

UNTITLED SCRIPT

written by:

INT. ART SPACE - NIGHT

A light flips on and a teenage girl is standing by the lamp on her desk. This is GRACE. She is dressed somewhat fancy, with makeup and styled hair, as if she was planning on going out, but instead gracefully sits down at the desk.

The frame is looking downward toward the desktop. Grace places down, pens, pencils, brushes, acrylics, watercolors, and charcoals. These supplies are placed neatly around the edges of the frame so that when the blank white piece of paper is finally plopped down, they all perfectly surround it.

Through the awkward silence a voice speaks over the scene. This is the NARRATOR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Blank pages. They are terrifying. The almost surreal void that stares into your soul. And you stare right back at it hoping it'll change on its own at some point. However, it won't. And we all deal with this "blank page", writers, dancers, and actors. In some way or another we all struggle to jump in and create, when a huge "blank page" is in front of you. I like to compare it to a field of fresh snow, for those who think they are not artists. With a fresh field of snow you gaze out and see the clear perfection of white, and you have this desire to run straight through it, but at the same time something is holding you back from ruining the clean unbothered field.

Grace's hand pops back into view and hovers over the pencils, then rapidly moves towards the brushes. Then, she speeds back toward the pencils and reaches down, but instead of picking it up she straightens it out. She repeats this with all the supplies. Until there is nothing left to do, but pick up a pen.

Her hand is visibly shaking as she tries to press down on the paper.

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

And there is this similar but amplified fear that artists have. The fear that this piece will be a failure. You start to think of every piece where you failed. You try to grasp onto a memory of a good successful painting you have done, but can't. Only the failures and terrible masterpieces come flashing by.

The shot flashes back-and-forth with distressed shots of the girl, ripped up artwork, spilled paint, and close ups of her hands doing artwork.

Then, the chaotic flashed shots stop as it shows the blank piece of paper again.

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

Finally you look back at your painting to see you have done nothing but stare at it for hours. You have been staring so long that your brain has become the blank page, and trust me no artist is happy about this. This moment is when an artist starts to get frustrated and build up all their emotions. And this. Is the perfect time to start.

There is a pause and Grace's hand is seen tapping the paper, followed by another pause.

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

And from that one move, you are off.

After a beat Grace starts drawing rapidly with full intensity.

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

All of those negative thoughts vanish because you are so focused on keeping up with your thoughts. You move as fast as you can trying to catch every thought you have before it is replaced by 5 others. Sprint and sprint around you own mind just to grasp every last idea. This feeling of absolute bliss envelopes you and nothing but creativity can radiate from the room. Until, as soon as it was there, it is gone.

Grace stop abruptly with a scowl on her face.

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

It all comes to a screeching halt. You pause to take a look, and absolutely hate what you seen.

Grace slams the utensil down with disgust.

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

There is a famous writer named Ira Glass, who gave a speech on artists, and how, to be an artist you need to have advanced and amazing taste. And when you begin doing art, it is not good. It really just isn't. However, that does not mean you are a terrible artist, because you taste is still immaculate, but that is why artists hate their work. It is a clique that the weird art girl will say her piece is terrible even if it looks fantastic to any other viewer. It is not for attention or self esteem it is due to this idea that they have a developed taste, and have not found an equilibrium of taste and skill. However, no artist is truly aware of this when they are in this stage of distress. This has lead to many people with potential giving up on their piece or art entirely.

Grace leaves everything she is doing on the desk, bolts up and turns the light off.

BLACK OUT:

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

There is always a desire to
return.

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The light turns back on and it is a new day, Grace is in another unique fancy outfits, however it is slightly less dressed up as the previous scene. Her hair is not done, and her makeup is minimal.

She sits down with the determined look. The supplies is still where it was left, and she immediately jumps in with no doubt or hesitation. However, she only gets a few mark down before she starts shaking her head and rubbing out the mistakes.

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

Those failed piece scream back at
you and try your hardest not to
let this one become a failure.
You try and you but...

Grace stands up while swiping all the supplies off the desk. Once up she stands and stares, once more, but stomps away.

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

You are tired, tired of this
unrelenting hatred for yourself
and the work you create. This
frustration and angry builds up
until you cannot take it any
longer. And this once you feel
like you cannot go on, you risk
it all.

Grace sprint back into frame grabs the single emerald green marker on the other side of the desk. It flips to the Ariel shot of the piece as she aggressively swipes the marker across the center of the page, "ruining" the entire piece.

Grace stands above the piece in shock.

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

There this silence as you look in
shock for what you had just done.

Then, a grin twitches onto her face and she plops back into her chair.

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

But if you gave enough risk you
might just fall right back into
it.

Grace does not hesitate for a second as she returns to her intense work style, but there is a new energy as she works, as if it embodies more glee than ever before.

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

Now you are in love with your
piece. You are not just happy you
covered the blank page, but
instead you enjoy creating. It
has diverged so much from your
original idea, which gives you
the most refreshing feeling. You
have finally come up from the
depths of a horrifying dark lake,
and now that you are out you on
top of the world. You are the
Vincent Van Gouge of your time.

Grace continues to draw, and it fades into her working on other pieces with the same attitude.

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

Now that you reached the
equilibrium of taste and skills,
you can do anything.

(Beat.)

Sing.

It flashes to Grace scream single in the car. Then, to her singing professionally into a microphone under a spot light.

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

Dance.

It flashes to Grace dancing in her bedroom. Then, to her on a stage looking like professional, under a spot light.

NARRATOR

Write.

It flashes to Grace writing down ideas in a journal, and then to her typing rapidly on a computer at night.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Because you are an artist.

It cuts back to Grace at her desk as she blows the eraser marks off the page. Then, she places her utensil down with such tranquil movements, as she stares in Awe at her work.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Until, you are finished.

It pans down a row of completed works, with slight odd abstract and surreal qualities.

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

You are finally filled with such content and pride because you have unlocked you true capabilities.

Grace, then flips the light back off.

BLACK OUT:

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

Until, the next day, week, or even year.

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The light flips back on and it is a different day, Grace is in another dressy outfits, and starts setting up her utensils. The shots are almost identical to beginning.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It is like the Autumn season foliage. You push and push so hard, waiting for the beautiful leaves to come. Only for it to last a few days, maybe weeks, before they shrink, darken, and fall. We try and try to hold onto it for as long as possible, but inevitably we are left with.

The mirror Ariel shot of the desk appears as she places down the white piece of paper.

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

Another blank page.

7.

The girl collapses into her arms in distress.

FADE OUT.