

Title: **Writing Wrongs**

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Director: **Liz Munro**

Genre: Mystery /Comedy

Synopsis:

The writer is blocked. Once, it used to come naturally to her, but now, no matter what she does, the main character she needs to write eludes her. She tries out different people and scenarios over and over, but nothing works. And it seems that her characters - both her creations and her conscience - have an annoying habit of doing and saying precisely what they want. Can they help her uncover and vanquish the old, unacknowledged heartbreak at the centre of her creative impasse? Or will they just merrily drive her around the twist?

Characters: Three women and one man

THE WRITER: Woman, any age, she's dishevelled, unsure of herself and stressed, she never speaks directly to her characters – they are the 'voices' in her head

VERAMINTA/CHARACTER 1: Woman, older - 50s/60s, the most knowledgeable and wise of the three

EIGHMEY/CHARACTER 2: Woman, younger - 20s/30s, she's lively, feisty and not afraid to stand up for herself

BELLAMY/CHARACTER 3: Man, any age - vain and largely clueless, he's a bit of a ham, but believes in his right to be the star of any show

SETTING: Interior of a home with a desk and couch

RUNNING TIME: 15 mins

THE WRITER: Donald...

EIGHMEY: *[going up to THE WRITER'S other ear]* Donald was the one who ruined your confidence.

THE WRITER: Donald?

BELLAMY: *[close now, too]* Donald is the one who tossed you over for that strumpet.

THE WRITER: *[looks up with a gasp]* Donald! He's the problem. How could I have been so blind! *[starts typing]*

EIGHMEY: *[to the audience]* Donald the double crosser.

VERAMINTA: *[to the audience]* Donald the dunce.

BELLAMY: *[to the audience]* Donald the dirty dog.

THE WRITER: That's why I can't write. I need to purge him once and for all.

VERAMINTA: That's it!

THE WRITER: Get him out of my system.

EIGHMEY: Now you're talking!

THE WRITER: The slithery bastard took my dignity...

VERAMINTA: You deserve justice.

THE WRITER: And I've been playing around the edges - who have I been kidding? Donald needs to die!

BELLAMY: Right on, sister!

THE WRITER: *[Goes back to typing again]* Time for a name change - it's no longer Bellamy.

BELLAMY: What?

THE WRITER: This time - finally - it's Donald. And he's gonna get it! I've been waiting a long time for this.

THE WRITER starts typing furiously

VERAMINTA, EIGHMEY & BELLAMY/DONALD creep forward to peer at the computer screen.

THE WRITER: *[talking as she types]* This is it Donald, I'm back, I'm home and I'm kicking you out!

VERAMINTA: *[peering at what's on the screen]* Well, that is a new one. It'll do the trick though.

EIGHMEY: *[looks up, laughing at BELLAMY/DONALD]* It's a new one all right. How do you feel about exploding vats of acid, *Donald?*

ENDS