

sTOPPING zACK

This is an interactive screenplay  
designed to get you participate  
in the afterward discussion.  
Please decide who the figure is  
and who he has to off in order to  
continue his despicable doings

Players:

Mum

Marnie

KamaSutra

Kathy

Rene

Anthony

BAG

MacaRoan

RoonoMark

John Staats

Cardinal

Bill

AND

JFK

INT. ROOM - DAY

A large oval table. Seated around it are 14 people, mostly in their fifties, each with a notepad.

In the corner, MACAROON and ROONOMARK fence with enthusiasm, singing "Anything you can do, I can do better..." At the window, JFK shows balloon magic to the clouds.

At the head of the table sits MUM. She looks at RENE, ANTHONY and BAG, strapping men, sitting next to each other, talks:

MUM

As you all know, Zack must be stopped. Today, we decide the strategy--

RENE

(super excited)  
--and tmrw, I'll do a 2 page review on it. Reviews are my thing.

ANTHONY

(scoffing)  
Review? Please. I'll whip up and ad and teaser for it! But first Mumzy here will guess which is mine.

BAG

(rolling eyes)  
They'll both be yours. (to others)  
Why don't we get Zack read Kama Sutra's entries? That oughta do it.

MUM

Cus we're civilized. Also, one is about a raunchy old fart Kathy here won't hear about. Probably includes despicable descriptions, too.

KATHY nods, she really wouldn't. KAMASUTRA budes her lips.

BILL, in his sixties, speaks quietly with kindness and respect for all.

BILL

We sneak into Zack's apartment. Move his furniture. Just a little. Every day. Also, Marnie, (turns to MARNIE) I need you to stash pieces of your finest crawfish étouffée inside his curtain rods. The smell alone will break him.

JOHN STAATS claps his hands.

JOHN STAATS  
When's that? Do we get to eat the  
rest of the étouffée?

MARNIE  
Got it right here.

She places a steaming pot on the table. Bag, Anthony, and Rene immediately reach into their jackets, producing spoons - always on the ready. They eat straight from the pot.

CARDINAL suddenly stamps his foot, pounds the table. When he talks, he exhales each word like it pains him.

CARDINAL  
As the pope of this gathering, I  
say we sabotage Zack's network. Cut  
him off from the web. Do you agree?

KamaSutra slides something onto the table. It's a whip.

KAMASUTRA  
How about using this instead?

Cardinal huffs, turns to a FIGURE in all black, hood pulled low over his face.

CARDINAL  
Do you agree? Who are you btw?

The Figure stands. Slowly reaches under the table. Sets something down. A GUN.

FIGURE  
Use dis. Its Satanday. Haf sum fun.

Silence. Jaws drop. Kathy recoils. Marnie spits. JFK faints, Bag, Anthony, and Rene spill soup on themselves. KamaSutra cries. The fencing stops.

MACAROON  
Don?

MUM  
That can't be. Don's not a person.  
He's everywhere. He's in the air.

MacaRoön's eyes dart around in search of Don. Back to life, JFK smells the air. The Figure takes off his hoodie and gives out a goofy, unsettling laugh. He quickly grabs his gun and shoots at-- (guess who he is, who he shoots at, why)(also, apologies to ERIC. I had to make cuts due to 2 page limit)