

Being and Writing in the Moment

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Time is a mystery, especially in a screenplay. As writers, we can leap through decades from one scene to the next. Or we can stretch a moment into minutes of screen time, page after page unfolding the action in slow-motion, the same event visualized from multiple points of view. Indeed, each scene has its own rhythm. They can flash by like this one from *The Matrix*:

INT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL

The Big Cop flicks out his cuffs, the other cops holding a bead. They've done this a hundred times, they know they've got her, until the Big Cop reaches with the cuffs and Trinity moves --

It almost doesn't register, so smooth and fast, inhumanly fast.

The eye blinks and Trinity's palm snaps up and the nose explodes, blood erupting. Her leg kicks with the force of a wrecking ball and he flies back, a two-hundred-fifty pound sack of limp meat and bone that slams into the cop farthest from her.

Trinity moves again, BULLETS RAKING the walls, flashlights sweeping with panic as the remaining cops try to stop a leather-clad ghost.

A GUN still in the cop's hand is snatched, twisted, and FIRED. There is a final violent exchange of GUNFIRE and when it's over, Trinity is the only one standing.