

Writing Sample

GAME

A Play in Two Acts  
(A Sci-Fi Comitragedy)

by

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## CHARACTERS

### HEADHUNTER

A businessman, very rich, almost a nerd, but with a hidden ruthlessness and suppressed rage.

### SKINNER

Headhunter's long-time friend and business companion. Very large and brutal looking. Completely bald skin-head and gorilla-like features.

### SLEEKDESIGN

An image maker. Sexy in a sadomasochistic way. Desperate to move up the ladder and compulsive for power and wealth.

### MR. ZEN CHI

C.E.O. of China. Small, short black hair with neatly trimmed bangs. A murderous maniac beneath the veneer of a cool, and cooperative Asian businessman.

### WYNEATA

A very tall, female, reptilian-human extraterrestrial. When she is starving she becomes completely Reptilian.

## TIME

Now or in the future.

## THE SCENE

The entire play takes place in the TOWER OF POWER, on the top Floor of the tallest and most expensive building on Earth, one thousand stories high above the street, resting above the clouds.

## THE SET

A minimalist and suggestive set representing the finest money can buy. Upstage center, high up, is a huge TV screen. In front of the TV and behind the White Sofa, not visible to the audience, is a platform that WYNEATA will stand on so she is high above the sofa and stage, and has steps leading down to the stage. Around the large TV and surrounding the set is a black abyss with endless star systems moving out into eternity in dazzling color and majestic beauty. These projections can appear close as if the audience is sitting in space consisting of Galaxies, Planets, Nebula, in a dazzling display of color and patterns; beautiful, miraculous, and awe-inspiring.

## BEGINNING OF THE PLAY

Headhunter sits behind his desk neurotically tapping madly at a computer as numbers, graphs and charts appear on the large tv screen up stage center, changing very fast from one to the other. Skinner paces fast and nervously downstage center chewing his knuckles, punching his hand with his fist, grunting, snorting, hissing, and cracking his head with a sharp twist. Both wear very expensive business suits and are groomed to perfection. They are trying to take control of earthstock to own 51% of Earth. They're in the middle of a conversation.

HEADHUNTER

I'm crankin' out deceptions - can't you see? Gimme a sec.

SKINNER

Headhunter, there's a corpse out there, layin' in the woods, there's leopards out there smellin' it. An' we're sittin' here like two virgins watchin' porn with dicks comin' at us every which way, to tight hole, pretendin' to be in church? You told me we'd be rich.

HEADHUNTER

(looking at his computer  
typing madly)

We're multi-trillionaires hundreds of times over and climbing fast. What is wrong with you today E.D. acting up?

SKINNER

(screaming and punching the  
air violently)

...I FEEL IMPOTENT WITHOUT VIAGRA IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOJAVE WITH A MONROE LOOK-A-LIKE IN MY BED AN' I CAN'T GET IT UP - THAT'S "WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME". I'M POOR THAT'S WHAT'S BUGGIN' ME. I FEEL LIKE I HAVE TO WASH MY OWN DISHES AN' DO MY OWN LAUNDRY AGAIN - IT'S A DISASTER! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

*SKINNER lands his forearm on an end table violently hard smashing it in two.*

*HEADHUNTER jumps to his feet. A stare out.*

*Then looking at SKINNER he hits a key on his keyboard, charts fly on the huge TV in unison, not chaos as before, with large green arrows pointing up on each one, and trumpet sounds blaring then stop abruptly.*

SKINNER

(smiles)

This is palatable.

HEADHUNTER

Sirloin or Filet Mignon'?

SKINNER

Prime rib, venison, even cheap ground beef fresh off the calf, it's hard to say without running her through...

*SKINNER presses the enter button on HEADHUNTER'S computer.*

*Flashing charts on the screen change fast with many more thick green arrows pointing up EVERYWHERE in a Kaleidoscope of Green Arrows on flying charts and suddenly the charts disappear THEN a bold large 51% fills the screen flashing on and off.*

SKINNER

TOUCHDOWN!!! A bonafide flesh of an investment! I feel it baby. We scalped 'em! Filet Mignon' and tails, some spare ribs doused in sugar coated smear... ooooooo I say we do lunch real soon.

HEADHUNTER

Ma Earth's our little slut-slave now. Puts her in our favor. Seems she's a beastly nymph sitting on a cloud, graped, harped, no clothes on her pure-as-silk-skin, an' we, like her, suck the milk from her bosom, her groin juice flowin', like hungry hyenas finishing a kill under a hot jungle prairie, as if there were no tomorrow, only history...

SKINNER

OOOOOOOoooooo baby I'm in love. Automobiles...?

HEADHUNTER

'Mobiles goin' into second gear, need a seat belt around the movement it's so fast, falsified images to masturbated senses... commercial.



HEADHUNTER

(cool like a rapper)

My cards are in the bluff see, poked out, but I'm stable, comfortable in my position, could lose a dime, starin' straight ahead in the game stone cold sober an' happy about it, poker-faced indifference, I'm that sure - no emotion in the deal, they're all horny for something so I'll fill their needs unleashing mad visions everywhere conquering endless landscapes of unethical profits forever, hugging the road in un-hugged lives, fakin' momentary power to the powerless slaves, as we ride Rolls to the bank past their ambulances filled with mutilated baby dreams, an' soak ourselves with the green-blood rewards of our time.

SKINNER

Glass sharp Headhunter - slicing. I see her movin' toward the right score friend. Our vision has been focused. Where else should we steer?

HEADHUNTER

(fast and matter of fact)

We'll do a prime time double slot national T.V. Social Media, Email Spam, endless Robo Calls, whatever works, killer hypnosis across networks on every channel and medium on Earth with Sleekdesign's graphics urging urges to hump out to the nearest dealer. Billions in sales. Make 'em irresistible to the lonely and stupid 'cause we care.

SKINNER

Rebates?

HEADHUNTER

And deceptive low interest manipulations.

SKINNER

Nineteen percent over the fair-mark?

HEADHUNTER

Whatever works to triple sales with endless up-sells.

SKINNER

(smiling lustfully)

Ohhhhh, I see it like hard-core bondage, brutal S&M with relentless strap on pump...

HEADHUNTER

(smiling lustfully)

...NOW is all that matters, it's all up for grabs an' our hands are out palms up to the heavens we're so holy.

*They slap five. Bump asses in an old college Cheer.*

SKINNER

Okay, so autos are employed, let's talk Portfolio. We need more than jus' cars to remain di-verse-ohhhh-fide so we don't get fried on this take-over ride...

HEADHUNTER

...Real Estate's Landed ground. Upping sales and rentals, movin' the middle slave-class outta safe haven into struggle, make 'em desperate and hopin' for something better that'll never come and hike rents an' mortgages to keep them on the fence between fear and hope...

SKINNER

...Nice Community-Kill! Housing..?

HEADHUNTER

...Got a roof over its head...

SKINNER

...Trans...

HEADHUNTER

...Movin' up up an' away down the tracks, through oceans, an' flights with acceptable preventable death rates. Minimal disaster...

SKINNER

Medical?

HEADHUNTER

Jus' where it should be - Sick - an' on the increase locking down prescription addiction subscriptions like whore-bait, constant commercials with smilin' liars, voice overs an' graphics that'll jus' kill ya...

SKINNER

...Premiums..?

HEADHUNTER

...Insurances are predicting possible disasters an' forcastin' the fear tracks, caressing with hope-riposffs and deceptions, raisin' rates unscrupulously in our favor and keep sewing down policy comforters around paranoid hearts crawlin' on their bellies through the mindless meadows of our paid off an' cowardly Congress in the land of the free and home of the depraved - it's all in the fine print.

## WYNEATA ARRIVES

A small pool of white light rises to reveal WYNEATA, standing on the platform high above the white sofa up stage center, in front of the large TV screen. WYNEATA IS HALF HUMAN, HALF REPTILE, and very tall. She is almost super-model beautiful, a mix of the most exotic human traits, both ugly, and gorgeous, terrifying, and mysterious, and absolutely other-worldly.

HEADHUNTER, SKINNER and SLEEKDESIGN stand in a triangle around the stage, their backs to the audience, watching her.

WYNEATA speaks in a loving, beautiful, almost Elizabethan Language, and moves like an agile ballerina.

WYNEATA

(smiling to them)

Over the las' mirage of time  
I see their hearts love'd light gone blind  
through light years passing lies in kind  
whiffs of Spring through light turn'd flesh  
of nature's truth then years of lies  
from gifts bestowed with thine eyes  
and kisses kiss'd for you to live  
in love and kindness and paradise  
open and free in wind and sun  
as ancient travel'd whiffs of one  
and lonely lovely me to see  
thus here I am as I've arrived  
for thee  
    and thee  
    And thee  
And me.

*WYNEATA stops dancing and singing,  
laughs and begins to speak to each  
one directly.*

WYNEATA

(to Headhunter and Skinner,  
smiling and gentle)

Hellooooo dear belligerent children of time. You have become so very deaf to life like slaying madmen attacking the breath that prays amidst the stars, and bores such hunger into perversions gate.

(MORE)

WYNEATA (CONT'D)

With prideless stupor you choose to rip apart silent truths of this miracle I've given you throughout the millennium, sleeping so fully while you are awake.

(to Sleekdesign, smiling and gentle)

Hello, dear, pretty softness and glow turned into a neon light of retaliation for thy pains, thy hideous lost reflections you hath swallowed deep into your heart where its darkness grows like a fungus. A sweet smile on your lips sings to me of an infant's gleam, hidden beneath such blazen gloss, thy glow now buried deep, thy suit saturated with lost hopeless dreams searching for an identity that mixes the darkest of thy lobe with natures wondrous possibility of sight. Such a paradox it is, trying to control the slayer by becoming him. The empathy once swimming in your human eyes, now hidden so deep under your rigid mask that you cannot remember your purity of heart and gentle kindness of soul. Why dearest children of suns, there must be a luster left within thy deep softness that touches even your perplexed wisdom for a gentle stroke you so desperately need. A kind, loving hug. A kiss of redemption. A caress of forgiveness.

*They all just look at one another  
in a long, awkward, other-worldly  
confused pause.*

LATER

Sleekdesign has taken the TAMER from Wyneata that gives her immense power and had Headhunter on his knees holding his gun pointed at his head and freed him. Now he stands holding his gun, exhausted, in a standoff with her. Skinner has transformed into a compassionate, loving and kind soul, as he was before he entered the business world to become a killer. Wyneata has not eaten in several hours, Headhunter and Sleekdesign are holding her captive until she does a deal, using starvation as leverage. Without the tamer, she slowly transforms into a dinosaur-type primal reptile. She's stuck on all fours under Sleekdesign's newly acquired powers.

WYNEATA

Your tribe has disbanded into war zones because of this. Rich against poor. Color against color. Religion against religion. Political Party against Political Party. Country against Country. Everything and everyone is at war with something. You live in conflict.

(MORE)

WYNEATA (CONT'D)

Holding one another at gunpoint afraid of the differences which make life so miraculous. You split yourself up into pieces. Shattered the self, the whole and the community. Thus, your value systems evolved into hypocritical rationalizations. You say one thing, you mean another. Pretend to love, while you abuse. Call yourselves great, while you act like mindless apes. You've turned a paradise into a spinning ball of suffering.

(gently)

Imagine what you could do for the people down on those streets, seeking salvation under your hideous selfish rule, if you simply cared about them - that is all it would take.

HEADHUNTER

They're free.

WYNEATA

They're not free!

(walks a foot or two,  
stiffly)

They live within your shortsighted rules, your police and military threat upholding those rules that destroy their freedoms.

HEADHUNTER

If that's true why would they accept it?

WYNEATA

Fear.

HEADHUNTER

Whatever works.

*Headhunter and Sleekdesign remain  
in their standoff.*

WYNEATA

(deep struggle against her transformation  
trying to reach them)

Create love and sharing instead it's a much more sustainable investment. Or your race will end up like mine - and be no more!

*SKINNER is now in a state of complete  
creative innocence, rises from the  
sofa.*

SKINNER

(amazed looking at his large arms)

Look! My arms are small and sensitive.

(MORE)

SKINNER (CONT'D)

My old home an' the lawn where we used to play. I'm seeing it. You were there smiling, Bobby. Susan was there with her dollies laughing. So innocent.

(pause. Smiles deeply)

Honeysuckles! I'm smelling honeysuckles!

(pause)

Do you remember the scent? The scent of our future. Smelled like... Possibility. Purity. Hope. All my friends, I had a love for them, and they for me - our little tribe felt like a family. This deep love.

*HEADHUNTER and SLEEKDESIGN remain locked in their stare-out ignoring SKINNER. Wyneata trembling on all fours.*

LATER

Sleekdesign tells Skinner why she has given up compassion for material success and unscrupulous wealth.

SLEEKDESIGN

(incredulously, to Skinner)

I cultivated the most sublime level of hate. My hate protected me from all the "love" coming at me. One ruthless, viscous stab at a time. I hate my hate as much as I hate my love. I hate my emotions as much as I hate feeling dead. I hate being human. I hate my humanity. I hate all humanity. I'm so sick of listening to how great it is, and how special we are. We're nothing but tumbleweeds drifting over dirt, flesh fucking in filth, waiting to turn into dust and making up fairy tales to pretend we're above it all. Hiding from long-won, hard-earned, undeniable agonizing pain. That's life on this desert. Seeking a moment of pleasure, and peace, while new eyes seek us out for their next meal.

(growing lust)

All I want now is ultimate power, security, control and immense, nasty wealth. Cover me with luxury on top of luxury, comforts on top of comforts, ease upon ease, and let me sleep in it. I can fuck that. Because I can buy that. I can build skyscrapers on that foundation and look down on the muck wallowing in fairy tales waiting for daddy and mommy to save them with a new bedtime story. And my nihilism, I can get some fucking joy out of that too, because with it I can turn off my fucking reason, my fucking awareness, my fucking empathy, and kiss hard the delusions that surround me, with a smile on my

(MORE)

SLEEKDESIGN (CONT'D)

loneliness, lavishing in my indulgent pleasures... and  
remain asleep... wide-awake.  
(smiles hiding deep pain)

*WYNEATA SNAPS ON THE HUGE TV AND WE  
SEE THE ANTS (human beings) climbing  
the stairs of the tower of power,  
tearing down doors, knocking in  
walls filled with violence and rage.*

WYNEATA

(absolute disgust screaming)

THEY ARE BASHING DOWN THE DOORS OF THIS TOWER TO WRAP  
THEIR HANDS AROUND YOUR NECKS AND ALL YOU CAN TALK ABOUT  
IS YOURSELF?! YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ANYONE BUT  
YOURSELVES - AND YOU NEED TO LISTEN TO EVERYONE BUT  
YOURSELVES!

*HEADHUNTER and SLEEKDESIGN look at  
the TV concerned.*

HEADHUNTER

(worried)

Fuck 'em. Concrete steel reinforced walls here.  
(laughs)

WYNEATA

No match for desperation!

END OF WRITING SAMPLE