

INSPIRATION INC.  
(Sample)

by

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**LOGLINE:**

When the youngest of the nine Muses is given the chance to prove that any human is capable of doing something Great, she must work with her bumbling little brother and an assortment of uninspired retail employees to revitalize a failing mall and build a modern agora.

ACT ONE

INT. EASTGATE MALL, INSPO. INC. KIOSK - ONE WEEK LATER

CLOSE UP on a PAIR OF HANDS taping up a large yellow sign. The sign has been made with assorted colored Sharpies, an astounding amount of glitter, and a lot of spit and love. It reads, "Inspiration Inc. (Eastgate Mall Branch) -- Greatness Potential Testing". Just as one half of the sign has been taped up, the hands suddenly slip and the sign rips right down the center.

CYRUS (O.S.)

I'm okay!

The SHOT WIDENS to reveal that the hands belong to CYRUS, possibly the most enthusiastic grown man you've ever met, who has fallen from off the counter onto the ground in what looks like an abandoned cellphone cover kiosk. Polly is standing nearby, concerned. Cyrus looks down at the half of the sign he's still holding in his hand.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Oops.

Polly sighs. This is not the first time Cyrus has messed something up today.

POLLY

It's... fine. We'll just use more tape.

Polly looks out at the dingy mall hallway of dirty linoleum and flickering lights, the line of boarded up shops broken by a couple of still-functional stores with a few customers smattered about here and there.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Just think - any one of them could be The One. Our Person of Greatness.

Cyrus gets up and joins her in gazing out at the crowd of people.

CYRUS

They all look great to me. Ooh, maybe it's that one!

(he points to a boy picking his nose)

I didn't even know that you could do that.

POLLY

Don't- no. It's not that one.

Cyrus starts trying to feel the inside of his nose, and Polly swats his hand away from his face. SAM (19) dressed in a Wetzel's Pretzels uniform walks up.

SAM

Hunh. This is weird.

CYRUS

Oh, can I explain it this time? Please, please, please?

POLLY

I don't think that that's a very-

CYRUS

(to Sam)

Okay: So, like, if you were destined to beat the highest high score record in Zork or become a superhero-

POLLY

Again, Superheroes aren't real.

CYRUS

-or build the world's largest edible rubber-band ball one day, Polly would be able to tell you that you were gonna do it.

POLLY

No, I wouldn't.

CYRUS

No, she wouldn't. Wait, you wouldn't? That's lame.

POLLY

(to Cyrus)

Stop helping.

(to Sam)

Hi! What do you hope to accomplish in your life?

SAM

Nothing.

POLLY

You don't want to accomplish a single thing?

SAM

Not really.

(beat)

I work here.

POLLY

Okay... we can figure that part out later.

Polly gestures to a small biometric fingerprint scanner, the Greatness Spectrometer.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I have a magi- a scientific device that can test how much Greatness a person is one day capable of. Doing whatever it is they love.

(pointedly)

Because everybody is destined to accomplish something.

SAM

You have a magical device for testing a person's greatness?

POLLY

What? No. Nothing magical here, totally boring and scientific with lots of... wires. Inside.

SAM

This doesn't sound like science.

POLLY

Well, it is. Would you please place your finger in this opening?

SAM

Does it hurt?

POLLY

Just a teensy pinch, nothing to worry about. Now press your finger right there.

CYRUS

Oh man, but didn't one of the earlier versions have leeches in it?

POLLY

No.

CYRUS

Yeah, I remember, you'd put your finger in and then the leeches would swarm around it and there was always *so much* blood.

(off Polly's look, to Sam)

It tickled.

Sam warily puts her finger against the pad in the opening.

POLLY  
 (ignoring Cyrus, scanning)  
 Now, sure, most of the people that we work with at headquarters have a reading of 90% or above, but honestly anything above a 70-75% is completely respectable...

Polly trails off, looking at the scanner confused.

SAM  
 Something's wrong.

POLLY  
 No, nothing! No problem at all.  
 (she shakes it)  
 It might just be... jammed somehow.

Cyrus looks at it over Polly's shoulder.

CYRUS  
 The needle moved! I see it.  
 (pleased and informative)  
 You have a potential Greatness score of 3%. That's almost the top score!  
 (to Polly)  
 Right?

POLLY  
 Um, well, it's not quite the top...

SAM  
 Yeah, that tracks.

POLLY  
 But that's still enough potential to one day accomplish some... small dream. Are you sure you don't want to accomplish *anything*?

SAM  
 Why bother?

INT. EASTGATE MALL, INSCO INC. KIOSK - AN HOUR LATER

Polly walks back into the kiosk where Cyrus is sitting. She looks more discouraged.

POLLY

I've tested everyone at this mall, and the person with the highest Greatness potential was only 9%.

CYRUS

That seems pretty good! What's wrong with that?

POLLY

Their life goal is to breed Labridurtles, because "then their dog would come with its own crate."

CYRUS

Oh, that's so smart!

Cyrus' stomach rumbles.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

My stomach keeps making noises.

POLLY

I read about that. That means you're hungry.

CYRUS

Being in a human body is amazing!  
(he points at his stomach)  
It's like I've got a friend with me all the time.

POLLY

Cyrus, what am I gonna do? Everyone here has dreams that are all... blegh.

CYRUS

You didn't test that one.

He points to a boy sitting with his mother eating ice cream, then motions to his nose - the same nose-picking kid from earlier.

POLLY

It's not that one.

CYRUS

Before you said it could be anyone. That includes the short and sticky ones too, right?

INT. EASTGATE MALL, WETZEL'S PRETZELS - DAY

Cyrus walks up to the counter that Sam is manning.

SAM  
(even less enthusiastic)  
Oh great, it's you.

CYRUS  
Thank you, great it's you too!

SAM  
You already said I'm never going to  
amount to anything in my life, are you  
here to spit on me too?

CYRUS  
Maybe I can later. I want to eat one of  
those.  
(stomach rumbles)  
Oh, and one of those too.

Sam starts to ring him up.

SAM  
That'll be twelve sixty-two.

CYRUS  
Twelve sixty-two what?

SAM  
Dollars. Money.

CYRUS  
I don't have that.

SAM  
Then you can't eat the pretzels.

CYRUS  
Oh. Okay. Does it also cost dollars money  
to hold the pretzels and just smell them?  
I promise not to eat anything.

SAM  
Holding and smelling them also costs  
twelve sixty-two.

CYRUS  
I see. So if I give you dollars money,  
you'll give me pretzels?

Cyrus' stomach rumbles.

I agree, we need to find money.

INT. EASTGATE MALL, HALLWAY - DAY

Cyrus stands in the middle of the hall as various shoppers walk past.

CYRUS  
(to first shopper)  
Hello, I'm Cyrus, I'm trying to get-

The shopper walks past without looking at him.

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
(to second shopper)  
Hi! Do you have a second to talk about money?

SECOND SHOPPER  
What?

CYRUS  
Do you have any?

SECOND SHOPPER  
Yeah...

CYRUS  
Great! Can I have it? I need money.

The second shopper hurries away. MIKEY (17) the security guard walks up to him.

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
(brightly)  
Hello! I want dollars money. Do you have any?

MIKEY  
...a little.

CYRUS  
Can I have it?

MIKEY  
No.

CYRUS  
Oh. Okay. Who gave it to you?



MIKEY

Nobody. I get paid to do my job. Which right now means escorting you out of the building.

CYRUS

Job? That sounds neat.

MIKEY

Yeah. Job. It lets me buy stuff.

CYRUS

So if I want to get money to buy pretzels, in your opinion one of the most effective methods would be getting a job thing?

MIKEY

That's pretty much how jobs work.

CYRUS

(sincerely)

Thank you. I gotta go get a job!

Cyrus races away down the hallway, back towards the Inspiration Inc. kiosk. Mikey blinks, doesn't follow.

MIKEY

I don't get paid enough for this.

INT. EASTGATE MALL, FOOD COURT - DAY

Polly walks up to a mother and her young son eating ice cream.

POLLY

Hello there. I have a machine to test how much Greatness a person is one day capable of. Would you mind if I examine your son?

MOTHER

You have a what now?

Polly holds the Greatness Spectrometer up close for the mother to see.

POLLY

I have a non-magical, entirely scientific device that can test how much Greatness potential a person-

The boy snatches the device out of Polly's hands and dunks it into the ice-cream he's eating.

MOTHER

Oh dear, I'm so sorry.

The mother hands back the device to Polly, now covered in ice-cream. Polly tries to turn the machine on. It emits a pathetic keening sound.

The mother digs into her pocketbook, takes out a \$5 bill and hands it to Polly.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

That's the third time this week. I hope whatever that is it wasn't too expensive?

POLLY

Just invaluable.

(to boy)

I still think you have lots of Greatness potential. Maybe one day you can drive a crane with a great big wrecking ball on it.

**END OF ACT ONE**