

My Big Inspiritational Ass!

By

Margo Macabee

FilmmakerIQ Challenge

2-2-2009

margo@filmmakeriq.com

FADE IN:

INT. MARGO'S STUDIO -DAY

MARGO, goddess-like forty year old with long dark-brown hair that would turn Medusa herself to stone, stares blankly at her laptop screen.

It reads only 'FADE IN:'. The screen-saver takes over.

MARGO
Stupid challenge... I got your
inspiration right here!

Margo reaches for a BOTTLE of wine.

MARGO(CONT'D)
I'm not frigging Shakespeare!

Margo fills her WINE GLASS and stands.

MARGO(CONT'D)
Hemingway, maybe.

She paces in the tiny room over a sleeping Black Labrador, then over a Yellow Labrador and sips from her wine glass.

MARGO(CONT'D)
I'll tell you what inspires Margo.
Knowing what the G.D.M.F.S.O.B. to
write!

She scowls at the TV and the handwritten sign on notebook paper taped over the screen that reads 'I AM A WRITER'.

MARGO(CONT'D)
Yeah. That's supposed to inspire
me.
(beat)
Knowing that. Believing that.
Knowing that I believe I am a
writer is...

Margo sits back down in front of her laptop and brings up the Thesaurus.com website.

MARGO(CONT'D)
Inspiration. Inspire, motivate,
provoke, uplift, spark. Spark...

Her eyes search something unseen in the room. Then she squares up on her laptop and types nearly frantically.

MARGO(CONT'D)

Spark... The single match sparked in utter darkness, the pinhole of light that is the birth of my idea. If I am patient and let my eyes adjust beyond that single lit match, the story will reveal itself to me. Slowly. As it wishes. As it needs to be seen. Unveiling just what I need to experience to truly fathom what lies before me. Only then, in my quiet patience, can I see the path clearly from the beginning to the very end, without obstacles and soon even the darkest corners will be visible to me. That moment of clarity, that epiphany, the second when I fully comprehend what is bursting, beaming from the dark depths of my mind...is what inspires me. The 'eureka', 'holy crap', 'bingo' and 'fucking A' moment. That moment when I'm all alone and giggling with a tear running down my cheek, my pants are still on and the only thing my fingers can't do fast enough is qwerty out what the universe wants to manifest through me until I cry out loud 'God, that's good'! And I am spent! I am complete! I am achieved! I dry my cheeks with a paper towel crusty from yesterday's mustard catastrophe. I believe, this is my reason for being. I believe it. And now with the innate belief that one lit match in the distance will allow me to see all that there is, I know that my true inspiration is believing I am a writer and knowing it is and always has been me that strikes that match.

Margo tips backs her glass of red wine.

MARGO(CONT'D)

Not bad. Save and send.

FADE OUT.

THE END