, or driving a dar on your own for the first time. Everything felt significant.

 “Do you and Ed fight?” she’d asked Madeline once.

 “Like cats and dogs,” Madeline had said cheerfully.

 Celeste could somehow tell she was talking about something else entirely.

1. Her heart was stuttering in her chest. The rush of her blood made a roar in her ears. What she heard when she strained to listen was the voice of the saint. “Now or never,” Saint Rose told her. “I am with you only for this moment.”

**Second Person**

To begin with tracking, you examine the track from three perspectives—lying, standing, and flying. Lying down is when you get all close and personal with your track, planting your nose as near it as possible. Standing allows you to take a look at the trail, not just the track. Flying is when you use what you know of the surrounding ecology to bring perspective to the track. Also important is whatever it is that the animal has stepped in, like mud or snow.

Whisper, “Don’t go yet,” as he glides out of your bed before sunrise and you lie there on your back cooling, naked between the sheets and smelling of musky, oniony sweat. Feel gray, like an abandoned locker room towel. Watch him as he again pulls on his pants, his sweater, his socks and shoes. . . . In the smoky darkness, you see him smile weakly, guiltily, and attempt a false, jaunty wave from the doorway. Turn on your side, toward the wall, so you don’t have to watch the door close.

“You’ve got some blow?” she says.

 “Is Stevie Wonder blind?” you say.

 She takes your arm and leads you into the Ladies’. A couple of spoons and she seems to like you just fine, and you are feeling very likeable yourself. A couple more. This woman is all nose.

 “I love drugs,” she says, as you march toward the bar.

 “It’s something we have in common,” you say.

 “Have you ever noticed how all the good words start with D? D and L?”

Am I just another *stranger*? Is your Twitter bio your subtle way of announcing that you’re an attention whore who has no standards and will give audience to any poor schmuck who says hello? Was I nothing to you? You don’t even mention the guy in the bookstore?. . . Maybe we had nothing. But then I started to explore you and you don’t write about what really matters. You wouldn’t share me with your followers. Your online life is a variety show, so if anything, the fact that you didn’t put me in your stand-up act means that you covet me. Maybe even more than I realize. . . (from Caroline Kepnes’s *You*)