

# THE EVALUATION

a short play by  
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EVALUATOR, male or female  
ROGER, male, mid-forties

*An office. The EVALUATOR, dressed as a business professional, sits in a chair behind a desk. There is another chair in front of the desk. On the desk are a large number of manila folders in several stacks. Upstage is a whiteboard with dry-erase markers in several colors. There are two doors, one right and one left, but these may simply be implied.*

*After a moment, ROGER enters. He is in his mid-forties, dressed in casual clothes.*

EVALUATOR (*brightly*)  
Come in, come in! Please, have a seat.

ROGER  
Okay. (*He hesitantly comes in and sits in the empty chair.*) I'm not quite sure what's going on.

EVALUATOR  
No? They didn't explain it to you out front? Typical. Well, Mr...?

ROGER  
Blakely. Roger Blakely.

EVALUATOR  
Ah. (*S/He rummages through the files, and finds the one s/he is looking for in one of the stacks.*) Roger... Blakely. Well, Mr. Blakely... May I call you Roger?

ROGER  
Um. Sure.

EVALUATOR  
Well, Roger, the long and the short of it is, you're dead.

ROGER  
Dead?

EVALUATOR  
Dead. Cause of death... (*S/He consults the sheet.*) Ooh. Car crash.

ROGER  
Car crash? (*Thinks*) Yeah, the last thing I remember is being at this intersection, seeing this big-assed tractor-trailer and thinking, "I've got the right of way here, bub."

EVALUATOR

I guess he thought the same thing. What were you driving?

ROGER

An Accord.

EVALUATOR

Ah. When you're driving an Accord, it's generally best to assume that the gentleman in the tractor-trailer has the right of way. (Beat.) I suppose it's a little late for me to be giving you this lesson.

ROGER

Yeah.

EVALUATOR

Well, then. Let's move on to other topics, shall we?

ROGER

Yeah... Sorry, I'm still trying to wrap my head around being dead.

EVALUATOR

Yes, I suppose it's a bit of a shock when it first happens. Just sit for a moment and breathe.

ROGER

How can I breathe if I'm dead?

EVALUATOR

If you hadn't noticed, we've recreated your physical body here. In its original state. I mean, you wouldn't want to have it as it was when it was pulled out of the car.

ROGER

Guess not. God, what's going to happen to Ellie?

EVALUATOR

Ellie?

ROGER

My wife. And my kids; I have three kids.

EVALUATOR

Well, did you have life insurance?

ROGER

Uh-huh.

EVALUATOR

Well, then they'll be fine.

ROGER

They'll be a little upset, with me dead.

EVALUATOR

At first, sure. But they'll get over it. Your wife will probably get married again in a couple of years.

ROGER

Really?

EVALUATOR

Yes. *(Checks the sheet again.)* Oh, and to a man who makes a considerably higher salary than you did. I don't think you need to worry about your family.

ROGER

Great.

EVALUATOR

Now, let's talk about you, Mr. Blakely. Roger. Now, I suppose you have some ideas about what things are like here in what you would call the afterlife...

ROGER

Not really. I wasn't what you'd call religious.

EVALUATOR

Oh, you would be surprised at the things I call religious. But I believe that one notion commonly kicked around in the mortal world is that once you've left that particular plane, you become subject to an evaluation.

ROGER

Evaluation?

EVALUATOR

Yes. And that happens to be true. If you are considered worthy, you are allowed to ascend up to the Blessed Kingdom and spend the rest of eternity in bliss.

ROGER

...And if I'm not worthy?

EVALUATOR

Then you go to another destination, where things aren't quite so blissful.

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