

Even My Friends Won't Read This

By Peter Wood

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The WRITER sits at a small desk in front of a laptop.

The WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS is looming behind the Writer.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Why?

Silence.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Why?

WRITER

Shut up.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

No, I mean, I'm not trying to be an asshole or anything. I like that you want to write. I think it's healthy. It might even, someday, get us laid.

Beat.

Laughter, loudly, from speakers.

The Writer's Subconscious grabs the laptop from the desk and takes it to the couch.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

It's just kind of . . . silly, isn't it. I mean, pointless.

The Writer's Subconscious begins to read.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

"The 31 Plays in 31 Days Project is based on the idea that to become a better writer, you must write. You must write a lot. And you need to practice experimenting with your writing form constantly. The pressure of this goal will allow you to set aside preconceived notions of what you should be writing and how you should be doing it. You will not have time to overanalyze your work, you will just have to write, write, write and be surprised by what comes out of you. You may love your work some days and wonder what happened on others, but by the end of the month, you will have amassed 31 new plays. Instead of waiting for the breeze of inspiration to blow your way, you will see that writing is a craft that can be called on at any time."

Pause. The Writer makes a weak effort to get the laptop back but ends up just sitting on the couch.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Which, as it goes, is just fine. Peachy. Dandy. All that. I am behind you writing, I really am. Here, have this back.

The Writer's Subconscious gives the Writer the laptop. The Writer accepts it but doesn't do anything with it.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Write like the wind. Write a bunch of crappy short plays in an effort to kick-start your writing. Go team. Yay. Woo-hoo. Let's go. Let's go, what'cha gonna write about then? Your depression? BORING. Your loneliness? BORING. Your graduate school experience? UBER BORING.

WRITER

(defiant)

I have ideas. Puff and Blink?

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

What and who?

WRITER

Puff and Blink. Sort of, well, one's a gecko and one's got a big head and talks through blinking and drinks slushies and they have these small adventures, they might, it might be . . . you could do them as puppets maybe, or in costumes, masks.

The Writer's Subconscious doesn't have to say a damn thing.

WRITER

And . . . um, a scene from Doctor Who, I mean, not from Doctor Who exactly but a scene, comic scene from two people who are in one of those cults that show up in the series all the time, you know, Flame is good, Fire is great, kind of chanting and these two guys, you know, taking a break and musing on why they do what they do.

Long pause. The Writer refuses to look at the Writer's Subconscious.

WRITER

And then there's . . . maybe . . .

The Writer trails off, moves back to the desk with the laptop and starts typing.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

What are you . . . wait, what are you . . . are you goddamned writing a play about your dialogue with your subconscious? Are you writing *meta*? Jesus wept! Write porn, write about cutting, write about aliens or dragons or unicorns or even fucking relationships and breaking up and loneliness before you fucking go meta.

The Writer writes. Slowly.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Stop it.

The Writer's Subconscious moves dangerously to the Writer.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

I said stop it. I mean, fuck. Meta is the refuge of a mind that has stopped imagining, stopped creating, stopped doing anything.

The Writer writes.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Stop or I'll tell you the truth.

WRITER

Shut up.

The Writer writes.

After a moment, the Writer's Subconscious pulls the Writer from the chair, slaps the Writer and pushes the Writer to the floor.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Ok. You asked for it. This is pointless. Not because you can't write. You can. I grant you that. I'm even proud of that. But it doesn't matter. You hear me. It doesn't matter that you can write. Hell, you've had your writings posted on your blog for years now. You've told your friends. You've posted on fucking Twitter and Facebook. You put the damn site in your email signature. You think it matters that you can write, you think it matters that you write at all?

(MORE)

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS (CONT'D)

When even your friends won't read your work what makes you think it means anything to the world? When even your friends don't read the plays and stories you write, what makes you think that strangers will give a flying fuck about your words?

A long silence.

The Writer's Subconscious,
tenderly, helps the Writer up
and over to the couch.

WRITER

I don't know. I don't. It's worth something. Isn't it.

WRITER'S SUBCONSCIOUS

(kindly, softly)

No. Not really. Come on, let's watch some Buffy. You like watching Buffy.

WRITER

Yeah. Yeah I do.

Lights down as the theme from
Buffy the Vampire Slayer plays.