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Ummm...

Fabian Molina
Nova Southeastern University

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FABIAN MOLINA

“Ummm...”

So these two guys right? These two guys named Finnigan and Zack were finally going to make it big. They were going to New York in a small plane to be guests in the Late Night Show with Conan O’Brien. Luck did not concur with them and both ended up facing a turbulent windstorm (as they crossed the Indian Ocean on a cheery/dilapidated airplane) followed by a violent rapist landing. Both suffered major injuries, but the biggest blows went to their pseudo-careers, which were now plainly in the abortive stage. Their screenplay, which would, if not for the current problem, gathered both praise and consecutive rebirths (the film would have been turned into a sequel the following year!) was now metaphorically bloodier than F’s and Z’s pulpy faces.

Moving on and so forth: both partners crashed in a remote island, devoid of both fresh water and Starbucks. They would die. Finnigan knew that *something* productive should be produced out of this satanic catastrophe. They would write another screenplay. This would be their masterwork and life’s work (Notice: 2 is a number in this account that might or might not be used as a symbolic object to propel it forward on its nonsensical journey to the trash bin).

Screw it it won’t work. Yes it will.

No of course not. It is not all wrong.

Stupid minion of course it is. Just think about the possibilities.

It just doesn’t go with my particular film dogma.. Well screw your film “dogma.”

F you. No F you.

It doesn’t fit Finn. Yes a\$\$#0!%.

No it would never do. Yes of course it will.

What makes you think that Nicole Kidman makes a good Rita Hayworth?!?!?

The last 12 minutes of their lives were spent perfecting their imperfect script. Almost a masterpiece. Almost complete. Almost alabaster and agape and awesome after all. Almost there.

However...

If not for the seagulls and crabs of the island, THE James Cameron would not have seen the blood on the palm tree trunks. The entire script (all approx. 102 min. of it) for the ill-fated movie had been written on the organic bodies in the isolated isle. The insolent denizens of the island had eaten the blood or urinated (thereby destroying the writings) on the palm trees, as was their nature to do so. The corpses were swept off by the beautiful sea. James Cameron thought he saw something from his yacht, shrugged, and left.