

HOW HARD CAN IT BE?

by

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*The scene opens with two men stood at the front door to a flat with a scruffy desk at one side. Outside is a dapper, upper class gentleman in a tweed jacket, inside is a frazzled looking guy with tousled hair in a stained hoody and jeans.*

**DAPPER GENT:** So You're happy with the conditions?

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Yes. No problem. I go over there...

*Points to the messy desk*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** ...bang out a smashing little play...

**DAPPER GENT:** Not too little

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Right. I go over there, bang out a perfectly sized play. I give it to you...

**DAPPER GENT:** By tomorrow

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** I go over there, bang out a perfectly sized play. I give it to you by tomorrow and you give me a lovely, big cheque.

**DAPPER GENT:** Little Cheque

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** I go over there bang out a perfectly sized play. I give it to you by tomorrow and you give me a perfectly sized cheque.

**DAPPER GENT:** Little Cheque

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Fine a little cheque

**DAPPER GENT:** Excellent! Then we have an accord. I'll be back at 8am sharp to collect. I'm expecting big things from you my boy, you came with some excellent recommendations.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Smashing

**DAPPER GENT:** Smashing

*The pair shake hands and the dapper gent exits stage left. The writer closes the door then goes over to his desk to start writing. He sits down rubs his face puts his fingers on the keys then after a seconds pause takes them off and starts tidying the desk.*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** I'll just tidy up a bit and then I'll get right to it.

*He tidies the desk then rubs his hands together and sits back down ready to write then after a slightly longer pause he gets up.*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** I better get myself a drink and some snacks I don't want to interrupt the flow once my mojo starts working.

*He nips off stage and comes back with a drink and some snacks. He puts them down on the desk then sits poised ready to write. After a slight pause he re-arranges the snacks and drink.*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN <OFF STAGE>:** Oh just bloody get on with it will you!

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Yes, right, of course. How hard can it be?

*He starts typing*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** So there is this guy

*Imaginary Man steps onto the stage*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Wow you really don't have any imagination do you?

*Imaginary Woman enters the stage and points at Imaginary Man*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** What do you mean?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Well look at him

*She waves her hands in front of Imaginary Man*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** What's wrong with him?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** What's wrong with him? What's right with him more like? I mean he looks just like the guy from earlier doesn't he?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN (cont'd):** I mean look at him, the same beady little eyes, the same stupid haircut and the less said about his...

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Hey! I'm right here you know!

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Yeah, that's the problem.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Well he has different clothes on...

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Yeah!

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Yeah!

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Anyway ignore her she just after my job.

*Imaginary Woman shakes her head in disgust before walking off stage*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** OK, so there is this guy and he's like a vampire

*Teeth and a cape appear from off stage*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** No wait, that's so 2008... OK he's a space man.

*A tinfoil space helmet appears from off stage*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** No, that's no good. I've got it! He's a swashbuckling pirate.

*A cutlass and hat appear from off stage*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Yes that's perfect and he's in this bar or tavern or whatever they called them back in the pirate days and over comes this beautiful wench."

*Imaginary Woman enters the stage*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Oh a wench is it? You're such a sexist asshole!

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** What do you mean sexist?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Well, why does the hero have to be a man while I – as per fecking usual - end up being some kind of brainless eye candy? Why can't the hero be a woman for a change? A heroine if you will!

**IMAGINARY MAN:** I told you she was after my job.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Fine so there is this woman

*Imaginary Man gives pirate stuff to IW and stalks off stage*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** And she is in this bar and this handsome...

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Wait shouldn't I have a beard? I mean I am a pirate.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** But you're a woman...

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Sexist

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** I'm not bloody... fine you know what have it your way. So there was this beautiful bearded lady...

*Imaginary Man enters the stage*

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Sorry to interrupt but I don't really see what this has to do with the theme.

*SW: "What do you mean theme?"*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Well the handsome, dignified guy with the brilliant hair.

*Imaginary Man shoots an angry glare at Imaginary Woman*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** He said he wanted something about perseverance you know, so his employees won't give up when the going gets tough or something.

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Yeah he has a point, I'm not sure how a pirate theme helps with that.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Fine, control a and delete.

*Imaginary Man & Imaginary Woman leave the stage*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Right so there is this handsome, but troubled writer.

*Imaginary Man steps back onto the stage dressed like Scruffy Writer*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Well that's original.

*Imaginary Woman returns to the stage.*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** What, do you think you're Stephen King or something?

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Is it set in Maine?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Ha Ha, yeah is he an alcoholic?

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Have I been bullied and now I'm going to snap and fight back?

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Yeah well... piss off you two. I'd like to see you do better.

*Imaginary Woman and Imaginary Man look at each other and nod. They both try to think of ideas but every time they go to say something they stop and shake their heads.*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Yeah I thought so now zip it...

*Scruffy Writer looks at the screen of his computer and sighs again*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Control, a and delete.

*Imaginary Man & Imaginary Woman leave the stage*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Come on, you can do this.

*Scruffy Writer takes a deep breath*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** OK so scene, there's a beautiful girl standing at the bar.

*Jazzy music starts playing and Imaginary Woman pretends to lean on a bar.*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Then fella comes in sees her and thinks to himself right I'm in here.

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Right I'm in here.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** He goes over to her and says...

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Do you want to know how I got my stain?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** What the hell is that?

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** That's comedy gold that is what do you mean what's that?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** What kind of chat up line is that? No man would say that.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Actually my mate Alan...

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Don't you think that might be a bit of an in-joke?

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Well they say write what you know...

*Imaginary Woman and Imaginary Man give him a withering stare*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Fine OK, so he goes over to her and says...

**IMAGINARY MAN:** I still know how to make a gold standard whopper.

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** That's Alan again isn't it?

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Maybe...

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Try again.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** He goes over to her and he says...

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Hey, is your dad a terrorist? Cos baby, you're the bomb!

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Sexist

**IMAGINARY MAN:** You might not be the best looking girl here, but beauty is only a light switch away?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Ugh that's just horrible!

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Are you a parking ticket? Cause you've got FINE written all over you

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Seriously is this the best you can do? And you call yourself a writer.

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Here give me that

*He snatches the keyboard off the desk*

**IMAGINARY MAN:** I'm a stupid doo-doo face and I can't write for toffee.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Oi! Give that back.

*Imaginary Man passes the keyboard to Imaginary Woman over Scruffy Writer's head as he tries to grab it.*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** I'm never going to finish this story and then I won't make any money and I'll get kicked out of my house and I'll die of pneumonia like Tiny Tim.

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Oh ho ho, that's dark.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Seriously give it back.

**IMAGINARY MAN:** I can't write even a little play for a little cheque because I'm a failure and my parents are ashamed of me.



**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Wow! And you said I was harsh!

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** I can figure this out, I can figure this out. This isn't even real, you're not real. The keyboard isn't even in your hand, the keyboard is in my hand.

*The stage freezes and like something from the Matrix the keyboard appears in Scruffy Writer's hand*

**MAGINARY WOMAN:** Oh so we've resorted to ripping off Fight Club now have we? That was Fight Club right?

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Pretty much verbatim I'd say.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Shut up you it worked didn't it.

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** So go ahead and write.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Come on brain it's just you and me now.

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Good luck with that.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** I can do this I've thought of words before, just write a word, any word; we have plenty of time.

*An alarm clock goes off*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** What?!?! It's Seven already? Don't panic you can do this you can do this.

**MAGINARY WOMAN:** I doubt it.

*Scruffy Writer goes to type then starts to shake and breaks down crying.*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Oh who am I kidding? I can't do this. Not even if I had a week, a month never mind an hour.

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Oh come on pal I was only joking, I'm sure you can do it.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** I can't

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Sure you can. Here I'll give you the first word, umm... Once. See that's a start.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** But I just don't have enough time.

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Sure we do, we've got plenty of time. We just need a... what do you call it?

**IMAGINARY MAN:** A Miracle?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** No! A... montage that's it a montage. Band, hit it!

*Scruffy Writer, Imaginary Woman and Imaginary Man write furiously montage style to the Hearts on Fire al-la Rocky 4. As the montage ends Imaginary Woman and Imaginary Man take up their positions from the earlier bar scene.*

**IMAGINARY MAN:** I'm sorry about before. My mates were watching and you know, I was a tit. I just wanted to say I'm sorry and I hope I didn't ruin your evening; and if you even decide to start dating total tits you look me up yeah?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Aw, you're sweet.

*Imaginary Woman leans in and kisses Imaginary Man "Let's get out of here."*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Let's get out of here.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Phew, I think that's it.

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Yeah!

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** It was tough for a while there but you did it!

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** No. We did it!

*There is a group hug.*

**IMAGINARY MAN:** Wait what is moral?

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** What do you mean the moral?

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Well all good stories have a moral at the end. Kind of like Jerry Springer final thought but without all of the beastiality and fat people fighting.

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Hmm... well I guess the moral is... Don't be a dick.

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Now that's a message we can all get behind.

*The doorbell sounds*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** Is it eight already? He must be here to collect... Where's the manuscript?

*Imaginary Man leaves the stage as Imaginary Woman hands him the manuscript and Scruffy Writer opens the door*

**DAPPER GENT:** Hello, is it finished?

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** It wasn't easy but I persevered and I think you love how it came out.

**DAPPER GENT:** Hmm, let's take a look.

*Dapper Gent takes the manuscript and flicks through it reading quickly*

**SCRUFFY WRITER:** So what do you think?

**DAPPER GENT:** Well I have to say in all my time financing the arts, and that is quite a period of time. I've never seen such an amazing...ly dreadful piece of nonsense in all of my life!

*Scruffy Writer reaches for a letter opener and Imaginary Woman grabs his arm to stop him*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** Don't do it he's not worth it.

**DAPPER GENT:** And the worst part is you cast a woman as the lead. I mean what were you thinking? Women are only good for two things as far as I'm concerned, you know what I mean? You know what I mean?

*Imaginary Woman let's go of his hand*

**IMAGINARY WOMAN:** OK I take it back get him.

*Imaginary Woman and Scruffy Writer chase Dapper Gent off stage with the knife.*



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