

WRITER'S BLOCK

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY

CHRISTOPHER and SOPHIA are sat around a table, stressed about the work in front of them. SOPHIA screws up a piece of paper and throws it towards the bin with a sigh. A cork board is on the wall behind them, covering every inch with messy pieces of paper, CHRISTOPHER pins up a sheet of paper. WESLEY then bursts in, a tray of coffee in one hand and a case of Red Bull under the other.

WESLEY

Sorry I'm late everyone. I was getting supplies.

SOPHIA

We've been here hours and we've gotten nowhere. I've never had it this bad before.

WESLEY

What?

Cuts back to SOPHIA before cutting to-

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY

The three are sat around the table, all frustrated about their writer's block. WESLEY is sat with his feet on the table, playing with the strings on his hoodie. He sits forward quickly as if to say something, shakes his head then sits back again. SOPHIA is sat forward, staring at a thread she is wrapping around her finger. She looks up, opens her mouth then sits back again. CHRISTOPHER is sat upright, asleep. He is holding a pencil in his hand. He drops the pencil and wakes up suddenly.

CHRISTOPHER

I got it.

SOPHIA

(excited)

What?

CHRISTOPHER

The idea. Picture this. (beat)

Old-timey intro and music plays with the text "Christopher's Pitch 'Ode to Hollywood'" appearing.

INT. STUDIO. DAY

They are stood in front of a green screen with LA's skyline behind them. WESLEY is now wearing a tie, CHRISTOPHER is holding a saxophone, and SOPHIA is wearing a yellow hoodie.

CHRISTOPHER

There are two people. They both work in LA, him as an actor, and she's a singer perhaps. They hate each other, but they're falling in love.

CHRISTOPHER

(Sophia's mouth moving)

I don't understand why anyone would ever fall for you.

CHRISTOPHER

(Wesley's mouth moving)

You can talk, yellow isn't exactly your colour is it, darling.

CHRISTOPHER

Then a bit of jazz plays

CHRISTOPHER begins pretending to play saxophone.

CHRISTOPHER

(continued)

Perfectly, may I add. And then they dance.

SOPHIA and WESLEY look at each other confused then begin dancing terribly along to the music.

WESLEY

Okay stop.

Cuts back to-

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY

They are sat around the table again.

WESLEY

Look Chris...

CHRISTOPHER

(angered)

Christopher.

WESLEY

If we want to win the award for "Best  
Written Film Ever"

Cuts to a shot of the award with sound of gospel choir  
singing behind.

WESLEY

(continued)

Then we need to create something a bit  
better than a Hollywood love story.  
Didn't work out for 'La La Land'.

CHRISTOPHER

(sarcastic)

Fine, then let's look over at the  
reject list again.

CHRISTOPHER walks to the notice with cue cards pinned to show  
a collection of films made by other second year students.

CHRISTOPHER

(continued)

Perhaps there's a hidden gem somewhere  
here.

CHRISTOPHER flicks through the notes before shrugging and  
reverting back to his seat.

WESLEY

They're all dreadful. Sophia, do you  
have anything? Literally anything?

SOPHIA shakes her head. Time lapse of the three wandering  
round, drinking the coffee and Red Bull, typing, and  
scribbling on paper. The time lapse stops and SOPHIA begins  
looking through a ridiculously large stack of cue cards, each  
with quotes, concepts and characters. They are written very  
neatly and have doodles covering them to show her  
procrastination. She flips to a card saying 'Zombie'.

SOPHIA

Zombies.

WESLEY

What?

SOPHIA

We should have zombies.

CHRISTOPHER

I am not writing another horror film  
with zombies.

SOPHIA

It doesn't have to be horror. (beat.)  
Picture this.

Old-timey intro and music plays with the text "Sophia's Pitch  
'Zombiestreet'" appearing.

INT. STUDIO. DAY

They are stood in front of a green screen once again, this  
time the background being a run down road. WESLEY and  
CHRISTOPHER are holding a spade and a cricket bat,  
respectively. SOPHIA's top is ripped.

SOPHIA

So there will be zombies, like I said,  
really gross zombies. Then we can have  
two guys, utterly useless, and they'll  
try and fight them using whatever they  
have.

SOPHIA

(CHRISTOPHER's mouth moving)  
Throw the records, maybe that'll slow  
them down.

SOPHIA

(Wesley's mouth moving)  
Are you joking!? It's taken me years  
to collect all these.

SOPHIA

(CHRISTOPHER's mouth moving)  
You're not going to miss Mariah  
Carey's Greatest Hits.

SOPHIA

(Wesley's mouth moving)  
I'll have you know that is a classic.

SOPHIA

Then the zombies get really close and  
they attack them, blood everywhere.

WESLEY and CHRISTOPHER begin hitting SOPHIA with their  
weapons. SOPHIA lies on the floor.

SOPHIA  
(CHRISTOPHER's mouth moving)  
Ice cream?

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY

CHRISTOPHER and WESLEY look at SOPHIA confused.

SOPHIA  
What? Don't you like it?

WESLEY gets up and starts leaving towards the kitchen area.

WESLEY  
As much as I love Edgar Wright, I am  
not making a carbon copy of 'Shaun of  
the Dead'. It's just not happening.

As he says this, he pops his head back round the corner and  
leaves again.

CHRISTOPHER  
Don't tell me you didn't realise. You  
even added in the unbranded red-  
flavoured ice cream.

SOPHIA puts her head on the table and pulls up her hood.

SOPHIA  
(muffled)  
Well I liked it.

WESLEY  
This shouldn't be that hard.

WESLEY returns from the kitchen and places down a large bong  
on the table.

WESLEY  
We need all the help we can get.

WESLEY goes to light his bong, but is interrupted by a dirty  
look from CHRISTOPHER.

SOPHIA  
Old person can't remember her husband?

CHRISTOPHER  
The Notebook.

CHRISTOPHER holds up a DVD of The Notebook before slamming it

down on the table.

CHRISTOPHER

(continued)

A film about a fighter, but the biggest opposition he faces, is himself.

WESLEY

...'Fight Club', Chris.

Wesley holds up a DVD of Fight Club before slamming it down on the table.

CHRISTOPHER

(angered)

Christopher

WESLEY

A ex-cia agent tries to find his abducted daughter?

SOPHIA

Well that's obviously 'Taken'.

SOPHIA holds up a DVD of Taken before slamming it down on the table.

WESLEY

Okay, change it to his disabled son, who has been kidnapped after his wife was killed early on in the film. Oh, and he can get the help from a mentally challenged lady.

CHRISTOPHER holds up a copy of Finding Nemo and slides it into the centre of the table with the other DVDs.

WESLEY

What we need is something epic.

CHRISTOPHER

Go on.

WESLEY

Picture this.

Old-timey intro and music plays with the text "Sophia's Pitch 'Space Battles'" appearing.

INT. STUDIO. DAY

WESLEY and CHRISTOPHER are now wearing bathrobes and holding toy swords. SOPHIA is wearing a crown. They are against a green screen showing space.

WESLEY

So there's an evil dictator who's kidnapped a princess. (beat.) Oh, and this is all in space. Then a dashing hero and a rogue will go and rescue her.

WESLEY

(Sophia's mouth moving)  
Help me, my planets in danger.

WESLEY

(CHRISTOPHER's mouth moving)  
Look, I just wanted some money, you can save her.

WESLEY

The fate of the universe is in our hands.

The boys start having a sword fight and an explosion appears behind them. SOPHIA runs and hugs CHRISTOPHER.

WESLEY

(CHRISTOPHER's mouth moving)  
You know, sometimes I amaze even myself.

WESLEY

(Sophia's mouth moving)  
Thank you!

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY

SOPHIA stands up.

SOPHIA

You're really making the princess a pathetic damsel? You've heard of the "Me Too" movement, right?

CHRISTOPHER

Besides that's 'Star Wars' isn't it?



SOPHIA

I Thought the plot sounded familiar,  
my girlfriend's obsessed with that  
stuff.

WESLEY sighs and chugs a Red Bull out of spite and then  
gargles sounding like Chewbacca.

WESLEY

Well what are we going to do? Just  
write a film about three people with  
writers block?

All three characters stare at the camera.

INT. CINEMA. NIGHT

There are people in the audience looking bored. Two people,  
together, start talking each other.

PERSON #1

Can't believe we paid to see this crap

PERSON #2

Shall we go?

PERSON #1 nods and they both get up and walk off.

CUT TO CREDITS.

INT. AWARDS CEREMONY. EVENING

The announcer is on stage, envelope in hand and a mic in  
front.

ANNOUNCER

(opening envelope)

And the award for "Best Written Film  
Ever" goes to (beat) Writer's Block!

CUT TO CREDITS.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Articles are visible on a computer screen praising Writer's  
Block. Focus is on one in particular asking "When Can We  
Expect Writer's Block 2?". Camera pans round to reveal a  
second screen with a blank script before the appearance of  
the words "WRITER'S BLOCK 2: ELECTRIC BOOGALO"

CUT. END.