

Vampetta, Zak, Penelope, Deborah, Carswell

Start

Zak takes off his headphones and sighs.

ZAK. I am blocked, yo. Writers's block. For real.

VAMPETTA. My heart hurts for you.

ZAK. I got like mad ideas, but sometimes it's hard to get them from my brain space onto the page, know what I'm sayin'?

VAMPETTA. (*Sarcastic.*) Yes that is exactly how I would describe the act of writing. You must be an expert.

ZAK. I'm basically an expert already. Like for real.

PENELOPE. What's your favorite Vera Braxton novel?

ZAK. Oh—um—I don't really read. I'm more like a natural. Like I'm like gifted. It's kind of a curse, actually. Zak attack. It's got so many levels to it.

DEBORAH. Great.

ZAK. Hey um—I got an idea. What if one of you fine ladies wrote one of my ideas—like a collab? I give you the idea and then you put the words on it and make it pretty. Then we could like split the riches fifty-fifty.

All the women stare at Zak.

CARSWELL. (*Narrating.*) Which one of them was going to kill the kid first? My money was on Legs. She looked like an angel, but all the angels left before I was born, now there were only devils in

disguise. Turns out that disguise was pretty nice to look at, though. If this was eternal damnation, I was gonna be eternally grateful.

PENELOPE. You know what, I don't even want to know which one of us you're referring to as "Legs," but—

CARSWELL. (*Still narrating.*) When she talked, she reminded me of my second wife, all sound and no fury.

PENELOPE. There's gonna be fury! We are not defined by our appearances, okay?

DEBORAH. It's not worth it, Penelope—he's fossilized.

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ZAK. So what about the collab?

VAMPETTA. No one wants to *collab* with you!

ZAK. You don't have to be rude about it.

VAMPETTA. I'm a professional writer! You have taken one creative writing class!

ZAK. And I'm already as good as you, which is pretty dope.

VAMPETTA. No it's not dope!

JENNIFER. You're a professional writer?

VAMPETTA. Yes!

JENNIFER. Then why are you using my ideas?

She holds up Bloodborne.

Everyone turns to look at Jennifer.

VAMPETTA. What are you talking about?

JENNIFER. This book. A taxidermist in a small town is found stuffed to death? The principal suspect is his twin brother, Darren? His niece owns a cupcake shop? *This is my book, Stuffed for Murder!*

VAMPETTA. That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard. In my book, the cupcake shop is a front for a demon-worshipping cult of blood sorcerers who are trying to open a portal to the underworld, and they use the taxidermist's corpse to host the vengeful spirit of a rabid moose. That's your book?!

ZAK. A rabid moose sounds dope, yo.

VAMPETTA. Shut up, Zak!

END