

**The Audience, a play in One Act by James Klalo**

**Cast of Characters:**

**Marc Earlen**

**Theresa**

**The Secretary**

*(At center stage is a desk, upon which sits a computer, intercom, and telephone. The secretary sits, typing as usual. Marc earlen rushes onto stage, carrying a plethora of binders and folders, quickly composes himself, and addresses the secretary.)*

Marc: *(Calmly with edge)* Where is she.

The Secretary: *(Without looking up)* Name?

Marc: You know exactly who I am, allow me through, I have an appointment.

The Secretary: *(stops her typing, silence fills the room, reaching over with her hand she clicks the intercom.)* He is here to see you.

*(The door to the following room opens, Marc begins to walk, but does not move, instead the set around him moves, sliding towards him until he passes through. The area of the secretary goes dark. The new room he is in resembles that of a conference room, a long table sits within the center lacking any chairs. Three identically dressed men stand at the opposite end of the room, Theresa, the mayor elect, is next to this group of men. Once she notices the entrance of Marc she funnels the three men out of the room through a door situated directly across from the one Marc entered through.)*

Marc:*(walks over to the center of the table, places down his stack of binders and folders. Many of them flop over causing papers to fall, Marc shows no care to this disarray)* I want to make this quick.

Theresa: Doubtful, but okay. *(Remains exactly where she is)*

Marc: With respects to the building, demolition is the only option which is sane. Considering the age, economics, and overall aesthetics of the surrounding area.

*(Theresa begins to speak and voice objection but is instantly cut short by Marc, who turns and begins to rush through the pile of binders and folders)*

Marc: Just... see this *(Binders and folders fly open and shut, papers float to the ground, others slide past the table. Occasionally Marc lifts ones to read, but quickly discards it amongst the other rejects)* report! *(He snatches of a single leaf of paper, marches to Theresa and shoves it into her hands)*

Theresa: *(Glossing over the paper, she pulls it away from her face)* This is nonsense.

Marc: No, give me it, your eyes deceive you *(He takes back the paper, and pulls over an overhead projector lying in the corner of the room, he projects the paper onto the bare wall. The contents of the paper, albeit sloppily put together, do make sense.)* It clearly shows everything you need to know, even in color, you know how expensive colored ink is!?

Theresa:*(Unemotional Sarcasm)* Brash to be spending so much now, especially on such a folly as this. With spending habits like that you can have a sure run for the White house.

Marc:*(Ignoring the latter jab)* That's why we need to demolish it, the town can save thousands a year, no more upkeep and cleaning, and once this recession has passed we can sell the land for a good return.

Theresa: No.

Marc: Hell, we don't even have to bulldoze it, we can turn it into a homeless shelter or soup kitchen. I mean we already have one vagrant living, why not a hundred. Wouldn't it be better to have the building at least function in some way.

Theresa: I honestly wonder. *(Sighs)* how you have not been released from your position. You have no concept of the job you actually have; you're not civil planner; head of the zoning committee; or even a part of any elected OR appointed position which could have this authority. Your job is simply to inspect and insure that town building and property codes are met and enforced, and from what I know now 72 West Main Street is entirely within code. I assure that's what your papers, the ones which you should actually be investing time in, say.

Marc:*(Slams fist into table)* That doesn't matter, it goes beyond all of that. I know that my stagnation in this isn't from my position. For the past five years I've worked on this project, and every time I put forth with it, I got mum. Whether it was from the government or the owner I had no ability to demolish the eyesore. I'd sit spending my free time, fishing for a way to progress, but to no avail.*(Changes tone)* Of course that changed, with the housing bubble, and the recession it caused, the owner went bankrupt, finally the building was in my hands. Then you arrive and muck it all up. Why?*(exaggerated shrug)* well that's the only thing I can possibly, maybe find out.

*(The Secretary arrives in the room, Marc does not realize)*

Marc: And whether I'm seeing things or not, I know something is behind it all. That building is larger than its physical presence. Those men in black, who were here before, I'll bet my entire life that they were here for that building and nothing else. What is it, are you freemasons, you have to protect the stone building, is that what freemasons are about?!

Theresa:*(unchanged from the outburst)* You absolutely out of your mind, and that isn't hyperbole. You remain stationary while the entire world moves around you, maybe if you relaxed and saw how everything functioned around here, you might regain your wits. I'll be discussing

with your supervisor about our meeting today. You will be lucky to clock in tomorrow. Sarah  
*(The secretary)* can you show him the way out.

*(Marc turns around and begins to walk, again he remains stationary and the entire set around him slides back to the secretaries desk outside of the conference room, the secretary quickly follows him and shuts the door. The conference room goes dark, although in the dim light you can make out Theresa bringing in the three men from before, her silhouette seems to make motion of laughter to them. Marc and the secretary begin to speak to each other)*

Marc: I have no idea where to go now.

The Secretary: *(in her usual monotone voice)* Compile a new resume.

Marc: They're not getting rid of me. I'm instrumental to this entire plan, if not, I would've been given the slip years ago.

The Secretary: *(More sincere)* Then I wish you luck.

*(Marc turns to leave the office, but before leaving turns to the secretary)*

Marc: Have I gone mad?

The Secretary: Yes, but you're not tilting at windmills.

*(the set slides away from marc, and the stage goes completely dark)*