



# YOU'RE A BITCH, OPAL HADLEY

BY

*Kandace Mack*

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Drama Editor EZRA NEIGHBORS writes...*

*I heard Opal Hadley summons demons so I started summoning demons.*

*And one time, Opal Hadley punched me in the face.. it was AWESOME.*

*Okay maybe I'm mixing my Reginas and Opals (for they surely would be sitting at the same table wearing pink on Wednesdays...) but I can't help but admire Kandace Mack's ability to craft "That-Bitch-We-Root-For" character (whether its to stand tall or in front of a bus; you be the judge) that made Regina George in Mean Girls so powerful. In You're A Bitch, Opal Hadley playwright Kandace Mack has a fresh tone and voice that allows us to root for the bitch*

*who is "like... totally not a bitch". Sardonicly biting and oozing at the margins with humor and wit that is so current, this is playwright to look out for in near future.*

*Five Stars*

## You're a Bitch, Opal Hadley

By Kandace Mack

**Characters:**

**Opal Hadley:**

22, richer than the richest person you can think of, bitchier than the bitchiest person you can think of.

**Darren/William James Henry III/Frank/Dad:**

Just guys being dudes except for when one of them (Frank) is a demon.

**Kendall:**

23, A lovable labrador retriever of a human  
(also plays **Mom**, a mom)

**Setting:**

New York City  
Also DC

**Time:**

Now and Forever Amen

## **Prologue: Intro to Opal**

*In the beginning, there was nothing.*

*Then, there was Opal Hadley.*

*Cameras flash and the low roar of paparazzi fills the space. Opal Hadley emerges. She sits in a chair, looking out into the audience.*

### **Opal:**

Do you guys like... believe in karma?

Because I highkey think my karma scale is like glitching or something.

Like I've been raising my vibrations and manifesting positive energy and it's like...not working.

I've been doing SO much charity work for the poor.

Like yesterday I opened the door for this old lady at this coffee shop AND I asked her what her opinion was on the Vietnam War and like Watergate. Because that's what old people love to talk about.

And the other day I saw this girl on the street, right? I swear to God her face looked like Picasso put it together. I'm not even exaggerating. You should've seen it. And like the literal icon that I am, I very generously gave her my family's plastic surgeon's business card!

And when I was in Paris last week, I saw these yummy Givenchy crocodile leather pumps in a window on Avenue Montaigne just BEGGING to be stolen. And I left them alone! I only stole the cheap satin heels on clearance. Like hello? I am literally so humble!

You would think that since I'm beautiful and hot and the richest 22 year old in the United States, heiress to the Hadley Lingerie empire and first in line to inherit a massive fortune beyond your wildest dreams... you would THINK that I would be a

bitch. But I am not! I do good things. I make the world a better place. And God or whoever controls karma still hates me!

Because last fucking Sunday at 2 fucking 34pm in the middle of the Starbucks on 5th avenue, I peed my pants.

I shit you not, like swear on a bible, I peed my pants in public.

Literally who pees their pants anymore??? You can't even pass it off as like "trendy" because Paris Hilton already did it in 2006!!!!

And this is why I think my karma scale is fucked up because like. Yes. I made a fake insta just to harass Timothee Chalamet. And yes. I let my ex-boyfriend's parakeet fly out of the window when he told me he ate my last red velvet macaron.

And yes. I summoned a demon to kill the barista at Starbucks who told me I had to "order something" if I wanted to "use" the "restroom."

But does that make me a bad person? No. It does not.

I deserve good things. And even though I summoned a demon who opened a portal to hell in the Starbucks on 5th avenue and dragged Emma the barista by her stupid blond ponytail into the abyss where a fire slowly and painfully consumed her until she was nothing but a pile of ashes on top of breast implants, I still deserved the code to that Starbucks bathroom!!!

So, one of you losers needs to call God and tell him I'm pissed. Tell him that I am a good person. Fuck it, tell him I'm a saint. Tell him I'm a saint who wears Louboutins.

And tell Emma's family if they file a lawsuit, I will destroy them.

*She exits.*

## **Scene 2: Opal tries Dating**

*Opal enters into a boba shop. A man sits, waiting for her. She sees him, rolls her eyes, and looks to the audience.*

**Opal:**

I'm lonely. I tried to be single, but that's boring. And ugly. I went on the apps. Like a poor. And now I've got a date. With a poor.

*She makes her way over to her date where she sits and immediately assumes a listless posture. She swirls her straw in a mango green tea with mango jellies. It's pretty silent until:*

**Darren:**

So.. What are you looking for?

**Opal:**

Oh my god yeah so I've been scouting for this \$300,000 Astteria ring but it's limited edition and I haven't seen it in any stores! I tried Milan but I haven't checked Barcelona yet-

**Darren:**

No I meant like what are you looking for in love?

**Opal:**

I'm not looking for love.

**Darren:**

So... why did you come on this date?

**Opal:**

I'm bored and I wanted something to spice up my life. Like a situationship.

**Darren:**

Well I was kinda hoping to get to know you-

**Opal:**

I'm sorry I have to cut you off there.

*A very long, very uncomfortable silence.*

**Darren:**

Should I-

**Opal:**

Shhhh. Sh. Sh.

*Another very long, very uncomfortable silence.*

**Opal:**

You can go.

**Darren:**

Oh. Ok then.

**Opal:**

Thanks for the tea though, that was really sweet!

*She takes a sip of the tea and smiles. Darren responds with like a half smile half grimace, collects his jacket, and leaves. Opal immediately spits the tea back into the cup and tosses the entire drink in a trashcan nearby. She looks to the audience.*

**Opal:**

He smelled like sausage pizza.

I can't be blamed for not liking him.

People are gross these days.

How are you supposed to fall in love with gross people?

I miss Aaron.

But we're like on a break. It's been 7 months but...

I don't know.

You know what, let me see what he's up to.

*She picks up her phone. She struggles with her thumb above the screen for a moment, inhales, taps on the screen, and begins a text.*

**Opal:**

Hey stranger! What are you up to these days! Catch any good films lately?

**Aaron:**

O dawgggg! What's good? Yeah I've been catching the Oscar contenders for this season. You should watch Benedict Cumberbatch's Power of the Dog. It's this complex meditation on what it means to be a man.

**Opal:**

No wayyyy I loooooove Benedict Cumberbatch. He's like my favorite director!

**Aaron:**

He's an actor.

**Opal:**

Omg I typed actor and autocorrect changed it to director lol wtf

*Aaron isn't responding. Opal bites her thumbnail and scans the boba shop. She looks to the audience.*

**Opal (to audience):**

He's so silly.

*She returns to the texts.*

**Opal:**

I'm on a date right now actually. He's like a really interesting film enthusiast and I thought you would like to know haha

**Aaron:**

Sick. What are his favorite films?

*Opal pauses.*

**Opal (mumbling to herself):**

Just gotta googllleee.... best...films...ever.

*She returns to her text conversation:*

He really loves Vertigo.

**Aaron:**



Hell yeah. Arguably Hitchcock's greatest film. He has good taste! I gtg but it was great catching up.

**Opal:**

Haha yeah!

But also one more thing

**Aaron:**

Sup?

**Opal:**

I have this like thing. It's nothing big. My parents are just having a charity ball for some save the children fund idk which children but I guess we have to save them lol. Anyway they like want me to bring someone. If you want to come. Like just as a friend. It's Thursday night.

**Aaron:**

Ah man I love your parents. And saving children? Fucking epic. Kids are epic. Yeah I totally would but my girlfriend and I got tickets to this drive-in screening of Citizen Kane and they were hella expensive. Next time though!

**Opal:**

Haha yeah! Next time! Enjoy the movie!

*Opal sighs and gathers herself. She reaches in her purse and grabs the reddest lipstick you can imagine, applies it, and scans the café again.*

**Opal (to audience):**

Whatever. I need validation or I'll go crazy.

*She heads over to a man sitting alone at a table with a black turtleneck, perfectly coiffed hair, and round clear framed glasses muttering over a copy of Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. She plops down in the seat opposite him.*

**Opal:**

Hey.

**William James Henry III:**

Hi...

**Opal:**

I'm Opal.

**William James Henry III:**

I'm William James Henry III.

**Opal:**

Ok.

(to audience)

Long ass name.

(to William James Henry III)

What do you do?

**William James Henry III:**

I'm an actor.

**Opal (to audience):**

Ugh. Strike one.

**Opal:**

Where are you from?

**William James Henry III:**

Iowa.

**Opal (to audience):**

Strike two. Jesus Christ.

(to William James Henry III)

Listen, do you want to hook up with me?

**William James Henry III:**

I'm sorry. I'm deep in the throes of Arthur Miller doing a character study on Willy Loman. I guess you could say I'm in a committed relationship... with the theatre. Ha ha.

**Opal (to audience):**

Strike three. He's never going to make it. He'll do community theatre until he realizes his dream is dead even though it was never really alive. He'll teach Theatre and English at a public middle school until he retires to a fucking lake house in Wisconsin where he'll die knowing he never succeeded at anything at all.

(to William James Henry III)

Fine. Your loss.

*Opal gets up from the table and heads to the door, bumping into KENDALL.*

**Kendall:**

Oh my gosh, Opal! Hey!

**Opal:**

No thank you.

**Kendall:**

You don't remember me?

*Opal stares blankly.*

**Kendall:**

We made out on New Year's Eve? At the club? After we did a line in the bathroom? And you were like a mess over your ex? Eric? Or Andrew? Andre? It started an "A" right? Wait, don't tell me, I'll get it eventually. Adam? Anthony? Andes? Like the mints? Ha! I love those things. Alex? Ash-

**Opal:**

Oh my god. Are you blackmailing me? I can pay you whatever. How much do you want?

**Kendall:**

No! I'm not blackmailing you! Although I will take money if you're offering. I need to buy more body wash. Mine is at that point where you have to take the cap off and like slam it on your hand a couple times till it plops out a little blob and you just have to accept that that is all it can really give at that moment... which is honestly a really beautiful lesson on radical acceptance and unconditional love. Anyway, are you in a rush? Do you want to grab some boba with me?

*Opal glances at her phone. No texts from Aaron. She looks Kendall up and down.*

**Opal:**

I don't like boba. Do you want to go to yours or mine?

### **Scene 3: Opal Kills Joe Biden**

*Opal wakes up alone in a bed in a small but well decorated room. She's wearing a loose fitting t-shirt and pajama shorts. They're not expensive, so they're definitely not hers.*

**Opal:**

What. The fuck. Are these shorts from... TARGET?! EW.

*She smells pancakes.*

**Opal:**

Where am I?

*She steps out of bed and cracks open the door to reveal a cozy apartment and Kendall causing chaos in the kitchen.*

*Kendall notices the door is cracked open.*

**Kendall:**

OPAL! HOW THE HECK ARE YA!

*Opal closes the door.*

**Opal:**

Ugh.

**Kendall** *(from the kitchen):*

I'm making pancakes! If you want any? I googled how to make them. I found this recipe for "Good ol' fashioned pancakes" which like what do you mean by ol' fashioned. Like is it actually old fashioned or are you just flashing fancy adjectives

around to make it sound more appealing. Anyway I've tried a couple and they're pretty tasty! If you're interested!

*Opal finds her phone and bag and checks around for an alternative exit but she can't find any.*

*She takes a deep breath and opens the door. Kendall is right on the other side beaming, holding a plate of pancakes and coffee on a tray.*

**Kendall:**

I figured since you had the door closed maybe you wanted breakfast in bed. I got this handy dandy "breakfast in bed" tray that I bought for when I'm hungry but hungover so I can make breakfast...but stay in bed! Tik tok purchase!

**Opal:**

Thanks Kendall, but I actually have to go. My driver is expecting me-

**Kendall:**

Oh I forgot the syrup! And the sugar for the coffee! Kendall, get it together. One second!

*Kendall leaves the room and Opal sits on the bed.*

*She sighs and, through the door, catches a glimpse of Kendall literally sprinting around her apartment.*

**Kendall:**

Be right there! I just gotta find out where I put the syrup. I was literally JUST using it.

*Kendall crashes into a table.*

**Kendall:**

MOTHERFUCKER.

**Opal:**

Fine. Fine! Fine. I'll stay.

*She settles onto the bed.*

*Kendall reappears with syrup and hands over the "breakfast in bed tray."*

*On it are the most oddly shaped and unevenly cooked pancakes, instant coffee, and a suuuuper sticky Aunt Jemima syrup bottle.*

*Opal scrunches up her nose.*

**Opal:**

Thaaaaanks.

**Kendall:**

Yeah! I don't make breakfast for just anyone, so you're special! Plus I figured you would need it after the night we had. I mean, I thought my tolerance was high but Jesus!

**Opal:**

Uh oh... How bad was I?

*Kendall pulls out her phone to show Opal a video of her running in the middle of the street with a large black trash bag.*

**Opal:**

Why am I running in the middle of the street with a large black trash bag?

**Kendall:**

You robbed a bank!

**Opal:**

WHAT?

**Kendall:**

Yeah you said you steal stuff all the time and that your dad would "make it all go away!" So we went to a bank and you robbed it! You looked like you were having fun and I was having fun so I just went with it.

**Opal:**

Ohhhh my god.

*Opal searches for her phone, finds it on the floor*

**Opal:**

Ohhh shit. 10 missed calls from dad, 4 from mom, 2 from the mayor of New York, and 1 from the President's aide?!?

**Kendall:**

You had this look in your eye. It was like...if the roadrunner did coke. Oh, and then this black car pulled up next to us.

**Opal:**

No...

**Kendall:**

Should I keep going? Or?

*Opal shoves a pancake in her mouth, staring at the floor, and nods.*

**Kendall:**

Yeah so, this driver pulls up next to us and he looks at our bags of money, gives us this disappointed look, and says we need to get in. I was like “Oh hellll no I don’t feel like getting murdered tonight,” but you were all like, “It’s fine he’s with my family.” So I was like ok cool, ya know. I’m just along for the ride. Eventually I have to pee and I’m like “Hey man where are we going?” He goes “Oh we’re going to/

**Opal:**

The secret bunker/

**Kendall:**

THE SECRET BUNKER.” YOUR FAMILY HAS A SECRET. BUNKER.

**Opal:**

That’s where we go when we’re in deep shit.

**Kendall:**

So we’re in the bunker? And the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. JOE. BIDEN. Greets us! And he’s all like “Opal you can’t rob a major bank. The reputation of your family is at stake and you could singlehandedly tank the economy and make us vulnerable to terrorist attacks,” and you’re all like, “Oh I can do a whole lot worse,” and he’s all like, “Opal this is a matter of national security and the preservation of America as we know it please stop,” and you flipped him off and start chanting this weird shit.

**Opal:**

Oh no.

**Kendall:**

Opal. This next part is nuts dude.

**Opal:**

No please.

**Kendall:**

Opal, dude. You’re wild.

**Opal:**

Nooooooo.

**Kendall:**

You started chanting and a fucking hole opened up in the floor and this thing-

**Opal:**

Frank.

**Kendall:**

What?

**Opal:**

My demon. His name is Frank.

**Kendall:**

Frank! Sick! Frank comes out of the floor with red eyes and claws and like these crazy fangs and he opens his mouth really wide and swallows Joe Biden whole! Slurps him up like one of those red white and blue popsicles that you eat on the fourth of July? Ha! That's kind of ironic since he's the president and all. Anyway, so Joe Biden is gone.

**Opal:**

Fuck.

**Kendall:**

So then I'm freaking out because it's 3am on a Saturday and we don't have a president anymore, like what are we going to do? And you go "oh don't worry" and you whisper something to Frank and he just nods and TURNS INTO JOE BIDEN.

**Opal:**

Fuck.

**Kendall:**

And then you looked sleepy so I called us an Uber back to mine and gave you some pajamas and water, and let you go to sleep. But yeah we have demon Joe Biden running the country now.

**Opal:**

Ok. Ok! Alright. Cool. Well.



**Kendall:**

How are my pancakes?

**Opal:**

They're ok. Listen, this all has to stay between us ok? No one can know.

**Kendall:**

Yeah, of course! I'm great at keeping secrets.

*Opal sighs and finishes the pancakes on the plate. Her phone buzzes with a notification from CNN that is just a bunch of ancient-looking characters. There is another notification buzz from New York Times that says, "God help us!" A text comes in from Frank that reads:*

**Frank:**

HA ha. You have unleashed the wrath of Lucifer on the Earth from which he was banished. You all will perish lol.

*He sends a gif of Elmo engulfed in fire.*

*Opal dislikes the message and puts her phone on Do Not Disturb.*

### **Scene 3: Opal Contemplates The Definition of Love**

*Opal stands across the street from the White House as it is burning down. Sirens are blaring, and people are screaming. Frank the demon disguised as Joe Biden is standing engulfed in flames beside her.*

**Opal:**

Frank this is so much. You're doing the most. Like I don't even know what crystal I need to be holding right now. This is totally killing my karma.

*Frank rips off his Joe Biden suit and opens his mouth WIDE. The deafening shrieks of people burning in hellfire pour out.*

**Opal:**

Your breath smells.

*Frank checks his breath. All the plants around him wither and turn black. His eyes grow red.*

**Frank:**

FOR YEARS YOU HAVE SUMMONED ME TO WREAK HAVOC ON YOUR ENEMIES. FOR YEARS I HAVE COMPLIED. NOW, IT IS TIME FOR ME TO WREAK HAVOC ON YOU AND EVERYTHING YOU LOVE.

**Opal:**

Frank PLEASE can you chill the fuck out. I literally haven't even had coffee yet. Plus, I don't even love anything. Love is for losers.

*Opal checks her phone.*

**Opal** (*mumbling to herself*):  
Aaron text me back challenge...

**Frank:**  
SILENCE.

**Opal:**  
Fiiiiine.

**Frank:**  
MORTAL, YOU AND YOUR KIND WILL NOW PAY.

*Around them pentagons appear in the street. They snap, crackle, and pop and ghoulish figures rise from them.*

**Opal:**  
Oh my god... is this the apocalypse?

**Frank:**  
YES.

**Opal:**  
Wait, can you pause for a second? I need to make a call.

*Frank freezes the ghouls. Opal takes out her phone and dials a number.*

**Opal:**  
Hey Dad!

**Dad:**  
Hey princess, I'd love to chat but stocks are plummeting and daddy's pockets are hurting.

**Opal:**  
Toootally. Listen, are you on the jet? Or does mom have it? I need it.

**Dad:**  
Your mother is using it for a "personal vacation." To "take some time for herself" and "sort out her priorities."

**Opal:**  
Ok do you think you can/ call her.

**Dad:**

Listen, honey. Your mother and I want to talk to you about/ our relationship.

**Opal:**

Dad, do you think you can call/ mom?

**Dad:**

We both love you very much and nothing will ever change that.

*Frank unpauses the ghouls and they begin sucking the souls out of people running around.*

**Opal (to Frank):**

Can you PLEASE hold on Frank!!! I'm in the middle of a conversation!

*Frank screeches and pauses the ghouls again.*

**Dad:**

Your mother and I have made a decision that we think is best for the family.

*Beat.*

We're going our separate ways. For the time being.

*Silence.*

**Opal:**

Ok.

**Dad:**

We still have a lot of love for each other. This is just healthier for us.

*Silence.*

**Dad:**

Princess, daddy is really in a rush and needs you to tell him if you understand.

**Opal:**

Ok... um. Yeah. Ok. I just um... I need the jet. I want to go to Italy one last time.

**Dad:**

One last time?

**Opal:**

Frank decided he wanted to have the apocalypse today.

**Dad:**

Damn. I just booked a massage for Wednesday. Can he wait a couple days?

**Opal (to Frank):**

Frank, can you wait a couple days?

*Frank chucks a bus at a building.*

**Opal (to Dad):**

No, I think he wants to have the apocalypse now.

**Dad:**

Well, ok. We'll talk later. Stay safe, princess.

*He hangs up. Opal dials another number.*

**Opal:**

Mom?

**Mom:**

Hi, honey!

**Opal:**

Mom, do you have the jet?

**Mom:**

Oh, my goodness stop it!

**Opal:**

What?

**Mom:**

Get OFF me, you silly goose!

*A man's laughter can be heard in the background. Mom is giggling.*

**Opal:**

Mom? Are you with someone?

**Mom:**

Honey, I can't talk right now. I'm using the jet until Friday. Did you ask your sisters if you can use theirs?

**Opal:**

No, they never let me borrow their jet!!!

**Mom:**

Ok sweetie! I have to go!

*(whispering)*

Get the whipped cream. I want you to lick it off my-

*Opal hangs up.*

**Opal:**

Wow.

*Frank unpauses the ghouls and they resume their soul sucking.*

**Opal (to audience):**

Soooo my parents are splitting up and my mom is cheating on my dad.

*Black clouds roll in. The sky turns red.*

**Opal (to audience):**

Like I knew they were having a rough patch... and I guess the rough patch has been like... my whole life... but I just was hoping that they would push through it? I mean on the one hand I'm kind of relieved. Which is a crazy thing to say. But they had a horrible marriage. So, I guess I can't really blame my mom for... I just didn't think she would...

*Frank makes a sinkhole that swallows the burning White House. He cackles.*

*Opal sits down on a curb and pulls her knees to her chest.*

**Opal (to audience):**

And it's like... whose side do I take? Or like... What does the future look like? Are we doing separate holidays now? Oh god... do I tell dad that mom is cheating? Were they ever even in love? Is love even real? Like if I get married will it inevitably end in divorce too? Fuck... is Aaron not actually my twin flame?

*Frank spits acid on a lady and her skin melts off.*

**Opal:**

Frank. For love of God, stop fucking ending the world!

*Frank hisses at the mention of God.*

**Opal:**

You know what? I'm calling God!

*Frank freezes.*

**Opal:**

Are you there, God? It's me, Opal. Frank keeps doing the apocalypse thing while I'm trying to process my parents' divorce.

*The black clouds open up and a ray of light blinds everyone. A booming voice says:*

**God:**

Fraaaaank. No. No. Bad Frank. Bad boy.

*Frank whimpers like a dog in trouble and calls the ghouls doing soul sucking to stop. They all sink back into hell leaving a burned and broken world in their wake. Opal chokes back her tears and, stepping over the crispy, mangled corpses of the eternally damned souls, makes her way home.*

#### **Scene 4: Frank Teaches Opal About Love**

*Opal sits alone on stage. Cameras flash. She shields her face from them.*

**Opal** (to audience):

Un-fucking-believable.

It was almost my last day on Earth and I was completely single.

I would've died and never found love.

All I wanted was to find someone who could understand me and love me for the fucking mess that I am.

*Frank enters dressed as Joe Biden.*

**Frank:**

MORTAL, YOU ARE A MESS.

BUT SOMETIMES IT'S THE MESSIEST PARTS OF OURSELVES THAT MAKE US THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

SOMEDAY SOMEONE WILL SEE THAT.

IT MAY NOT BE NOW.

IT MAY NOT EVEN BE SOON.

BUT IT WILL HAPPEN.

AND WHEN IT DOES, SWEET MORTAL, YOU'LL NOT ONLY FALL IN LOVE WITH THEM, YOU'LL FALL FURTHER IN LOVE WITH YOURSELF.

**Opal:**

OMG Frank that was really sweet.

*Frank screeches affectionately. A black hole opens up next to him and he disappears.*



**Opal:**

Well, shit.

*The black hole reopens.*

**Frank:**

MORTAL, YOU MUST REPENT TO THOSE WHO ONCE SHOWED YOU LOVE. IT IS WITH THEM WHERE YOU MAY FIND THE SWEETEST BLISS.

*The black hole closes.*

**Opal:**

Ugh. Fuck me.

*Opal picks up her phone and texts:*

**Opal:**

Hey... Kendall... Crazy that the world almost ended....Hope you're alive and well.

Wanna grab boba soon...

Kisses... Opal.

*She pockets her phone.*

**Opal (to audience):**

What are you looking at.

Ok I learned a lesson. Love yourself, show love to others, love is real and you can find it in unexpected places, blah blah blah.

*Her phone dings.*

*She reads a text. A small smile forms on her otherwise cold face.*

**Opal (to audience):**

Listen, I have to go.

I have... a date.

You should go too.

No one likes you.

Bye.

*Opal runs off.*

*The black hole opens and Frank gives the audience a wink.*

END OF PLAY.

**THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS:** *YOU'RE A BITCH, OPAL HADLEY* is a product of a playwriting class in college that focused on creating characters. I wanted to create a character who was so unlikeable, you couldn't help but love her. As I developed her character, I found that I also wanted to explore the theme of love through the eyes of a 22-year-old, which is, at that stage of life, often synonymous with infatuation. I wanted to parody the wealthy with a dash of the absurd to explore themes of love or lack thereof and ask the question: What can money really buy?

*I cite my first "aha I want to write like this" moment to THE WONG KIDS IN THE SECRET OF THE SPACE CHUPACABRA, GO! By Lloyd Suh which taught me that spontaneity and humor are allowed in plays. I'd say my style of writing is largely just putting whatever I want on the page and hoping it works out, and I attribute it to my college professors and classmates who cheered me on as I shared my crazy work with them. I appreciate the humor they brought to the room, and I appreciate the laughs they gave me in return. They gave me Opal and I'm excited that I am able to give her to you!*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Kandace Mack is an emerging Chicago-based playwright, originally hailing from Omaha, Nebraska. She recently graduated from Northwestern University where she began her playwriting journey. At Northwestern she found love in writing comedies and wrote two comedic one-acts *YOU'RE A BITCH, OPAL HADLEY*, and *CAPTAIN LENNY, HERE TO SAVE THE DAY*. She also was a recipient of the Agnes Nixon Award and had her full-length comedic play *ELYSE AND MAE PLAY THE MOST EPIC GAME OF LIFE EVER* produced in the Agnes Nixon Festival at Northwestern. *ELYSE AND MAE* is also being produced in the Strawberry Jam Festival in Seattle, WA. Other works include *THE CASSEROLE: A 10 MINUTE PLAY* and *BIPOLAR: THE PLAY*. Though she is early in her career, she is excited to take the Chicago playwriting scene by storm! You can find her watching cat videos in her free time.