

“The King of Horror”
A one-minute play
By Jake Lewis

Lights rise on a MAN in his middle age, sitting in front of his computer, appearing very anxious.

MAN: Damn! (*Slams hand on desk, throws shut the lid of the computer. He begins to sob.*)

WOMAN, approximately the same age, enters, looking concerned.

WOMAN: Honey? Everything OK?

MAN: No, everything is not OK! I had another one of my nightmares! So I came in here to try and write and prove that little devil sitting on my shoulder that he’s wrong! I am a good writer!

WOMAN: Of course you are! After all, look at all the books you’ve sold! You have fans all around the world!

MAN: Why isn’t that enough for me? Why is He always in my head, taunting me? (*Affecting a voice.*) “I’ve sold more books than you! I have had movies made from most of my books, sometimes even remakes!”

WOMAN: Why not write about it?

MAN: What do you mean?

WOMAN: Well, you’re a horror writer, aren’t you? So write about killing him...something violent and gory, like having him run down by a truck!

MAN: Too on the nose, and anyway...I couldn’t do that! People would hate me....more than they already do.

WOMAN: Of course you wouldn’t use his *real* name, but maybe facing your fear of him and killing him – in your story that is – would finally put an end to these nightmares...and let me sleep.

MAN: You think that would actually work?

WOMAN: It's worth a try! Now, get to typing because if anyone can do it, you can.

WOMAN exits. MAN re-opens computer and begins to type.

MAN: Ok, so I need a fake name for him. One that is subtle, yet still clear who I mean. *(Thinks.)* Ah, I got it! "The Day I Killed Kingsley Stephens." Perfect! And now, my favorite part! "By Dean Koointz." Damn, I'm so good at this writing thing...This may just work...

Lights fade to black as MAN continues to type.