

WRITER'S BLOCK

Written by

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INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

The only light in the dimly lit room comes from the partially opened curtains.

Stacks of books and boxes fill most of the room.

A casually dressed MAN(30s) stands cross-armed in front of a cluttered desk. Nervously chews his fingernail as he looks down at an apple that sits next to a typewriter.

He paces back and forth a few times before bending down to take a close look at the apple.

Like a nervous animal he quickly and cautiously gives the apple a poke. It rolls across the desk before it stops near the edge.

He lets it sit there a moment and then cautiously picks it up. Twirls the apple in his hand and examines it thoroughly.

Quickly takes a bite.

After a few cautious chomps he decides the apple tastes good.

He SCREAMS out joyously as fragments of apple fly from his mouth. He takes another big bite, sits in a chair at the desk, and starts to hit keys on the typewriter.

INT. HOME OFFICE - LATER

The Man, now in a nice tuxedo, sits at the desk on a brand new leather chair. His hands hover paused above the typewriter.

On the desk now sits a very fancy lamp. Next to him on the floor sits a huge stack of money. A large tv leans against some boxes.

Slowly he begins to type. After about a dozen clacks of the typewriter keys he takes a long pause, and then very deliberately hits the last key.

INSTANTLY a very beautiful WOMAN appears out of nowhere behind him. A total knockout, she clutches her cocktail in an elegant evening gown with her hair and makeup expertly done.

She only needs a moment to soak in her surroundings before starting to scream bloody murder.

The Man stares at her wide eyed, unfazed by the incessant high pitch screaming.

He grabs a magazine from the desk, flips to a particular page, and holds it up to compare an ad photo to the Woman in the room. Same.

A smile spreads across his face, and then quickly disappears, as the gravity of her screams starts to sink in.

As he takes a step toward her she throws her cocktail in his face and steps backward. Never once does the screaming stop but she manages to get out a few panicked questions.

WOMAN

(in French)

Who are you and how did I get here?
Where am I?

She lunges for the partially open office door but the Man beats her there by a split second and slams it closed.

Again she backs away. All the while she screams for dear life.

Sweat beads heavily on the Mans forehead as he switches to full panic mode.

MAN

Shhh! Shhh! Please!

He can barely be heard over her screams.

The faint sound of the doorbell RINGS out and the Woman goes silent.

They both listen and after a moment it RINGS again. This time she starts to scream harder and louder.

MAN (CONT'D)

Shhh...shush....shhh!

In an INSTANT he shoves her as hard as he can. She violently falls backward and SMACKS her head on the corner of a very expensive looking coffee table.

The doorbell RINGS again and he looks at the motionless Woman.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Man stands in the hallway and composes himself. The shadow of a figure shows through the fogged glass of the front door.

The doorbell RINGS again and the Man yanks the door open.

MAN

So sorry about that. Didn't hear
the doorbell with the shower
running.

The DELIVERY MAN on the other side of the door chomps on his
gum as he looks the sweaty man in the tuxedo up and down.

He holds a clipboard out to the Man as he lightly kicks a box
sitting on the ground.

Momentarily relieved, the Man takes the clipboard and grabs
the attached pen. Scribbles his name. ROGER MARTIN.

Suddenly an exact COPY of himself appears behind the open
door, just out of view of the Delivery Man.

He fumbles the clipboard back to the Delivery Man, who gets
annoyed and snatches it, and then jogs back to his truck.

Roger slowly closes the door while never taking his eyes off
his Copy.

They stare at each other silently.

Roger raises his hand and the Copy does the same.

ROGER MARTIN

What the fuck?

COPY

What the fuck?

Roger starts down the hallway as they keep their eyes glued
to each other.

INT. HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Roger and his Copy stand over top of the French Woman. She
stares up at them with wide blank eyes. A pool of blood
slowly expands around her head.

Roger looks sickly.

ROGER MARTIN

I need a minute.

And he bolts out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Roger runs in, throws the door closed and beelines for the sink where he dry heaves and gags.

After a few moments he begins to compose himself and stares at his reflection in the mirror.

A light clicks on in his brain, and he quickly scans the bathroom. Flings open the medicine cabinet.

He kneels down next to the bathtub, grabs a shampoo bottle, and uses it to write the word GUN in big letters in the tub.

A HANDGUN appears next to him on the floor, and he stares at it uneasily.

He picks up the gun, stands, and carefully puts it in the back waistband of his pants.

Sweat pours down his face. He rips off the tuxedo jacket, and untucks his shirt. Careful to make sure the shirt covers the gun in the back.

A deep breath and then he opens the door.

INT. HOME OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Roger talks as he walks into the room.

ROGER MARTIN

I know what we need to do.

Stops in his tracks when he sees his Copy, who sits casually in the desk chair. The body of the French Woman nowhere to be seen.

He stammers with his words as he motions toward the spot where the Woman was, and where only her blood spot remains.

ROGER MARTIN (CONT'D)

Wha...what happened...to...where
is...um...

Makes a noise with his tongue as he motions harder with his finger toward the spot she was.

COPY

I took care of it. Don't worry.

The Copy flippantly spins around in the chair to face Roger, who remains in the doorway.

ROGER MARTIN

How did you take care of it? Where is she? That was too quick, we need to be careful.

COPY

Like I said, I took car---

SUDDENLY Roger rips the gun from his waistband and fires off a shot at the Copy before he can finish his sentence.

The bullet STRIKES the Copy in the middle of the face killing him instantly.

Roger stands frozen in the doorway, and shakily keeps the gun held on the motionless Copy.

He snaps back to reality and moves over to the Copy. Gives the slumped body a cautious poke with the gun.

Using the tail of his shirt he begins to wipe the fingerprints from the gun. Quickly realizes that makes no sense, and then puts the gun in the hand of the Copy.

As he adjusts the gun a MALE VOICE calls out from the doorway.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

What the fuck is going on here?

The sound of the voice startles Roger so badly that he jumps, and it causes him to accidentally fire the gun.

BOOM!

He looks up just in time to see a SECOND COPY of himself, shot in the stomach, stumble backward from the doorframe.

SECOND COPY

What's your deal dude?

And the Second Copy, mortally wounded, falls to the ground with a loud thud.

Visibly shaken, Roger lets go of the gun and slumps to the ground and sobs.

Slowly he starts to stand. Uses the back of his hand to wipe away his tears.

Something on the desk catches his eye.

He reaches out and grabs the paper sticking out of the typewriter.

Stares in disbelief as he sees his name typed over and over and over again.

Utterly defeated, he sets the paper on the desk and lowers his head.

A familiar MALE VOICE breaks the silence and calls out from the other room.

 ROGER MARTIN (O.S.)
Hello? What's all the commotion in
here? Did I hear gunshots?

FADE OUT.

THE END