

INT. WRITERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Orange tape and police block off a grizzly crime scene. A man lying dead on the floor, blood spilling from a gruesome wound. A lightbulb jammed deep into his eye socket.

A DETECTIVE stands over the body next to a POLICE OFFICER, surveying the scene.

POLICE OFFICER

Looks like we've got another one.

The Detective walks up and runs his finger along the light bulb's surface, then licks it.

DETECTIVE

These are 16-watt 48, Linear T12 LED Edison Light Bulbs, Daylight 5000K.

POLICE OFFICER

But that has to mean...There's only one person who uses those light bulbs.

DETECTIVE

That's right, The muse strikes again.

Lightning flashes from the window.

A wanted poster for the muse slams onto the screen: "The Muse at large. \$10,000,000." No picture is shown.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. PREHISTORIC CAVE - NIGHT

A CAVEMAN paints crude symbols on a wall.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ever since the dawn of time, there have been artists, creatives, and intellectuals.

A shadow passes over the Caveman.

INT. ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS - DAY

PLATO Paces around, arguing something in Greek.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
As different as they can be,  
individually, they all have  
something in common.

INT. ELIZABETHAN OFFICE - NIGHT

SHAKESPEARE sits at a desk, frustrated. He crumples up and  
throws the paper he was writing on away in disgust.

SHAKESPEARE  
Useless, useless! Alas, I can not  
seem to write something on my own.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
They need inspiration.

SHAKESPEARE  
Oh well, back to getting scripts  
from my ghostwriter.

INT. EDISON'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The Shed is dark and candlelit. On a table in the center,  
Thomas Edison prepares to turn on his greatest invention, the  
electric light.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
That's when...

The lightbulb turns on, covering the room in its powerful  
glow.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The Muse strikes.

A lightbulb flies from off-screen, shattering on the massive  
four-head of Thomas Edison, knocking him dead.

INT. PREHISTORIC CAVE - NIGHT

A lightbulb strikes down the CAVEMAN

INT. ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS - DAY

A lightbulb strikes down PLATO.

INT. ELIZABITHEN OFFICE - NIGHT

SHAKESPEARE is completely fine.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - DAY

A serene and peaceful day in the park. Ducks swim in the lake. Squirrels scamper around.

A 15th-century-looking man sits under a tree. An apple falls on top of his head. He looks up and rubs his head. A light bulb falls on top of him from above, colliding into his skull.

Two old men play chess. One is thinking hard about their move before a look of revelation comes to his face, and a lightbulb is thrown into his skull.

A squirrel digs up a hidden stash of acorns, overjoyed, before a lightbulb completely obliterates them.

The MUSE, a surprisingly ordinary-looking woman, crouches in the bushes, with a wild glint in her eye holding a light bulb in her hand. She throws it.

MUSE

Ha ha ha. The Muse strikes again.

She reaches down into her bag for another lightbulb, then looks down. The bag is empty.

MUSE (CONT'D)

Shucks.

INT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

The MUSE stands in line at the checkout with a shopping cart full of lightbulb packages.

MUSE

Sigh.

The DETECTIVE walks up to the muse and holds up his police badge.

DETECTIVE

Excuse me, mame. Can I ask you a few questions?

The muse snaps her head around to look at him.

MUSE

Why?!

DETECTIVE

I'm looking for the muse.

MUSE

Aren't we all?

DETECTIVE

This is a criminal investigation.  
Have you seen anyone around trying  
to buy a pack of **T12** LED Edison  
light bulbs?

MUSE

I can't say I have.

DETECTIVE

Really? Because that's an awful lot  
of lightbulbs you're buying right  
there.

MUSE

I'm an artist. All these lightbulbs  
will be turned on and wrapped  
around a giant sculpture I'm  
making.

DETECTIVE

Wouldn't that blind your audience?

MUSE

Yes, it's brilliant.

DETECTIVE

What type are they?

MUSE

16-Watt 48, Linear **T8**  
LED Edison Light Bulbs, Daylight  
5000K.

DETECTIVE

Only T8s.

MUSE

No.

The Muses hand places a Snickers bar onto the shopping cart.

MUSE (CONT'D)

I'm also getting a Snickers.

The Detective profusely shakes the muse's hand.

DETECTIVE

Oh! I'm so sorry to have bothered you, mama. Have a nice day.

EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - DAY

The Detective walks out of the parking lot, thinking deeply.

DETECTIVE

T8, Hmm. Where did they even have there T8 stalk.

Then, a revelation.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Wait a second; they were out of T12's!

A lightbulb collides with the back of the detective's skull, shattering. The detective stands there motionless, then drops to the ground stiff as a plank.

Behind him is the MUSE, having just thrown the lightbulb.

MUSE

The muse strikes again!

Before she can fully relish her victory. A brick sails down from the sky and hits the muse on the head..

EXT. TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Standing atop, a gargoyle missed the thunder and rain is the CAPED CRUSADER dressed in brown.

CAPED CRUSADER

(Same Voice as the Narrator)

In a world where inspiration comes at a heavy price, Fear not:  
**Writer's Block** is here.