

Int. Playwright

By

Ayelet Schrek

awschrek@gmail.com
(415) 994-9339

Cast of Characters

- 1: Any ethnicity/age/gender
- 2: Any ethnicity/age/gender
- 3: Any ethnicity/age/gender
- 4: Any ethnicity/age/gender (but make sure to avoid a cast where the person playing this role is the only cast member of a marginalized identity. Or in other words, 1, 2, and 3 are subjects in this play and 4 is really just there as a joke, so be thoughtful about this when casting)

ACT I

Scene 1

1 and 2 sit together right of center. They may rise and move about at the discretion of the director (although perhaps 2 remains seated throughout), but should never leave their zone of the stage.

2

So what's the theme this month?

1

Anthro-
Anthromor-
Anthropomorph.

2

Huh.

1

Yah. Like ascribing human/ to non-human...

2

Yah I know.

1

Right.

2

Huh.

1

Yah.

2

Any ideas?

1

Yah.

2

Oh good-

1

Bad ones.

2

Oh bad-

(CONTINUED)

1
Like all my ideas are really abstract and depressing/
so I'm not...

2
Figures.

1
Hey.

2
Kidding.

1
Nah. Fair.

2
Well ok so, like, give me one of your ideas. Maybe we
can work with it.

1
Well right now it's mostly fire and smoke. Maybe cages.
Also death.

2
Classic for a reason?

1
But honestly it all feels too big and too close for
this format. Or maybe just this time frame. Or maybe
just my own mental capacity.

2
I get that.

1
It's like last time when I hit the right idea I just
knew it it was like blam boom splat there it is that's
the right idea. Bam. And nothing I can think of this
time is feeling like that.

2
Uh huh.

1
And I know the idea is there, lurking in the shadows
somewhere, grinning crookedly as I fumble about, never
even getting close.

2
Well-

(CONTINUED)

1

I can hear it taunting me, rustling whispers of pressure and despair unleashed from its maw like a pack of hunger-crazed bloodhounds, sniffing me out, seeking me out like a missile, like a harpy, like an editor circling a mixed metaphor...

2

Wha-

1

Circling and circling, my brain down the drain--buh-bye brain!--I crane my neck for a better view but my vision's obscured and my neck is stiff--I'm starting to drift--my language curls and twists around the idea I cannot catch. My ideas are whisps, luring me down trails to nothing. Not nothing exactly, but more insubstantial than something. What am I even saying?

Beat. Beat. Beat.

2

Writing is hard.

Beat.

1

Yah.

Beat.

2

Write about that.

Beat.

1

Yah?

2

Yah.

Beat.

1

Nah, no one cares about the process of writing but writers.

2

Well-

(CONTINUED)

1

And is it really even on prompt?

2

Well-

1

Unless I personified the process of writing itself!

2

That would-

1

It's brilliant! Or is it? No it's terrible. Or *is* it?

2

Are you even/ listening to me anymore?

1

I can frame 'inspiration' as my elusive prey, a game of cat and mouse-

2

Wouldn't that make it faunamorph instead of / anthropomorph-

1

Ok yes I can see how it might be confusing to use an animal metaphor for a personification of an abstract concept but *you know what I mean*.

2

You're a playwright, you must be precise with your language.

1

Yah, yah ok. But like, that's an idea, right? I mean there's something there, right? I mean I don't know if it's brilliant but at least it's writable, right?

2

Is that what you're aiming for, writable?

1

Better than nothing. I mean I guess there's only one way to know if it's anything and that's to sit down and write it.

2

Ok then.

Lights up on DL. 3 sits with a laptop. Opens it.

(CONTINUED)

1

Ok start strong.

*The slightest hesitation, then 3 begins to type.
Types. Pauses.*

2

No no, that's overstated.

1

Agreed.

3 deletes, retypes.

2

An ellipsis or a dash?

1

Dash. Definitely dash.

3 continues typing. 2's line pauses their action.

2

Now now, don't get lost in the sound of the words.
Pretty phrases still have to *mean* something.

1

Yes but can't the beauty of the sound mean something in
itself?

2

Yes, and it often does, but that last sentence is just
nonsense.

Beat.

1

Yah yah ok.

*3 deletes, continues typing. The pace of the
typing increases over the following:*

2

Good. Good.

1

Yes. Yes.

2

A little softer-

(CONTINUED)

1 A tad bit louder-

2 Reign it in-

1 Push it out-

2 Very good.

1 Not bad.

2 Keep going-

1 Keep going-

2 Keep going-

1 Keep going-

4 pops out from backstage R, interrupting 3.

4 I'm hungry and I need to pee-

1+2 Go away.

4 goes away. 3 resumes with fervor.

1 Keep going, almost there.

3 types furiously. 1 and 2 mutter encouragements.

1+2 And...

1+2+3 Done!

On the word 'done' 3 stops typing and the lights go out on 1+2. 3 saves, and closes the laptop. Stands up, stretches.

(CONTINUED)

3

Ooh, I think I still have some of those leftovers in the fridge! Go team [Ayelet]*!

High fives self.

I am such a nerd.

From backstage the voices are heard almost like echoes:

1

Nerds are se/xy

2

God you're ex/tra

4

Feed me Seymour!

3

Ok. End of play.

3 crosses SR out of the light to exit. The light lingers on the laptop for a moment, then fades.

End of play.

*Feel free to leave out name or change name as suits the production.