

GET OUT OF HERE!

By

Cast of Characters In Order of Appearance

Cyprus, a man in his 50s

Peter, a man in his 30s

A receptionist, any age

The play takes place in the lobby of a professional office. As the play opens, we see a middle-aged man with a brief case obviously dressed for an interview. He is seated toward the back of the room paging through a magazine. In all respects, he presents a decidedly polished look, admirable seated posture, clothes impeccably tailored, stylish glasses, hair short and neat, the very picture of an urban professional with one, shall we say, minuscule exception: He has a beard but only on the left side of his face. The right side of his face is clean shaven. After a moment, another man, much younger, enters with a brief case, also very professional looking. He, however, is clean shaven on both sides of his face. The second man approaches the front desk, and seeing no one there, looks at his watch and takes a seat. After a moment, the second man scans the waiting room and notices the first man. The second man is startled to see the first man and takes a moment to register his appearance.

Peter: Hi there.

Cyprus: Hello.

Peter: You here for the job too?

Cyprus: Yes. Yes, I am.

Peter: I expected to see a receptionist or something. We seem to be the only ones here.

Cyprus: I'm pretty sure I heard someone back there. I'm sure he's here.

Peter: Well, it is Saturday, so it's not surprising that the office is empty. What time is your appointment?

Cyprus: 2:20

Peter: Wait. That can't be right because mine is 2:15.

Cyprus. No, that's probably right.

Peter: Yours is probably 3:20. I guess you just got here early, huh?

Cyprus: No, I'm quite sure it's 2:20. I confirmed it with the office manager. In fact, it was sent as an invitation. It's on my calendar. Do you want to see?

Peter: No, that's all...Well, yeah, if you don't mind. (He gets up and walks over to Cyprus who holds up his phone.) What do you make of that? Let me take a look at my invitation. (He accesses it.) Here it is. (He shows Cyprus.) 2:15. Same day, Saturday. Today. They really messed up.

Cyprus: Why do you say that?

Peter: Well, because, obviously if they keep to the schedule, I would only have five minutes for my interview.

Cyprus: Well, they might extend your time. They might push me time back to, I don't know, 2:25. (This is apparently spoken with no sense of irony.) I'm all right with that. I don't have anything else going on today.

Peter: Yeah, but that would only...

Cyprus: Really, I wouldn't mind waiting the extra time. It's not a problem.

Peter: Okay then. (Pause.) I'm Peter. (Extends his hand. They shake hands.)

Cyprus: Cyprus.

Peter: Cyrus?

Cyprus: No, Cyprus.

Peter: Like the...

Cyprus: Island. Yeah.

Peter: Well, nice to meet you Mr. Cyprus.

Cyprus: My first name is Cyprus.

Peter: Oh.

Cyprus: And your first name is Peter.

Peter: Yes.

Cyprus: Of course, that *could* also be your last name.

Peter: Yes, it *could*, I guess.

Cyprus: But in your case, I'm surmising from the way you introduced yourself that it is indeed just your first name.

Peter: It is indeed.

Cyprus: I'm glad.

Peter: I'm sorry?

Cyprus: I'm not. Peter seems to me a perfectly fine first name. You shouldn't be sorry.

Peter: I'm not.

Cyprus: I'm glad.

Peter: Now if my last name was also Peter, then I probably *wouldn't* be glad.

Cyprus: Why is that?

Peter: Well, because it's just weird to have the same first name and last name. Sirhan Sirhan. Lisa Lisa.

Cyprus: Lisa Lisa?

Peter: Lisa Lisa...and Cult Jam.

Cyprus: Oh yes. The singer.

Peter: Whenever I think of the RFK assassination I can't help also thinking about Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam. Isn't that the craziest thing?

Cyprus: Hmm. Novel juxtaposition.

Peter: Yeah. (Pause.) You wouldn't want to double up my name. No way. Peter Peter...Pumpkin Eater.

Cyprus: You would stand out.

Peter: Well yeah, but that would have been a cruel thing indeed for my parents to have done to me. Don't you think?

Cyprus: To have you stand out?

Peter: That way. Yes. (Pause.) You don't agree?

Cyprus: Well, I haven't given it much thought.

Peter: Oh. Because...I was just...

Cyprus: Yes?

Peter: Well, I couldn't help but notice...

Cyprus: What? Do I have something in my teeth?

Peter: No...(Pause.) I couldn't help but notice...I mean, talking about *standing out*...

Cyprus: Yes?

Peter: Well, hell. You're here for an interview and you're wearing only half a beard. A beard on only one side of your face.

Cyprus: Ah, you noticed that.

Peter: Well yeah. It's kinda hard not to.

Cyprus: And you think that's...

Peter: Well, you've got to admit, that's pretty...

Cyprus: Yes?

Peter: That's pretty...unusual.

Cyprus: Don't typically run into that, do you?

Peter: *No!* Not typically. In fact, not ever, anywhere, anytime. *That's* a new one.

Cyprus: I see.

Peter: Just saying. No offense intended.

Cyprus: None taken. What if I were to tell you I grew this beard this way specifically for this job interview?

Peter: Get out! You're messing with me.

Cyprus: Okay.

Peter: So what's the deal? You can't be serious about this job coming in here like that.

Cyprus: What If I were to tell you that I am only able to grow hair on the left side of my face? Would that be okay with you then?

Peter: Wait a minute. You're screwing with me again.

Cyprus: Am I?

Peter: Nobody can *just* grow a beard on one side of their face. Beard growth is always a two-sided facial phenomenon.

Cyprus: Is that a fact?

Peter: Yes, that's a fact.

Cyprus: And what documentation can you produce to undergird your rock solid contention that beard growth is *invariably* a two-sided facial phenomenon as you put it?

Peter: What?

Cyprus: It's not a common condition, I grant you, but it's not unheard of. (Points to the left side of his face.) Case in point.

Peter: Wait a minute.

Cyprus: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio."

Peter: What's that?

Cyprus: Hamlet.

Peter: Hamlet. (Pause.) So you're saying...

Cyprus: It's very rare. Exceedingly rare.

Peter: Okay, let's just say for the sake of argument that it's a...*thing*.

Cyprus: A thing?

Peter: Yeah, a thing. A *rare* thing. A condition, like you say.

Cyprus: *Very* rare.

Peter: Duly noted.

Cyprus: Yes?

Peter: That doesn't explain...

Cyprus: Doesn't explain what?

Peter: You're coming into an interview with half a freaking beard! Setting aside that this is a very conservative firm, I mean nobody who wasn't applying for a job with the circus would show up like this.

Cyprus: You seem threatened somehow.

Peter: Threatened? No. I'm not *threatened*. I'm sure that five minute interview slot is all I'm going to need after they get a look at you. I mean, come on, man. Get real.

Cyprus: I told you. I can't grow a beard on both sides of my face. I'm sorry if my inability to do so offends your sense of propriety.

Peter: That's not what I'm talking about!

Cyprus: Then what?

Peter: Okay then, I'll spell it out. If, and I'm only saying *if* I had such a condition, as you say, I sure as hell would make a habit of shaving that side of my face everyday! I wouldn't walk around with half a freaking beard in public, much less appearing for an interview looking like that and most especially not with Kensey Martin of *all* firms!

Cyprus: I see.

Peter: And what kind of first name is Cyprus? What's your last name?

Cyprus: Cyprus.

Peter: No, your last name.

Cyprus: I told you.

Peter: Get *out* of here! (A receptionist enters from the office.)

Receptionist: Mr. Blackhurst?

Peter: Yes?

Receptionist: We're ready for you now.

Peter: Thank you. (He gets up and heads toward the back office following the receptionist. Just then, he turns around to Cyprus.) Wait till I tell my wife about this. This *has* been fun, Mr. Mediterranean Isle. (To the Receptionist.) That's Cyprus. Not Cyrus. Cyprus. He's interviewing after me. You'll want to make sure you get his name right.

Receptionist: Mr. Cyprus?

Peter: Yeah, if you haven't already, you'll enjoy meeting him.

Receptionist: No, you're mistaken. That's Mr. Kensey.

Peter: No, that's...

Receptionist: Mr. Kensey. The senior partner.

Cyprus: That's all right, Sally. Mr. Blackhurst and I can talk out here.

Receptionist: Very well, Mr. Kensey. (She exits.)

Peter: Oh no. Oh, this is too...So this is all...

Cyprus: Yes.

Peter: Why? Why the charade?

Cyprus: I wanted to get a real sense of you, Peter. I know all about your credentials. There's no doubt in my mind that you have all the qualifications and experience to excel in this job, but I wanted to get a feel for what kind of a guy you were. Underneath the resume and the Brooks Brothers suit.

Peter: And I guess you found out.

Cyprus: I think I did. Can you start in two weeks?

Peter: What?

Cyprus: You heard me.

Peter: But after what I...

Cyprus: What about it? It was great fun meeting you. I had a ball. You were real, and I liked you right away. I have no doubt you will thrive here. By the way, the other two candidates for the job never engaged me. They saw me sitting back here the same way you did. They just sat quietly until they were called in to be interviewed by one of the junior associates. But what really sealed it for me was the connection you made between Lisa Lisa and Robert F. Kennedy. Now, anyone with a mind nimble enough to put those two people together is someone I want working for me. Now, *that's* what I call outside the box thinking. (The receptionist enters and attends to matters at the front desk.)

Peter: (He laughs.) Oh my God.

Cyprus: The job is yours if you want it.

Peter: You're serious. That's it? That was the interview?

Cyprus: We're all done. Go home. Think about it. Talk it over with your wife.

Peter: Oh I will. Oh...uh, the salary I was quoted over the phone?

Cyprus: Yes?

Peter: Is that a firm...?

Cyprus: No.

Peter: No?

Cyprus: No. That feels a shade inadequate now that I think about it. I think I'll add \$10,000 to that figure. Yes.

Peter: (He smiles, nods, and they shake hands. Peter starts for the exit and turns back a step to Cyprus.) The beard.

Cyprus: You're right. No such condition. It's coming off in a few minutes. (Peter shakes his head and smiles.)

Peter: And Cyprus Cyprus?

Cyprus: Partial to the island *and* the tree.

Peter: I see. (He laughs softly.)

Receptionist: It's a fun place to work.

Peter: I'll bet.

Cyprus: See you around? (Peter nods smiling and exits.)

CURTAIN