

THE WRITER'S BLOCK

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EXT. MOUNT SINAI - EARLY EVENING

A middle aged man, MOSES, climbs up the side of a mountain with a beautiful skyline behind him. As the sun sets, he wanders into an opening, taking shelter for the night.

A dry storm rages all around the mountaintop. Wind and dust flies all around. Flashes of lightning shimmer in the clouds. Moses shields himself from the elements. As he leans his staff against a wall, he sighs a feeling of relief. Serenity. Calm.

A bolt of lightning *strikes* the edge of his shelter, startling him!

Two large slabs of the stone lining the cave break off, and fall to the ground with a loud and sustained *thud!* Moses looks in wonder at the slabs. They are smooth, rectangular, with a subtle bevel and rounding of the edges. These are the tablets with which he is to transcribe the ten commandments.

There is a sudden calm around the mountaintop. The storm subsides. Moses peeks out of the cave, and sees a ray of light shining down through the darkness of the clouds.

Moses falls to his knees. He is empowered with divine purpose. There is a loud boom from the heavens. Not a voice, just a bass tone that shakes the ground.

Scrambling to his feet, Moses pick up some crude tools formed by the lightning strike; a chisel and a rock to hammer with. He begins tapping the chisel into the stone tablet as a humming reverberation is heard from the heavens.

He continues chiseling for some time, as the storm subsides, leaving a clear night sky filled with twinkling stars.

EXT. MOUNT SINAI - BASE - THE NEXT MORNING

As the sun rises over the thousands of Jews, they await their Messiah's return. They look to the mountainside above them, and... eventually:

Moses turns a corner. He pulls a makeshift sled of sticks and leaves. Upon the large leaves, two stone tablets engraved with glorious purpose.

He nears the edge of a cliff, overlooking his people below. A dramatic pause, as he looks upon them- they await whatever he has to say.

He pulls the stone tablets up beside him, propping them up against the stone face of the mountain at his feet. They are bluish black, beautifully dark and unbelievably smooth.

Moses nears the edge, as all eyes are on him... waiting.

Moses raises his arms, gesturing towards the heavens. He takes a deep breath in and is about to speak when we-

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A young writer yawns, and leans back in her chair. This is CAMERON AIMES. Late 20's, shoulder length brown hair. She has large, interesting eyes and is a good looking professional. She stares at a blank screen open on a word document in front of her.

The cursor blinks repeatedly. Taunting her. She leans forward in her chair... Then leans back and breaths a sigh of frustration. She sits for a moment, and then gets up.

Cameron stands up from her chair. We see her apartment. What things she has unpacked are clean and organized. She has recently moved in, within the past week or so. There are several unopened boxes surrounding her. She paces the apartment in reckless anticipation of her unwritten work.

She looks around some more, still getting used to her surroundings. Along her mantel are several greeting cards that she has set up in decoration. They all read "Congratulations" or something similar. She picks up one, reading the inside.

Handwriting inside the card reads: "Congratulations on your big first sale! No pressure for the next one! -Dave"

She places the card back. She sees another one and grabs at it, smiling.

The outside reads: "So you sold your first novel..."

She opens it. The inside, also handwritten, reads: "Wow, they have a card for everything! Congrats, can't wait to read it :) - Jenny"

She places the card back, a smile on her face.

She makes a snap decision to leave, grabbing her jacket and keys and exiting the apartment.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Cameron walks into a coffee shop, and up to the counter.

CAMERON
Large white mocha on ice, please.

The cashier rings her up and picks up a cup.

CASHIER
What's your name?

CAMERON
Cameron.

The cashier writes her name on the cup and hands it to someone else who will fill it.

CASHIER
That'll be seven fifty.

Cameron hands the cashier a couple bills. The cashier makes change, and hands it back.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Thank you, and here's your change.

Cameron pockets the change, receipt and takes a couple steps over to a nearby table. She sits down, waiting for her drink.

As she waits, she notices people in the shop. He looks around for inspiration. He sees couples talking, a man on his cell phone, and elderly woman watering down her coffee with milk. Nothing inspiring here. She slumps in her chair.

A woman walks in through the front door. This is Cameron's friend, JENNY. She's around the same age, dark skin and hair; pretty. Cameron perks up as Jenny walks up to her. She stands as the two hug.

JENNY
Hey, how's it going?

CAMERON
Good. What have you been up to lately? I can barely get a hold of you.

JENNY
Well... I finally finished the book! Went to the press last week. Should come out in a couple more weeks!

CAMERON

Ah, yeah? Congrats! That's awesome.
The snoring one, right?

JENNY

The snoring one? Come on, you know
what I've been working on for the
past six months!

CAMERON

Six months? Has it been *that* long?
I guess I never realized how much
work goes into the artwork for a
children's book. What's it called?
"Everybody Snores"?

JENNY

Oh come on! I thought we were
passed all this jealousy stuff!

CAMERON

I'm not jealous, seriously! I am
very happy for you. I'm just an
asshole.

JENNY

You got that right!

Cameron perks up as her drink is set on the counter.

BARISTA

CAMERON! White mocha on ice.

She walks up to the counter, grabbing the drink. She steps
back in line with Jenny.

JENNY

Snoring's alright.

CAMERON

(not paying attention)
Huh?

JENNY

The book. It's called "Snoring's
Alright". And I didn't name it, I
just did the illustrations for it.

Cameron smirks.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Shut up!

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Cameron and Jenny walk down the street, each holding their respective coffee cups.

CAMERON

I really am happy for you. That's great.

JENNY

I know, and I appreciate it. And I am happy for you! You just sold your first novel! I mean, you know... It just seems all so surreal.

CAMERON

You know, when we were in Ms. Thomas' class-

JENNY

Oh man... The third grade?!

CAMERON

Yeah, who knew that girl would get a children's book deal and the other delinquent would sell a novel? Did you ever think you'd get anything published?

JENNY

Of course not! I couldn't even write inside the lines of those weird notebooks. My letters were always too big. And I could barely read.

CAMERON

Yeah, well everyone starts somewhere.

JENNY

You've started your next one already?

CAMERON

Well, when I told you I was writing a story, what I meant apparently, was that I was going to stare at a blinking cursor on my overpriced laptop for the rest of my life.

JENNY

You don't have anything?! You told me you were starting that weeks ago!

CAMERON

I know! After the excitement of selling that first one I was on such a high that I thought another one would just pour out of me. But I just couldn't think of anything to write about.

JENNY

Oh, I'm sorry.

CAMERON

I guess I just don't have the proper motivation.

JENNY

Well, it's not so much about motivation as much as it is inspiration.

CAMERON

Yeah, you're right. I mean, how do you get inspired to write something great?

JENNY

I don't know. You're asking the woman who drew pictures in a book for toddlers.

CAMERON

Yeah I know you don't know, it was rhetorical.

The two laugh, as Jenny slaps Cameron's arm.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Kidding! Kidding, jeez.

JENNY

Inspiration is something that you have to let find you. You can't force it and you can't fake it. The great novels are the ones that are honed over time. Researched. They contain the blood, sweat and tears of their authors.

CAMERON

And they come in fortune cookies.
That was a good one.

JENNY

Shut it!

They walk for a bit in silence.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I think you're putting too much stress on yourself. I know you just got a fat check from the publishers, and you don't need to come up with a new story immediately. Just enjoy where you are in life before you go thinking the grass is greener somewhere else.

CAMERON

I know you're right. It's just that I have so many abstract ideas but none of them really form anything solid. It's frustrating.

JENNY

And most of them were drunks or drug users.

CAMERON

What?

JENNY

Hemingway, Steinbeck, Lewis Carol.
Hunter S. Thompson. Oscar Wilde.

CAMERON

Well, I don't do that. And I'm not looking to be the next Hemingway or anything. That's a high bar to set. It does seem important to write about something meaningful, though. It has to have a purpose.

They near Cameron's apartment building.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What are you doing today? You want to come up?

JENNY

Sure. I got nothing to do.

CAMERON
Come and inspire me, then.

They enter the building.

INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cameron and Jenny enter the apartment. Cameron throws her keys on a countertop, and drapes her jacket over a chair, just like they were when she left. She seats herself at the desk and opens the laptop as Jenny falls on the couch behind her, laying down with her feet on the armrest.

CAMERON
Okay, here we go...

JENNY
(looking at the ceiling)
What about the time travel idea
that you had a couple years ago?
You never did anything with that,
right?

CAMERON
Actually, I sold that idea to SyFy.

JENNY
Okay, what about the naked one?

Cameron turns to Jenny.

CAMERON
I don't write those kinds of
stories, Jenny.

JENNY
(laughs)
No, the one about the nudists! That
you tried to write in high school?

CAMERON
That was a joke project I made for
Ms. Pierce's class.

JENNY
Well, maybe you could develop it.

CAMERON
I don't think I could develop a
story about nudists living on Mars
in search of Hamburgers, and make
it relatable. Remember, I said
something *meaningful*.

JENNY

Okay...

Cameron opens up a browser window. She begins to type.

JENNY (CONT'D)

What do you got?

CAMERON

Nothing yet. Just searching some message boards. Trying to see if anything strikes me. Looking for inspiration, remember?

JENNY

So you're going to steal someone else's idea?

CAMERON

Well if they're stupid enough to post their idea where anyone could see... No, I wouldn't do that. I mean just seeing what stupid people post. People are so stupid- WAIT!

JENNY

What?

CAMERON

What about stupid people on the internet?

JENNY

What about them?

CAMERON

I could write a story about that. Like... Reddit, the movie!

JENNY

That's a saga, not a story. That's like War and Peace long. Plus it's too general.

CAMERON

Oh man!

Cameron slams her head against the keyboard in defeat. It makes an unsatisfying clicking noise. She rests her head there, letting the keys imprint on her forehead while she moans. Maybe it's cathartic for her.

JENNY

You know you don't have to come up
with an idea right now!

CAMERON

(muffled)

I don't think you realize the
depths of-

She cuts herself off abruptly by sitting straight up in her chair and scooting closer to the desk. She begins typing, rapidly.

JENNY

What?! What are you doing?

CAMERON

Maybe there's something on getting
inspired.

JENNY

(confused)

How do you mean?

CAMERON

I don't know. Writing prompts. Mad
libs. I mean, how do people...

She trails off, and then thinks of what to search for. Cameron speaks as she types the words:

CAMERON (CONT'D)

How... to... overcome...

She finishes typing into the search bar:

"WRITER'S BLOCK"

Cameron hits enter on the keyboard. The screen populates with many different sites. "About 5,800,000,000 results" according to the search results. In bold font, at the top of the screen, a definition of "Writer's Block" reads:

"1. The condition of being unable to think of what to write or how to proceed with writing."

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Yep, that's it.

Jenny gets up and walks to read over her shoulder.

JENNY

Oh, God. You're going to resort to pop-psychology over the internet, aren't you?

CAMERON

Now, now. Don't knock it til you try it. Maybe there's some things you haven't thought of.

JENNY

Like what?

Cameron clicks on a link and scrolls down on the page.

CAMERON

Like, did you know that "The pressure to produce work may in itself contribute to a writer's inability to calculate-" OH MAN! This is so boring!

JENNY

Well, that's helpful.

Cameron clicks forward a couple pages on the search.

CAMERON

Hey, this one suggests the "Kindergarten Trick". You should appreciate that. It's your fan base!

JENNY

What is it?

CAMERON

It's a bunch of little kids with no place else to go during the week-

JENNY

What is the Kindergarten Trick, jackass?!

CAMERON

It's filling in the blank sort of stuff. "When I grow up, I want to be a" blank.

JENNY

Real writer?

Jenny shoots her a wicked glance, but Cameron pays no attention.

CAMERON

You're really not as good at that
as I am. It's a gift.

She continues to click some more on the search results, going forward a couple more pages.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(whispers to herself)

When I grow up, I want to be... a...
writer.

She sees an interesting link that catches her eye.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Hello... what's this one?

JENNY

How far are you?

(looking at the screen)

Page nine?! I didn't even know it
went that far.

CAMERON

Yep. They don't fit five billion
search results on the first page.
You gotta dig a little if you want
to find anything good.

(beat)

Have you heard of this Writer's
Block?

JENNY

Have I heard of writer's block?

CAMERON

*The Writer's Block. This site
claims that there's an actual
block, like a cube or something
that-*

(reading off the screen)

"Endows the holder to divine
inspiration. Passed down for
millennia through great world
leaders, authors, filmmakers,
entertainers and people who have
changed the world."

She sits back in disbelief.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Is this a real thing?

JENNY

Seriously? You're believing this?
It's insane. A block of wood that
grants divine inspiration? What
does that even mean?

CAMERON

I don't think it's made of wood.

JENNY

Does it matter? A magical muse
cube?

CAMERON

That's a good title for my book.

JENNY

I think you're getting delirious.
You've been staring at that screen
way too long.

CAMERON

Well, it makes for a good story,
none-the-less. And that is what
I've been searching for.

JENNY

You have been searching for some
conspiracy theory nut job's idea to
steal?

CAMERON

You don't think this has merit?

JENNY

Merit?! Are you serious?

CAMERON

And I'm not going to steal it.
Look, I'm not saying it's real. I'm
saying it's a good story. And I've
never heard of it before. You
haven't, either. That means it's
original. And if this guy thinks
it's real, then he didn't fabricate
this idea so let's see how far back
this thing goes. If it is an
original idea, let's investigate
it. That's what you were telling me
to do. Research.

JENNY

Yeah, I guess. I just don't like people who take advantage of other people. He probably wants to share his fortune with you if you Paypal him some "good faith" money or something.

They both laugh.

CAMERON

Unfortunately, there's not a whole lot of information on his site. It's just his blog, and he mainly talks about watching "Fixer Upper" and why cats deserve to be put down. Wow, the internet really has given a microphone to everyone, huh?

JENNY

Quoting Aaron Sorkin, now?

CAMERON

Hey, he thinks Clint and Joanna are having an affair!

JENNY

What's that?
(pointing at the screen)
Click there.

CAMERON

Okay.

Cameron clicks on a link that takes her to a page with a comments section. There's a name, e-mail and comments box. She fills in the boxes:

NAME: Cameron Aimes

E-MAIL: Cameron.Aimes@gmail.com

She begins to type in the comments box, and speaks the words aloud:

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Okay, so... uh...
(typing)
Hi. I stumbled upon your blog, and am interested in learning more about this "Writer's Block". I've never heard of it before, and it seems like a very cool story.

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Could you elaborate on its history and whereabouts of it? Thanks. I think cats are totally lame too. Regards, Cameron.

Cameron looks back at Jenny.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Is that alright? I don't want to scare him off or anything.

JENNY

Seems fine to me.

CAMERON

Okay, cool. So: what do we do now?

JENNY

I was going to go to the movies. Maybe see the new Avengers. Wanna go?

CAMERON

Yeah, sounds fun. Let's do it!

The two get up and leave the desk where the laptop sits, still open.

Cameron and Jenny grab their things and leave the apartment in the same fashion as when they arrived.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Cameron and Jenny walk to a nearby cinema, while still pondering what they've recently discovered.

JENNY

You know, the more I think about it, the more that Writer's Block seems pretty cool. What if it actually exists?

CAMERON

I know! Wait, are you being brainwashed now?

JENNY

No, no, no. Not at all. I just like imagining things.

CAMERON

An ancient artifact responsible for some of the greatest minds in human history?

JENNY

That's kind of a cop out, though. Isn't it? Saying all the great things that were done throughout humanity's existence is only because of some magical Rubix cube? I mean, that's why religion was created, right? To make sense out of things that we couldn't really understand.

CAMERON

(laughs)

You have a way of underselling the shit out of this thing! I don't really see it that way, though. I'd like to think it's more of a "comes to you in your time of need" sort of thing. Like, twenty minutes ago, I could have really used it. I legit had writer's block. And now we may have uncovered *the* Writer's Block! Well, you know what I mean. Even if it doesn't physically exist, it's still sparking inspiration. Maybe I just needed something to get my brain moving. Out of whatever funk I was in, you know?

JENNY

Well, prepared to get back into a funk. More superhero explosions and CGI.

CAMERON

You said you wanted to see it!

JENNY

No, I do. I love superhero movies. It just seems like Hollywood is so oversaturated with them. It's like they only care about making money.

CAMERON

Are you really that naive? It seems like that, because it *is* like that! Movie making is a business.

JENNY

There's just too many remakes, reboots, sequels, prequels, blah blah blah... It's no wonder you couldn't think of anything original; no one else can, either!

CAMERON

Look, there's plenty of original ideas out there. It's just that big budget blockbusters are the easiest money. They draw in huge crowds and have the largest fan bases. It's called an IP - Intellectual Property. Making movies off of established characters and stories that people already know are less of a risk and more of a reward for the movie studios. Plus, I like them, anyway. I like action movies, superhero movies. There's always a good story to be told, even if it's based off a comic book or whatever. And if it's enjoyable to an audience, that's all that really matters.

The two arrive at the cinema. They exchange money for tickets at a nearby kiosk and enter through the front doors.

INT. CINEMA - LATER

Cameron and Jenny enter the cinema and pick their seats. They each have drinks and a popcorn to share. They sit down as the pre-roll show is displayed on the screen.

JENNY

(half whispering)

I like action movies too, obviously. I suggested this one. I didn't mean to go all hipster on you. I'm just saying, you're in a funk because you couldn't think of an idea for your story. But look all around, it's happening everywhere.

A large woman squeaks in the seat behind Cameron. She looks back at the noisemaker, they exchange nasty glances and she looks back towards Jenny.

CAMERON

That's not very encouraging. We are two people that have chosen creativity as a profession. I don't want to go back to writing shitty news snippets for some blog.

Jenny laughs.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What?

JENNY

Shitty news snippets... that's a funny phrase.

Cameron laughs at her. In her pocket, Cameron's phone dings a notification ringtone. The woman behind him gives a loud murmur in disapproval.

CAMERON

Forgot to turn my phone off.

She pulls out his phone from her pocket, and looks at the display. He has a new text message from "Private Number".

She unlocks the phone and clicks on the message app. She and Jenny both read it:

1:18 PM: "meet me @ peets coffee in 10 mins. Come alone."

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(in disbelief)

What the hell?

JENNY

Who is that from?

CAMERON

I don't know, it says "private number". What should I say?

Jenny takes the phone.

JENNY

The only appropriate thing you can say when you don't know who sent you a message.

She types in:

"New phone. Who dis?"

They both chuckle at the text message. Jenny hands the phone back to Cameron as it goes off again. Another ding. The woman behind him murmurs even louder.

CAMERON
(looks back)
Okay, seriously? The movie's not even on yet. Take it easy.

She looks back down at the phone. Another message from "Private Number". She swipes the phone to unlock it and reads the message with Jenny:

"if you want to know about TWB you'll be there. I won't offer again."

Cameron and Jenny look at each other. Jenny knows what Cameron wants without her having to say a word.

JENNY
But we just got here!

CAMERON
(stands up)
I've already seen it. Captain America dies. Let's go.

MURMURING WOMAN (O.S.)
ARE YOU SERIOUS?! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

JENNY
(getting up)
Oh my God, why are we even friends?

Jenny reluctantly follows Cameron as they both leave the cinema.

INT. CINEMA LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Cameron and Jenny walk with a purpose out of the theater and through the lobby, adorned with movie posters.

CAMERON
Okay, so either this thing is real or it isn't. If it is real, we can't pass up our only chance to find out more information about it. And if it isn't real, we will have only wasted some time and can get back to our regular lives after this meeting.

JENNY

Does Captain America really die?

Beat.

CAMERON

Can a hero really ever *die*?

The two exit the cinema out to the street.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - 10 MINUTES LATER

Cameron and Jenny walk up to the coffee shop front. Cameron grabs the handle.

CAMERON

Count to ten, and come in after me.
He said to come alone.

JENNY

Okay. Want me to hold your tin foil
hat out here, or are you going to
hang it up when you get inside?

Cameron gives her a cold look, dismisses her comment, and enters the establishment.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cameron searches around the shop to see who she's meeting, but no one strikes her as the person from the blog. She sits at a table by herself, positioning her body to where she has line of sight of the front door.

Jenny walks in. They exchange a glance as Jenny sits over by the bar area where she can get a view on Cameron. They both sit and wait.

Cameron looks around, then looks at her watch. Still no one approaches. She watches people come in and leave but still no one whom she thinks she's supposed to meet.

She pulls out her phone to check if she's missed any messages, but there is nothing.

Cameron slumps in her chair, feeling as if she's waited a long time. It is, in fact, several minutes later. She decides to leave, and stands up. Looking at Jenny, she gestures to the door. Jenny raises her head up from her hand, where it was resting on the bar. She acknowledges the gesture, and starts walking towards the door.

As Cameron exits the table area, a woman crashes into her accidentally, spilling iced coffee all over her shirt and down her pants.

CAMERON

AHHH! Oh God, that's cold!

WOMAN

Oh no, I'm so sorry. So, so sorry.
Let me help you.

CAMERON

No, I'm fine. Really, I can manage.
Don't worry about it.

She huffs and puffs, and heads back towards the single restroom in the shop. She opens the door and enters.

INT. COFFEE SHOP BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the door closes behind her, she heads straight for the sink and turns on the knob for hot water.

A split second later, the door opens and a figure walks in. Cameron doesn't look up but says:

CAMERON

Oh hey, it's occupied. Sorry, I
didn't lock the door. Just be a
sec...

The door shuts with the other person still inside and it is locked. Cameron now looks up. She sees a middle aged man with unnaturally jet black hair and horn rimmed glasses wearing a grey t-shirt and jeans. This is MYLO. The man from the blog.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Kay, look man: I can scream real
loud.

MYLO

Why do you want to know about the
Writer's Block?

CAMERON

(thinking)

I don't really think this is the
time or place for this.

MYLO

I need to be careful who I speak
around. I prefer privacy.

CAMERON

How do you know I can be trusted?

MYLO

I research everyone I meet. Everything I need to know about you, I found online before I came here. I know your name, place and date of birth, employment history, credit score, known contacts and favorite color.

CAMERON

That damn Freedom of Information act...

MYLO

It is real.

CAMERON

Well yeah, it's like a law-

MYLO

The Writer's Block. It *is* real!

CAMERON

(beat)

How do you know?

MYLO

I know because I've done the research. I know where it started and where it has been. There's just inconclusive evidence on where it is now.

CAMERON

So it's not around anymore? Like, it's been destroyed?

MYLO

No, it does still exist. It has to end somewhere.

CAMERON

Are you intentionally speaking in riddles or is that just how you talk?

MYLO

I have devoted my life to tracing the Writer's Block around the globe.

(MORE)

MYLO (CONT'D)

No one knows each life it has truly touched, but there are some undeniable facts.

CAMERON

Such as?

MYLO

How it all began.

The two stare at each other with an intensity that is uncomfortable for two people in a restroom.

MYLO (CONT'D)

When Moses descended Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments, he soon after witnessed some of his disciples worshipping a golden calf and intentionally smashed both stone tablets; that was real. The pieces were collected and placed in the Ark of the Covenant, but one disciple kept a chunk for himself. One man, a true man of faith, that didn't necessarily believe in Moses or the golden calf, but believed in something more. The piece was forty-seven cubic centimeters in size and was endowed with divine inspiration from the hand of God himself. This man, this disciple, went on to take the broken piece of tablet back with them to the motherland and there it was passed down through generations of his family until Christ himself ended up with it. It made its way through the dark ages, through the Renaissance until a young artisan in Italy found it. A young kid, named Leonardo Da Vinci. Now, he kept it all his life, and even carved it into a perfect geometric cube. He made it a work of art in itself. This block was scorched from the earth, and made of a blue sapphire composite material straight from Mount Sinai touched by the hand of-

There's a knock at the door.

MANAGER (O.S.)

What's going on in there?
Everything alright?

Mylo and Cameron freeze. The faucet is still running, breaking the silence.

MYLO
(faking an Italian accent)
Everything alright-a. On-a my way!

CAMERON
(to herself)
Okay, that's offensive.

Footsteps are heard walking away from the bathroom as the manager leaves.

MYLO
That's all for now. Got to go. If you're truly worthy, the block will find you.

CAMERON
I don't want to find it. I'm not on some sort of quest, I just want information on-

MYLO
I said that's all.

Mylo turns abruptly in the small restroom and leaves. The door slams behind him.

Cameron turns off the faucet, and quickly pats down her still soaked shirt with a couple paper towels, then runs out of the bathroom after Mylo.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cameron runs out of the bathroom, and sees a line of people awaiting the restroom. She squeezes past them, and sees Mylo exiting the coffee shop. She rushes through the crowd of people and out the door.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cameron bursts through the door, and spots Mylo walking away. Jenny approaches her, having waited outside.

JENNY
What the hell took you so long?

CAMERON
(points to Mylo)
That's the guy!
(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

He was in the bathroom. Come on, we gotta catch up!

The two run down the sidewalk, through the bustling pedestrians but lose Mylo in the crowd. Cameron and Jenny stop at the end of the crosswalk.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Dammit! He didn't give me anything! Just a history of the block, but I still don't know anything.

JENNY

You guys were in the bathroom together that whole time?

CAMERON

(catching her breath)
Yeah.

JENNY

That's... kind of creepy.

CAMERON

Yeah, tell me about it.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Cameron and Jenny enter Cameron's apartment. They flop on the couch.

JENNY

Did you believe him? What he said about the history of it?

CAMERON

I don't know. It's definitely interesting. But even if I do believe him, what more can I do? He seems to think I'm searching for the block, but I don't care about having it. I just want to hear the story and he's shut me out now.

Cameron gets up and walks over to the desk. She sits down, and pulls out a notebook, scribbling in it.

JENNY

What are you writing?

CAMERON

I'm taking notes. I have a feeling this is going to take a lot of research.

JENNY

Notes on what?

CAMERON

The Writer's Block.

JENNY

So, wow... okay, you're actually doing this then?

CAMERON

Doing what? I'm just researching a possible story idea. Maybe I can find more out and write a Da Vinci Code type of book out of it.

JENNY

You're not going to get much more from weirdo, I have a feeling. So how will you know if you're ripping off someone else's idea?

Cameron gestures to the notebook.

CAMERON

That's what the research is for. I'm studying it! I just want to learn more.

She opens the laptop and starts typing. She scribbles some notes down in the notebook, then goes back to the laptop.

JENNY

So what, is this your "Grail Diary" now?

CAMERON

Might as well be.

Cameron goes back to typing.

Jenny lays down on the couch, propping her feet up on the arm again.

JENNY

If you're serious about this, I think we need to consult... The group.

CAMERON

The group? We haven't convened the group in months.

Cameron thinks hard, tapping the pencil against her teeth.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Do it!

Jenny sits forward, excited and pulls out her cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY MEETING ROOM - MUCH LATER

Six people sit at a round table. Jenny and Cameron are there, as well as an obese middle aged man with receding hair: BOWIE, a young asian female with pigtails: YO YO, a mature Arabic man in his 30's with a trimmed beard: NABIL, and an Indian woman also in her 30's: REENA. Like a meeting of the knights of the round table, there is a regal feeling of this meeting. Cameron stands up.

CAMERON

Thank you all for meeting on such short notice. First, let me apologize for my lack of involvement in the group for a while. We founded this group to help like minded creative individuals out during our time of need. It was to be a safe space where we could explore our creative ideas, and I haven't been there for you guys. I let my own endeavors get in the way, and for that I am sincerely sorry.

NABIL

Yes we know, selling your novel. Congratulations.

JENNY

Was that sarcastic?

NABIL

I don't even know, to be honest.

BOWIE

What is this meeting about? I was on my way to Cold Stone.

CAMERON

Well Bowie, I'll make it short and sweet. I have come across a mythical object known as 'The Writer's Block'. As you can see, from the handout that Jenny is giving you-

Jenny grabs a stack of papers out of her bag and begins handing them around the table to the members of the group.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

-a man whom I met with, Mylo, claims that there is a cube descended from Moses and the ten commandments, that is endowed with divine inspiration. So that the holder of this writer's block will always be inspired.

BOWIE

(scoffs)
What a crock.

YO YO

It's interesting...

NABIL

Sounds like bullshit to me.

Jenny nods.

REENA

(looking at the papers)
So what are we here for?

Cameron looks over at Jenny.

CAMERON

I am going to be doing research on the Writer's Block, if for no other reason than to see if there's a good story here. I wanted to get your opinions to see what you think.

BOWIE

I think it's trite. Another explanation for the unknown just like mankind has done for thousands of years. Don't know why there are stars in the sky; must be Gods up there. Don't know how plants and animals exist; must be God's doing.

YO YO

Okay, thanks Bowie. You're an atheist. Thanks for reminding us.

CAMERON

I'm not suggesting it's real. You can enjoy Indiana Jones without believing in the Ark of the Covenant or the Holy Grail, right? I'm suggesting that it's a good story. We're all creative individuals and the purpose of this group is to bounce ideas off of one another. So, what do you think of this idea?

NABIL

I suppose it depends on where your research takes you. You're planning on creating a work of fiction based off of this idea?

CAMERON

Not sure yet. Maybe?

NABIL

Well, just make sure it hasn't been published before. And I wouldn't claim it as an original idea.

CAMERON

No, I wouldn't.

REENA

I suppose my only trepidation is that this Mylo person doesn't come after you.

CAMERON

Reena has a legitimate concern, but he told me that he's been tracking the block, and I get the feeling that he's actually looking for it. I'm not trying to find it, so I don't see any conflict of interest there.

JENNY

So where's your researching going to start?

CAMERON

I think I might take a trip. Follow the trail of the Block.

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

He told me that it was born from a piece of the Ten Commandments at Mount Sinai.

NABIL

Mount Sinai? Damn, that's serious.

CAMERON

Yeah, but...

(holding up the papers)

There's some debate as to where the biblical Mount Sinai actually was.

REENA

It's been called Sinai and Horeb according to the old testament. I don't think any scholars know exactly where it's supposed to be.

CAMERON

That's true, and another reason that research is required.

BOWIE

(sits up)

You're actually doing this?

Cameron sits back down in her chair.

CAMERON

You guys think it's crazy?

BOWIE

Well, yeah. It's a wild goose chase.

CAMERON

(sighs)

You're probably right. But... I don't have anything else going on right now. And I have money burning a hole in my savings account.

BOWIE

Must be nice.

JENNY

That seems like an expensive trip, though.

CAMERON

Just a ticket to, say... Egypt.
Then I can walk and take a train
around from there, probably. You
know, I could use some company.

The group falls silent for a moment.

BOWIE

Some of us have actual work to do.
You know, bills to pay?

REENA

If you're asking us for
inspiration, I don't know what you
expect us to tell you. You're
taking an existing idea and
claiming it as your own. It's
dangerous territory. It's an
interesting story, but it isn't
yours. And researching a
mythological object seems like a
fool's errand.

BOWIE

Amen!

YO YO

I have to get going. Good luck with
this.

Yo Yo stands up and walks away from the group. There is a
heavy feeling of disappointment in the air.

CAMERON

Well, I don't know how this seemed
like such a great idea a few hours
ago.

NABIL

Look, it's interesting. I don't
think anyone is disputing that.
Maybe you can contact this Mylo
fellow and co-write a book with
him? Or do an interview with him or
something. I'm not sure how the
novelization world works; Yo Yo and
I are screenwriters, but there
could be some kind of collaboration
involved.

CAMERON

He said the cube would come to those who need it, and that we wouldn't have any further contact.

NABIL

Okay, well never mind. I say: just forget about it. You'll come up with something else. You always do. If you need any help, we're always here for you. Congrats on your book.

Nabil stands up, as does Bowie.

BOWIE

What a waste of time.

Bowie walks away, irritated. Nabil looks at Bowie, then back at Cameron.

NABIL

His studio deal just fell through. Don't be mad at him, it's a stressful time. He may have to move back to Ohio. I'm going to go talk to him, I'm sure he'll calm down and be more supportive. Look, call me if you need anything.

Nabil runs to catch up with Bowie, leaving Reena, Jenny and Cameron at the table who all are silent.

JENNY

I can't go with you. Cam, this seems insane. I have to meet with my publisher, and my book should be coming out in the next few weeks. It's just too hectic for me to up and leave to Egypt.

Cameron looks up to Reena.

REENA

Sorry. I'm with Nabil; you can call if you need any help, but I can't go with you either.

CAMERON

I understand. That's okay. Maybe this is just something I have to do by myself.

Jenny gets up and walks over to her.

JENNY

I'll be here, if you need any support. Or want me to help you do research.

She puts her hand on her shoulder as Cameron looks up to her.

CAMERON

Thanks. I appreciate your offer to help. Both of you. And I will definitely keep you guys updated. I'm going to stay here at the library and do some research for a while.

Cameron smiles, looking at a printed out map in the handout. Displayed is an artists representation of Mount Sinai, from the Bible. Cameron stares at it, wondering what comes next for her.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Cameron sits at a table with books stacked next to her. She has pages of a notebook strewn about the table. A bit of madness, and she looks distraught.

She sighs, as she packs up all of her stuff in a bag and leaves the library.

INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Cameron opens the door to her apartment, and walks inside. She stops abruptly, realizing her apartment has been ransacked. She looks shocked.

Shuffling in, she puts down her belongings and turns on the light. The place is a wreck. Bookcases toppled over, packing boxes opened and rummaged through. Clothes, books and papers are all over the floor.

CAMERON

What the hell?!

Cameron runs out to the hallway and knocks on the door across from hers. Her neighbor opens it. A tall, older man in a robe.

NEIGHBOR

Yes?

CAMERON

Hey Gordy, I'm sorry to bother you-

NEIGHBOR

Do I know you?

CAMERON

Yeah, I just moved in a couple weeks ago. We've met. I'm Cameron. You helped me carry boxes in from the elevator?

NEIGHBOR

Okay.

CAMERON

Anyway, have you seen anyone around my place today? It looks like someone broke in.

NEIGHBOR

I didn't see anything. What did they steal?

CAMERON

I didn't notice anything missing.

NEIGHBOR

Well then, what were they doing in there? Just making a mess?

CAMERON

I don't know yet. Maybe sending me a message.

NEIGHBOR

Yeah, "clean up your place".

CAMERON

Well, if you see anything suspicious, could you let me know?

NEIGHBOR

Yeah, I'll make it a top priority.

CAMERON

Thanks.

Cameron slowly walks back in to her apartment as the neighbor peeks over her shoulder to look inside. She looks back at him, and he closes the door.

Cameron plops down on her couch, contemplating what to do next. She picks up her phone and calls Jenny. After a few rings, she answers-

JENNY (O.S.)

Hey, what's up?

CAMERON

Someone broke into my apartment.
The place is a mess.

JENNY (O.S.)

Oh man! That sucks. I'm sorry. What did they steal?

CAMERON

That's the weird thing, nothing seems to be missing. Looks like they were searching for something.

JENNY (O.S.)

That's weird. I've never heard of breaking into an apartment but not taking anything. Someone broke into mine and peed in my sink once. Now, that was weird.

CAMERON

Do you think it could have been Bowie, or one of the guys from the group?

JENNY (O.S.)

What?! No way! You know none of those guys would do anything like that.

CAMERON

I don't know, it's right after our meeting at the library. And Bowie especially seemed very desperate.

JENNY (O.S.)

I think you're getting a little paranoid. This morning, you didn't even know this Writer's Block thing existed. Now you think someone's trying to steal all the information you have on it? It was probably just a junkie or something.

CAMERON

Yeah, maybe. Well anyway, I'm going to get some sleep.

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Thanks for your help today. I feel
like you're the only one on my
side.

JENNY (O.S.)
Of course. Keep me updated. Great
seeing you today.

CAMERON
You too. Bye.

Cameron hangs up, and drops her phone. She thinks hard about
how to proceed.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(to herself)
So what now?

FADE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC

Cameron sits in the aisle seat of a 747, with her laptop on
the tray table in front of her. She's in research mode, with
several tabs open and a lot of windows up on her desktop.

The flight attendant walks up to her, presenting a soda can.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Here you are, miss.

CAMERON
Thank you.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
What is all of this?

CAMERON
Oh, I'm uh... doing research for a
book.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Oh, you're a writer?

CAMERON
Yeah.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Do you mind if I ask what it's
about? I love to read.

CAMERON

Inspiration. And, uh... how to find it.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sounds interesting. I'm always fascinated by what inspires people. Especially writers!

CAMERON

(smiles)

Well, thank you.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

What's it called? So I can read it when it comes out.

CAMERON

(reluctant)

I don't have a title yet, actually.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh, okay.

The flight attendant walks away, smiling. Cameron continues typing, scrolling through windows on her laptop.

A notification pops up, informing her that she's received a new email. It is from Jenny. She clicks on the notification, and a larger window pops up with the full email.

FROM: Jenny Pierce

SUBJECT: RE: On my way!

BODY: You're already gone! Oh man, wish I could've seen you off. Let me know if you need any help. I know a guy in Italy that you could probably shack up with ;) My book comes out on Tuesday, so I'll save a signed copy for you. Good luck!

After Cameron reads the email, she closes the window. After thinking for a moment, she opens up a new browser window. She navigates to Mylo's "Writer's Block" website and leaves a new comment on the "contact" page:

NAME: Cameron Aimes

E-MAIL: Cameron.Aimes@gmail.com

BODY: Mylo: I'm traveling to Europe to learn more about the Writer's Block...

She thinks for a moment, then deletes the sentence. She begins typing another one:

"Mylo: I'm overseas, researching the Writer's Block. I am not searching for it, I just want to learn more. If you would like to assist me, I would be very appreciative. Again, I am not searching for the Writer's Block, I just am fascinated by the idea and the rich history behind it. Anyway, you have my contact information. Contact me if you want. Thx."

She considers it for a moment, then send the message. She closes her laptop, and looks out the window of the airplane.

An audible chime emits from the overhead speakers, and the pilot begins to talk in a muffled tone:

PILOT (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: We are beginning our descent into Cairo. Thank you for your patience. We should be landing in about 25 minutes. Local landing time is 8:35 am. We hope you have enjoyed this flight and we look forward to serving you again in the near future.

Cameron stretches, and places her laptop in her bag down on the floor. She continues looking out the window as the clouds roll by.

EXT. CARIO AIRPORT - MORNING

Cameron walks out of the airport with her bags. She looks for her driver, and sees him: a handsome Egyptian man with a trimmed beard. This is MASUD. He holds a sign that reads "Aimes". Cameron smiles.

She walks up to Masud.

CAMERON

Hi, I'm Cameron Aimes. You speak English?

MASUD

Yes, of course. Very nice to meet you. My name is Masud.

Masud puts the sign away and grabs Cameron's bags.

CAMERON

You know where we're going?

MASUD

The Sinai Peninsula, yes? Very far.

CAMERON
Is that okay?

MASUD
Of course. You paid for a week, so
I go where you go.

Masud smiles, and gestures for Cameron to get in a nearby car. It is an older Toyota Camry, black.

Cameron gets in the passenger seat as Masud puts the bags in the trunk.

MASUD (CONT'D)
Welcome to Egypt!

CAMERON
Thank you.

MASUD
Tell me-

Masud gets in the driver seat and starts the car.

INT. MASUD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MASUD
What brings you from America?

CAMERON
I'm doing research for a book I am
writing. It's about Moses and the
Ten Commandments.

Masud listens, while driving the car away from the airport.

MASUD
Ah, yes. This area is very popular
for biblical scholars. I have been
there many times.

CAMERON
(surprised)
You know where it actually was?

MASUD
(shakes his head)
No one knows exactly where it was.
There are many ranges between Egypt
and Arabia, and the tallest of
which are too dangerous. No one
goes up there.

(MORE)

MASUD (CONT'D)

It could be Mount Horeb, it could be a dormant volcano on the peninsula...

CAMERON

Wow, so it really could be anywhere?

MASUD

Indeed. But, I have a good idea where to start.

CAMERON

Oh really? That's great. Thank you.

MASUD

You are very welcome.

CAMERON

Your english is very good. How did you learn?

MASUD

I grew up in Saint Catherine's monastery, near here. Christian missionaries taught us english, math, science. They were very kind. I left when I was 16. That's why I know so much about the bible.

CAMERON

Are you a Christian?

MASUD

I don't tend to talk religion with my passengers.

CAMERON

It's okay, I'm not religious. Just curious.

MASUD

I am not a Christian, but I find the stories intriguing.

CAMERON

Me too, Masud. I think we're going to get along very well.

The car continues on through the Egyptian desert.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE SINAI PENINSULA - MUCH LATER

The car pulls up to a rinky dink shack. Cameron wakes up from her slumber against the window.

MASUD

I have arranged for us to stay here tonight. We have a long day tomorrow, so I hope you brought comfortable shoes.

CAMERON

Thank you so much, Masud. I am lucky to have you with me.

MASUD

You are very welcome.

Cameron and Masud exit the car. Masud gets the bags out and gives them to Cameron. She takes the bag and heads into the hut that Masud takes her to.

INT. CAMERON'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

Cameron shuts the door to her hut. It is a single room, with a small cot and a makeshift end table. That's all. As she wonders where the bathroom is, she hears Masud's voice from outside.

MASUD (O.S.)

(loudly)

Sink and toilet is outside to the left. We're sharing, but I will clean up after myself. Good night.

Cameron smiles.

She takes out her phone. No service, no wifi. Cameron is not surprised. She takes her "grail diary" out of her sack and places it on her bed.

She begins to write in it:

"Landed in Cairo at about 8:45 am. Met with my driver, Masud who seems like a nice guy. We drove all day to the Sinai Peninsula and Masud says he knows where to search first. This is seeming more and more crazy."

She stops writing, and thinks for a moment.

She continues writing:

"I don't think it will take very long to give up on this adventure."

She scoffs and puts the notebook away. She puts her bag on the floor and lays on the small cot.

She exhales and closes her eyes.

INT. CAMERON'S HUT - MORNING

Cameron is asleep, in the same position from last night. There is a banging at her door and she jolts awake.

MASUD (O.S.)

Miss Aimes, this is Masud. Is it time to awaken. We need to get an early start.

CAMERON

(groggily)

Okay, Masud. Just give me a few minutes to get ready.

MASUD (O.S.)

Take your time. I am ready when you are.

Cameron sits up in her bed and wipes her face.

EXT. CAMERON'S HUT - LATER

Cameron emerges from her hut, carrying her bags. Masud shoots her a smile.

MASUD

(looking at his watch)

It is 11:37 pm, New York time. I'm afraid getting used to the time change will take a while.

He takes Cameron's bags from her and throws them in the trunk, slamming it shut.

MASUD (CONT'D)

You smell that?

Cameron takes a whiff.

CAMERON

Salt?

MASUD
(smirking)
It is the smell of destiny, my
friend. Let's go find your biblical
treasure!

Cameron stops in her tracks.

CAMERON
Biblical treasure? I told you I was
doing research for a book.

Masud looks back to Cameron.

MASUD
Miss Aimes, research can be done on
the internet these days. The only
reason to fly half way around the
world is if you're searching for
something... more.

Cameron is taken aback by Masud's abrupt realization.

MASUD (CONT'D)
I assure you, whatever it is your
looking for, your best chance of
finding it is with me. Come. Let's
go.

Cameron reluctantly enters the car with Masud.

INT. MASUD'S CAR - LATER

Masud and Cameron sit in uncomfortable silence.

MASUD
We get to the base of the mountain
in about an hour, then it will take
some time to hike up to where the
biblical reference may be.

Cameron stares out the window at the mountainous terrain.

CAMERON
It's strange...

MASUD
What's that?

CAMERON
This all seems surreal. Almost like
another planet.

MASUD

I'm sure to you, it does seem that way. You're from New York, everything is hustle and bustle for you. Life here is much simpler. Things haven't changed very much since the times of Moses. Some say that this area has been preserved by divine intervention. So if your spot is up there, we will find it. Unless it's not here at all.

CAMERON

That sounds more likely.

The two continue driving.

EXT. MOUNT SINAI - LATER

The car pulls up to a precipice and stops.

MASUD

This is as far as we go on wheels.

They both exit the car and begin stretching.

MASUD (CONT'D)

Let me know if you need to stop or anything. I have plenty of water.

Cameron grabs her knapsack out of the car, and throws it around her shoulder.

CAMERON

Okay, let's get the show on the road.

Cameron follows Masud's lead up the mountain, as they start to climb the rocky terrain.

It takes many hours for them to ascend the mountain. They keep climbing higher and higher, hoping to find something.

EXT. MOUNT SINAI - LATER

They continue climbing, until it starts to get dark. They rest for a moment.

MASUD

We need to head back now. It will be dark in an hour or so, and the winds get dangerous at night.

CAMERON

Okay, I guess there's nothing here.
(panting)
Just give me a couple minutes.

MASUD

Take your time. I am surprised we made it this far, to be honest. I was about to tell you I couldn't go any further.

CAMERON

(chuckles)
Yeah, right.

Cameron leans against some rock, and takes a deeper look at her surroundings. She sees a cave off in the distance. Piquing her interest, she gestures to Masud.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What's that over there?

MASUD

There are many cavities in the side of the mountain. Years of wind and erosion have chipped away at the rock face.

Cameron walks over to the opening, and sees a shimmer.

CAMERON

Can you imagine: if this is the general region where Moses and his disciples hiked through, could you imagine doing that in thin robes and sandals?

Masud looks down.

MASUD

That is pretty much what I am wearing anyway.

The two laugh, and catch their breath.

Cameron inspects the inside of the cave. It is a blueish rock, and on the inside there are scorch marks.

CAMERON

What type of rock is this?

MASUD

Looks like lapiz lazuli. It's a blue metaphoric rock. There's a lot of it along these mountains.

CAMERON

It's not sapphire?

MASUD

Sapphire? Up here? No way.

Cameron chuckles.

CAMERON

You know, there's probably no way to prove the exact spot where Moses or any of his disciples went... is there?

MASUD

Probably not.

Cameron continues exploring the sides of the cave.

CAMERON

What did you say earlier? About the divine preservation of this area?

MASUD

It is a tale we tell children in the monastery. The divine intervention of this general region as a holy land.

CAMERON

You know, if I were inclined to believe the stories...

She looks at Masud.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I think this was the place.

Masud smiles.

MASUD

Then I'm glad we found it!

The two begin their long journey back down the mountain.

EXT. CAMERON'S HUT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cameron has just showered, wearing a towel. She walks around her small room, thinking out loud.

CAMERON

Moses came down from the mountain,
and smashed the tablets...
constructed the tabernacle...

There is a knock at the door.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Yes?

MASUD (O.S.)

So what is the plan for tomorrow?

CAMERON

I guess we head east. How far can
you take me?

MASUD (O.S.)

I can take you to Tel Aviv. From
there, you can get a flight or
transportation to wherever you go
next.

CAMERON

Okay, that will work.

MASUD (O.S.)

Do you mind if I ask: where are you
going next?

CAMERON

I'm not sure yet.

Cameron thinks about this for a moment.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I'm thinking of going further east.
Georgia, or Azerbaijan.

MASUD (O.S.)

Very good. Well, I will speak to
you in the morning. Good night.

CAMERON

Good night, Masud.

Cameron looks down at a map on her bed. She places her finger at Azerbaijan, further northeast of her current position.

She listens for Masud's footsteps leaving her hut, then moves her finger over to Italy, which is circled in red marker.

She thinks she's outsmarted Masud, if he is secretly telling her findings to someone else.

EXT. BEN GURION AIRPORT, TEL AVIV, ISRAEL - THE NEXT DAY

Masud's car pulls up to the airport and stops. The trunk pops open and Cameron emerges from the drivers side.

CAMERON

Masud, I can't thank you enough for all of your help. I feel like we might just have been on sacred ground.

MASUD

I agree.

(smiles)

Thank you for the opportunity. And you have my contact information, should you need any other help in Azerbaijan or wherever you go after that. I hope you find what you are looking for.

Cameron takes her bags, and hugs Masud. She leaves him, entering the airport.

INT. BEN GURION AIRPORT - LATER

Cameron sits in a chair, waiting for her flight to board.

She checks her phone.

CAMERON

(to herself)

Finally: Wi-fi!

She drops her phone into her lap, and grabs her laptop.

She quickly turns it on, and connects to the wi-fi in the airport.

Opening a browser window, she types in a web address for her email account. It logs her in automatically.

She has many unread messages, but clicks on one from Jenny:

"SUBJECT: Find your rock yet?"

BODY: Hey! Haven't heard from you in a couple days. How's everything going? Have you been murdered by Egyptian nationals yet? Oh God, I hope you haven't. I would feel horrible now. Just give me an update when you can. Love ya!"

Cameron opens up a reply email, reading aloud as she types.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(typing)

Nope! Still alive. Masud turned out to be super nice, but I get the feeling he may have been working for someone. He kept probing me for information. I told him I was headed east, to Azerbaijan but I'm actually going to Italy. Since the next big owner of the Writer's Block was Da Vinci, seems to make sense to check out Florence next. Let you know when I get settled there. Talk to you soon.

She clicks "send" and closes her laptop.

Cameron places the laptop back in her bag, and slumps in her chair. She begins to fall asleep when a shady character in a black hoodie approaches her.

The shady character reaches down for Cameron's bag when-

DING

An intercom announcement begins.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen. Flight 616 to Florence, Italy is now beginning to board.

Cameron jolts awake at the announcement, and the shaded figure diverts their path, not gaining Cameron's attention. She picks up her bag, and goes up towards the jetway.

INT. FLORENCE HOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Cameron enters the hotel room, carrying her bags. She drops them as soon as she enters the room, with a loud sigh.

She explores around, poking her head into the bathroom.

CAMERON

Yes! A bathtub!

She walks over to the window, opening the curtains. Outside, she can see the beautiful Italian landscape.

She sighs again.

She goes to the edge of the bed, grabbing her satchel and pulling out her laptop. She opens it. Dead.

She pulls out her charging cord, and plugs it into the wall. The other end, she plugs into the laptop and turns it back on.

When it loads, she pulls up a browser and opens her email. A new message from Jenny. She clicks on the email, opening it:

"SUBJECT: RE: RE: Find your rock yet?

BODY: Wow, Italy! I'm so jelly :) I hope you find what you're looking for there. Seems like Masud was worth the cash. Talked with The Group today. Bowie seemed to be getting out of his funk. He was a lot less intolerant than the last time we saw him. Which for him, is pretty huge. Let me know how Florence goes. See you soon!"

Cameron begins typing a reply to Jenny's email. As she types, she begins to daydream about what she may find in Florence. She stops typing.

She looks over at the edge of the bed where she dropped her phone, and grabs it. She unlocks the phone, and calls Jenny. It rings a few times before-

JENNY (O.S.)

Hey! What is up?!

CAMERON

Hey. I was about to send you an email, but thought I'd much rather hear a friendly voice.

JENNY (O.S.)

I was wondering what was going on with you. Where are you now?

CAMERON

Just got to Florence a little while ago. I have so much work to do, but I think I might put off Da Vinci's workshop til tomorrow and just enjoy this four star hotel room for a while.

JENNY (O.S.)

Wait, Florence? I thought you were going to Egypt.

CAMERON

Yeah, I went to Egypt first and- Wait, I told you all this in the emails already.

JENNY (O.S.)

(scoffs)

Excuse me, I have not received any emails from you, missy. I took it as kind of an insult.

CAMERON

What are you talking about? You've been responding to them.

JENNY (O.S.)

Must be thinking of someone else. I haven't gotten any emails from you.

CAMERON

No, I'm serious. I have them pulled up right now. Your email address. We've been corresponding. Don't you think that's a little odd?

JENNY (O.S.)

Yeah, very. Are you getting catfished?

(chuckles)

But seriously, you sound like you need to relax a bit. Take a bath and regroup tomorrow.

CAMERON

Yeah, that sounds good. Check your email, though. You might have got hacked or something.

JENNY (O.S.)

Will do. Keep me updated, though. Excited to hear how Florence goes for you!

CAMERON

Alright. See you soon.

Cameron hangs up, and drops the phone back on the bed.

She looks back at her computer, to the open email account.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
What the hell?

INT. FLORENCE HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cameron has drawn a bath, and lowers herself into it. She breathes an enormous sigh of relief. She sips a glass of wine, placing it next to the bathtub.

She reaches over with a dry hand, grabbing her "grail diary". She flips through the pages, making notations here and there.

There is a loud noise from the bedroom

Cameron sits up, sloshing the bathwater around. She listens for another sound.

There is another loud thump from the adjacent room

CAMERON
Shit!

She gets up from the bath, cradling a towel. She dries herself, quietly as a dark figure lurks around the room, rummaging through drawers.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Shit! Shit! SHIT!

She quietly puts on her discarded clothes laying on the floor. Her wet skin making it difficult to pull the clothes back on.

She slides the grail diary beneath a towel on the floor so that it won't be found.

Once clothed, she looks around the bathroom for a weapon. She eyes the hairdryer. No.

She looks at the stack of towels. Maybe.

On the sink, there is a tall glass vase, holding wild flowers. Yes. She nods in approval, grabbing the vase.

With Vase in hand, she slowly moves towards the opening to the bedroom. The door is already open.

Just as she gets to the doorway, the hooded figure sees her. Silhouetted against the window, the figure holds Cameron's laptop.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
No!

The figure bolts to the door, still carrying the laptop.

Cameron throws the vase at the burglar, it smashes on the wall nearby.

The figure opens the door, fleeing down the hallway. Cameron follows, running into the heavy hotel room door. She wrestles it back open, already too many steps behind the shadowed figure.

INT. FLORENCE HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the lit hallway, Cameron follows the burglar who is still hooded. Veiled. Secret.

CAMERON

Help! Help! I'm being robbed.

A couple doors open, but no one does anything.

The figure darts down the staircase. Cameron follows, seconds behind.

INT. FLORENCE HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The hooded figure bursts through the stairwell and through the lobby.

Cameron is moments behind, still following the burglar.

CAMERON

Someone stop him! He stole my laptop!

Hoping to slow her down, the burglar throws the laptop in Cameron's direction.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

NO!

The laptop flies through her outstretched arms, smashing against a wall next to her. She stops for a moment.

She thinks: the laptop or the burglar?

She continues chasing the burglar, losing only a second of thinking.

EXT. FLORENCE HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The hooded figure bursts out of the hotel lobby, running down the street.

Cameron is seconds behind. She runs after him, her bare feet tapping on the cobblestone road as she follows.

The night street of Florence is busy. The burglar darts in and out of crowds, who react with very little intent to stop him.

After a few seconds of running through the street, Cameron loses him.

CAMERON

What?!
 (breathing heavily)
 Where?!

She looks around, but sees only slowly walking people lit by streetlights.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Damn it!

INT. FLORENCE HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Cameron walks back in through the front door, sullen. Her feet hurt. She walks by a night manager, who stops her as she scoops up her broken laptop.

NIGHT MANAGER

Signora. What just happened here?

CAMERON

Someone was in my room, stole my laptop, and ran past all of your staff and guests without being stopped. He went right through that door.

She gestures to the front door of the hotel.

NIGHT MANAGER

I apologize for that. We will look into how they got access to your room. Can you let us know if anything was stolen?

CAMERON

Well I'm not going to keep it to myself.

NIGHT MANAGER

Is there anything else we can for
you right now?

CAMERON

You're a little late for that.

She continues walking to the elevator, and presses the
button.

As she waits for the elevator, a tourist pokes his head out
from the stairwell.

TOURIST

Hey, uh... two people were running
through here-

CAMERON

You're like ten minutes late on
this, dude. Go back to your room.

The elevator dings, and the doors open. She enters, and
presses the button for her floor. The doors close.

INT. FLORENCE HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Cameron walks back in to her room, sitting the broken laptop
on the bed. She opens it.

The screen is cracked, dead. She presses the power button.
Nothing.

She sighs, loudly.

She walks in to the bathroom, retrieving her grail diary from
under the towel on the floor. She walks back out, setting the
notebook on the bed. She grabs a pen from the nearby table.

She opens the book, transcribing the events that just
happened. She scribbles in the notebook, feeling frustrated.
Deflated.

As she finishes writing, she thinks for a moment. She pens
one last sentence:

"Just when things seemed to be on the right track, it all
goes to hell."

She throws the pen back onto the table, and slides the
notebook in the drawer of her nightstand.

She sits on the edge of her bed, contemplating her next move.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FLORENCE STREETS - MORNING

Cameron walks down the street, clutching her satchel a little tighter.

She looks around, paranoid now. She doesn't know who the hooded figure is that has twice broken into her home.

She breaths heavily, looking around at the people.

INT. ELECTRONICS SHOP - LATER

Cameron enters the store, adorned with cameras, cell phones and laptops all around the small room. An ATTENDANT comes out of the back room. A thin, Italian man, wearing thick black glasses.

ATTENDANT
Bongiorno, Signora.

CAMERON
Uh hi. Do you speak english?

ATTENDANT
Americano?

CAMERON
Yes. American. Do you speak any English?

ATTENDANT
Si. I understand.

CAMERON
Great, thanks. I need a laptop.

She pulls the mangled laptop out of her satchel, and presents it to the attendant.

ATTENDANT
Oh no. Molto brutto.

CAMERON
Yeah. Do you have another? Like this.

ATTENDANT
Si, I have. You want?

CAMERON

Yes, please.

ATTENDANT

Un minuto...

He disappears into the back for a moment, and reemerges with a thin, brown box.

He places it on the counter, slicing the tape that seals the sides and opens it. He grabs the laptop, pulling it out of the plastic sheathing and presents it to Cameron.

CAMERON

It's great. How much?

He politely points to a sticker attached to the outside of the box:

"€1.284,29"

Cameron's eyes widen, and she nods. She reaches in her bag, pulling out her wallet.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

You take Visa?

The attendant smiles.

INT. ITALIAN COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Cameron enters the shop, and finds a quiet corner to work in. She walks over, placing her bag on the counter.

She pulls out her two laptops, and a small screwdriver.

She unscrews the bottom of the broken laptop, carefully removing the hard drive.

Flipping over the new laptop, she duplicates the process and removes the new hard drive. When it's out, she replaces it with the old hard drive and screws the new laptop back together.

Sitting the new laptop right-side up, she turns it on. It boots up, and displays a similar desktop wallpaper.

Cameron breaths a sigh of relief.

She logs in, and it's as if nothing had happened.

She connects to the coffee shop's wi-fi, and opens a browser window. Once opened, she goes to Mylo's webpage and straight to the "Contact" page. She starts typing:

"NAME: Cameron Aimes

E-MAIL: Cameron.Aimes@gmail.com

BODY: I know you're tailing me. I know you're intercepting my emails to Jenny. What I don't know, is why. I know less information than you do about this, and I can't continue researching this when you're actively trying to stop me. So quit being a dick. The next time you try to stop me, I will fuck you up."

Without hesitating, she clicks send and slams the laptop shut.

She places the laptop in her bag, and pulls out her phone.

She pulls up a map of Florence, with directions to Da Vinci's workshop.

EXT. FLORENCE STREETS - LATER

Cameron walks down the streets of Florence again, this time on her way to Da Vinci's workshop.

As she continues walking, a shadowed figure approaches her from behind. The figure gets closer and closer, eventually-

Arms close around Cameron! She panics, resisting the grasp. She protects her satchel, squirming and struggling until-

JENNY

Calm down! It's me! It's me! It's Jenny.

Jenny spins Cameron around to see that it's her friendly face.

Cameron calms down, both breathing heavily.

CAMERON

Jesus! I was about to shank you.

JENNY

What?

CAMERON

I got a knife. I was attacked last night... Wait. What are you doing in Italy?

JENNY

Well my book came out, I had some free time and you sounded like you could use a friend. So I thought I'd come help you out.

CAMERON

When did you get here?

JENNY

I don't know, like two hours ago? I know you said you were going to Da Vinci's workshop, so I came straight here to meet you.

Cameron is puzzled, and a little hesitant.

CAMERON

Okay, sorry. I'm just a little freaked out.

JENNY

You were attacked last night? By who? What did they want?

CAMERON

I was taking a bath, and someone broke in to my hotel room, tried to steal my laptop and ended up breaking it.

JENNY

Oh no! I'm so sorry. I'm glad you're okay, though. Did you stab them?

Cameron chuckles.

CAMERON

No, but I just bought the knife. So if I had it back then, I might have.

JENNY

Well, do you want some help on this journey?

CAMERON

Yeah, of course. Thanks so much for coming. How did the book turn out?

JENNY

Great! I brought your copy for you.

Jenny pulls a children's book out of her bag, and hands it to Cameron. Cameron takes it, looking at the cover.

CAMERON

Oh my! This is awesome! I'm sorry I ever made fun of this. It's adorable!

In large letters, the title reads "Snoring's Alright" with an animated boy and his mother on the cover.

Cameron flips through the book, then places it in her satchel.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Thanks so much for coming. I think this trip is making me a little crazy. I'm getting so paranoid.

JENNY

It's alright, I got your back. You have nothing to worry about. Think of me as your assistant.

The two continue talking as they approach Da Vinci's workshop.

JENNY (CONT'D)

So you were attacked last night?

CAMERON

Yeah. I think it's that guy Mylo, from the coffee shop. He's the only one I could think of that would try to sabotage this trip. He probably thinks I'm trying to find the Writer's Block and keep it for myself.

JENNY

(reluctantly)
Well... are you?

CAMERON

Honestly, I don't even know any more. I thought I was just doing research for my book, but now I feel like there's all these opposing forces trying to keep me from finding it... I almost feel like I need the payoff of finding it.

JENNY

Well, I'm with you- no matter what!
If it's here somewhere, we'll find
it.

CAMERON

Thanks, that means a lot.

They arrive at Da Vinci's workshop. It is a museum-like building in the heart of Florence. They enter through the front.

INT. DA VINCI'S WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

The inside is adorned with ancient wooden furniture, with grand wood beams holding up the ceiling. There's multiple pulley systems rigged up around the room, and lots of Da Vinci's creations hanging and laying around the room.

JENNY

Whoa.

The two are taken aback at what they are looking at.

CAMERON

Look at that.

Cameron points up toward the ceiling, where pages (replicas) of Da Vinci's notebook are blown up to poster sized, and hung from wires. The semi-translucent aged paper glistens as the light comes in through the window.

An attendant approaches them. A middle aged Italian woman, ISABELLA, who seems genuinely helpful.

ISABELLA

Bongiorno, and welcome to Da
Vinci's workshop. My name is
Isabella. Are you all American?

CAMERON

Is it that obvious?

ISABELLA

A little. Please, feel free to look
around all you like. We do ask you
don't touch anything. Replicas are
available in the gift shop.

CAMERON

Thank you very much.

Cameron and Jenny break away from Isabella, and start wandering around the small shoppe.

JENNY

What exactly are we looking for?

CAMERON

(unsure)

I guess any evidence of the writer's block. Maybe sketches or painting or something. Mylo said Da Vinci carried it all his life and carved it into an actual block of art.

JENNY

Cool.

Jenny walks over to a wooden desk with ancient pencils and papers laid all around. She attempts to pick up a pencil, but it is glued to the desk.

Isabella clears her throat in disapproval, and Jenny lifts her hand back up, quickly.

Cameron walks around, stopping at a glass case. Inside the case is Da Vinci's notebook, open to one page. She ponders this a moment, and looks back up at the hanging poster sized pages of the notebook.

Jenny notices Cameron staring up.

JENNY (CONT'D)

What?

Cameron positions herself to where she can see through multiple copies of the notebook pages. Through the translucency of the pages, it almost looks like there is a hidden message.

JENNY (CONT'D)

What is it?

CAMERON

You think that if Da Vinci was going to hide a message about the Writer's Block, that he would do it all in one place? Or would he spread out clues that you had to combine to see a bigger picture?

JENNY

No idea. Is this like The Da Vinci Code part two?

CAMERON
That's probably already
copyrighted. So no.

Cameron grabs Jenny's arm and bolts to the door.

Just before they get to the door, Cameron has another thought. She walks briskly over to the gift shop counter, addressing Isabella again.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Isabella, do you have replicas of
Da Vinci's notebook?

ISABELLA
Of course. It is one of our best
sellers.

Isabella pulls out a notebook, the size of a journal, made to look antique, wrapped in plastic.

CAMERON
Awesome.

INT. FLORENCE HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Cameron and Jenny enter the hotel room. Still in shambles from the evening before.

JENNY
Oh, wow. Guess you weren't
exaggerating the break in last
night. Wait, why haven't they
cleaned up in here yet?

CAMERON
I don't know, come here.

Cameron throws her bag on the bed, grabbing the Da Vinci notebook out of it, and ripping off the plastic.

She starts tearing out pages, carefully perforating them so they are almost intact.

JENNY
What are you doing?!

CAMERON
I have a feeling that Da Vinci hid
a clue to finding the Writer's
Block in the pages of his notebook.
But, it's not just on one page.

She takes some of the pages, and overlaps them, holding them up to the light.

The first few don't look like anything special.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Can you keep ripping these out? But be careful to tear along the edge.

Jenny takes over ripping the pages out carefully, as Cameron takes the pages and trying every combination of one on top of the other in front of the light until-

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Ha! Look at this one!

Cameron holds two pages on top of each other, in front of the light. The two pages, combined show a square with a few other doodles and writing on the page.

JENNY

You think that's it? Kind of simple for one of Da Vinci's creations.

CAMERON

That can't be it. There must be more pages to this. But I think we just scratched the surface. Keep tearing!

Cameron keeps looking at the pages, holding it up to the other two when she thinks it may link up.

She finds another, with a circle in the middle of the square, but some of the text seems to line up.

Jenny keeps handing her page after page until the book is empty.

JENNY

That's it. No more pages.

CAMERON

Okay, I got 3 pages so far.

Cameron grabs the last few pages, holding them up. One seems to complete a design started by the last three pages.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Make that four.

She holds the pages up, so that Jenny can also see. The four pages (through the light) form a 3/4 view of a three dimensional cube with a circle on the front, top and right side (the only sides seen). The rest of the writing and scribbles on the page don't seem to be a part of the riddle.

JENNY

Hmm... so that is the Writer's Block?

CAMERON

I think so. I've never seen any photos or anything of it. As far as we know, we could be the only people alive that know what it actually looks like.

JENNY

A cube with a circle etched into it. Seems kind of simple.

CAMERON

Well keep in mind that when Da Vinci found it, he probably didn't even know it's significance. There weren't records of it or anything. He carved a piece of rock into a work of art, that's what he did. He didn't realize he was altering a piece of the original tablet the Ten Commandments were written on.

She looks over at Jenny, who is grinning slyly.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What?

JENNY

You're believing this now.

CAMERON

Don't you? We just uncovered proof that it could be real! No one else has ever seen this!

Jenny shrugs.

JENNY

Okay, okay. Not trying to be a neigh sayer. I just don't want you to get your hopes up.

Cameron walks over to the window, placing the stacked pages against the window. The message is much clearer this way.

CAMERON

Grab my phone and take a picture of this.

Cameron nods to the bed, and Jenny walks over to get the phone out of her bag. She retrieves the phone and opens the phone.

She walks back over to the window and snaps a couple shots of the translucent stacked pages.

Cameron lays the pages back on the desk, and grabs the phone. She walks over and sits on the edge of the bed.

She opens a photo editing app, and crops the photo to just show the notebook pages. She clicks on a filter that adjusts the contrast and brightness of the image, to make it clearer.

She walks over to Jenny, by the desk, and shows it to her. The 3D sketch of the cube is clearly visible now, as is some words on and around the cube.

JENNY

Wow. You totally called that. Feels like 'National Treasure' or something.

CAMERON

Some of these words look like they overlap too, but none of them make sense.

JENNY

Wasn't Da Vinci left handed?

CAMERON

I don't know.

JENNY

Yeah, I heard he wrote right to left.

CAMERON

So that means...

Cameron holds the phone up to the window, and starts reading.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Here, hold this.

Jenny steps up, grabbing the phone from Cameron and holding it up against the window.

Cameron goes to the bed, grabbing her laptop out of her bag. She opens it, placing it on the desk and turning it on.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Tell me anything that looks like a complete sentence.

Jenny strains to read backwards in the mirror as Cameron opens a browser window and opens Google Translate.

She clicks "Italian to English", and clicks the cursor in the Italian box.

JENNY

Nothing looks like a complete sentence. It's just overlapping words.

CAMERON

Read me what you see.

JENNY

L'ispirazione... looks like a combination of two of the words.

Cameron types it in the text box.

"Inspiration" pops up in the English translation.

CAMERON

Right track. It means 'Inspiration.'

JENNY

'M-I' is definitely on here too.

Cameron types it in.

JENNY (CONT'D)

'A-C-C-O-M'... then I see 'P-A-G-N-A' on the other side. Could be one word or two.

Cameron types in the rest. The Italian text box reads: "L'ispirazione mi accom pagna."

The English box reads: "Inspiration brings me together."

CAMERON

'Inspiration brings me together.'

JENNY

What the hell does that mean? He cut himself up into little pieces and you have to combine the body parts to solve the riddle?

CAMERON

Jeez! That's dark. You do children's books?

JENNY

Was that one word or two?

CAMERON

Which one?

JENNY

The last part. Accompagna.

Cameron looks at the screen.

CAMERON

Two words.

JENNY

Try it as one.

Cameron deletes the last word, retyping it as one word.

CAMERON

Inspiration accompanies me.

JENNY

That makes more sense.

CAMERON

Accompanies him where?

JENNY

When did Da Vinci get rid of the cube?

CAMERON

Mylo said he kept it all his life.

JENNY

So if he had it til the end...

CAMERON

It could literally still be with him... Where is he buried?

Cameron opens another browser window and looks up Da Vinci's resting place.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Chateau d'Amboise in Amboise,
France.

She shoots a look over to Jenny.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Care to take a trip?

JENNY
Yes. This place sucks anyway. They
don't even clean your hotel room
after it gets broken into.

EXT. TGV TRAIN - AFTERNOON

A high speed train runs from Italy to France. Looking through
a window outside, is Jenny.

INT. TGV TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Jenny looks back to Cameron. They sit across from each other
in a shared compartment. Jenny looks like she just woke up
from a nap, while Cameron is on her laptop.

JENNY
I thought you said they broke your
laptop.

CAMERON
What?

JENNY
When they broke in to your
apartment. You said they broke your
laptop.

CAMERON
I bought a new one at an
electronics store, right before I
ran into you in Florence.

JENNY
Oh, nice. Starting from scratch?

CAMERON
No, I took out the hard drive from
the old one and installed it in
here. It's a solid state, so it
still works fine. No moving parts.

JENNY

Oh, wow. Good thinking.

Cameron looks suspiciously at Jenny, who readjusts her position to get more comfortable.

She gets an email notification pop up on her screen. She clicks on it, and it takes her to her email. It's from Mylo. A response from the comment she left on his web page.

She starts to read the email:

"I don't know what UR talking about. I'm not tailing you or intercepting any emails. If you're serious about this, someone is sabotaging you and IT'S NOT ME!! Watch your back and trust no one. Who did you tell about TWB? Don't think you're the only one who wants it."

She finishes the email, realizing that she's been naive. She looks back up at Jenny, who is asleep.

She sees Jenny's purse, laying on the floor. Sticking out of the purse is her airline ticket and baggage claim information.

Cameron reaches for the ticket, slowly. She looks back at Jenny, making sure she's still asleep. Just as she's about to make contact with the purse-

DING DONG

An intercom announcement on the train starts.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

Nous arriverons à notre destination dans 10 minutes. Arriveremo a destinazione in 10 minuti. We will be arriving at our destination in 10 minutes.

At the chime, Cameron sits back in her chair, nonchalant as Jenny awakens. They listen to the announcement.

JENNY

Almost there!

CAMERON

Yay.

They look at each other. Jenny looks out the window, as Cameron stares at her friend, not knowing what to believe.

INT. CHAPEL OF SAINT HUBERT, AMBOISE - EARLY EVENING

The sun is starting to set. Cameron and Jenny walk into the gardens of the Chateau, reaching a small chapel house the houses the tomb of Da Vinci.

The buildings are intricate white stones, inlaid with beautiful artwork. As they enter the building housing the tomb, they immediately see a black marble slab on the floor in the shape of a circle, with an embossed image of the profile of Da Vinci's face along with his name.

JENNY

Wow.

CAMERON

I know!

They look around. Not much to see in here. They don't see any more clues.

JENNY

I don't think I ever told you this, but Da Vinci was actually one of my idols.

CAMERON

Really?

JENNY

Yeah, I uh... he was probably my main influence on becoming an artist. I remember seeing some of his artwork- his sketches, when I was a girl. It looked so... effortless. Like he wasn't even trying to make art, but it flowed through him onto the paper... or parchment... whatever.

CAMERON

That's so cool.

JENNY

There's not much to this place, though. Do you see any clues?

CAMERON

No. Just flowers, the marble slab thing... and his name. Did we miss something?

The rhetorical question floats in the air, as they both look around. Not sure of what to do next.

An attendant walks in. A young, French man wearing a dark suit.

FRENCH MAN

Madames, we are about to close. If you could make your way to the exits, we will reopen in the morning.

CAMERON

Do you mind if I ask you something?

FRENCH MAN

Not at all. It is, in fact, my job.

CAMERON

This is Da Vinci's burial place?

FRENCH MAN

Tomb. But, oui.

CAMERON

What's the difference?

FRENCH MAN

He wasn't actually buried here. He was originally buried in the Church of Saint Florentine, not far from here. His remains were moved in 1863 to this location. A new burial chamber was made for him here.

CAMERON

Oh. And this Church of...

FRENCH MAN

Saint Florentine?

CAMERON

Is it still standing?

FRENCH MAN

Of course. The original was demolished in the French Revolution. That is why the remains were relocated here.

JENNY

Shit!

FRENCH MAN

Please, madame. In French it is 'merde'.

He smiles at her.

CAMERON

Well, thank you for your assistance. We were hoping to see where he was originally buried.

FRENCH MAN

You can certainly still visit. They rebuilt it. There is a monument there. It's very nice. I would highly suggest it.

CAMERON

Okay, great. Thank you.

The two girls slowly walk out of the chapel, disappointed.

EXT. ÉGLISE SAINT-FLORENTIN, AMBOISE - LATER

Cameron and Jenny walk up to the original burial place of Da Vinci, however they know he is no longer there.

The area is overrun by tourists. People roam around, taking photos and talking in dozens of different languages.

Jenny and Cameron walk slowly through the crowd, looking around at their surroundings.

JENNY

So he's no longer here. What are we looking for?

CAMERON

I don't know. The trail runs cold. This is the last place we know the block came. I was just hoping there would be something... more.

They look around in silence for a moment.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

The Writer's Block will come to those who deserve it, in their time of need.

JENNY

Huh?

CAMERON

It's from Mylo's website. I think going in search of it is the problem.

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

It's not something that can be found. Or, we don't deserve to be the ones that find it. Mylo was right all along. He wasn't the one who attacked me in my apartment. In Florence. Why would he? He would know I would never find it.

JENNY

Come on. We're talking about a cube, here. Don't believe that nonsense. Even if it does exist, it has to be able to be found.

CAMERON

Not by us. Not right now.

Cameron walks along the cobblestone road, looking down at the stones that comprise the road. As the tourists walk, stones are revealed by the passing of feet.

Cameron looks down at the stones, as she walks forward.

JENNY

Alright, let's head back to the hotel. At least we can drink some wine and relax before we book a flight back home.

Cameron stares at the cobblestone road.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You okay?

As the crowd passes, Cameron crouches down, looking at a hole in the road.

CAMERON

There's a hole here.

JENNY

Yeah, I'm sure. Seems like a real shit hole.

CAMERON

No, I mean a hole here, probably where the church used to be. In the shape of a cube. A missing brick- a stone that used to be here, but isn't anymore.

Cameron feels the hole with her hand. About three or four inches deep, and the same width and height.

A perfect negative space that would fit a cube matching the Writer's Block dimensions. Now filled with dirt, grime, filth.

She plunges her fingers in, scraping out some dirt caught in the corners and edges of the hole.

JENNY

Come on. Even if it was here, it isn't anymore.

Cameron stares at the hole. Not wanting the journey to be over.

She stands up, wiping her hands clean on her pants.

CAMERON

Yeah, okay. Let's go back to the hotel.

The two walk away from the church, down the cobblestone road. Into the French evening, away from whatever adventures they wish they had found instead of a hole in the ground.

FADE OUT.

INT. AIRPLANE - SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC

Jenny and Cameron sit side by side on a 747 back to the United States. Cameron sits in the aisle seat, with Jenny next to her and a man at the window seat.

The low roar of the engines fill the cabin of the aircraft.

Cameron types on her laptop as Jenny reads a book.

She opens a web browser, and goes to Mylo's website. On the contact page, she begins typing her information:

"NAME: Cameron

EMAIL: Cameron.Aimes@gmail.com

BODY: Well, the journey is over. And I didn't find the Writer's Block. But you already knew that. I came to a stunning realization: You said, if I was truly worthy, the block would find me. It was never a quest to find the block, it was an attempt to fill an emptiness inside myself. And I'm coming back, empty handed. Sorry I blamed you for attacking me. Seems pretty clear who it was now. We're coming back home. If you're willing, I'd like to meet to discuss more."

She closes the laptop, and rubs her eyes.

Jenny looks up at Cameron as she places the laptop back in her bag under the seat in front of her.

JENNY

So, what are you going to do?

Cameron looks up at Jenny.

JENNY (CONT'D)

About the Writer's Block?

CAMERON

Oh. I'm not sure. I guess just let it die. All I have is a journal full of useless information.

JENNY

Did you have fun, at least?

CAMERON

Sure. Always wanted to go to Europe. Got to learn a little bit more about your idol.

JENNY

True.

They sit and reflect on the trip.

CAMERON

Remember what you said to me the other day? At my apartment? About being inspired by what's around you.

JENNY

Yeah, sure.

CAMERON

I think you're right. I think I flew half way around the world looking for some mystical cube, when inspiration was right there the whole time! Maybe, like so many things, The Writer's Block is a metaphor. It's not an actual thing. We never found any evidence of that. Even the Da Vinci stuff could have all been a coincidence.

JENNY

Yeah, but-

CAMERON

What I'm saying is that you don't seek inspiration. Even if it was ever real, it doesn't matter. Inspiration is the act of you taking in your surroundings and paying attention to what is going on in the world. And I think saying that Da Vinci, or Jesus, or whoever was divinely inspired by a magical cube, is a disservice to the brilliance of those individuals. They were inspired by their own greatness, and nothing else.

JENNY

Sure.

CAMERON

And seeking the Writer's Block was a mistake. Along with all the ramifications of that journey.

JENNY

What do you mean?

CAMERON

Come on. Showing up in Italy the day after I was attacked in my hotel room. And you were the only one I told I was staying at the library when my apartment was ransacked. Why did you do it?

JENNY

(pissed)
DO WHAT?!

CAMERON

I know we're creative individuals, but this one seems pretty cut and dry. I just don't understand why you were sabotaging me. And then when that didn't work, you act like you're working with me.

JENNY

What the hell are you talking about?! I am working with you.

CAMERON

So you're denying it? You didn't ransack my apartment? You didn't break into my hotel room?

JENNY

No! Of course not.

CAMERON

Then who was it?

JENNY

I have no idea. Probably that weirdo Mylo.

CAMERON

The guy that knows more about the Writer's Block than I do? Is shaking me down for information? Come on, that doesn't make sense. And he would have known that I wouldn't find it.

JENNY

Why are you blaming me?

CAMERON

Seems obvious. Are you serious?

JENNY

I don't want the stupid Writer's Block, okay?! I'm doing fine without it. I thought I would be a good friend and come help you out. I didn't realize I'd be interrogated.

CAMERON

Wow. Playing the victim card now, huh?

JENNY

You're unbelievable.

CAMERON

Yeah, right back atcha.

The two turn away from each other.

There is a moment of silence. The tension in the air is thick.

A hand comes up from a man sitting in the window seat, next to Jenny.

WINDOW SEAT GUY

I'm sorry. I guess it's not a good time, but I really have to pee. Could you guys let me out?

Cameron scoffs, getting up. She's followed by Jenny, and then the window seat guy.

He hurries to the lavatory as Jenny and Cameron take their seats again.

FADE TO:

INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

It is late. Cameron enters her apartment, tired. She drops her bags by the door, and kicks the door shut.

She hesitates for a moment, and then locks it.

She walks over to the couch, sitting down. She tosses her cell phone on the nearby coffee table.

Her sitting posture turns into a lean, and then she lays down on the couch. She falls asleep almost immediately.

INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Cameron is awakened by a-

DING

A message alert from her cell phone. She opens her eyes, checking her surroundings.

She sits up on the couch, reaching for her cell phone.

A text message from "Unknown Number".

CAMERON

Mylo.

She unlocks her phone, and opens the text message application. The message reads:

"coffee shop - 10 mins"

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Dammit!

She tosses the phone back on the table.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - 10 MINUTES LATER

Cameron enters the coffee shop. It is moderately busy.

She stands in line behind one other person, orders a black coffee and waits for it at the counter.

The coffee comes up rather fast, and she takes it. She doesn't see Mylo, then has a realization.

She walks straight back to the restroom, opens the door, disappearing inside.

INT. COFFEE SHOP BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She walks over to the corner of the room by the sink, and waits.

About 5 seconds later, a hooded figure enters, and locks the door behind him.

Mylo turns to face Cameron, and takes his hood down.

MYLO

So, you have a fun trip?

CAMERON

You knew the whole time?

MYLO

Knew what?

CAMERON

That I wouldn't find the Writer's Block?

MYLO

Well yeah, of course.

CAMERON

How?

MYLO

Well we know it's already in the U.S.

CAMERON

WHAT?! You couldn't have told me that before I left?!

MYLO

You didn't ask where it was. And I didn't get to finish telling you the history. Anyway, I told you: if you were worthy-

CAMERON

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Save it.

MYLO

After Da Vinci had it, it floated around Europe for a while and made it's way to the States around the time the Statue of Liberty did. It didn't stay in the city long before it made its way to Washington D.C. That's when the trail goes cold. Stayed in D.C. for almost a hundred years but then the trail goes cold.

CAMERON

Are you looking for it?

MYLO

Nah. I like to consider myself more of an academic. What do I need it for?

CAMERON

Good point.

There's a moment of silence.

MYLO

Sorry about your friend.

CAMERON

Oh, Jenny?

MYLO

The one who was sabotaging you. Look, for what it's worth, people do crazy things for power. Even the Writer's Block kind of power. Don't be too hard on her. People aspire to be greater than they are. It's only human. For you creative types, it's doubly hard to live up to the standard of potential you set for yourself.

CAMERON

I guess that's true.

MYLO

Inspiration isn't absolute. Just remember that. You can find it anywhere. But if you're truly worthy-

CAMERON
Get the hell out of her now.
Thanks.

Mylo smiles.

MYLO
See ya round.

Mylo unlocks the door and opens it.

CAMERON
Hey.

Mylo turns back.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Let me know if you want to co-write
a book with me about it, alright?

MYLO
Sure thing.

He walks out the door as it closes.

Cameron takes a sip of coffee.

CAMERON
(to herself)
Smells like pee in here.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

As Cameron leaves the coffee shop, she pulls out her phone.

She scrolls to Jenny's name on the text message list and begins typing with her thumb.

"hey - want to meet up. Got something to discuss."

She puts the phone in her pocket, and sips her coffee.

She begins walking down the street.

EXT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Cameron walks up to her apartment building, and Jenny is waiting out front.

They slowly walk up to each other.

JENNY

I just got your text. Was on my way to come and talk to you anyway.

CAMERON

Oh?

They stand, uncomfortably in front of the entrance to the building.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Let me start: I'm sorry about what I said on the plane. The truth is, you're my closest friend. I don't think that you would sabotage my trip, but nothing else makes sense. I was freaking out, I was definitely paranoid from this trip and I didn't know who was to blame. I still don't- but I do know that it's not you.

JENNY

I understand. It's okay. I was coming over here because I think I know who it was anyway.

CAMERON

Let's go upstairs and figure it out.

They enter the apartment building.

INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Cameron opens the door, as her and Jenny walk in. Cameron drops her bag on the coffee table, and Jenny sits down on the couch.

CAMERON

You want a drink?

JENNY

Sure.

Cameron walks over to the fridge, and pulls out two bottles.

She walks over to Jenny, handing her a bottle. Cameron continues pacing the apartment as Jenny puts her feet up.

CAMERON

So, let's figure this out. Is it Bowie?

JENNY

I don't think so.

CAMERON

He's got a motive. Nabil says he can't sell his screenplay and he might have to move back to Ohio.

JENNY

Yeah, but he would never believe in anything that... supernatural. And even if he did, come on- could he run through a hotel, and through the streets of Florence? Can you see him moving that fast?

CAMERON

Yeah, I guess not. Well, the only other people that knew are Reena, Nabil and Yo Yo.

JENNY

Reena's too nice. I could never see her doing anything like that. Nabil is a bit of a wild card. Yo Yo's like five feet tall. I think you'd notice chasing a midget through Italy.

CAMERON

So Nabil?

JENNY

I guess so. It's the only thing that makes sense.

CAMERON

He was always so supportive, and helpful. And cute.

Just then, there is a sound from the bedroom. Like furniture scraping across a hardwood floor.

The two women shoot a look in that direction.

JENNY

(whispering)

Is someone else here?

Cameron shakes her head no.

CAMERON

(whispering)

Must be Nabil. He's here!

They both get up, and slowly start walking to the bedroom. Cameron picks up an umbrella to use as a weapon.

JENNY
(whispering)
What can I use?

Cameron shrugs her shoulders and continues on to the bedroom.

Jenny and Cameron inch towards the room, and hear another soft noise.

As they almost get to the doorway, there is a flash of a figure jumping out of the room.

The hooded figure, there again, runs past Jenny, knocking her over. She falls into Cameron, who stumbles.

The figure makes it to the front door, opening it and darting out. As Cameron makes it to the door, the apartment door across from her opens. Her neighbor stands in the doorway.

NEIGHBOR
I see something suspicious.

Cameron blasts past him, after the figure.

CAMERON
Thanks. Dick.

Jenny follows Cameron down the hallway. The two of them chasing the hooded figure.

EXT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The hooded figure bursts through the door of Cameron's apartment building. A few seconds after, Cameron and Jenny follow.

They run down the street, turning a corner.

CAMERON
You're not getting away this time!

Cameron picks up the pace, determined to catch the assailant this time.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

The hooded figure enters a park, trying to lose the chase in a sea of joggers.

Cameron follows close behind, with Jenny trailing off.

JENNY

I'm... I'm gonna, guard the exits...

(breathing heavily)

So he can't escape.

She doubles over, leaning on a tree.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Man, I'm out of shape.

Cameron continues chasing the figure. The two of them jump over a couple having a picnic in the park.

They run through a field trip of elementary school students in a long, single file line.

The hooded figure bumps into a jogger, stumbling.

Cameron runs up, tackling the hooded figure. They both go down, sliding on the grass to a stop.

They both breath heavily.

Cameron leans up, hovering over the assailant. She removes the hood to reveal-

CAMERON

Reena?!

Reena is beneath the hoodie. She looks up at Cameron.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

REENA

I'm trying to see what you've found out about the Writer's Block.

CAMERON

It was you in my apartment after the Group meeting? In my hotel in Florence?

REENA

(reluctantly)

Yeah.

The two of them sit up, on the grass.

CAMERON

Why? What are you trying to achieve?

REENA

I'm trying to stop you from finding it!

Cameron is taken aback by this revelation.

CAMERON

Why? Are you tasked with protecting the block or something.

REENA

Don't be so dramatic. I don't suppose you can imagine what it's like to see everyone around you, achieving their goals while you sit in the same place for decades. Your career, stagnant.

CAMERON

So you were trying to find it for yourself?

REENA

It doesn't exist! I'm not trying to find it for myself! I'm just making sure that you didn't find it.

CAMERON

So you haven't made it as a writer, and you're attempting to sabotage me so that I didn't accomplish my goals either? That doesn't make sense. No one can be that self absorbed.

REENA

Of course, you would see it that way.

CAMERON

Well what other way is there to see it?

REENA

A desperate writer that sees everyone except her succeeding? You can't put yourself in those shoes?

CAMERON

Yeah, but finding joy in the failure of others, is not healthy. Keeping me from my goals will not help you reach yours. And besides, the Writer's Block doesn't even exist.

Cameron comes to a stunning revelation. She stares off in space.

REENA

What?

CAMERON

That's it.

REENA

What's it?

Jenny walks up to the two on the grass.

JENNY

It was Reena?! Crazy.

CAMERON

I got it! I know what to write.

JENNY

Cool! Can I kick her for implicating me in her conspiracy?

CAMERON

Sure, what do I care?

Jenny leans down.

JENNY

Why'd you do it, Reena?

REENA

You just missed that whole conversation.

JENNY

That was a shitty thing to do to your friends.

They look at each other for a moment.

JENNY (CONT'D)

And you're almost certainly going to jail for breaking and entering, twice. And aggravated assault.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
Personal property damage.
International espionage? At least
you have a cool wrap sheet. They
are gonna love you in prison.

Jenny slides the back of her hand down Reena's cheek.

Jenny stands up, signaling a patrolman nearby.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Officer! She's all yours.

INT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Cameron walks back in to her apartment. She seems anxious, a little high strung.

She briskly walks over to her desk, and sits down. She opens her laptop.

Cameron thinks for a moment. She stares at the blinking cursor for a beat.

Cameron smiles. She begins typing.

CAMERON (V.O.)
Legend tells of an ancient
artifact. It is said that the
Writer's Block, endowed with divine
inspiration, will come to those in
their time of need. Of course, it's
probably just a story.

Cameron sits at her desk, continue to type as we pan out of her window.

EXT. CAMERON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We leave her apartment through a window and continue pulling back.

CAMERON (V.O.)
But here is my story. I uncovered
the secret of the Writer's Block by
accident...

Cameron's voice trails off as pull back further.

Exposed in the masonry construction of the building is the Writer's Block, as depicted in Da Vinci's drawings. It sits below the window at the edge of the window sill.

CAMERON (V.O.)
It's current location is unknown,
but it is said that if you are
worthy, it will find you.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.