

Blank Page

By

Elbron Eramia

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP: BACK OF THE NECK...

...of A WRITER, 35 sits, stretching his fingers. DISTRESSED.

WRITER (V.O)
I hate writing.

INSERT: MOTIVATION POSTERS

- "Show Don't Tell"
- "Use your Writer's Voice"
- "Write, Write, Write"

INSERT: Fingers tapping the table.

The Clock ticks

WRITER (V.O)
Everytime I write I only affirm how bad I am. Just follow my writer's voice? What if I don't have a voice? Oh *just keep writing*. Keep writing. What if I don't want to keep writing. What if the truth is, I hate writing?

He looks at his calendar. "DEADLINE" is circled in red. "3 DAYS LEFT" is marked on the Notes side.

WRITER
I'm doomed.

Gazes back at the computer

WRITER
Come on...Come on.

He types WORDS ON THE DOC...Then freezes.

WRITER (V.O)
I don't even know what my writer's voice means. What does it mean? To just be *me*. I dont have anything to write about. All I can think to write is bullshit, because,...my brain...
(out loud)
Can't translate one image into words on a freaking sheet of paper!

He's crashing out.

He slams his computer, and shoves himself away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He looks at his phone.

WRITER

No DMs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tosses his phone in the couch.

Checks his refrigerator.

WRITER

No food.

He slams the fridge door

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

He stares down his Chuckee-villain-ass computer....

WRITER

No NOTHING.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He curls in the couch, eying the menacing computer.

WRITER

All I can think to write is how bad
I am. If I write how bad I am I can
write from now till the end of
time!

Gets a curious look in his eye.

WRITER

Then maybe that's what I'll do.
I'll write how bad I am.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He shifts back to his chair.

WRITER
 (beginning typing)
 I will write and write and write
 and force and force and force the
 shit... Out Of... MY WRITING!

He Freezes- *Why did that feel good?* Fingers get rolling typing.

WRITER (V.O)
 I'll write so hard on the nose that
 your nose bleeds inside out from me
 telling you how bad I am! Show,
 don't tell? Screw that shit. *Tell,*
don't show. I will tell you bad I
 am. I will tell you and tell you
 and tell you till I make you ass
 feel like a 1st grader from all the
 thoughts inside my head and how bad
 I am. You pretentious ass bitch.
 That's right. Just let it rip. I
 fucking hate writing! Hahahaha!

Locked in.

WRITER (V.O)
 Be Authentic. Be yourself. God's 10
 commandments blah blah blah. It's
 my story now! No plot twists. No
 arc. No theme. Just vent.

Ponders...

WRITER (V.O)
 And to think, what if I put this
 into a film for all to see.

Moves the mouse to file. Click "Print"

WRITER (V.O)
 One bad film. With one Bad writer.
 And one random actor.

He shifts to the printer.

WRITER (V.O)
 It's true. I don't have an
 authentic voice. I have a bad
 voice. And this time, my bad voice
 will become THE VOICE!

He gathers the papers from the Printer. Title Page reads:
"Blank Page."

WRITER

(Mixes voiceover with speaking
out loud).

Whether you like it or not, whether
your rulebook on screenplays likes
it or not, or your agent likes it
or not. I'll make *that* a script.
Make *that* a film. So
congratulations. Here's to me.

He shouts

WRITER

HERE'S TO ME!

He looks at the camera.

WRITER

What? Too meta for you? Fuck you.
That's how you write a script.

He gathers all the film material: Camera. Lights. Erases the
"Deadline: 3 day" on the board. He plops the Script down on
the table as well

The Title Page reads: "Blank Page"

End.