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PREVIEW: THE TYPE WRITER

By

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Cast of Characters

THE TYPE WRITER : Male
STELLA: Female

Synopsis

This two-person script for one male and one female illustrates, with the use of a typewriter, a view of the relationship between the Creator and his Creation.

When

Present day.

Props (6)

Desk
Typewriter
Paper for typewriter
Clear pitcher with water
Glass
2 filing cabinets, one white, one black

Act 1

Scene 1

(The table with the typewriter, clear glass, and pitcher of water on it sits Downstage Right. Two filing cabinets are on stage. The black filing cabinet is Stage Left. The white filing cabinet is Stage Right. The light comes up on THE TYPE WRITER sitting at his table with his typewriter typing with obvious intensity. THE TYPE WRITER speaks “tap” and similar onomatopoeia. He is, after all, THE TYPE WRITER.)

THE TYPE WRITER

(Talking and typing) Tap tap tap. I see you. Tap tap. I know you. Tap tap tap tap. You’re born. Tap tap tap tap tap tap tap ta tappity tapity tap tap tap ta tap tap a tap a tap tap tap tap …tap…tap…tippity tippity tap ta tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap ta tap tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tap tap. Tap tap. Tap tap. Tap tap tap tap tap tap. Tap…tap……tap……tap……tap……tap……tap……

tap…… tap……tappity tap…tap tap……tap. (Long pause as he studies the page before him.) You’re dead. Tap tap.

THE TYPE WRITER

(He pulls the piece of paper from the typewriter and blows across it drying the ink. He gives a smile. Carefully he rises from the table carrying the treasured paper in his hand. He moves to the white filing cabinet furthest from him and files the document carefully. Closing the door of the filing cabinet with care he says softly to himself…)

THE TYPE WRITER

Welcome home.

(The TYPE WRITER moves back to his chair. Before sitting down, he glances back at the cabinet and sighs with a frown. He turns back to his typewriter, sits down at the table, pulls out another piece of paper, arranges it just so, looks out into the void.)

(Over the opening lines we see STELLA emerging upstage center as though from nothing and nowhere. She moves slowly and in accordance with the “tapping” of THE TYPE WRITER’s typing. With each tap she steps forward a little more until she’s finally downstage center facing the audience, her new world.)

THE TYPE WRITER

Tap tap tap. I see you. Tap tap. I know you. Tap tap tap tap. You’re born. Welcome to your world. Tap tap. A star is born!

STELLA

I’m Stella.

THE TYPE WRITER

Yes. Tap. I know. Tap tap.

STELLA

You know me?

THE TYPE WRITER

We’ve…tap…”met” before.

STELLA

But I don’t know you.

THE TYPE WRITER

I know. Tap.

STELLA

I can’t walk.

THE TYPE WRITER

You’re a child. Tap. A baby. Tap tap. Of course you can’t walk yet.

STELLA

(Shouting out and up to some unseen persons) Hellooooo! I’m hungry. I’m tired. I want you to hold me! Why aren’t they listening?

THE TYPE WRITER

Tap tap. You can’t talk either. Not yet.

STELLA

But you can hear me.

THE TYPE WRITER

I will always hear you. But you will not always listen. Tap tap.

STELLA

(She hasn’t heard what he just said) What?

THE TYPE WRITER

Don’t touch that!

STELLA

(It’s too late. She has already reached out and burned herself. She retracts her hand shouting in pain. She grasps her hand close to her.) Ow! That hurt! My hand! What was that?

THE TYPE WRITER

Something very hot. Tap. There are many hot things in this world. You shouldn’t touch them.

STELLA

Why?

These pages have been removed
for the preview.

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STELLA

(Reading over his shoulder) “She took her story from The Type Writer’s hands and pouring over it examined her life to be wanting in purpose. Stella still could not see she was writing a story devoid of anything lasting beyond breath and bone.” What is this? What are you doing? Is that me? Am I your heroine? Am I your Stella?

THE TYPE WRITER

You have always been my heroine. Tap tap. You will always be my Stella whether you choose me or not. Tap.

STELLA

That’s my life you’re writing! You can’t just write people’s lives for them!

THE TYPE WRITER

I am capable of writing your life, sweet Stella, but I am not writing your life. Even though at times my very being may ache to do just that. No. I do not write stories. I tell them. I type them. You write them. Tap tap tap.

STELLA

But you said I was a tragedy!

THE TYPE WRITER

You’ve broken my heart. Tap tap. There is no greater tragedy to me. Tap.

STELLA

How have I broken your heart? I don’t even know you!

THE TYPE WRITER

Tap. Tap. Tap. To know you and not be known by you…that is how you broke my heart.

STELLA

This is ridiculous. I’m going back to my life. I’ve never lived knowing you before. I will live not knowing you now. (She reaches out for something again.)

THE TYPE WRITER

Tap. That’s hot.

STELLA

I know it is. (She deliberately reaches out to it. Touching it, it burns her slightly. Not phased by it.) Ooh. That tickles. (She reaches out to touch something else.)

THE TYPE WRITER

Tap. That’s hot.

STELLA

(Turning to look at him she looks right in his face then turning her face away from him she touches what she’s reaching for. She startles a little at the touch. She’s surprised. This time, something did burn her a little. Just a little.) Ouch. What was that? (Confused she moves on, reaching out to touch something else hot.)

THE TYPE WRITER

Tap. That’s hot.

STELLA

(Once again she turns her face to him while reaching out to touch. This time her eyes stay fixed on his face while she touches with both hands what she has reached for. This time it’s a long burn, a searing pain. It’s almost as though she can’t pull her hands away from the pain that is burning her. She is screaming in agony. THE TYPE WRITER jumps from his place and rushes to her tearing her hands from where she stands. He rips her hands from the unseen object that is burning her. Stella collapses on the floor unconscious, appearing lifeless in his arms. Reaching up to his desk where he was tapping, he grabs the pitcher of water that has been sitting on his desk and pours it religiously, calmly onto Stella’s face and head. Stella slowly opens her eyes and revives. She sits up smiling a smile a mile long. THE TYPE WRITER helps her to her feet. STELLA embraces him. After a long embrace she looks at him and speaks.) Is this the end of my story?

THE TYPE WRITER

No. It’s much more like…the beginning.

(THE TYPE WRITER leads STELLA to center stage and walks back to his seat at his table in front of his typewriter. He pulls out the old piece of paper he was typing, lays it on the desk by him. Puts in a new sheet. He begins to type. As he “types” the final part, STELLA is standing center stage, beaming from the inside out. Her arms start hanging low beside her. As THE TYPE WRITER types, her arms slowly and purposefully begin to rise higher and higher until her hands are high over her head and she’s looking up blissfully into the sky.) Tap tap tap. Tap tap. Tap tap. Tap tap tap tap tap tappity tap tappity tap tappity tap tap ta tap ta tap tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tap tappity tap ta tap tappity tap tap tap tap tap tap tap ta tap ta tap ta tap ta tap tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tappity tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap ta tap ta tap ta tap…tap…tap……

tap……tappity tap

tap……tap……tap……tap……

STELLA

(Looking over to THE TYPE WRITER her arms only falling a little she asks, slightly breathless) Do you like what I wrote?

THE TYPE WRITER

(Pausing, he looks at her adoringly.) Yes. You’re stunning. My Stella. My shining star.

STELLA

(Raising her hands from where they had fallen slightly back high overhead, eyes up, smile and face glowing) I’m not a tragedy. I’m a love story! (lights off STELLA. Exit.)

THE TYPE WRITER

Tap……tap……you’re dead. (He pauses, looking at the page. He wipes his brow. Rubs his face. This story has taken over his heart. Then he completes the story.) Tap tap. (Removing the paper, he takes it carefully in his hands and walks to the white filing cabinet closest to him and files it with care. Hand on the closed cabinet.) Welcome home. (Then he walks back to his seat. Places a new piece of paper. Breathes in and begins typing.) Tap tap. Tap tap tap tap. Tap tap.

Fade to black

THE END



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