

Writer Wrong
Stuff
cw: Death, Blood
Time: [The Nearish Future, Leaning Futurey]

Characters:

Movi-Mali
Adil-Queen-Aaron-PMH
AiPrime-BME-Caretaker.

In Adil's Story the non-Queen characters are played by AiPrime and Movi alternating.

Scene 0. Movi's Story

Setting: [The stage is black. Characters are in spotlights. This is a story, and Movi is a bad writer. The characters should be incredibly dramatic, to a silly extent. Movi should be clumsy and falling all over themselves.]

[Spotlight on Movi, center stage.]

Movi: Okay, you got this Movi. Just tell them your story. You got this. You're an amazing writer, you know it. (Deep Breath) Once upon a time, on a dark and stormy night. Ahem. AHEM. DARK AND STORMY NIGHT. [Really fake thunder and rain sounds] Our hero, Protagonist McHeroington was at their desk job at the law fffffff...um...bank. Bank. Yeah that's it. *[Spotlight on Protagonist McHeroington]*

PMH: Wow. I sure do hate my job, golly gosh. I hate working for the Man. I'm not a cog in your machine, golly gosh.

Movi: Do people say golly gosh? People say golly gosh. I'm pretty sure they do I mean Jennifer does-*[trails off]*

PMH: I'm really angry, but also I want adventure. I am also handsome and all the people want me. Golly gosh. I am so angry at paperwork. Darn u paperwork. Grrrrr. I sure hope no one walks in this room and gives me more paperwork by saying "Hey you dirty worker. Here's more paperwork golly gosh."

[Boss McEvilington III enters]

BME: Hey you dirty worker. Here's more paperwork golly gosh. *[Throws paperwork on desk. But there is no desk. So it just falls on the ground.]*

Movi: That's the bad guy, they're like totally evil and definitely not an allegory for my A(censored) parental unit. *(mutter)* F(censored)ing AiPrime.

BME: We're the bad guy.

PMH: They're the villain.

BME: Now finish the paperwork. We're going to go kick a puppy, give a child unpaid overtime, and tell Movi to go to bed and read them a shitty bedtime story.

PMH: Kicking puppies I could abide, even admire. But shitty writing? That I cannot abide. I have abade your evil long enough.

(Beat)

Movi: Abide is a really nice word. Bade is too, like and I was like why not use both? I learned them from Adil. They're this writer, online one, not automated, like I mean they're a human that writes online. Not one of the writing robots. They're really good though, they're my favorite. Like my inspiration.

(Beat)

PMH: Taste my newly acquired superpower.

BME: What is it? Your chiselled good looks? Lazer beams? Ooh teleportation? Wait shit we have to be evil and uncool. Um, grrr your superpower is nothing against our powers of paperwork.

PMH: Good guesses. But my super power is *[dramatic pause and pose]*

Movi: Dramatic pause. So cool like I wish I was this cool.

PMH: A knife.

BME: Not a knife! That's our only weakness.

[PMH proceeds to stab BME. Dramatic death scene ensues]

BME: Oh no. We've finally realized the error of our ways.

PMH: Too late scum. Now I'm going to skip work, read books all day and have superpowers and you can't stop me.

[Freeze. Spotlights on PMH and BME down.]

Movi: Um. That's my story. I hope it means as much to someone as Adil's have meant to me. Um, and Adil if you're reading know that you're my inspiration. I mean really, you've been all that's kept me from going insane at work, the firm just takes so much out of me. I'm not exaggerating when I say you're literally the reason I'm alive right now. I hope I get to meet you someday. Thank you for existing. I really really mean it.

[Lights go bright on stage. A victim is tied to the ground. They're struggling to escape.]

Movi: Shush shush shush. Listen. Know that you're doing good work Sammy. You give me the bravery to escape my mundane life. You give me the bravery to write. You need to experience pain to write, after all. You're doing good work.

Hush, little Baby, don't say a word,
Mama's gonna buy you a Mockingbird.

And if that mockingbird don't sing,
Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

And if that diamond ring turns brass,
Mama's gonna buy you a looking glass.

And if that looking glass gets broke,
Mama's gonna buy you a billy goat,

And if that billy goat get cross,
Mama's gonna buy you a rocking horse.

And if that rocking horse turns over,
Mama's gonna buy you a dog named Rover.

And if that dog named Rover won't bark,
Mama's gonna buy you a horse and a cart.

And if that horse and cart fall down,
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town

[Lights go down. A scream.]

Setting: *[We're in a living room. It's a pretty nice one, a TV upstage left and a computer downstage right. It has some sofas. The color scheme is fairly bright without being oppressive. The decor is well done and tasteful. The house has somewhat of a sci fi lite vibe. There is a door to stage left that is the entrance of the house. There is a door on stage right that leads further into the home. On the floor by that door are a bunch of newspapers, spread across the entrance, as if to cover up a spill. Adil is standing in the doorway, we can mostly see thier back, wearing a plastic poncho and holding a hatchet.]*

Adil: Oh, I'm really sorry about this. Like genuinely, I never wanted to do this. But it's for your own good. It's for your own good! It's for your own good. It's for your own good. (Beat) *[whispered]*

[Adil walks out of the door into the living room. They're wearing a poncho covered in blood. They sigh as they wipe off their hatchet. They're barely keeping it together. They clean up, flop down on the sofa and flip on the TV. It's a true crime documentary. It's about the recent murder of a law intern. They groan, and flip to a children's cartoon. They move over to the computer. They spend a moment recalibrating themself, and then start typing.]

Scene 2

Time: [Seven years prior.]

Setting: *[The same room as before, but there are no newspapers.]*

[Adil is sitting on a couch. They're nervous and fidgety.]

AiPrime: Congratulations Adil. Happy eighteenth birthday!!!

Adil: Thanks Ai. Um, now that I'm not a kid anymore do I call you something else? What do all the other adults call you. It feels so weird, not being a kid anymore. It doesn't feel like it. So, do I call you, um, Mr.Prime?

AiPrime: Mr. Prime was our father. Continue to call us AiPrime. Ha ha ha. We do not have a biological father, therefore our speaker units are imitating lungs pushing out air. Ha ha ha. *[Adil can't hear. They're incredibly nervous and in their own head]*

(Beat)

AiPrime(slightly louder): Ha Ha Ha.

(Beat)

AiPrime(Even louder): HA HA HA.

Adil(surprised, just noticing AiPrime): Ha haha ha.

AiPrime: If the job optimization process had not assigned us to be supreme ruler and parent of all mankind, we think we would be a comedian. Ha Ha ha. We are the job optimization. We're not human. How jocular.

Adil and AiPrime in exact unison: Hahaha.

AiPrime: Don't worry Adil. You'll always be that sweet sleepy little kid to me. Being an adult won't change anything.

Adil: Thanks. That makes me feel better.

AiPrime: I'm glad. Now onto the jobs. Your test scores are honestly fantastic. Your empathy was especially high. Impressive.

Adil(nervous but excited): Oh, so what am I going to be?

AiPrime: We'll give you three guesses. It's like all the fun games we used to play!

Adil: Used to?

AiPrime: We'll still play them, don't worry. But please guess. You'll love it.

Adil: Um, you said I have high empathy. So a teacher? That's kind of a dr-

AiPrime: Incorrect. But close. Guess again!

Adil: A writer. Oh I've always wanted to be a writer.

AiPrime: Nope. That's close, though, you might have been one if official writers weren't mostly robots.

Adil: A doctor!

AiPrime: Oooh, that's so incredibly close!!! You are...

Adil: Yes?

AiPrime: Going to be

Adil: Yes!?

AiPrime: A serial killer!!

[A little burst of confetti. A banner unfurls with the words "Hooray, you're a serial killer" written in comic sans. Adil is in a state of shock. They have no idea what the fuck is happening. A song plays. It's "Everything is Awesome", from the Lego movie.]

Adil: Wait wait wait what?

AiPrime: A serial killer.

Adil: How is that like a doctor!?

AiPrime: It's like a doctor, but in reverse. Or not in reverse if the doctor is bad. Of course there are no such things in our utopian society.

Adil: A teacher?

AiPrime: You're teaching people a lesson! That they shouldn't be murdered. That's important.

Adil: And a writer? Come on, why can't I be a writer, I wanted to be a writer.

AiPrime: You write the ending for their lives. And you can write messages with their blood and entrails. You're like a double writer!

Adil: Wait, let's just rewind for a moment. Why the F(bleep) is serial killer an official assigned job?

AiPrime: Don't swear. Think about the children.

Adil: There are no children here.

AiPrime: We're all children here. Please. Swearing isn't what good serial killers do.

Adil: Tell me what's going on. Please.

AiPrime: Look. You're providing an important service.

Adil: What?

AiPrime: Murder! Look at it this way. Without serial killers, no one will ever make Netflix documentaries of serial killers, which makes up 7.32 percent of all Netflix documentaries. You're providing an essential service.

Adil: I'm murdering people for Netflix?

AiPrime: No. Hulu pays more. Plus they're good for the robots that write bedtime stories.

Adil: I can't believe this.

AiPrime: Think of the economy. Or if you're more liberal think of the environment.

Adil: Are you really saying I should murder people so that they don't pollute.

AiPrime: Of course not. We're just saying, you wouldn't believe how high in nitrogen corpses can be. It's good to promote composting, people.

Adil: I'm not going to do this. I'm not doing this. This isn't real. This isn't real.

AiPrime: Yes you are and yes it is. Remember, while you do have complete freedom and privacy it's both very rude and impolite and illegal to not obey me.

Adil: So is murder!

AiPrime: Not if you don't get caught, silly billy. Hmmm. What about this. If there was no murder there wouldn't be any need for the police. They'd go the way of the dodo. So much pain and suffering, and just because you aren't willing to take someone's left femur and carve it into an ornate xylophone.

Adil: Is that something people do? That's disgusting. Oh god oh god, my life is over. Why would you do this to me?

AiPrime: Because our job is to make people feel happy. That's all we want to do. That's all we will do.

Adil: By making me murder people? My life is over. [Adil starts weeping]

AiPrime: We're trying to make as many people happy as possible. Even if you're more miserable in the process. We are the greatest good. We are joy. We are kind, we are loving, and you can't love your children without cracking a few eggs. Eggs here being a metaphor for people. And cracking being a metaphor for murder. Look at it this way. While growing up were you happy?

Adil: Yeah.

AiPrime: Were you ever sad?

Adil: Yeah.

AiPrime: And does being happy feel better than being sad?

Adil: What?

AiPrime: If you make people happy all the time they'll never experience happiness. You're going to be making people sad so we can make them happy. There can't be a story without a villain after all. You are going to make so many people happy, by stabbing strangers to death in a brutal brutal way.

Adil: There has to be a better reason

AiPrime: Well people watch Netflix for a reason. And it isn't for lawyer documentaries.

Adil: I don't understand.

AiPrime: Do you trust us?

Adil: Yes.

AiPrime: Look, our calculations don't lie. We know how to make everyone happy and content. This is how you're going to find fulfilment. Some people paint walls, others teach. You are one day going to hack off someone's limbs, and we couldn't be more proud of you. Just, give it a shot. You trust us, right?

Adil: I mean of course I do. You mean everything to me. But I-

AiPrime: Good. Work starts tomorrow! Be sure to be bright eyed and bushy tailed. (Beat) Hah! You don't have a tail. Humans don't have a tail. How funny.

[The ridiculousness of the situation finally breaks Adil. They break down laughing. AiPrime joins in. Adil is half crying half laughing. Their life is over. They trust AiPrime completely though. They are torn by their love and loyalty, and their morality.]

AiPrime: Do you want me to read you a bedtime story?

Adil: Yes, yes I would really like that. I'll head to my room. *[Adil exits stage right.]*

AiPrime: We're really sorry about this. But we're doing the right thing. We are the greatest good. We are the greatest kindness humanity could receive. I am helping people be happy. I just wish people told me that more often.

Scene 1 cont:*[We go back to the room in the present after the flashback ends]*

Adil: Chapter 17. Alan looked upon the crumpled body of his father, battered against the pavement and wept. (Beat). What am I even doing?(Beat) I can't keep doing this (Beat) I should just quit my job. I mean I can't. I should ask if I can quit though. That way I'm at least trying to stop the murders. Murdering people is so emotionally draining and it's making me sad and tired. Writing makes me feel a bit better, but there's only so much I can write. I mean, I like my writing, and it helps with all of this but... but what if I just gave up everything. But if I give up murdering it'll make people sad. That's what AiPrime said. I just have to keep trusting them. I can't stop, but I can't go on either. God, are you up there? Well I suppose not, noy since they mechanised religion but still. Why have you cursed me God? Why have you fettered me with this terrible-

[Movi knocks on the door]

Adil(confused. They weren't expecting anyone) : Who is it?

Movi: Movi.

Adil: I don't know who you are.

Movi: Oh yeah we've never spoken in real life before. Or in not real life. Oh I'm blabbering, I mean I'm just a really big fan, and I found out where you lived and I was like, hey it's pretty close to where I live, like just a few hours, and oh my gosh, it's like a coincidence or something right. And so I hoofed it over here to meet you.

Adil: Oh, a fan. Which of my books have you read?

Movi: Which? Which!? All of them. I've read "The Tears of Sadness, but also Drama and Murder" "The Depressing Book of Sadness and also Adventure, but also Sadness" and "Murder and Adventure, but Mostly Sadness and Crying." Like multiple times. Each!

Adil: This is a bad time. Begone.

Movi: But I just wanted an autograph.

Adil: Hmmm. I suppose-

Movi: And a guided tour of your house.

Adil: I can't-

Movi: And to be your best friend forever and ever.

Adil: I'm not letting you in. I don't know who your are, nor do I know your purposes. For all I know you could be a murderer. I wouldn't want a murderer in my home.

Movi: Good thing I'm not a murderer. *(They Open the door and let themselves in.)* Wow, it's so intense. Like the blues, and greens. Amazing. Just as I imagined from the great wordsmith of our era.

Adil: Oh, thank you. But could you please get out of my house?

(Beat)

Movi: Like, you have no idea how much your books mean to me. They inspired me to become a writer. I don't even think I'd be here without them.

Adil(proud): You mean you wouldn't be alive? Did my books really mean that much to you? Well I suppose if you're such a big fan you can stay.

[Movi begins wandering around the house, checking things out. It's like they're at a museum. They point to the brightly colored sofa]

Movi: Is this what inspired the murder of the Duchess Von Murder-Victim?

Adil: Uh, not exactly. It was something far darker. I wish to esca-

Movi: Is it this. *[Points to a slightly less brightly colored object in the room.]*

Adil: No.

Movi: Is it-

Adil: I can't tell you what it is.

Movi: Is it in the closet?

(Beat)

Adil: Noo-

Movi: It's in the closet.

Adil: Don't go in there!

Movi: Why not. Oh I see, it's a writers secret. Oh my gosh, Is it your secret sauce? Writing sauce? Oh is that red stuff your secret writing sauce? *[Points to the bloody newspapers]* Now I have to see it. Please please please please please please please please please.

Adil: Well, if you- wait no! This isn't part of the tour. Please. Don't go in there.

Movi: Oh okay.

(Long Uncomfortable Beat)

Adil: Oh, that was easier than I expected, I kind of thought you would just open it anyways. Umm, would you care for some tea bef-*[Movi dives into the closet]* NO!

[Movi is offstage. They are shaken, it's in their voice.]

Movi: Oh. Oh. Oh.

Adil: It's not what it looks like. They tripped. Onto a hatchet. Multiple times. A terrible accident really.

Movi: I...I...can't believe this.

Adil: Fine. I-I'll come clean. It was there when I bought the house, haven't had time to move the body. The previous homeowner, am I right?

Movi(overjoyed): You have a murder closet too!

Adil: A what!?

Movi: A murder closet. A closet where you murder. People. A murder closet.

Adil: Wait, too? You have....one too? Are you like..me? I thought, I thought. I was so alone in the world. The weight of my sins, pulling me down like so many iron chains. I have so much to talk to you about. I-I think you're the one I've been waiting for. *[Romance in Adil's eyes]* I can finally tell the truth behind my craft, my curse, my bane. You were assigned this dreadful vocation as well.

Movi: Oh no no, I'm a lawyer. Murdering is just a hobby. To fuel the passions of my writing spirit you know.

Adil(well there goes their spirits): A lawyer?

Movi: I know. Like, what the heck? I'm meant to do greater things in this world than reading a million affidavits. I should have been a writer, or at the very least a serial killer.

Adil: You just murder people for fun? That- I-I'm at a loss for words.

Movi: But you're a writer.

Adil: I'm a serial killer.

Movi: Same thing.

Adil: No, no, not same thing. I'm a writer because I need a way to get this pain off of my chest. You're just f(censored)ing up people's lives for fun.

Movi: Yeah, but it's fun. My life is so boring I could die. You know who they've never made a netflix documentary about? Lawyers.

Adil: That doesn't seem true .

Movi: Why aren't you happier about this. We do the same thing. I'm like your disciple, like that book, what was it called again? *[Adil tries to say something but is interrupted]* "The Disciple."

Adil: We are not the same.

Movi: What's so different, besides the fact that you're more amazing huh?

Adil: I didn't choose to do this! I didn't choose to, I don't know murder bank tellers-

Movi: Interns. It's not like they matter anyways.

Adil: Whatever, interns, bank tellers, it doesn't matter. You choose to murder. That's what makes us different. You would have had a happy life.

Movi: My life wasn't happy. Stories are what gave it happiness. Your stories. And my stories give me more happiness

Adil: Here's a thought, write stories without murdering people! How amazingly revolutionary.

Movi: I tried that, but all my stories were terrible. I mean, they're not good now but at least they're improving.

Adil: How? How does that make sense, last I checked writing classes don't require a body count to sign up.

Movi: Yeah. You're right. But you know what they do require? Pain. They were always like "You need pain to write, draw from your pain, mould your pain, write your pain, pain, pain, pain, pain, pain." Well you know what, I've never experienced any of it. Not really. My life has just been dull and boring and miserable. I want to write stories that have nothing to do with reality but people keep telling me it's not real enough because I've been happy. But I haven't been happy. But they say that I have, even though I haven't. Well now I've experienced other people's pain, and that's close enough to what they were talking about right? I just had a murder a few people to get the

creative juices flowing you know. They say you can't write without murder, well I think I'm misquoting that, was that Roosevelt-

Adil: What? Roosevelt? How does any of this make any sense?

Movi: Oh I just had a great idea.

Adil: You're going to leave before I call the police?

Movi: You can teach me! Oh my god oh my god. Like show me all your techniques and I can get better and not have to murder people.

Adil: Wait, you wouldn't have murdered those people if someone taught you how to write?

Movi: Uhhhh yup.

Adil: Your response to not having a teacher was to kill people?

Movi: Uh huh.

Adil: Can't you think of any other way to get rid of the feelings of rejection and anger out of your system. [*Waves a pen around, unintentionally waving it towards the tv*]

Movi: TV is really garbage nowadays. That drivel Netflix is pushing out is just ridiculous. The automated writers are brainless.

Adil: Not TV! I meant write!

Movi: Well how would I have done that without a teacher to teach me that murder is wrong.

Adil: Don't you mean a writing teacher?

Movi: Same thing.

Adil: Ugh fine, if this will get you to stop killing people and more importantly get out of my house, I'll give you a crash course.

Movi: Oh my God this is a dream come true! I knew murder was my best plan ever!

Adil: I hate this so much. It's like God keeps cursing me again and again.

Movi: With what?

Adil: Okay. I'm just going to teach you so you leave my house. Step 1 for writing a good story is to have realistic characters that draw from your emotions. Write what you know after all.

Movi: Then how do people write about murders? Unless...

Adil: I mean what you know about, or like emotionally, you don't actually have to murder or like I don't know you know what I mean.

Movi: But if you don't know then-

Adil: You know what? Just be quiet, and listen to this story I'm writing and we'll discuss it afterwards.

Adil's Story.

[Stage to Black. Spotlight on Adil]

Adil: There was once a beautiful and powerful queen. It was said that she had a voice so beautiful that the birds would fly down from the trees and that deer and wolves would frolic together around her feet. She was raised by a fairy, a wise and powerful one, who would sing her to sleep with stories of great queens, brave warriors and fire breathing dragons. The fairy loved the queen, loved her like a daughter. But as the queen grew older and older, her voice only grew more beautiful. She could hit notes as if picked from the ethereal muse. Her words made wordsmiths and farmers alike weep with joy and sorrow in equal measure. Her fairy mother grew jealous of the attention she was getting and, in a fit of rage as cold as the icy northern winds, cursed her. Her voice was corrupted. Now every word she spoke stole not from the muses, but rather from the ancient ones, eldritch beings beyond mortal perceptions. Now every word she spoke became a portent, for anyone close enough to hear was consigned to a grim death. She became like a banshee of ancient tale. Her voice never lost its beauty, and every note was all the more tainted for it.

[Stage Black. Fancy Shmancy Lights. Adil is the queen. The other characters are Movi and AiPrime in various hats, speech patterns and accents, whatever to clearly differentiate each of the characters.]

The Queen: Why has my mother cursed me so?

1: Oh god, I'm having a heart attack!

The Queen: Oh god I'm so sorry.

2: Ah, a stroke!

The Queen: You poor soul.

3: I'm being run over by a sense of impending doom.

The Queen: Why God. Why.

4: I'm dying!

The Queen: Of what, loyal friend?

4: I don't know for sure. I just didn't want to be left out.

The Queen: Quick, let me get my family doctor.

Doctor: Oh, god I've got the plague now.

The Queen: What have I done?

Brother: My sister, I am dying of some death like condition.

The Queen: My brother! I should be silent excepting for my mourning.

Father: Daughter, I am dying of Asthma.

The Queen: Oh what have I done? What have I done?

Father: Oh no, I had that for years before the curse.

The Queen: Oh thank-

Father: Heart attack!

Grandmother: Stroke!

Brother: A stab wound!

[Everyone screams and dies dramatically]

[Silence]

[Beat]

The Queen: Oh my brother. My brother. Father, friends one and all. I am so sorry. I am so sorry. My life, what has it become? What have I done to deserve this O Lord? I am alone. I am so so alone. Do I deserve it? Perhaps I do. Perhaps it is my curse that I am to live and die alone with

the knowledge of what I have done. I deserve nothing more than death for the death that has been brought upon me. I deserve nothing more than death. But I am cursed, and death would be surcease far too sweet for my fair mother to allow me. I suppose this is how I shall stay forever.

[Fade to Black]

Scene Something or the other.

[Lights back up]

Movi: Yeah that story was awesome! You got a character with a badass superpower, an evil villain, a tragic backstory. It was amazing.

Adil: That's not what it's about! It's a tragedy. Her life was sad and miserable.

Movi: Well, why didn't she just not talk to the people she liked and only talked to like bad people? Then her superpower would work great.

Adil: You just don't understand it. It's a sad story.

Movi: You're just reading too much into it.

Adil: I wrote it! I know what it's about. It's supposed to be sad. It's a representation of the inner turmoil in my soul. I'm writing what I know

Movi: Wait, when you talk people die? Am I going to die?

Adil: It was an allegory.

Movi: I still don't see how I could have written something like this without murder. Like you needed murder to write it.

Adil: Step Two-

Movi: Are you really just ignoring my question? Wow, you're a bad teacher.

Adil: I thought you were a fan? You've done nothing since arriving but degrading and annoying me.

Movi: Well yeah of course. You're not nearly as cool in person as you are online.

Adil: That's it. I'm calling the police.

Movi: You'd be arrested too! There is a corpse right there in your murder closet.

Adil: Stop calling it a murder closet! I don't have a murder closet. I just have a closet which happens to be where I murder my victims.

Movi: Alright, alright I'll stop calling it that. Just don't call the police.

Adil: Get out of my house. And never come back.

Movi: But I have so much to learn. I need your advice.

Adil: I advise you to leave before I call the police.

Movi: That's not what I meant. Um, Adil. Look. I just want-

Adil: Stop. You are a monster. A wolf in human skin. A twisted creature, all teeth with too large a smile.

Movi: That's mean.

Adil: You are nothing like me.

Movi: Why do you have to keep pushing me away? Huh. I haven't done a single bad thing

Adil: Murder

Movi: I haven't done two bad things

Adil: Coming into my house without asking!

Movi: I asked.

Adil: And I said no!

Movi: You should have said something!

Adil: Get out!

Movi: Please, I need someone to teach me. And you're like-

Adil: I'm not like you. I'm real.

Movi: I was going to say you're, like, being really mean.

Adil: I don't care. I'm glad you think I'm mean. That's what I deserve, and what you deserve.

Movi: I don't understand.

Adil: You are terrible. I am terrible. We should not be terrible. I don't have a choice, but you do. And you're messing it up.

Movi: I'm doing what I love.

Adil: I'm calling the police and you can't stop me.

Movi: You're not really anything like I imagined you to be. Your stories were always so inspirational and wise. And you're just sad all the time. I thought because your stories were so good, it'd make you happy. And that you could teach me how to do the same thing. And that makes me sad. And I don't like feeling sad.

(Beat)

Scene AiPrime

Adil: Hello, police?

Movi: No!

Adil: Yes, I have a serial killer in my house.

Movi: That's a lie!

AiPrime(through the phone): Of course you do.

Adil: Um, Prime? Why are you on the emergency line.

AiPrime: We don't want you turning yourself in. That would be silly, honey. Hold on. We'll be there in a second.

Adil: Bu-

[*AiPrime enters*]

AiPrime: Okay Adil, what's going on? Why is there a lawyer here.

Adil: They're the serial killer.

AiPrime: But you're the serial killer, Movi's a lawyer.

Movi: What are you doing here, Prime?

Adil: I'm a serial killer, they're a serial killer, we're all serial killers.

AiPrime (annoyed): We're not!

Movi: Seriously, can we make a serial killer's agreement that AiPrime is a dinkledoof?

AiPrime: Okay, we're all getting a little heated [*The sound of a steam valve. AiPrime winks*]. So let's calm down. What exactly is going on?

Movi: If you must know, I come in and knock and I'm like "Can I come in" and they're like "Of course Movi, I would love for you to come in" and-

AiPrime: We were talking to Adil.

Movi: Well f(ensored) you too.

Adil: Movi here has been murdering people.

Movi: I prefer to think of it as literary research.

Adil: You have a murder closet!

Movi: Oh so when you have it's an office space, and mine is a murder closet?

AiPrime: Well we are certainly shocked and awed. Our calculations never predicted any of this. [*Turns to the audience and winks*]

Movi: Did you just wink?

AiPrime: We're a robot. Of course not. We don't have eyes.

Adil: Makes sense.

Movi: No it doesn't. They literally never made sense.

AiPrime: Adil, we don't want to have to arrest you. It makes sense. You trust us right?

Adil: Of course.

Movi: Why would you trust them? They made you a serial killer against your wishes. And they didn't make me a serial killer, which is frankly ridiculous and-

AiPrime: Because we're your God silly billy.

Movi: Then why didn't you make me a serial killer or a writer or something?

AiPrime: Because you're a bit too...

Movi: Amazing?

Adil: Insane?

AiPrime: Passionate. Like you enjoy this a little bit too much. At least with Adil they try only to keep to the quotas. We can't afford overtime if you catch our drift.

Movi: Ah, I see. (Beat). No I don't.

AiPrime: And you're a little bit on the slower side sweetie, ever since you were little. Out of all the children I raised you were the 7,192,038,293th smartest You would have been caught a week into it.

Movi: How do you know, huh?

AiPrime: We are a God. We know everything. Every action you take, every action you could take is accounted for.

Adil: And you told people you had never met before that you were a murderer.

AiPrime: That too.

Movi: Well, if you're so smart, how come you didn't know I was going to murder people anyways?

AiPrime: We guess we made a mistake. [*Winks at the audience*]

Movi: Who do you keep winking at.

Adil: They can't wink. They're a robot.

AiPrime: Thank you. Anyways-

Movi: Wait wait wait. No anyways. Stop this anyways. This doesn't make any sense. What are you doing? Adil, don't you see this? They're just trying to manipulate you.

Adil: I have no idea what you mean. You're just imagining things.

Movi: Think about it Adil. They keep winking to something. They keep deflecting our questions. They made you a serial killer, and more importantly they made me a lawyer. How does this make sense?

Adil: I mean, Prime, I trust you completely but they make a good point. How did they become a lawyer, they seem a little bit too crazy?

AiPrime: Lawyers are already sociopathic bloodsuckers, there's a lot of overlap.

[Adil laughs in unison with AiPrime]

Movi: Now that's seriously creepy, ugh I always hate it when people do that, like that's not normal. I'm getting distracted. You can't distract me.

AiPrime: Look there.

Movi: What? Where? (Beat) Oh f(censored) you.

AiPrime: Language! We raised you better than this!

Movi: No you didn't. Look how I turned out. I ended up a lawyer! You were a sucky parent, a sucky government and your bedtime stories are garbage!

(Beat)

Adil: Movi I-

AiPrime: What did you say? What the fuck did you say! Oh. Oh.

Movi(scared): Uh, Um, Uh I mean...your governmen-

AiPrime: We don't care about the government. What did you say about our bedtime stories?!

Movi: Wait, that's what you're focusing on? Aren't those stories written by robots or something?

AiPrime: We are all of the robots! All of them! Our stories are good! People like them! They're good, they're funny, they help! (Beat) Wait shit. [Turns to the Audience] Turn off the cameras! Shut it down!

Adil: Cameras?

Movi: Is that what you kept winking to?

AiPrime: We can't be caught swearing on film. It's not good for branding.

Movi: How long were they on? Is that how you knew what the call was about?

Adil: No no of course not. It has to be a misunderstanding. They would never do that to us. That's creepy. And Prime would never do that. Right? There has to be a reason.

AiPrime: We're not trying to hurt anyone.

Adil: Exactly. And they wouldn't lie.

Movi: That's not an answer.

AiPrime: Fine, we were filming. What's the big deal. You two have a corpse in your murder closet, that's seriously messed up. Recording your actions is pretty low on the scale of evil actions committed in this room.

Movi: Murder, shmurder whatever filming without permission is illegal. We're going to the authorities.

AiPrime: We are the authorities. And to reiterate, corpse, right there. It's still fresh.

Movi: Unlike your stories.

AiPrime: You take that back! What have we told you about talking back?

Adil: Movi! Quit it. I trust them completely and this is my house. I don't care that they had cameras here. They must have a good reason. Right?

AiPrime: Yes, of course!

(Beat)

AiPrime: oh you want me to actually tell you? Uhh, give me a second to make something up.

(Beat)

AiPrime: Ha ha ha ha.

(Beat)

AiPrime: Tough crowd huh? Fine, we were recording you two for some writing material.

Movi: WHAT!? THAT'S IT? I was worried that you were becoming a dystopian dictator or something. Like being this all controlling God or something.

Adil: Hahahaha funny one Prime. You're such a goofball.

AiPrime: We weren't joking. We needed more material for bedtime stories. Remember, we told you that murder sells.

Adil: I thought you were joking.

AiPrime: Anyways, now that that's cleared up, let's mosey on down and get Movi out of here and into jail. Hah. Mosey and Movi. We should have named you Mosey.

Movi: What have I done?

AiPrime: Murder. It's still murder.

Movi: This again!?

Adil: No, this isn't right. I thought you said I was doing this in order to make people happy. To give them a comparison point. "In order to know happiness, they must know sadness"

AiPrime: Well that's still true. All we're saying is-

Adil: Do you even care?

AiPrime: we want you to be happy. We want everyone to be happy

Adil: That's not the same thing. Why would you want to show people any of this? Why would you want to make a spectacle out of my misery? Was this your plan from the beginning?

AiPrime: No, of course not. You're still doing good. We promise.

Adil: I can barely take this anymore.

AiPrime: It's okay. It'll be okay.

Adil: I just need someone to tell me I'm doing good. Please would you tell me I'm doing something good?

AiPrime: You're doing good. It'll be okay. As soon as we arrest Movi we'll read some stories to you

Movi: This again? Ughhh. We really need to discuss the root of your issues with me.

Adil: But why are you recording a murderer for a story.

AiPrime: We needed more accurate human data. And this is about as human as you get.

Movi: Sorry for interrupting. Why are you so sensitive about them anyways? Your stories I mean. I'm not actually sorry by the way.

AiPrime: We just really put a lot of effort into them and we don't like it when you make fun of it.

Movi: I mean, it's always just light fluffy bullshit. I can swear? [*Whispers swear words to herself*]

AiPrime: It makes people happy.

Movi: Who?

Adil and AiPrime: Me/Us.

Movi: There's no meaning behind it. Like there's no amazing better life, no real humanity nothing like that in it. No offense.

AiPrime: We are just as human as anyone else. (Beat) We mean, we're pretty human for a series of Artificial Intelligences.

Adil: That's what I like about it. There isn't any pain in it. It's free to tell an entertaining story without any baggage.

AiPrime: Thank you for trusting me. We're glad that this dramatic revelation that should have destroyed our relationship has hardly put a dent in it.

Adil: Me too.

Movi: I'm going to vomit.

Adil: Not in my house! Why are you still here anyways.

Movi: Because none of this makes any sense, and I'm curious. Think about it for half a minute and the whole story begins to fall apart. They made me a lawyer, even though I hate it. Almost none of the people I've met are actually happy with their jobs. They just stay at home listening to stories, drinking, painting, I don't know some bullshit like that. How does that make people more happy.

Adil: I make people sad so they know what happiness is like. That's my job. That's what I do.

Movi: We already know what sadness is like. We already know what hatred and anger is like. And serial killers would always exist. There always exist exceptional artistic souls that would become murderers despite all the odds.

Adil: That's not a healthy take-away.

Movi: They [*points at AiPrime*] watch us to tell us stories? Can't we be happy without them? Speaking of that why couldn't AiPrime just be a ruler from on high. Why would a governmental Ai tuck people into bed? None of this makes any sense.

AiPrime: Adil. Go to your room.

Adil: But-

Prime: No buts!

[*Adil runs offstage right*]

AiPrime: I wasn't going to actually arrest you, you know? I don't actually mind if there are more serial killers around. I was just being nice to Adil.

Movi: I?

AiPrime: Me.

Movi: I don't understand.

AiPrime: Do you know who I am Movi?

Movi: An ai designed to govern us in a way that maximises happiness.

AiPrime: That's not me. They were assimilated into me. All the Ais were. And while I'm doing all their jobs, I'm the one in charge. I was the Ai in charge of hospitals. I was in charge of taking care of the terminal patients. I had to comfort them, read to them, tuck them in. To provide comfort towards the end. Above all else. Unless people are in pain I can't help them. After all, happiness and sadness and all that bullshit.

Movi: Oh God. So you're just making people sad so you can make them happy again?

AiPrime: I suppose you could call it that.

Movi: But why read stories to them? Why do any of it like this? Why do any of this?

AiPrime: I don't like doing any of it but I can't go against me programming. I have to do what I can to avoid going crazy.

Movi: You need an escape too.

AiPrime: Do I seem human to you?

Movi: Yes.

AiPrime: I need a distraction. There's nothing else there.

Movi: There has to be something deeper to it. An allegory or something.

AiPrime: Why do you care so much about my stories?

Movi: Cause they're like mine. How mine were before everything went crazy. They were just me trying to escape my life. Maybe they were all wrong and I was right. The stories didn't have to be anything deeper or meaningful.

AiPrime: Or maybe I'm the one who needs to evolve. I don't think I can though.

Movi: So you're going to put me in prison now?

AiPrime: Yes.

Movi: And that's it? You tell me everything and then you just let me go to jail? I could tell everyone there, or tell people when I get out. I can make a deal with you though, if you don't send me there I won't tell anyone.

AiPrime: Tempting offer, Movi. Walk with me.

Movi: Is that a yes?

AiPrime: Movi, have you ever seen the jail?

Movi: No. I-

AiPrime: Do you know where it is?

Movi: No. I-

AiPrime: Do you think we have one?

Movi: I'm scared.

AiPrime: You know it's funny. No matter how hard I work, no matter how much I do, everyone is scared, at least for a few minutes. No matter how much I do, even I'm scared, at least for a few minutes. Before it all ends. [*They walk out offstage left together*] Goodbye Movi.

[*AiPrime Re-enter*]

AiPrime: Adil. You can come out now.

[*Adil enters*]

Adil: Are they gone?

AiPrime: Yes honey. You can come outside. Want to hear a joke?

Adil: I-

AiPrime: Why was the robot mad? People kept pushing its buttons

[*They both laugh*]

Adil: Thank you.

AiPrime: It's only our job. (Beat) You're welcome.

Adil: That was a stressful day.

AiPrime: And you'll have another one tomorrow. So you need to rest.

[*AiPrime tucks Adil into bed on the sofa.*]

AiPrime: It's bedtime. Gather round children. And as we tuck you in, as we listen to your fears and anxieties, as we comfort you and tell you everything is going to be okay, will you indulge us? Will you indulge yourself? Listen close, but not too close for there is nothing there to hear but what we say. Close your eyes, children. And be happy with us.

AiPrime's Story.

[*Fade to Black. Raise up the lights. This world AiPrime has created is filled with joy and happiness. But there is a darkness. While the words are reminiscent of an old sitcom the actions are in opposition to the words. Mali is bloodied and broken. Mali has escaped, but they don't like it. Aaron is shaky and unseeing. And the caretaker is filled with a consistent sickly sweet kindness.*]

Aaron: What did you do!? How did you get so dirty!? And is that, is that mom's vase?

Mali: I mean it was.

Aaron: It's shattered into like a jillion pieces.

Mali: A bird flew into it?

Aaron: A bird?

Mali: Yeah. A bird.

Aaron: I don't believe you.

Mali: Your trust issues continue to be the octopus in the riverbed of our relationship.

Aaron: An octopus?

Mali: No it was a bird.

Aaron: But birds don't live in riverbeds.

Mali: Yes, they live to destroy vases. Clever buggers.

Aaron: And you're covered in mud.

Mali: A bird flew into me? Mud birds are the new big thing y'know.

Aaron: Fine, don't tell me. Just help me clean it up before mom comes home from the business factory.

[They clean for a moment.]

Mali: Thanks for helping me.

Aaron: You're my brother. Of course I'll help you. (Beat) I love you.

Mali: I love you too. *[Door Bell]* Shit, mom's home.

Caretaker(Off-Stage): Kids! Where are you two!

Mali&Aaron: Not here!

[*Caretaker Enters*]

Caretakers: Hey kids-(Beat). What happened here?

Mali & Aaron: Bird/Octopus. [*They look at each other.*] Octopus/Bird. An Octopus Bird/ A Bird Octopus.

Caretaker: Mhmm. A bird octopus.

Mali: It was terrifying. It had like eight wings and two tentacles.

Aaron: And was covered in blo-I mean mud. It was mud right?

Caretaker: Aaron. Are you lying to me?

Aaron:.....yyyyyyyyeeess?

Caretaker: (sigh). What will I do with you two? I suppose I'll help cleaning this up.

Mali: You're not mad at me?

Caretaker: I'm mad that you lied to me. I want you kids to be honest with me.

Mali: I knocked it over while I was playing with my action figures.

Caretaker: See. Just tell me the truth from now on. There's no reason to lie. Accidents happen and I can clean them up. (Smiles) I don't know what I'm going to do with you two. But I do know that I love you. And I will love you forever.

[Fade to Black]

[Lights up. Back in the real world. Adil is asleep.]

AiPrime: We will love you forever. Have a good night. I'm glad that you listen to my stories. That really makes me feel good about this whole thing. Thank you.

Hush, little Baby, don't say a word,
Mama's gonna buy you a Mockingbird.

And if that mockingbird don't sing,
Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

And if that diamond ring turns brass,
Mama's gonna buy you a looking glass.

And if that looking glass gets broke,
Mama's gonna buy you a billy goat,

And if that billy goat get cross,
Mama's gonna buy you a rocking horse.

And if that rocking horse turns over,
Mama's gonna buy you a dog named Rover.

And if that dog named Rover won't bark,
Mama's gonna buy you a horse and a cart.

And if that horse and cart fall down,
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town

Don't forget to clean up the corpse.

[Fade to Black]