

THE TEST - ONE ACT

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By **Cliff McClelland**

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SYNOPSIS: A satire-powered Saturday Night Live-style play that explores the pitfalls and potholes of testing in America. Witness the beginning of testing in prehistoric times! Become the studio audience for a new testing game show! Torture audiences as they wait excruciatingly long (nearly two minutes) for the home pregnancy test results! Humor and satire collide when the "No Child Left Behind" fiasco, some people like to call it a mandate, captures the essence of what is right, wrong, and heinous in American schools today. It's all here, it's all fun, and it's all available to you for the very low price of two number-two pencils and possibly, an itsy bitsy piece of your soul in this hilarious sketch comedy. But remember, "This is only a test."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAVEMAN #1(*Non-speaking*)
CAVEMAN #2(*Non-speaking*)
CAVEMAN #3(*Non-speaking*)
BILL BAILEYA talk show host. (*38 lines*)
ROSEA housewife. (*11 lines*)
MARCELA mime. (*Non-speaking*)
JONAHThe Old Testament prophet. (*12 lines*)
DANNIBill's gorgeous assistant. (*2 lines*)
ANNOUNCERRecorded or offstage voice. (*10 lines*)
ENIGMA SINGERSA three-girl singing group like the
Supremes. (*2 lines*)
MANA husband. (*Non-speaking*)
WOMANA wife. (*Non-speaking*)
HEAD INQUISITOROf the Monty Python-esque Inquisition.
(*88 lines*)
MARGARETAnother inquisitor. (*31 lines*)
GERALDAnother inquisitor. (*38 lines*)
SHELLYAnother inquisitor. (*22 lines*)
OLD MANAnother inquisitor. (*10 lines*)

ANNE	Secretary of the inquisitors. (11 lines)
HELGA	A heretic. (22 lines)
BEAT TEACHER.....	A cool cat experimental teacher. (5 lines)
LINDSEY	A beat class student. (1 line)
REGINA	A beat class student. (2 lines)
MICHAEL	A beat class student. (1 line)
JANICE.....	A beat class student. (2 lines)
MOTHER.....	Of an autistic child. (14 lines)
FATHER.....	Of an autistic child. (6 lines)
ESMIE	An autistic child. (9 lines)
DOCTOR	Of the autistic child. (13 lines)
TRAINER	A standardized test trainer. (33 lines)
TEACHER #1	Teacher administering standardized tests. (5 lines)
TEACHER #2	Teacher administering standardized tests. (13 lines)
TEACHER #3	Teacher administering standardized tests. (4 lines)
TEACHER #4	Teacher administering standardized tests. (6 lines)
ARMY GUY	Test security person. (5 lines)
MOTHER.....	An older woman in a doctor's office for a test. (Non-speaking)
SON	Her son, waiting with her. (Non-speaking)
DOCTOR.....	Bringing back the test results. (Non-speaking)
ZOMBIES.....	The cast dressed as zombies. (2 lines; ZOMBIE #1 - - 1 line, ZOMBIE #2 - - 1 line, ZOMBIE #3 - - 1 line)

SETTING

All over America.

TIME: Today.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

This play is meant to run with scenes back-to-back, separated only by music and possibly a slide show of cartoons having to do with testing. There are hundreds of them available on the internet! In terms of cast, you can have a huge one or a cast of eleven to fourteen, for which the play was originally designed.

The Bill Bailey music was written in 1902, so that's public domain.

“Where Have All the Flowers Gone?” is controlled by BMI, so you would need to license it for this show, pick another appropriate song, or even write your own original music. Every school has five or six garage bands. Have them help out.

Finally, props, costumes, and set should be minimalistic and representational, because there are so many changes. Find a way to bring out the theme rather than something realistic.

This play was performed in front of a whole group of teachers when it was written, and there were so many belly laughs that it was unbelievable. With testing in the newspapers every other week, though, the audience for the show is expanding all the time, so have fun with it!

ACT ONE
THE PREHISTORIC AGE

To the tune of "Thus Spake Zarathustra (Also Sprach Zarathustra)." Three CAVEMEN approach a set of stone tablets on the floor and begin to draw. At the first brass flourish, the 1ST CAVEMAN reveals a picture of a circle. Other CAVEMEN approach, interested in the creation. During the timpani solo, the 2ND CAVEMAN draws furiously. At the flourish, he holds up a picture of the same circle, only detail has been added to create a wheel. The CAVEMEN leap around the floor, hooting and hollering their approval. During the timpani solo, the 3RD CAVEMAN draws furiously, and at the final flourish, holds up a picture of a circle inscribed with the words, " $A = \pi r^2$ and $r = 5$. Solve for A." The 3RD CAVEMAN looks incredibly pleased with himself, but the other CAVEMEN just shake their heads. Their confused mumblings morph from discontent to anger, and they finally pick up their clubs, beat the 3RD CAVEMAN into jelly, and destroy his stone tablet. The lights fade on stage as a slide appears. The slide reads, "And thus, the practice of testing was postponed for a few thousand years."

THE GAME SHOW

Fun, game-show style music fades in as the slides disappear. LIGHTS FADE IN ON: THE GAME SHOW.

Three contestants stand in front of podiums that bear their names. The contestants include an overbearing housewife, ROSE, her hair in curlers and wearing a robe, MARCEL, a mime, and the Old Testament prophet, JONAH, who, from his appearance, seems to have just come from the belly of a giant fish.

The host of the show, BILL BAILEY, stands at his podium, all smiles.

BILL BAILEY: All right, everybody. Welcome back to Enigma, that mysterious game show that combines the brilliance of the most puzzling questions in history with the goofiest people on the face of the earth. I'm Bill Bailey, your host of this top ten Nielsen Ratings' hit. Now let's meet our contestants.

First, let's say hello to a real flower child, Rose McDowell!

An applause track is played. All three contestants look around them, trying to figure out from where the applause is coming from.

BILL BAILEY: Hi, Rosie!

ROSE: It's just Rose, you smiley-faced moron.

BILL BAILEY: And don't I know it! As our current champion, Rose has garnered a whole fourteen dollars and eighty-five cents here on Enigma!

The applause track goes wild.

ROSE: Oh, shut up! It's fifteen bucks. My son brings home more than that just beating kids up for lunch money.

BILL BAILEY: Your son extorts lunch money from other children?

ROSE: Hey, watch what you say about Denny. He's just got some issues.

BILL BAILEY: Okay! Well, moving on, let's all say hello to Marcel Marceau, the most famous mime in history!

Applause track erupts. The MIME opens an invisible door, walks through it, and blows kisses to the audience.

BILL BAILEY: It's Marcel's first time with the show, but I assure you, he had to answer some real toughies to make it into the final selection of contestants. Isn't that right, Marcel?

MARCEL gives him a thumbs up.

BILL BAILEY: And finally, we have an Old Testament prophet, Jonah, who according to some people actually lived in the belly of a big fish for several months.

ROSE: I thought something smelled.

JONAH: Hey, it wasn't my fault. Do I really smell? I didn't have time to take a shower. It was bam, thrown up on the shores of Ninevah, and then I got the call on my cell, got back in the whale and headed for L.A.

BILL BAILEY: You actually rode a whale to America?

JONAH: Have you seen the price of airline tickets?

BILL BAILEY: Good point. All right, you all have your buzzers, right?

All three contestants hit a button, and their buzzers make noise.

BILL BAILEY: Good.

MARCEL continues to hit his buzzer, enjoying making sounds for once.

BILL BAILEY: Hey, Marcel. That's probably . . . hey, big guy. That's enough of . . . Marcel!

A CAVEMAN from the first scene enters and bops MARCEL over the head with his club. MARCEL falls and the CAVEMAN drags him out.

ROSE: Who's that guy with the club? He was kinda cute.

BILL BAILEY: Well, I guess that's it for Marcel. Johnny, do we have another contestant standing by?

ANNOUNCER: *(Offstage.)* We sure do, Bill. But first, let's welcome the Enigma singers!

Three FEMALE SINGERS appear.

SINGERS: Won't you come home, Bill Bailey? Won't you come home? She moans the whole day long. I'll do the cooking, darling, I'll pay the rent; I know I've done you wrong. 'Member that rainy eve that I threw you out, with nothing but a fine-tooth comb? Yeah, I know I'm to blame, now, ain't that a shame. Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?

BILL laughs.

BILL BAILEY: Johnny, you get me every time. Goodbye girls!

The SINGERS blow him kisses and exit.

ANNOUNCER: *(Offstage.)* All right. Our next contestant on Enigma is . . . *(Drum roll.)* The Rock!

BILL BAILEY: Wow! I didn't know he was coming on the show. Ladies and gentlemen, let's give it up for the Rock!

A Vanna White-like game show babe, DANNI, steps out with a large rock and places it on the podium. She gestures over it, smiles, then exits.

BILL BAILEY: Not exactly what I had in mind . . . but it'll do. All right, for the benefit of the home viewing audience, I want to go over the rules of the show one more time. You're all going to receive questions of varying difficulty, along with six possible answers labeled A, B, C, D, E, and F. Your job will be to decipher which is the correct answer among the letters A, B, and C, or D, which is "all of the above," E, which is "none of the above," or F, "some of the above," but only on days of the week that begin with the letter T. We have ten questions for each of you. Danni?

DANNI appears with three brown Kraft envelopes. She hands them to the contestants, gesticulating appropriately.

BILL BAILEY: Now . . . *(Panicking as ROSE opens the envelope.)* Don't open it yet, Rose! Danni, can you help us out here?

DANNI grabs a roll of tape and reseals the envelope. *BILL BAILEY* wipes his forehead in mock relief.

BILL BAILEY: Whew! That was a close one. Can't compromise the game show security, folks. Next time, wait until you receive instructions there, would ya, speedy?

ROSE: Whatever.

BILL BAILEY: Now, you'll have ten questions in the first round. If you get at least seven questions right, we'll allow you to go on to the second round. If you get less, I'm afraid we're going to have to send you off to a remedial game show, like *Blind Date*. Of course, getting seven questions right is only good this week. Next week, you're going to have to get at least eight questions right, and nine the week after that. The option to go to another game show will unfortunately be lost as well, and we will have to keep you here until you get at least nine questions right or we give up and have you turned into *Soylent Green*. Is everybody with me so far? (*Sounds of mumbled questioning.*)

BILL BAILEY: Good. As long as we're all on the same page. Our motto is: No Game Show Contestant Left Behind.

JONAH raises his arm.

ROSE: (*She grabs her nose.*) Oh, please don't do that!

JONAH: Sorry.

BILL BAILEY: Yes, Jonah?

JONAH: Umm, how do we answer the questions? Do we have little buttons for A, B, and - -

BILL BAILEY: You didn't bring a pencil?

JONAH: What?

BILL BAILEY: It distinctly said in your instructions that you were supposed to bring two number two pencils.

JONAH: Really?

BILL BAILEY: Yes.

JONAH: Let me check.

He reaches into his bag and pulls out a phone book-sized document of instructions covered in seaweed. He starts flipping pages. After a few moments . . .

BILL BAILEY: Page 4.

JONAH: Ummm.

He finds the page.

BILL BAILEY: Paragraph 8, subsection 3.

JONAH: Yada yada yada, you will be executed in a style befitting - -

BILL BAILEY: Sub paragraph A, little letter i little letter B little letters ii big A and then number - -

JONAH follows along as he speaks.

JONAH: Oh. *(Beat.)* Ahhh! *(He closes the book.)* Sorry.

BILL BAILEY: Danni?

DANNI appears again, this time with two number two pencils and a knife. She hands JONAH the pencils.

DANNI: We're going to want those back after the show.

JONAH: Right. I'll get them to you.

DANNI grabs his hand and lays it on the podium, then carves a (fake) finger off with the knife. JONAH screams and stares at his hand.

DANNI: I'll just keep this on ice in the back until the show's over.
Don't forget my pencils!

She smiles and gestures over the severed finger, then walks beautifully off stage.

BILL BAILEY: That is some girl, right Jonah?

JONAH: *(Barely able to talk.)* Uh huh. *(JONAH faints.)*

BILL BAILEY: Oh, well. Rosie, it looks like you've got a real shot today, bringing your status of returning champion to an all-time record of four weeks.

ROSE: Whatever. Can I open the envelope now?

BILL BAILEY: You sure can. *(She breaks the seal. A loud chime is heard.)*

BILL BAILEY: Oh, I'm afraid that's all the time we have for today, Rosie.

ROSE: It's Rose, you idiot.

BILL BAILEY: We're going to have to move you to the gym to finish the show, and then we'll report the results to our audience next week on . . . Enigma!

ROSE: I can't believe I came back here for this.

BILL BAILEY: Bye, everybody!

The lights fade to black.

ANNOUNCER: *(Recorded.)* All representations of real people on Enigma are false and should not be taken for real representations. Please mark B on your answer document for "false." All contestants will be eligible to receive one free dinner at the Macaroni Factory after the results of the show have been tabulated and processed by the National Center for Disease Control. If you experienced a rash while watching this program, please use Preparation H ointment. If an itching-burning sensation occurs, please consult a physician. This program assumes no liability for mild side effects caused by the show. And don't forget, coming in April - - Enigma, the home board game! This has been a DesiLu production.

ROSE: *(In the dark.)* Whatever.

LIGHTS rise on:

E.P.T. (PART ONE)

Soft music plays as the lights rise on a WOMAN entering her home. She has a bag in one hand and her purse over her shoulder. She sets the purse down and opens the bag, removing a small box from inside. She opens the box and removes the contents, reads the printed instruction pamphlet, and then exits opposite the way she entered. After a few moments, a MAN enters with a briefcase. He sets it down and starts to exit where the woman did. Then he sees the box. He picks it up and stares at it curiously, his eyes growing wider by the minute. He looks up in time to see the WOMAN re-enter, wearing a robe and looking down at a small, pink stick. She sees him, and they stare at one another for a moment. He shows her the box, and she slowly shakes her head "no." She looks as if she might cry, and the MAN goes to her, holds her. He holds her face to his and smiles. Eventually, she returns the smile. He kisses her softly, and they hold each other. He whispers something in her ear, and she giggles. He picks her up and exits. As she leaves, she tosses the pink stick on the ground. The music builds to a beautiful climax and ends. LIGHTS DIM TO BLACK.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION

Lights rise on a roomful of INQUISITORS and a WOMAN bound to a chair.

HEAD INQUISITOR: All right, all right. Everyone settle down. Percy! I think you've had enough of the cheese dip. If you'll take a seat. Thank you. Okay, welcome everyone to the first meeting of the Spanish Inquisition. Yes, Margaret?

MARGARET: Will we be taking time out later for a water closet break?

HEAD INQUISITOR: We just started, Margaret.

MARGARET: Well, of course we did. But Samuel brought that wonderful mulled wine . . . *(She golf claps, and everyone else follows suit.)* . . . and you probably know this from the country club, that delicious beverage just runs right through me - -

HEAD INQUISITOR: Enough, yes. Thank you for bringing that to our attention, Margaret. We will certainly take time for a break a little bit later.

MARGARET: I think we still have a bundt cake we haven't sampled, either.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Very good, then. A bundt cake break it is, if I may say so.

MARGARET: You may.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Thank you, I did. Now, our invitations had some promotional materials with them. I hope everyone had a chance to read them? *(Beat.)* Gerald, you're looking at the floor a bloody lot right now.

GERALD: I was just wondering if this tile was new. Seems like the last bit wasn't nearly as shiny and fresh.

HEAD INQUISITOR: So you mean to say that you have read the material.

GERALD: I didn't say that at all.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Then you haven't read it.

GERALD: Didn't say that, neither.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Well, which is it, Gerald?

GERALD: Are you getting cross?

HEAD INQUISITOR: No, I'm not getting cross. I'm just wondering if you had a chance to look over the promotional materials I sent you.

GERALD: I don't think I received them.

HEAD INQUISITOR: You had to of.

GERALD: That's not true.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Yes, it is. I included them with the invitation. If you hadn't received the materials, you wouldn't have received the invitation, and then you wouldn't be here tonight at all.

GERALD: Not necessarily.

HEAD INQUISITOR: What do you mean?

GERALD: I mean that you could be wrong.

HEAD INQUISITOR: I understand - -

GERALD: After all, they're synonyms, really. "Not necessarily" and "you could be wrong." Not perfect synonyms like plunder and loot, but synonyms just the same.

MARGARET: Who brought the synonyms tonight, anyway? I thought they were lovely. (*She leads a golf clap.*)

GERALD: You mean cinnamons, dear. The cinnamon buns we ate earlier.

MARGARET: Oh, right. Very good.

GERALD: Delicious, and almost a homonym with synonym, though not quite. Synonym, cinnamon. Not a homonym like there and their.

SHELLY: What?

GERALD: There and their.

SHELLY: They're the same word.

GERALD: Ah, there's another one. They're!

SHELLY: They're the same word.

GERALD: No, dear. I'm spelling them differently.

HEAD INQUISITOR: For crying out loud.

SHELLY: I can't hear it. Say it again.

GERALD: There. Their.

SHELLY: No. Still not hearing it. Are you sure you're spelling them differently?

GERALD: Quite. You see, the "there" is with an "ere," and the "their" is with an "eir." And there's the third "they're" with an "ey're."

MARGARET: Use it in a sentence.

GERALD: I can do all three.

SHELLY: Cannot.

GERALD: I can do all three in a limerick, which is sort of like one sentence but Irish.

HEAD INQUISITOR: What?

GERALD: Listen. There once was a Queen ripe with age/Who believed her sweet charms all the rage/'Til one day, like a fool/She passed wind in the pool/Killing half the king's court and one page. (*Everyone titters.*)

HEAD INQUISITOR: You didn't do it.

GERALD: Do what?

HEAD INQUISITOR: Didn't use their and they're in the limerick. You only used there.

MARGARET: That's true.

SHELLY: Indeed.

GERALD: Yes. But it was clever wasn't it?

SHELLY: Oh, certainly so.

MARGARET: Grand. *(Everyone golf claps.)*

GERALD: Well? Where were we?

HEAD INQUISITOR: I don't remember.

MARGARET: Who's taking notes? Surely someone is writing all of this down. After all, one day this will be looked back upon as a time when history was made.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Margaret. Dear. One day, everything will be looked back upon as a time when history was made. That's what history is.

SHELLY: I think he has you there, love.

MARGARET: No it's not.

SHELLY: I think he does.

MARGARET: Not at all. Everyone knows my husband Bruno, right? *(General agreement is ad-libbed.)*

MARGARET: Well, yesterday Bruno shaved his back. *(General ad-libbed disgust.)*

SHELLY: Love, Bruno is the hairiest man in this part of the world.

MARGARET: Agreed.

GERALD: I once saw him without his shirt and almost shot him for a bear.

HEAD INQUISITOR: There aren't any bears in Spain.

GERALD: There's bears in the circus.

MARGARET: So anyway, he shaved his back, which is now as shiny as a baby's little behind. And that was yesterday. So it's history, right? That's history.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Basically.

MARGARET: Hundreds of years from now, people will read about the huge pile of black, greasy back hair sitting on my kitchen table.

SHELLY: Let's not talk any more about this, dear. Too many synonyms.

GERALD: Cinnamons.

SHELLY: Whatever. I'm feeling a bit off now.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Stop!

Everyone turns to him.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Let's try to return to the point, shall we? I think we were talking about the promotional materials I sent you.

GERALD: I didn't get any promotional - -

HEAD INQUISITOR: Would you shut up, you blithering baby?

OLD MAN: (*Whispering.*) That was alliteration right there. Blithering baby.

HEAD INQUISITOR: If those people who received their promotional materials could be persuaded to share with those who did not.

One LADY takes out a pamphlet.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Only one of you brought the promotional materials?

SHELLY: I didn't receive any.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Oh, bloody hell! (*Turns to another woman.*) Anne, you were the one who folded everything and put it in the envelopes. Would you please tell these cretins that they all received promotional materials?

ANNE, a timid young thing, stands.

ANNE: Ummm. I'd like to thank you all for coming . . .

HEAD INQUISITOR: Anne!

ANNE: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I forgot to put them in the envelopes.

HEAD INQUISITOR: (*Beat.*) You what?

ANNE: Well, it was my turn to bring the snacks for the cricket players, and Manuel was going to be there, and one thing led to another.

HEAD INQUISITOR: You didn't stuff the promotional materials in with the invitations?

The LADY waves hers in the air.

ANNE: I did one.

MARGARET: One's better than none, I always say.

HEAD INQUISITOR: And why didn't you just say so in the first place?

ANNE: Because I knew you'd yell.

HEAD INQUISITOR: I'm . . . not . . . yelling.

ANNE: You will. When everybody's gone and I'm here alone. You'll yell, and then you'll make me play those silly games with you again . . .

HEAD INQUISITOR: Anne . . .

ANNE: Where I dress up like Little Miss Muffet and you get on that spider suit.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Anne!

ANNE: I just hate curds and whey!

HEAD INQUISITOR: Do you have the promotional materials with you?

ANNE: *(Beat.)* Well, of course I do. What kind of a nit do you think I am? *(She grabs a boxful of flyers and shows them to him.)*

HEAD INQUISITOR: If it's not too much trouble, could you please hand them out?

ANNE: Of course. You should've just asked that in the first place.

She hands out the flyers.

GERALD: They're all blank.

ANNE: Oh, I forgot to tell you. The printer said - -

HEAD INQUISITOR: Enough! We don't need any promotional materials. Let's just talk about the Inquisition, shall we? Anybody have any problems with that? I mean, that is the reason we're here today, right?

MARGARET raises her hand. The HEAD INQUISITOR can only bite his lip and nod.

MARGARET: I don't suppose we're close to that break, are we? The mulled wine . . . it's really starting to hit now.

HEAD INQUISITOR: *(Barely.)* Please . . . feel free.

MARGARET: Thank you. Everyone, let's take ten.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Nooo! (*Smiles.*) Not everyone. Just . . . you.

We'll fight through without you for a few minutes.

MARGARET: Oh. All right. If you're sure.

HEAD INQUISITOR: (*Quickly.*) I'm sure.

MARGARET: All right, then. (*She exits.*)

HEAD INQUISITOR: Now . . . what was in the promotional - -
(*MARGARET barges back in.*)

MARGARET: Sorry.

She grabs her bag and exits.

HEAD INQUISITOR: - - materials was simply a list of things we needed to talk about if we were truly going to put this Spanish Inquisition thing into motion. For instance, where would we want to set up shop? What sort of methods might we use to extract confessions from the heretics? Should we have matching outfits, that sort of thing.

GERALD: I'd certainly go for the matching outfits. Maybe something in blue with a white stripe down the side.

SHELLY: We could do parti-coloring, like the minstrels in Italy.

GERALD: Exactly. This pattern here . . . (*Points to one side of his chest.*) . . . the same pattern down here on the stomach.

SHELLY: I think that would be wonderfully gay.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Although your ideas are certainly inspired, I'm not sure the bright colors will go along with our themes of terror and abasement.

SHELLY: Oh, it's all how you present it.

GERALD: Quite right. Fishy Johnny used to beat me up every day when we were kids. Wore yellow like he'd just sprung up from a daisy field.

SHELLY: Daisies are white.

GERALD: Well, Johnny never was very good with colors.

HEAD INQUISITOR: So you see, we might want to go with blacks and grays, maybe a dark green thrown in.

SHELLY: Oh, I see. Dark and mysterious, with perhaps a touch of a jungle motif.

GERALD: It might work.

HEAD INQUISITOR: I'm so glad for your confidence. Next subject: location. Where shall we meet?

OLD MAN: What about here?

HEAD INQUISITOR: No, no. Here won't work. Here's too small. We need room to spread out, really get the branding irons cooking, you know. That sort of thing.

MARGARET re-enters.

MARGARET: What'd I miss?

HEAD INQUISITOR: Nothing really. We'll catch you up as we go.

MARGARET: Catch me up.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Yes.

MARGARET: Well, then how am I going to participate in the conversation? I thought this leaving the room was a bad idea, but the mulled wine, you see - -

HEAD INQUISITOR: Margaret! I saved the most important part of the meeting for your return.

MARGARET: Oh, you did?

HEAD INQUISITOR: Of course. There's no way we could have handled this part without you. We needed your creative energies, your fertile mind.

MARGARET: Oh. Well, then. Proceed.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Thank you.

MARGARET: No, thank you.

HEAD INQUISITOR: Th . . . (*Thinks better of it.*) Allow me to introduce tonight's special guest. This is Helga. She's a heretic.

EVERYONE: Hi, Helga. Hello. (*Etc.*)

THE TEST

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