

INTERIOR

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FADE IN:

1 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

1

A cursor blinks on a blank page...

Blinks... blinks... blinks... blinks...

2 EXT. DESERT - DAY

2

A vast, desolate wilderness. Heat waves seep into the air.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Exterior. Desert. Day. A vast,
desolate wilderness. Heat waves
seep into the air.

Every word she speaks is typed over the screen.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
A lone woman walks... wait, no,
shit--

The cursor on screen jumps back, deletes the word "walks".

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
... ambles her way into the void.
She is alone. Lost.

A LONE WOMAN trudges out into the desert. She does everything
the narration says.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Her tattered clothes betray her
desperation. Her eyes drift to the
ground. Her pupils widen. She bends
down- grabs the object. It's
impossible... she lifts it,
revealing...

The Lone Woman freezes. Her hand holds something just below
frame...

... and the cursor on screen blinks... blinks... blinks...

She continues to stand frozen.

A long beat of: blinks... blinks... blinks... blinks...

3 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

3

NAOMI CHASE sits at her desk. Her hair is disheveled. A full glass of wine sits next to her keyboard. Her clothes are both mismatched and backwards.

NAOMI
Shit. That's stupid, Naomi.

She lowers her head into her hands.

She looks up at the computer screen. Typed out on it is all of the previous narration.

NAOMI
Damn it.

She holds down the delete key.

4 EXT. DESERT - DAY

4

The whole scene plays in reverse:

The Lone Woman puts the object down... stands... ambles backwards... etc...

5 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

5

Naomi takes a big sip of her wine- begins typing.

The words yet again, as well as for the remainder of the script, appear on the screen (cursor and all).

NAOMI (V.O.)

Naomi takes another drink.

She highlights the entire page- deletes it.

She yet again stares at a blank page with a continuously blinking cursor.

In her eyes, the cursor blinks... blinks...

Naomi takes another drink.

A FEW JUMP CUTS SHOW:

- 1) Naomi leans back in her chair, chews on her hair...
- 2) Her wine is half drunk...
- 3) She watches YouTube videos...
- 4) She does squats behind her chair...
- 5) Her wine glass is filled again...
- 6) Her wine glass is empty again...
- 7) She slaps her face over and over... etc., etc...

NAOMI (V.O.)

All racist and homophobes then died. Everyone lived happily ever after. The End.

She leans into her chair- shakes her head.

NAOMI

No. Not realistic enough.

She deletes it.

NAOMI (V.O.)

And then everyone died. The End.

Naomi grimaces.

NAOMI

Much better.

The cursor continues to blink... blink... blink...

The page remains empty.

Naomi sits in her chair. She holds an empty glass of wine.

NAOMI (V.O.)

Interior. Office. Night. Naomi
finishes her third... maybe
fourth... glass of wine. She yet
again realizes she accomplished
nothing. Nothing at all.

Naomi sighs.

7 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

7

The shower is running. It is nearly impossible to see through
the steam.

In the shower, Naomi sits under the stream of water. She's
huddled up, her knees pulled to her chest.

NAOMI (V.O.)

Interior. Bathroom. Night. Naomi
lays in the shower. She cries under
the constant downfall of water.
It's pathetic, pitiful, feeble,
woeful...

8 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

Naomi eats soup. She sits alone, in the dark, at a large
table.

NAOMI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... lamentable, deplorable,
miserable, wretched, contemptible,
despicable, inadequate...

9 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

9

Naomi brushes her teeth.

NAOMI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... meager, paltry, insufficient,
negligible, insubstantial,
unsatisfactory...

10 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

10

The computer screen reveals "pathetic synonym" is typed into
Google. A list of all the previous synonyms are on screen.

NAOMI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... worthless, and any other word
Google doesn't know.

11 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

11

Naomi lays on her bed. She stares at the ceiling.

NAOMI (V.O.)
Interior. Bedroom. Night. Naomi
lays awake. Alone.

Naomi looks around, judging her room. Suddenly, the lighting of the room changes. Everything is now black and white.

NAOMI (V.O.)
The room is lit straight out of a
Noir film. Harsh shadows protrude
from the window. It's raining
outside. The reflection of the rain
flows down Naomi's body. She falls
into a deep sleep.

Naomi rolls onto her side.

She closes her eyes, and falls asleep...

The room slowly disappears until she is in a black void...

12 INT/EXT. BLACK VOID - NIGHT

12

Naomi continues to sleep...

NAOMI (V.O.)
Interior. Or maybe it's exterior...
whatever-- Interior. Dream-space.
Naomi is transported to another
plane. Somewhere beautiful.

Suddenly, the black void is filled with stars. Her bed floats in the center of the galaxy.

A nebula is projected onto her and the bed...

Naomi opens her eyelids. The stars shine off her pupils.

Naomi smiles. She leans up. The nebula wraps around her frame. She reaches with her hand- touches it- turns her hand around- watches the cloud move across her palm.

Naomi breaststrokes from one side of the mattress to the other. The combination of the projected nebula and the bed sheets makes it appear as if Naomi is swimming across space.

When she reaches the top of the bed, Naomi turns to face the sky. A tear falls down her cheek.

NAOMI (V.O.)
Here, she's finally happy. Here,
her imagination is endless.

13 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

13

The bright-orange, early-morning sun shines onto Naomi. She turns onto her back- opens her eyes.

NAOMI (V.O.)
Interior. Bedroom. Day.
(a beat)
Then she wakes up.

A long beat... Naomi rubs her face.

14 INT. OFFICE - DAY

14

Naomi glares at the blinking cursor.

NAOMI (V.O.)
And, of course, she forgets
everything she dreamed about.

Naomi stares off into nothing.

15 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

15

Naomi eats breakfast by herself.

NAOMI (V.O.)
Her day repeats itself. An endless
groundhog day.

16 EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

16

Naomi pushes her way through a large crowd of students.

17 INT. LOBBY - DAY

17

Naomi sits at a small chair next to a coffee table. Her laptop rests on it. On the screen: that damn cursor...

NAOMI
(under breath)
Just write... just write, Naomi...
anything... ugh--

A PERSON sitting on the chair next to Naomi looks at her like she's crazy. He quickly gathers his things and leaves.

After the Person moves, it's revealed that STEVEN HARRISON is sitting in a chair behind him. Steven is well-groomed with an ironed dress shirt on. He looks up at Naomi.

NAOMI
Shit!

Naomi slams her laptop closed.

STEVEN
Okay then...

NAOMI
What? Oh. I'm sorry. I--

STEVEN
You okay?

NAOMI
Y'know I would be if I ever finished this thing. This script.

STEVEN
You're a screenwriter?

NAOMI
Well. Would be if I ever finished a damn script.

STEVEN
I'm a writer too. What classes have you taken?

Naomi packs up her belongings.

NAOMI
I'm a grad student. So all the underclass ones.

STEVEN
You kidding me? Must be good if you got into grad school. I'm only in Intro.

Naomi looks over at him- blushes.

Steven digs in his bag- gets out a paper- rips off a small portion. He takes out a pen- begins writing...

STEVEN

If you don't mind, I have a script and I'd really love some feedback.

NAOMI

Oh, sure.

Steven hands her the slip.

STEVEN

My e-mail. I know I don't know as much as you, but... if you ever need help, occasionally I have good ideas.

NAOMI

Thanks.

STEVEN

We could brainstorm or something.

NAOMI

Y'know, I usually work alone.

STEVEN

Oh-- that's fine then.

NAOMI

Thanks anyways.

STEVEN

Of course.

Naomi quickly walks off.

18

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

18

The cursor blinks... blinks... blinks... blinks...

NAOMI (V.O.)

Interior. Office. Night. Naomi faces her worst enemy once more.

Her fingers shake above the keyboard. She takes a sip of wine.

The cursor mocks her.

Naomi bangs her head on the keyboard.

NAOMI (V.O.)

Hyju7njadpofsgnpgnngnngnngnngn
apjodksfapdsahohpadsifhapoiddidpaio
hndfo...

Naomi lifts her head- sighs.

Steven's paper lies next to her wine glass. Naomi lifts it up- looks between it and her computer.

A blazing, red light suddenly shines onto her from the window behind her computer.

NAOMI (V.O.)

A blazing, red light suddenly
shines onto Naomi. *Shh, don't worry*
about it... it's metaphorical.

Naomi opens up her e-mail- clicks on "send message". She types in Steven's e-mail address.

Then, her heart sinks--

Once again... in the "message box"... her worst enemy--

The abhorrent cursor!

Blinks... blinks... blinks... blinks... blinks...

Naomi stares at the empty e-mail message. Her eyes roll back. She takes a deep breath- sips on wine- begins to type...

NAOMI (V.O.)

Hey, it's Naomi...

She shakes her head, deletes it.

NAOMI (V.O.)

Hello there. It's the girl from you met...

NAOMI

Ugh.

She deletes it.

NAOMI (V.O.)

Yo, it's your girl here! The one with the nice booty and the foul mouth! Wondering if you'd like to come up with a story?!

Naomi scoffs at her ridiculousness. She haphazardly slams down at her desk- accidentally hits the keyboard.

Zip!

Naomi looks in horror--

On her screen:

"E-mail Sent".

She freezes...

Her mouth gapes. She covers it with her hand.

Naomi leans back in her chair. She doesn't move for a long beat... she just breathes... and breathes.. and breathes...

She lowers her hand.

Another beat...

Naomi nods her head. She lets out a smile.

At least she finally finished something.

NAOMI

Okay then...

Naomi picks up her wine and downs the rest of it.

THE END.