

A script from



“To Tell the Truth”

by
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- What** A spin on the old Frankenstein movie, a thankful believer is led to a “torture chamber” by Igor, but cannot be swayed to crack under the pressure. This script is perfect to segue from Halloween/Fall Festival into Thanksgiving.
Themes: Thankfulness, Grateful, Attitude, Blessings, Perspective, Witness
- Who** Igor
Victim- female
Punisher
Boom Boom
- When** Present
- Wear** (Props) You can go as big (mad scientist lab, lights, table, test tubes, etc.) or as small (a simple stool for the victim) as you’d like.
Lab coat and gloves (use rubber kitchen gloves) for Punisher
Cloak/Cape for Igor
Cape for Boom Boom
- Why** James 1:17
- How** Punisher, Igor and Boom Boom are meant to be over-the-top in character. The Victim is the opposite of this with her resolute and grateful attitude. Have fun with this!
- Time** Approximately 6 minutes

Igor enters with **Victim** walking behind him.

Igor: Walk this way, madam. Very good...you've got a natural limp. But don't forget to drool whenever you glare. That's the secret to top notch dungeon work, you know— showmanship!

Victim: I'll try to keep that in mind.

Punisher: (*Enters*) Welcome my precious pretty to the chamber of unimaginable torture. Mind the new carpet, please.

Igor: We go through ever so many new carpets. (*Realizing he's said too much*) I won't say why just now—

Victim: What am I doing here?

Punisher: I have good news and bad news on that score.

Victim: Give me the bad news.

Punisher: We are here to torture you until you tell us what you have been hiding all these years.

Victim: So what's the good news?

Punisher: That you'll probably do a lot of screaming before you start talking, right Igor?

Igor: It's funny because it's true, master.

Victim: What makes you think I'll talk?

Punisher: We have ways my little lamb— so many ways. Igor! The thrashing kit!

Igor: Appetizers coming up!

Punisher: We'll begin with forty lashes from a wet noodle then fifty lashes from a moist chainsaw and then one hundred and twelve lashes from a slightly moist light saber.

Igor: An elegant torture device for a more civilized age.

Victim: That sounds impossible.

Punisher: Anything is possible in the chamber of unimaginable torture my dainty little kumquat. And if your resolve withstands the symphony of nails on a chalkboard in D minor—

Igor: I've been growing them out for just this occasion.

Punisher: —then you will face the unspeakable, not to mention the unintelligible, machinations of my assistant Madame de Boom Boom!

Boom: *(Enters)* Boom. Boom. Boom.

Victim: Don't make me laugh.

Punisher: No worries there my semi-sweet nestle Tollhouse morsel. Now my dear, are you perhaps familiar with a singer songwriter by the name of *(beat for dramatic effect)* Morris Albert?

Victim: What?

Punisher: Boom Boom! Sound check (**Boom** harmonizes her scales using only the word, "Boom"). Igor! Mood lighting!

Igor: Don't you mean "doom lighting" master?

Victim: No please! It's too horrible!

Punisher: Hit it, baby! (**Boom** sings "Feelings/Nothing more than feelings..." using only the word "Boom").

Victim: Alright! Alright! I'll talk. I'll talk!

Punisher: Frabjuous!

Igor: Disappointing.

Boom: Boom!

Victim: I've never admitted this to anyone you understand...no one. I've kept it secret so long. God has blessed me!

Punisher: I knew it!

Igor: It's always the quiet ones (**Boom** imitates the sound of "ominous horns" using only the word "Boom").

Victim: He's been blessing me my whole entire life...I don't know why I tried to deny it.

Punisher: No more hiding from the truth anymore my little Cadbury Caramel Cream Egg. And now that you've been forced to reveal your deepest secret in the chamber of unimaginable torture, how does that make you feel?

Victim: I—

Igor: Hmmm?

Victim: I—

Boom: Boom?

Victim: I feel pretty good actually.

Punisher: What?

Victim: Yeah. Holding in all those blessings made me feel like I was missing out on something important. I mean, what's the point of having God rescue you from a tight situation, send a special person along to listen to your problems or just set the sun to rise and set so you can warm your face? I mean what's the point of all that if you never share it to help someone on their journey? I think I'll share my blessings more often from now on.

Punisher: That's not necessary my little—

Igor: Something is horribly wrong!

Boom: Boom. Boom. Boom.

Victim: Did you know that if I hadn't gone on that mission trip then I would have never met my best friend?

Igor: Really there's no need to—

Victim: And all it takes for me to get in a better mood sometimes is just to pray.

Boom: Boom. Boom.

Victim: I have a job. I have a family. Thank you, God!

Punisher: Alright that's it! Obviously you've missed the whole point of the chamber of— forget it! Look here my little...my little...look here little missy: get out of here! Vamoose! Savvy?

Igor: And don't limp back until you're ready to writhe in hideous agony!

Victim: It might be a while before—

Boom: Boom!

Victim: God bless all of you (**Victim exits**).

Punisher: Always the same— get them to talk and you can't shut them up.

Igor: Such a waste.

Boom: Blast.

Punisher: Huh?

Lights out.