

NO IT ISN'T

TEN-MINUTE PLAY

By Joe Musso

Copyright © MMVII by Joe Musso
All Rights Reserved
Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The writing of plays is a means of livelihood. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income. The playwright is compensated on the full purchase price and the right of performance can only be secured through purchase of at least three (3) copies of this work. PERFORMANCES ARE LIMITED TO ONE VENUE FOR ONE YEAR FROM DATE OF PURCHASE.

The possession of this script without direct purchase from the publisher confers no right or license to produce this work publicly or in private, for gain or charity. On all programs and advertising this notice must appear: "Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa."

This dramatic work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second hand from a third party. All rights including, but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, broadcast, recitation, lecturing, tabloid, publication, and reading are reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.

PUBLISHED BY

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

No It Isn't by Joe Musso
Copyright © MMVII by Joe Musso

NO IT ISN'T
By Joe Musso

SYNOPSIS: A comedic abstract play with a simple synopsis: *no, what you're holding isn't a shoe.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PERSON ONE (62 Lines)

PERSON TWO (61 Lines)

AUTHOR'S NOTES: The play has two characters, which can be played by actors of any gender and any age.

DO NOT COPY

AT RISE:

PERSON ONE, blindfolded, stands on stage. *PERSON TWO* stands next to her. *PERSON TWO* is holding an athletic shoe in her hand.

PERSON TWO: Need more time?

PERSON ONE: No.

PERSON TWO: Sure?

PERSON ONE: Positive.

PERSON TWO: Here goes.

PERSON ONE holds out her hand. *PERSON TWO* gives *PERSON ONE* the shoe.

PERSON TWO: *(Continued.)* Okay, guess.

PERSON ONE: *(Without any thought.)* It's a shoe.

PERSON TWO: Nope.

PERSON ONE: Yes it is, a sneaker.

PERSON TWO: Not close.

PERSON ONE: Got to be.

PERSON TWO: It's not.

Pause.

PERSON ONE: All right.

Pause.

PERSON ONE: *(Continued.)* A cucumber?

PERSON TWO: What?

PERSON ONE: Just kidding. It's a shoe.

PERSON TWO: I told you. It's not a shoe.

Pause.

PERSON ONE: A cucumber?

PERSON TWO: Be serious.

PERSON ONE: A cucuzzi.

PERSON TWO: What's a cucuzzi?

PERSON ONE: A type of Italian squash.

PERSON TWO: It's not a squash.

PERSON ONE: That rules out zucchini.

PERSON TWO: I should hope so.

PERSON ONE unsuccessfully tries to balance the shoe on her head. After PERSON ONE drops the shoe, PERSON TWO picks it up and hands it back.

PERSON ONE: It's not a hat.

PERSON TWO: You got that right.

PERSON ONE: I mean, that would be the oldest trick in the book.

PERSON TWO: I have no idea what you're talking about.

PERSON ONE: You probably know more than you're letting on.

PERSON TWO: Let me repeat myself. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

PERSON ONE: Fine. Forget I ever mentioned it.

PERSON TWO: Mentioned what?

PERSON ONE: That's the spirit.

PERSON ONE smells the shoe.

PERSON ONE: *(Continued.)* Gross. It sure smells like a shoe.

PERSON TWO: Doesn't matter. It's not a shoe.

PERSON ONE: But it smells - -

PERSON TWO: *(Interrupting.)* Doesn't matter.

Slight pause.

PERSON ONE: How could it not matter?

PERSON TWO: I don't have to answer that.

PERSON ONE: A stickler for the rules, huh?

PERSON TWO: They provide order in an otherwise chaotic world.

PERSON ONE: But I'm stuck.

PERSON TWO: Don't just rely on smell. Use all of your senses.

PERSON ONE: I've already touched it.

PERSON TWO: Go on.

PERSON ONE: I'm not allowed to remove the blindfold.

PERSON TWO: Not yet.

PERSON ONE: And I'm not about to taste it.

PERSON TWO: Neither would I.

PERSON ONE: *(Holding the shoe up to her ear.)* Not a peep.

PERSON TWO: You don't hear the ocean?

PERSON ONE: No . . . Well, I've exhausted five of my senses.

PERSON TWO: I counted five too.

PERSON ONE: I'll now step outside of the realm of accepted science
and employ the sixth sense. Extra-sensory perception. ESP.

PERSON TWO: Without a net?

PERSON ONE: Shhh. I need to concentrate.

PERSON TWO: *(Whispering.)* Be careful.

*PERSON ONE puts the shoe up to her forehead. She concentrates.
Long pause.*

PERSON ONE: It's speaking to me.

PERSON TWO: What's it saying?

PERSON ONE: Faster, faster, round the track.

PERSON TWO: Why?

PERSON ONE: It's running.

PERSON TWO: Running? Where?

PERSON ONE: Faster, faster, round the track.

PERSON TWO: What track?

PERSON ONE: Shhh.

Long pause.

PERSON ONE: *(Continued.)* It says it's a shoe.

PERSON TWO: Give up on the shoe.

PERSON ONE: *(With a stabbing motion.)* Ah-ha, it's a knife.

PERSON TWO: No, I'm a pacifist.

PERSON ONE: A microphone? *(Singing.)* la la la.

PERSON TWO: You're out of tune.

PERSON ONE: A bear cub.

PERSON TWO: Impossible.

PERSON ONE: Then it has to be the soul of a martyr.

PERSON TWO: Where'd that come from?

PERSON ONE: My spiritual side.

PERSON TWO: No, it's not the soul of a martyr.

PERSON ONE: The rules don't allow you lie to me. So, if it's a shoe - -

PERSON TWO: *(Interrupting.)* You calling me a liar?

PERSON ONE: All I'm saying - -

PERSON TWO: *(Interrupting again.)* 'Cause if you are, I'll sock you so hard you'll see stars.

PERSON ONE: Oh yeah?

PERSON TWO: Yeah.

Slight pause.

PERSON ONE: I could die.

PERSON TWO: Tough.

PERSON ONE: Mankind would never be the same.

PERSON TWO: And that's a bad thing?

PERSON ONE: I give up. I don't know what it is.

PERSON TWO: Quitter, loser, lily-liver, milksop, milquetoast, yellow-belly - -

PERSON ONE: Stop it . . . You've crossed the line.

PERSON TWO: Can't help it. I'm disappointed in you.

PERSON ONE: Still, name-calling?

PERSON TWO: Your final grade is an "F."

PERSON ONE: An "F"?

PERSON TWO: What did you expect?

No It Isn't by Joe Musso
Copyright © MMVII by Joe Musso

PERSON ONE: Mercy.

PERSON TWO: At the expense of truth?

PERSON ONE: They're not mutually exclusive, you know.

PERSON TWO: When you flip a coin, it can't land on heads *and* tails.

PERSON ONE: This isn't a coin toss.

PERSON TWO: The punishment must fit the crime.

PERSON ONE: You're not listening.

PERSON TWO: You're all I hear.

Slight pause.

PERSON ONE: I'm done arguing with you . . . finished.

PERSON TWO: Give it back, then.

PERSON ONE holds out the shoe. PERSON TWO retrieves it. Pause.

PERSON TWO: *(Continued.)* Don't just stand there. Take it off.

PERSON ONE removes the blindfold.

PERSON ONE: *(Disappointed in herself.)* Ah, man.

PERSON TWO: Well?

PERSON ONE: How did I miss that?

PERSON TWO: Could I have made it easier?

PERSON ONE: I could kick myself.

PERSON TWO: *(Pretending to get ready to kick her.)* Please, let me.

PERSON ONE: *(With sarcasm.)* Very funny.

PERSON TWO: What'd we bet again?

PERSON ONE: Five bucks.

PERSON TWO: *(Holding her hand out.)* Hand it over.

PERSON ONE hands PERSON TWO a five dollar bill.

PERSON TWO: *(Continued. Pocketing the five dollar bill.)* C'mon. I'll buy you some ice cream.

PERSON ONE: Two scoops?

PERSON TWO: Two scoops.

PERSON ONE: Cool.

They begin their exit.

PERSON ONE: *(Continued.)* Next time, don't make it so obvious.

They exit.

Fade.

THE END