

**KILLING DAVID MAMET**

By Jacob Juntunen

5806 N Kenmore Ave #1  
Chicago IL 60660  
773-784-5564  
jjuntunen@yahoo.com

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(JACOB is onstage wearing an aluminum foil hat and carrying a cap pistol.)

JACOB

Fucking Mamet! Fucking Mamet! Fucking Mamet! I'm gonna kill that fucking fuck!

(MOLL enters)

MOLL

Honey, look! You're in the paper again!

JACOB

(to audience members, waving his cap pistol at them ominously) Are you a playwright? Are you? What about you? Hey, you there—you a playwright?!

MOLL

(reading) "The mysterious killing spree of playwrights across the country continues. The body of Sam Shepard was recently found in a remote Western cabin." Yeah, he was hard to find, wasn't he baby?

JACOB

Fuck yeah, the reclusive son of a bitch. But I got him. (to audience) You there, you a playwright?!

MOLL

(reading) "FBI officials warn all remaining American playwrights to be on the lookout for a thirty-one-year-old playwright known to the public thus far only as the Son of Ed because of his suspected mentorship by the recently murdered Edward Albee. Reached for comment just before his untimely death, Albee said, 'Don't call me Ed.'" Gee, honey! You're famous!

JACOB

But not yet America's Greatest Living Playwright. One man stands between me and that fucking title. And second prize is a set of steak knives.

MOLL

I don't know why you always gotta talk like the next playwright you're gonna knock off.

JACOB

What paper's that?

MOLL

*The Reader.*

JACOB

*The Reader*? The motherfucking *Reader*? You read me an article from the fucking *Reader*? Who gives a shit what *The Reader* says. What's the *New York Times* got to say about me?

MOLL

I didn't see nothin' in the *New York Times*.

JACOB

You didn't see nothin'? Did you read it? Did you take those pretty little baby-blues and turn them towards the country's fucking Paper of Record and read it? Or did you just look at it?

MOLL

I read it, baby. Don't get mad.

JACOB

And it didn't say nothing about the 367 playwrights I killed in the last two months?

MOLL

No.

JACOB

That's a helluva killing spree to just be ignored by the fucking Paper of Record.

MOLL

Well, we ain't killed no one in New York since we got Adam Rapp last month. You know they don't cover regional theatre.

JACOB

I fuckin' killed Sam Shepard!

MOLL

Then he ain't gonna be America's Greatest Living Playwright, is he baby?

JACOB

No.

MOLL

You almost got all of 'em. You just gotta get Mamet.

JACOB

Yeah. And I'm ready for him.

MOLL

But how you gonna get him? You can't even go outta the motel room with the FBI after you.

JACOB

I invited him here for a speaking engagement.

MOLL

He ain't gonna fall for that! He knows playwrights are gettin' killed left and right!

JACOB

No playwright's gonna turn down a speaker's retainer.

MOLL

But this is a skuzzy motel room!

JACOB

I told him it was an urban development grant that was paying him! A speaking engagement for at risk youth! I said we were gonna give him a fuckin' plaque and everything! A retainer and a fucking plaque! No playwright can resist a plaque.

MOLL

Oh, baby! You're a genius!

JACOB

It ain't for nothing that I'm gonna be the fucking Greatest Living American Playwright.

(A knock at the door)

JACOB

That's him! Just follow my lead!

(DANATURG enters)

DANATURG

(to audience) Hello! I'm Dan, dramaturg extraordinaire, known to my friends as: THE DANATURG!

MOLL

(as they fist-bump) Hey, Danaturg.

JACOB

Fuckin' Mamet.

DANATURG

Ah, are we down to Mamet?

MOLL

Yeah.

JACOB

I'm gonna fucking kill that fucking fuck. (to audience) You there—you a playwright?!

DANATURG

You know, technically if he's supposed to be talking like David Mamet he doesn't need to swear

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that much. I feel like this sketch is confusing a playwright's characters with the playwright himself. Does Mamet really swear like that?

MOLL

I don't know nothing about that, but at least he's not talking like Paula Vogel no more. I don't ever want to hear another monologue about the moon.

DANATURG

Another thing I don't understand: why save Mamet for last? I mean, there was just that big Mamet Festival in this city. Chicago loves their Mamet.

JACOB

So they'll fucking notice! You don't flush someone's goldfish down the toilet to make 'em sit up and pay attention to you; you kill their fucking dog and leave its rotting carcass on their porch and then give 'em a fucking puppy! That's my play! The fucking puppy! The fucking puppy is my play! You get it? My play's a fucking puppy!

DANATURG

I grabbed your mail from the front desk on my way up. There's a letter here from the New York Theatre Workshop—

JACOB

Gimme that! Gimme!

MOLL

What's it say, baby? They wanna do your play?

JACOB

(reading) "Thank you for submitting your play to the New York Theatre Workshop. The work of a playwright is vital and we applaud your creativity and resolve in writing and submitting this play. We have decided not to pursue your script for production at this time. Thank you for thinking of us. Though all other American playwrights are dead and we are committed to producing only new work by living playwrights, we have decided to devote our next season to new material from David Mamet. We wish you luck in finding other venues for your work."

MOLL

But look, it's a real signature, not just a photocopy.

(A knock at the door)

JACOB

That's him! Follow my lead!

(DAVID MAMET enters)

DAVID MAMET

Hello, I'm David Mamet.

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(Applause.)

DAVID MAMET

Recently hailed as “King David” by the Chicago *Sun-Times*.

JACOB

Fucking Mamet.

DAVID MAMET

Excuse me?

JACOB

Welcome!

DAVID MAMET

This is a skuzzy motel room.

JACOB

Yes, yes it is, but we’ve got you a little podium set up over there.

DAVID MAMET

Where are all the at risk youth?

JACOB

They’re all around us.

DAVID MAMET

Oh. We’re supposed to acknowledge the audience?

DANATURG

It goes in and out. It’s very undisciplined. No real dramaturgical sense to it.

DAVID MAMET

Are those dead bodies in the audience?

JACOB

I doubt it. Okay, so just go on up to the podium there.

DAVID MAMET

Are these at risk youth actors or at risk youth playwrights? I was going to do my whole “you should act like you’re reading from the phonebook” speech, but if they’re playwrights I can do my fucking “olley olley ocean free” bit from *Writing in Restaurants*.

JACOB

See? He does swear.

MOLL

You’re so smart, baby.

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DAVID MAMET  
Aigh! What's that?

JACOB  
What?

DAVID MAMET  
That! Over there! It just talked!

JACOB  
That's Moll.

DAVID MAMET  
Who let a woman in here?!

DANATURG  
Now, come on. That's not fair. Mamet has some very strong woman characters. Lesbians, even.

MOLL  
Yeah, I did a Mamet monologue in school once.

DAVID MAMET  
Are you an... actress?

MOLL  
Sure.

DAVID MAMET  
Well. Okay, then. Just stand at the podium here?

JACOB  
This is taking way too long.

(JACOB shoots DAVID MAMET.)

MOLL  
Baby! You killed David Mamet!

DANATURG  
That was terrible! What kind of arc was that? Where was the conflict?! The rising action?! The negotiation between characters?! You can't just shoot someone during the central conflict!

JACOB  
I... I've killed David Mamet. Does that mean that now... Now I'm... Dare I say it?

MOLL  
Go ahead, baby. Say it.

JACOB

Now I... I am America's Greatest—

(BRETT NEVEU enters wearing a tuxedo  
with a gun trained on Jacob.)

BRETT NEVEU

Hold it right there!

JACOB

Who are you?!

BRETT NEVEU

Neveu. Brett Neveu. Recently heralded by the *Chicago Tribune* as “the most interesting young playwright living and working in this town.”

JACOB

Do you want to give a speech? We've got a podium all set up. We have a plaque for you.

BRETT NEVEU

Your little tricks won't work on me.

(JACOB tries to shoot BRETT NEVEU, but  
BRETT NEVEU shoots first. JACOB falls.)

MOLL

Baby!

JACOB

(as he dies) Curse you, Neveu! Curse you!