

# **YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?**

## **A SEVEN MINUTE COMEDY SKETCH**

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## YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

*Setting: A typical manger's office. There is a single door leading into the office. There is a desk with a phone and a sheaf of papers which the manager will consult. There are two chairs – both armchairs. The one armchair for Roger should have those narrow type of arms that look a bit flimsy. Lights up on the stage. There is a man seated behind the desk. There is a knock at the door.*

Mr Smith: C- *(The door opens before he can finish his sentence)*

Roger: *(Pops his head cheerily round the door)* You wanted to see me?

Mr Smith: Yes. *(Wearily)* Roger. Do come in.

*(Roger enters and approaches the desk)*

Roger: Lovely day, isn't it, Mr Smith?

Mr Smith: Thank you for coming, Roger. Won't you sit down? *(Indicates the chair)*

Roger: I'd rather stand, if that's okay?

Mr Smith: As you wish. Now, Roger, I've summoned you here today to, er, have a meeting.

Roger: Meeting? Oh dear. I hope it isn't anything too ominous

Mr Smith: Yes. *(Clears throat)* Well. To begin, and I wish you would sit down, *(Roger decides to compromise and sits on the arm of the office chair and then slips off at some point of the conversation. He is also uncomfortable so should keep shifting. When he slips off, his boss should stop talking stare at him then resume)* I must stress at the outset of this meeting that it's nothing to do with the quality of your work, which is, as always, excellent. You fit in well with your co-workers. Your attire is neat and tidy. All these things are what we look for in an employee at Smith, Smith, Smith and Kowalowitz.

Roger: Well, that's great to hear, ahaha *(Nervously)*

Mr Smith: Roger, I'm going to be frank with you.

Roger: Frank?

Mr Smith: This cannot go on.

Roger: *(Slips off the chair)* It can't?

Mr Smith: No. It's absolutely unacceptable.

Roger: Unacceptable?

Mr Smith: Are you questioning me, Roger?

Roger: Oh, no. No definitely not. *(Gets back onto the chair)*

Mr Smith: It's the third time this week.

Roger: I'm Sorry.

Mr Smith: Well that's good to hear, Roger, but this time I'm afraid that "sorry" just isn't enough.

Roger: It isn't?

Mr Smith: Words are just words, Roger. Without the actions to back them up, they might as well be mumbo jumbo. Don't you agree?

Roger: Oh, yes, completely.

Mr Smith: So what are you going to do about it?

Roger: It won't happen again, sir.

Mr Smith: What won't?

Roger: Er, it?

Mr Smith: Roger! Do you know what I'm talking about?

Roger: Er, no, sorry. No. I don't.

Mr Smith: Roger! Then why were you pretending that you did?

Roger: Don't know, sir.

Mr Smith: Oh, for ..... sake, Roger! What time do you start work?

Roger: Er, nine o'clock?

Mr Smith: I beg to differ.

Roger: You do?

Mr Smith: And so does your line manager. Nine o'clock is the time you are supposed to start work. Correct me if I'm wrong.

Roger: Okay, I will.

Mr Smith: I beg your pardon?

Roger: I will correct you if you're wrong, sir.

Mr Smith: Oh. Anyway to get back to what I was saying.

Roger: Yes, sir?

Mr Smith: Your line manager tells me that instead of arriving at work at nine am sharp, you wander in, sometimes at nine, sometimes at nine thirty and last week you arrived at work no earlier than eleven am on one occasion!

Roger: Really? (*Surprised*)

Mr Smith: And do you know what you said when he asked you why you had arrived at work so late?

Roger: No, sir?

Mr Smith: Well, I'll refresh your memory. You said that you had taken a second job as a dog walker in the mornings and one of the dogs had been kidnapped and you had been forced to pay the ransom for it.

Roger: Oh, yes. Terrible day. Poor Floopsie was in shock by the time I got him back.

Mr Smith: I see.

Roger: Well, that's all sorted out, then.

Mr Smith: Now, if this had been an isolated incident, Roger, we wouldn't have thought a thing of it.

Roger: Oh?

Mr Smith: But, (*Consults notes*) sadly it isn't. Not in the slightest. Which starts to make your story far less credible. And far more incredible if you don't mind me saying so.

Roger: I can produce a photo of Floopsie if you want? I can bring one in later today.

Mr Smith: What sort of dog is this 'Floopsie' then?

Roger: Oh, he's a mongrelly type, I think.

Mr Smith: So you want to produce a photo of a dog. A photo of a mongrelly sort of dog to prove your story?

Roger: Yes.

Mr Smith: You do realise that even I could produce a photo of a mongrelly dog on my phone at this very minute?

Roger: Mr Smith! You don't mean you were involved with (*Softly*) the petnapping of Floopsie?

Mr Smith: No! I am merely trying to prove a point!

Roger: Oh.

Mr Smith: So tell me, Roger, what does a ransom for a dog go for nowadays?

Roger: Five hundred thousand pounds.

Mr Smith: So you are telling me that you, an office worker who has to take on a second job was somehow able to pay the ransom of five hundred thousand pounds?

Roger: Insurance. You can't do a thing without pet insurance nowadays. It's absolutely fundamental.

Mr Smith: Fine. Let's just ignore that one, shall we? I don't see us making any headway, honestly. Let's have a look at some of the others, shall we?

Roger: Certainly.

Mr Smith: Let's pick a random week. Ah – here's one. You arrived at work at 10.15 am, not nine and the excuse you gave was, let's see – a giant flock of bunnies running past the door of your house prevented you leaving the property on time.

Roger: Perfectly true. The correct collective noun for rabbits is a fluffle but I wrote flock as I didn't think my line manager would take me seriously if I wrote fluffle.

Mr Smith: I'm going to be honest here, Roger and tell you that I seriously doubt that.