

JK
A COMEDY SKETCH

Written by

Simon K. Parker

simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk
Copyright 2025

FADE IN:

EXT. THEATRE - DAY

A small theatre. The doors are closed. A sign taped to them reads:

"Closed for auditions - invite only."

Two attractive women in their early 40s walk up to the entrance. Both reach for the door handle at the same time.

They chuckle nervously.

JANET

Oh, I'm sorry. You go ahead.

Sarah steps back and gestures for Janet to go first.

SARAH

No, after you.

JANET

Are you here for the audition too?

Sarah nods.

SARAH

Yeah, eleven o'clock.

Janet laughs.

JANET

You're kidding. They told me eleven o'clock too.

SARAH

I hope I've got the right place.

JANET

I'm auditioning for the role of JK Rowling?

SARAH

Me too. Still haven't seen the script though.

JANET

(nodding)

Yeah. I think the show is about her writing the story. Could be a lot of fun to do.

SARAH
I just need the work. Whatever pays
the bills.

Both women laugh, then head inside.

INT. THEATRE - STAGE - DAY

Up on stage, sitting behind a thin plastic fold-out table, is OLLY (30s), a mean-looking thug with a shaved head and neo-Nazi neck tattoos.

Beside him is ALEX (19), a short henchman who sits with his mouth hanging open like he's just had a lobotomy.

Janet and Sarah stand on the other side of the table, both looking extremely confused.

OLLY
It's fine that you're both here.
Just a little mix-up. I'm the
writer and director of this play.
I'm going to give you a scenario
and you just go with it. I want to
see what you've got. See if you can
embody the star of the show—our
hero. Take turns. Alright?

Janet and Sarah share a look, grinning and giggling.

JANET
Okay.

SARAH
I think so.

OLLY
One of the scenes: an ex-boyfriend
turns up demanding money. Your
first line— "Why don't you make me,
punk? I've killed before and I'll
kill again."
(to Janet)
You first. Let's hear it.

Janet lets out a nervous laugh.

JANET
I'm sorry. I might be at the wrong
audition.

SARAH

(raising a hand)

Me too. The story of JK Rowling—while she was writing the first book. That's the story, right?

OLLY

Yeah, that's it. You're at the right audition.

(clears throat)

Another scene: she's writing at a coffee shop when some punk kids start talking at the next table. So she screams— "Hey loudmouth, how about you shut it before I shut it for you?"

SARAH

I don't think she'd ever say that.

Olly's clearly annoyed but pushes on.

OLLY

(points at Janet)

Come on, I want to see some roleplay from you.

JANET

I'm sorry, it just doesn't sound right.

Olly turns to Alex.

OLLY

Doesn't sound right? Are these two actors or jokers?

Alex laughs stupidly.

ALEX

Jokers.

OLLY

(to Janet)

JK is waiting for a taxi when an old woman tries to steal it from her. She screams— "Hey punk. Yeah you. Muggle scum! You wanna die?"

Both Janet and Sarah are dumbfounded.

OLLY

(to Alex)

My JK Rowling voice is pretty spot on, right?

ALEX

I thought she was in the room with us. I swear. I've said from the beginning you should play her. A wig, a little make-up—you wouldn't need much.

Olly turns back to the women.

OLLY

Do either of you actually want to be actors, or are you just here to waste my time? JK Rowling got a lot of rejection letters. Either of you—close your eyes and pretend you're picking up one of those letters. You punch the wall and you scream—"Punks! When I find out who wrote this letter, I'm going to break their arms and legs! They don't know who they're messing with!"

ALEX

(to Olly)

Brilliant. I'm telling you—you should just hire yourself.

JANET

I'm sorry, but I've got to be honest. No one is going to watch this play if you're going to do it like this.

SARAH

And she's going to sue.

OLLY

Sue?

SARAH

I would. It's slander.

OLLY

All I'm doing is quoting her.

SARAH

JK Rowling said all those things while she was writing the Harry Potter books? Are you sure about that?

OLLY

She's said much worse. It's on tape. CCTV. Security footage. I've watched them all. You haven't. You don't even know who JK Rowling is.

SARAH

Yeah, I do. A children's author.

OLLY

Who also coined the phrase—"Turkey neck scum buckets." And—"What happens on the car park stays on the car park." And—"I eat shit for breakfast and break hearts for tea."

JANET

That doesn't even make sense.

ALEX

Yes it does.

OLLY

I'm writing the real JK—the take-no-prisoners gangster.

SARAH

Have you actually read Harry Potter?

OLLY

I don't need to. I saw an interview with JK and I saw her spirit.

SARAH

One interview?

ALEX

That's all he needed.

SARAH

No one is going to come to this play.

JANET

Who even agreed to fund this?

Suddenly, Olly begins to cry.

OLLY

I did.

ALEX

(pointing at Olly's tears)
Look what you've done to him.

OLLY

I sold my house.

JANET

I'm getting out of here.

Janet leaves. Sarah goes to follow, but Olly quickly reaches out, grabbing her arm tightly.

OLLY

(pleading)
Don't go. Do you want to read the script? I've finally finished it. It's amazing.

ALEX

Best thing I've ever seen.

Sarah's eyes fill with pity. She lets out a long deep breath, then softens.

SARAH

Okay, I'll read it. Maybe I can give you some notes?

ALEX

(snapping)
No notes. It's perfect.

Olly slaps Alex on the arm.

OLLY

It's time she saw it.

Alex bends down, pulling up a cardboard box and dumping it on the table.

OLLY

(to Sarah)
I'm going to make you a star.

Olly pulls out a copy of his play to give to Sarah. The title is made out of glued rocks and broken pieces of glass, shaped to make letters.

Sarah flips through it—written in childish handwriting, thick crayons of all different colours.

OLLY

Hand it out.

SARAH

This?

OLLY

(nodding eagerly)

Hand it out to everyone you know.
We're both going to be stars.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.