

ACT I
Scene 1

Setting: A bare stage dimly lit representing the empty eerie street of Chicago. On the projector screen (if available) is the image of a newspaper with the headline reading "*The Chicago Maniac Strikes Again: Woman Found Stabbed to Death in Bathtub.*" The lighting is bluish with a single bright white spotlight.

At Rise: The Chicago Maniac is center stage angrily pacing, clutching a newspaper in his fist.

THE CHICAGO MANIAC (angrily.)

I mean, really, does no one fact-check the paper anymore? Anyone with half a brain should be able to tell that's nothing but a copycat trying to impugn my honor! I've been at this racket for months now. Carefully stalking targets, coming up with alibis. Do you know what I've spent on knives and surgical gloves this month alone? Those aren't cheap nowadays. And all I ask in return is a little appreciation. But no, it's been second page news in every single outlet since I've started. What does it take for a serial killer to get a little credit in this town? Then, some amateur with a serrated knife just walks right in and tries to steal my act. And it couldn't have come at a worse time. Not now, when I just got that private investigator to ruin his marriage and swear to dedicate his life to hunting me down. And talk about old school. Breaking into their home and stabbing them while they're in the shower. Who does that anymore? Everyone knows my m.o. is a public restroom after-hours stab in the back

(unrolls the newspaper, stopping pacing to read it.)

Who even wrote this trash anyways. John Spelinsky. Well Johnny boy someone has to pay for this and I think I know just who.

(Lights shift to red briefly then lights out, switch set to scene 2.)

BLACKOUT