

Clear Out

Scene: an office. Cast: Cleaners a Shop Steward, other cleaners. Manager is sitting behind his desk speaking to somebody on the phone.

- M** OK, I'm really pleased that you called. I'm sure we can do some sort of deal
- Cleaners enter and switch hoover on*
- M** just a minute I can hardly hear myself thing (*holds phone*) Will you please switch that thing off!
- S** (*leaving hoover on*) Pardon... I can't hear you!
- M** (*switches hoover off*) I said, switch this thing off (*releases phone*) Just a noisy cleaner. As i was saying, this is the most important deal in the history of both my companies.
- S** (*prodding him*) Excuse me.. you shouldn't have done that.
- M** (*holding phone*) Will you just push off. I've got an important call on.
- S** How dare you switch my hoover off.
- M** How dare you interrupt me. Do you know who I am.
- S** You're the man who is stopping me get on with my job. How dare **you** switch my hoover off. You are not demarcated to operate electrical machinery.
- M** I'm a senior manager so I'll do whatever I like with **my** machinery.
- S** Oh, it's like that is it. As shop steward for the cleaners I could make this very difficult for you.
- M** What I need you to do is to keep that hoover switched off while I am on my call **please**
- S** Well as you have said please I suppose I will.
- M continues on phone ad lib as S starts to first empty his bin and then throws all the files on his desk and everything except the phone into the bin*
- M** Just a minute, how dare you do that to my desk
- S switches on the hoover again and ignores him. He gets up to turn the hoover off while she throws his phone into the bin.*
- M** Just what is going on here!
- S** I've been told to clear out this office.
- M** But this is **my** office get out straight away.
- S** I have my instructions
- M** Whose instructions?
- S** They come straight from the Managing Director
- M** Well I am telling you, get out of my office because I am in charge here.
- S** If that's you're attitude then it's one out, all out. (*shouts off stage*) Everybody out – management is unreasonable. (*turns to manager*) We could be out weeks. Oh, I picked this letter up from your desk. (*leaves offstage*)
- M** Huh, unions, never did care for them (*opens letter and reads it*) I don't believe it. Redundant! How can I be redundant? I manage this place! Absolutely ridiculous! (*thinks*) Hang on a minute can I join your union (*rushes out*)