

# The Dramatists Curse

by David W. Boles

LIGHTS UP.

(A tattered room, smelling of armpits and silent farts, is revealed as the lights slowly glow up around the scene. GEORGE is sitting behind a tiny desk in the middle of a massive, dark room ripped with shadows. His head is socked into his hands. A manual typewriter looms before him.)

GEORGE

Why? Why!

(A muffled scream seeps out from between his fingers. His sweat-stained head pops out of his hands and he slams his palms against his temples as if squeezing peanut butter out of a jar – difficult, but possible – and his tongue slowly slithers out from between his teeth and screams!)

Dead! She's Dead Again!

(His snap down to the typewriter.)

That isn't half bad.

(His fingers fly against the keys as he types the thought out loud.)

"She's. Dead. A. Gain." Good. Better than fair. Pretty good.

(The typewriter's carriage return bell dings and he manually rips the carriage to start a new line.)

Arrgh. Every return brings home a new dilemma! God where is she?

(He bolts from his chair and begins to frantically pace the room.)

She's late again! Dead, actually! Killed in a car crash! How dare she not call? I sit here pacing – wondering – if she's dead again!

GEORGE

I've been trained by the Worlds Greatest Dramatists!

HEDRA

You mean you've been trained by the Worlds Greatest paranoids, manic-depressives and chronic self-loathers!

GEORGE

God I hate you!

HEDRA

Jesus, I loathe you more! I'm leaving!

GEORGE

How dramatic.

HEDRA

No. How real. I'd tell you to "fuck off and die" but you already have.