



THIS IS BULL

By Jeff Dunne

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CHARACTERS

INTERVIEWER	A somewhat bipolar man who is used to being in control and doesn't handle it well when that control is taken away.
APPLICANT	A woman who wants to be a professional writer, and is not going to accept the absurd, artificial limitations being imposed upon her.
SECOND APPLICANT	Another left-handed person looking to be a writer.

SETTING

A basic, modern-day office. The script is intended to be performed with British accents and timing.

(It is an office setting, and a surly Interviewer is sitting behind a desk. On the desk are a few stacks of papers, a clipboard, some writing implements, and a pair of stress balls. He has just finished an interview and is calling out without looking up...)

INTERVIEWER

Next!

(Applicant enters carrying a folded newspaper, and a bag with papers. Interviewer still does not look up.)

Yes?

APPLICANT

Good morning!

INTERVIEWER

Is it? How nice.

(Applicant is taken aback, unsure how to respond.)

Well?

APPLICANT

Well?

INTERVIEWER

(Loses patience, calls out...)

Next!

APPLICANT

No no no no no. I'm here to apply for a job.

INTERVIEWER

Another matador is it? Very well, have a seat and we'll—

APPLICANT

Matador? No. No no no.

(Applicant unfolds the newspaper as she sits.)

APPLICANT (CONT)

This one. I want to... You hire matadors? *(Before Interviewer can respond...)*
Never mind.

(Points to a spot in the paper so Interviewer can see it.)

Here. I want to be a writer.

(The demeanor of the Interviewer changes entirely, and he is now extremely happy.)

INTERVIEWER

A writer!? That's excellent! All morning long it's been matador after matador, and not a one of them qualified for the position. Can you believe it?

APPLICANT

Well, let me assure you, I am definitely qualified for this. I have a degree in English from Cambridge, and two masters from NYU, one in journalism and the other—

INTERVIEWER

That's excellent. I mean really excellent. What about work experience, though? Do you have a portfolio?

APPLICANT

Oh yes. Definitely. I worked as a freelance writer for the past four years, and have had works published in over three dozen—

INTERVIEWER

Fine, fine. Jolly good. Really impressive.

APPLICANT

(Reaching into her bag to retrieve a stack of papers...)

I brought some samples if you—

INTERVIEWER

Chocolates?

APPLICANT

(Looks at Interviewer, then glances down at the portfolio, then back.)

What?

INTERVIEWER

Are they chocolates?

APPLICANT

N- n- no. *Writing* samples.

INTERVIEWER

Oh. Well, alright then.

(Applicant tries to hand them over, but Interviewer waves them away.)

No need for all that. I'm sure they're excellent. And just between you and me, well, we'd hire you even if they were atrocious.

APPLICANT

What?

INTERVIEWER

(Uncomfortable pause, then unnerving laugh.)

Just a little joke there. Ha ha ha! *(Beat)* But it's not, really. I mean, we've been trying to find a writer for so long that, well, honestly, we'd rather given up hope. If you're able to string two gerunds together you'll be—

APPLICANT

Two gerunds?

INTERVIEWER

Is that not what they're called? Well, you know what I mean. Alright then, just a few simple tests...

(Interviewer scrambles looking for the clipboard...)

What... uh... what is... *(still looking...)* a... gerund?

(Finds the clipboard, then looks up at Applicant?)

APPLICANT

Is that... is that one of the tests?

INTERVIEWER

Oh heavens no. I've just always wondered. We have a bit of a pool going, actually. Herbert in accounting thinks it's a type of motorcar, and Aubrey in the front office insists it's just short for Jeremy.