

Damn
by
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At rise, PLAYWRIGHT, someone writing a one minute play, is sitting at a desk typing away on a laptop.

CHARACTER walks in from stage right, reacting strongly to the stage lights.

CHARACTER
DAMN!

PLAYWRIGHT
Oh, hey!
(points at laptop)
I'm working on a one minute play!

CHARACTER
(excited)
Damn!
(runs over to look over playwright's shoulder. Reads for a little while)
Damn...

PLAYWRIGHT
I know, right? I like what I have so far... guess what? You're my first character!
(The character is confused)
Yeah, you're not actually real, you're in my head.

CHARACTER
(defeated)
Damn...

PLAYWRIGHT
Yeah... your backstory is pretty sad. Your parents die in a fire.

CHARACTER
Damn....

PLAYWRIGHT
You're allergic to cats AND dogs.

CHARACTER
Damn...

PLAYWRIGHT
You're also going to lose a ton of money on a bad game of Scrabble.

CHARACTER
DAMN!

PLAYWRIGHT

I'm sorry for all of that... however, you are the only character that's going to survive to the end of the play!

CHARACTER

(Proud and excited)

DAMN!!!!

(begins clapping at their future success)

PLAYWRIGHT

Oh yeah... you're born without genitals.

CHARACTER

(looks at crotch, sadly.)

Damn...

BLACKOUT