

WRITER'S BLOCK

ANNA TURNER

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Close-up of laptop on desk with blank document screen up. Angle on SARAH, sitting on edge of bed, staring straight ahead with a blank expression on her face. Cut to wide shot of SARAH staring at computer. WRITER'S BLOCK appears on screen in between SARAH and computer.

Door suddenly opens, startling SARAH, to reveal HENRY, who looks at SARAH blandly.

HENRY

You literally have not moved in the three hours since I was home, have you?

SARAH

(thinks this over)

That would be non-fiction.

HENRY glances at blank computer screen, goes over to laptop, and shuts it. SARAH stares at shut computer for a moment, then groans in hopelessness and collapses back on bed.

HENRY

You're not going to get America's next greatest novel written by staring at a blank computer screen.

SARAH

(muffled)

Don't you think I know that?

HENRY

Obviously not, seeing as that is what you've been doing for the past month of your life.

SARAH

(sits up. Sarcastically)

Well, excuse me for having writer's block, okay? It happens. I'm a writer. I'm going to get writer's block.

HENRY

Maybe if you didn't put so much pressure on yourself to win this stupid contest...

HENRY picks up crinkled flyer for writing contest with words \$5,000 GRAND PRIZE! In big letters.

SARAH

That stupid contest is going to pay my bills for the next decade, okay?

HENRY

You know what else is going to pay your bills? A job.

SARAH

I don't need a job.

SARAH sighs and crosses to computer, opens it and sits down

SARAH (cnt'd)

I need a character. I need a character so I can write a story.

HENRY closes computer again.

HENRY

Then go find a character.

SARAH

(sarcastic)

Oh, yeah, I'll just go over to character-mart and pick up a conflicted journalist or a narcoleptic segway cop.

HENRY

No, I mean go out in the real world—not this room that you've been hibernating in for thirty days—and meet someone really interesting. Find some inspiration. Find your character!

SARAH considers this, staring hopelessly at blank document.
HENRY watches her expectantly.

SARAH

Maybe I'll write about you. You're a character.

SARAH turns to computer and starts typing, reading out loud as she types.

SARAH (cnt'd)

Henry Mullinger was as ordinary as they came.

EXT.-High Street. Day.

Long-shot of HENRY walking down street.

SARAH (VO)

But Henry had certain extraordinary tendencies that most people knew very little about, which is why he seemed so ordinary.

Medium close-up on HENRY, who has stopped walking and is looking at the camera.

HENRY

(to camera)

I'm not ordinary.

INT. SARAH's bedroom-Day. Same scene as before.

SARAH

Yes, you are. You're extremely ordinary.

HENRY

If I'm so ordinary, why are you writing
about me?

SARAH

Because there's no one else here.

HENRY raises eyebrows at SARAH as though to say, "Told you so."
SARAH, realizing his point, sighs.

SARAH (cnt'd)

(mumbles)

I hate you.

HENRY

I know. Let's go get a character.

SCENE 2

EXT. Uptown park. Day.

SARAH and HENRY are sitting on steps of outdoor stage. SARAH has pen and notebook in her lap. HENRY is lounging back, texting. LARRY crosses, holding package and a gallon of milk. Both watch as he sits down, opens box, and pulls out a slice of pizza. SARAH and HENRY exchange confused glances.

HENRY

Now there's a character.

SARAH nods in agreement, gets up and walks over to join LARRY at his picnic table.

SARAH

Um, excuse me sir, but...did you pack your
lunch in that mail package?

Larry looks down at lunch then back at SARAH.

Larry

Yes. It's Tuesday.

SARAH

(a little confused)

It is.

Larry

And every Tuesday, my wife mails my lunch to the office so that I don't have to find space in the fridge at work. (lowers voice and leans toward SARAH)
There's never any room in the fridge at work.

SARAH

Oh. Well, that's very nice of your wife to mail you your lunch. Have a good day.

SARAH turns and walks back toward HENRY.

Larry

(calls after SARAH)

A good Tuesday!

SARAH sits down and begins writing.

EXT. Gazebo. Day.

VANESSA is sitting in gazebo, knotting fingers anxiously, when LARRY appears, holding lunch package. The two lock eyes lovingly but hesitant.

SARAH (VO)

Larry 's heart longed for Vanessa, but he was sure that the beautiful debutante did not reciprocate those feelings. That is until he received the pizza in the mail.

Larry holds up pizza, and Vanessa nods. She rushes over to him and the two are about to embrace when Vanessa stops and looks at camera, crosses arms over chest.

Vanessa

Really? This is your great romance? I send
him pizza?

EXT.-Uptown Park. Same scene as before.

HENRY and SARAH are still sitting on steps. SARAH vigorously crosses out what she has written. HENRY looks over at her now scribbled paper and furrows brow in thought. Looks around. PAN around park, stopping on long-shot of UKULELE PLAYER.

HENRY

What about Ukulele kid over there?

Henry points at UKULELE PLAYER. SARAH gives UKULELE PLAYER consideration, shrugs, and begins to write.

EXT.-U.S. 27. Day.

UKULELE PLAYER is on side of road, playing Ukulele. He has a sign that reads VEGAS OR BUST.

SARAH (VO)

He was determined to be Vegas' first Ukulele
Hit, outselling Wayne Newton and Donny
Osmond...combined.

Wide shot of UKULELE PLAYER, strumming on guitar.

SARAH (VO) (cnt'd)

He knew his chances were slim, especially
with no money, but he had a dream and he was
going to chase it.

UKULELE PLAYER sets down ukulele and looks at camera.

UKULELE PLAYER

That's stupid. You don't know anything
about Ukuleles, nor do you know anything
about Vegas. Listen, Sarah, write what you
know.

SARAH (VO)

But...I don't know anything. I mean, besides
writer's block.

UKULELE PLAYER grins, winks, and picks ukulele up and starts
playing again.

EXT. -Uptown park. Same scene as before.

SARAH's head snaps up in inspiration.

SARAH

Oh my god...he's right.

HENRY

(bored)

Who's right?

SARAH jumps up and puts notebook in purse

SARAH

The UKULELE PLAYER!

HENRY looks over at UKULELE PLAYER in confusion as SARAH begins
to run away. HENRY follows her, struggling to keep up with her
fast pace.

SARAH (cnt'd)

I'm so stupid! Why didn't I just do it
before?

HENRY

(trailing after her)

Do what?

SARAH

Write what I know!

SCENE 3

INT.-SARAH's bedroom. SARAH rushes in, throws bag on ground and sits down in front of laptop. HENRY comes in right behind her, still confused.

SARAH

(to HENRY)

What do I know better than anything, HENRY?

HENRY

The state capitals. You rub it in my face all the time.

SARAH

That's because you thought Washington D.C. was the capital of Washington. You're an idiot.

HENRY

Maybe, but you're the one that can't churn out a 5,000 word short story even though-

SARAH

Not anymore!

Turns to computer and writes title WRITER'S BLOCK in big letters. Begins typing fervently, reading aloud.

SARAH (cnt'd)

Sarah sat hopelessly on her bed, staring at the blank computer screen that had been the bane of her existence for thirty days straight. It kept her up at night, tortured her during the day, mocking her inability to overcome...

FADE OUT voice and scene.

SCENE 4

INT.-SARAH's dining room. Day.

SARAH HENRY

HENRY

Sorry you didn't win that contest, Sarah.

SARAH

It's all right. I mean, "Writer's Block"
wasn't really my best work.

HENRY

But in a way it kind of was.

SARAH eats spoonful of cereal and waits for HENRY to explain.

HENRY (cnt'd)

It got you out of that rut you were in. How
many stories have you written since then?
Five? Six?

SARAH

Six-ish.

HENRY

See? You're back!

SARAH thinks this over and smiles.

SARAH

Yeah, you're right.

HENRY

And you're still a great writer.

SARAH

And you're still ordinary.

HENRY

(scowls)

I'm not ordinary.

SARAH

Yeah...but you are.

FADE OUT



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