

## Writer's Block

Setting: Inside the Writer's Head. It looks like a cluttered office/art studio/alchemy lab/music room/coffee house. Yes. All at once. Don't question it.

WRITER: (staring at computer) I have to write a play that isn't stageable, and I don't have any ideas. I mean... I've already written about a conversation with Jacques Cousteau, a dog opera, and lesbian goat farmers... what can top any of that? Also, my arm hurts.

PAIN: You haven't taken your meds yet.

WRITER: You know they make me feel groggy and disconnected.

PAIN: Yes, but at least if you take them, you'll be groggy and disconnected without a throbbing arm and shoulder.

WRITER: (doing slow bicep curls) I skipped the steroids and the pain is worse again.

PAIN: I'm sneaky that way. Medicate. You know you're not supposed to suffer. What is it your physical therapist said? You can invite Pain for tea, but don't let it stay for dinner? Honey, I've dined and am ready for dessert.

WRITER: I hate the way the opiates make me feel.

PAIN: No, you're afraid of addiction.

WRITER: That too.

PSYCHE: Mind if I butt in? It's not the addiction you're avoiding, sweetums. It's the nightmares. Your dreamscape is seriously scary, sister.

WRITER: You're the one creating those scenarios. You and Pain. Comfort food might start with "P" but when it comes to meta elements that letter is never good.

PSYCHE: Shh. You're getting yourself stressed. Look, you've been a vivid dreamer your entire life... but you have to learn to get a grip.

WRITER: Easy for you to say.

PSYCHE: Yeah, but it's not hard for *you* to *do*.

WRITER: (skeptical) Really.

PSYCHE: Yes. Really.

PAIN: It would be easier still if you took the meds that would drive me away. I mean – groggy and not hurting has got to be better than sleepless and throbbing...

LIBIDO: Heh... Pain said 'throbbing.'

PAIN & PSYCHE: Shut up, Libido.

LIBIDO: Are you gonna let them treat me this way?

WRITER: I... How can I possibly be horny when my arm hurts and I can't figure out what to write about?

LIBIDO: Because you're fabulous and forty-nine. You know women peak later than men. You are in your prime. Old enough to know what you want, young enough – and flexible enough – to actually do it – and hey, married to a man who will give it to you for the asking.

WRITER: But my arm hurts.

LIBIDO: Pain meds don't just kill pain, darling. They also lower your inhibitions...

WRITER: Stop it!

LIBIDO: Hey, I'm just saying...

WRITER: All of you... stop it! I have enhanced melatonin and I'm not afraid to use it. Pain... I'll take the muscle relaxant and some ibuprofen. No opiates. Psyche... Look I know I'm not going to get hooked, I'm just frustrated because I'm usually brimming with ideas, and right now everything is a struggle.

APPETITE: (quietly) You know, there are girl scout cookies in the kitchen.

PAIN: Starve a cold, feed tendinitis.

APPETITE: I like that!

WRITER: Not you, too. Appetite, seriously, I had dinner two hours ago.

APPETITE: But... Samoas.

WRITER: Oh... hmm.

APPETITE: Chocolatey, coconutty, caramelly goodness with a cookie crunch....

WRITER: I guess I could have just one.

APPETITE: (slyly) ... dozen ...

WRITER: Alright, I heard that... all of you just be quiet... Please?

PAIN, PSYCHE, LIBIDO and APPETITE all have zippers appear over their mouths. They zip them shut.

WRITER:

Thank you. (beat) Now... where was I... (stares at computer) Oh, right... I have to write a play... and my arm hurts... and I'm hungry. (beat) Maybe one cookie before I start.