

Let The World See Us

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>SIMON</u> : (Male)	40's
<u>CYRUS</u> : (Female)	67

Place
City

Time
Night

2.

Setting: The play takes place in an expansive high tower office. Dark mahogany wood chairs and chairs on top of Egyptian rugs. Old paintings with dimly lit lights above them. There's a bar alongside one of the walls. Large bay windows overlooking the city. The room is powerful but traditional.

At Rise: Simon stands at the bay window looking out at the city. Cyrus stands in the center of the room listening to Simon.

SIMON: I've become stone, ice. Life has been tough on me, it has shaped me into being something I am not...I used to be this sensitive child, a shy boy, vulnerable, weak even...obsessed with my mother's love, protected. When I stepped foot into this world, I was shown things that were nothing like the bubble I grew up in...I became angry at my mother for loving me so damn much, she kept all harmful things away from me. As a man, I was either going to sink or swim...I had no father, my father was always a piece of shit to me...an anger that still propels me forward...but, through my mother's love, I found inside myself some kind of untapped knowledge, she gave me the foundation to be what I've become...a brute, when necessary. I am disappointed in myself, because I may have gone too far, I may have bitten on more than my heart desires, not because I can't stomach the fight, but more because I don't think it is necessary and I'm struggling to pull myself back and find the younger man I once was.

CYRUS: Innocence can destroy a man.

SIMON: Can it? I think innocence should be with us until death.

CYRUS: You are too close to your promise. To give it all up now, would have been a wasted life.

SIMON: When is enough, enough?

CYRUS: There is never enough. Life depends on how much you can take.

SIMON: I want more knowledge, more passion. I don't want to take on anything anymore. I am content with what I have.

CYRUS: We've all worked incredibly hard for this deal to happen.

SIMON: I know...and then what?

CYRUS: What do you mean?

SIMON: What comes next?

CYRUS: Whatever comes next, Simon.

SIMON: I think we've done enough.

CYRUS: You just need a break from things.

SIMON: I can't afford to take a break. There are too many elements at play right now.

CYRUS: Yes, but if you continue to see things through for a long enough period, you will reach new heights and wasn't it you who said that your work is your holiday?

SIMON: I did say that once. That was a long time ago, when I had passion.

CYRUS: You have passion.

SIMON: Numbers! Everything is numbers. Climb higher Simon, you can go higher Simon. Up! Up! Up! And yes, I love the satisfaction of closing the deal, knowing I've taken what I wanted. But, that's in passing...it only lasts for so long, a fleeting moment full of excitement, that only lasts for the dying, fading moment, until the next chase...hundreds of these wins have been stacked up in a corner as high as a mountain, so high I can no longer see the top, so high, I've become dizzy and confused...looking down and all I see is greed, even for things I didn't necessarily want or need...I've become a slave to myself, Cyrus. I've imprisoned myself.

CYRUS: Rubbish.

SIMON: YEARS in development to finally reach a point where I've had enough.

CYRUS: You must not say such things so loud.

SIMON: I am speaking freely!

CYRUS: Yes, I know, but I don't wish anyone from the board to hear.

SIMON: The board! Are they are on the premises?

CYRUS: Yes, Martin and Donavin.

SIMON: Why?

CYRUS: To congratulate you on today's closing.

SIMON: No congratulations are necessary. Who the hell wants to see those two clowns.

CYRUS: They are your closest allies.

SIMON: Are they? One dumber than the next...riding my coattails for years.

CYRUS: What has gotten into you?

SIMON: Don't think I am not aware that the slightest weakness that should ever come from me, all eyeballs would open wide and for the taking.

CYRUS: Are you saying Martin and Donavin--

SIMON: I'm saying all of you.

CYRUS: Including me?

SIMON looks at CYRUS with a "give me a break" stare.

CYRUS takes a chair and sits.

Why I---I must say, I never imagined you would say such things to me. After all, I've practically raised you as my own son. You are my son. I've always loved you as my son.

SIMON (calmly): You were the one who taught me to never trust even my closest confidant, that means you, does it not?

CYRUS: Even so, your statement could make my ears bleed.

SIMON: Are you really so hurt?

CYRUS stares SIMON in the eyes.

SIMON goes to the bar and makes two drinks. He hands one to CYRUS.

Why didn't you ever marry my mother?

CYRUS: I wanted to marry her. She didn't want to go ahead, too afraid of what you'd all think of her. I don't blame her, it was a different time, things have changed now...how time changes us.

SIMON: You should have married her.

CYRUS: I PROPOSED Simon!...she didn't accept! We kept on and it became what it became, our own unusual relationship...hidden away from the rest of the world. I wanted to show her off to everyone, to feel alive with her by my side, let the world see us, for what we were, two women in love...afraid...

SIMON: I visited her grave yesterday...

CYRUS: Is that what this is all about?

SIMON: It always seems to open up wounds, makes me think deeply about her, about my own life, memories...unfulfilled promises, could have been along the way and more...gets me tangled up inside at times.

CYRUS: I'm sorry she's left us.

SIMON: So am I Cyrus, I'm sorry you lost her. (pause.) I'd like to...I just want to stay here in my office, like this and not see anyone. Can you turn Martin and Donavin away for me, please tell them I've caught some stomach virus and won't be around for a few days. Nothing for them to be alarmed about.

CYRUS: I'm not certain that will be a good idea.

SIMON: Fuck them both.

CYRUS: Simon!

SIMON: I didn't invite them and I'm not in the mood for them. In fact, I was considering having them removed entirely from the board. I think we should take over the board, one by one, make them an offer, close them down for good.

CYRUS: Are you thinking clearly because you sound like you've lost your mind?

SIMON: I want full ownership of my company, Cyrus. We've gotten to where we needed to get and now we don't need the mischievous seven.

CYRUS: I don't think you know what you are really saying.

SIMON: I am all too clear about what I'm saying. You and I both know that they are dirty rotten scoundrels. The kind of men I can't stand. The fact that I've even had them involved to begin with was because it was your idea, which, at the time was a smart one, but now expired.

CYRUS: They will never agree to their removal.

SIMON: That's what lawyers are for.

CYRUS: It will break up the entire company, Simon.

SIMON: It is my company! I want them all out!

CYRUS: There should be a meeting.

SIMON: I couldn't think of anything more dreadful. Seeing their faces, wasting away, they all have that same look...ever notice? GREED. The eyes shrink, the breath reeks of highfalutin speeches about reaching ever higher growth. To live, live like that. Constantly. Isn't there something more to this existence? Something! Everybody wants the tallest building in town and it doesn't matter how it's gotten, they just take, take, take. I want them out. All of those leeches. Out! Not for a second do I want to look at another one of their serpent faces ever again. Lizards! Slithering, blood thirsty lizards. Spent too much time with them as it is, time I shed my own skin.

CYRUS: You can't simply walk away from everything you've built.

SIMON: No. I am not walking away, Cyrus. I am reorganizing. Big difference.

CYRUS: They will not go quietly.

SIMON: Don't you think I already know this. Why should they? No matter what deal they are given, they will still want more. But I have a few tricks up my sleeve. I've already had carefully crafted papers that have been drawn up and ready to go from the high court and these bastards are through. Do you hear me? One by one, I'm shooting them down!

CYRUS: Papers? What papers?

SIMON: Their walking papers.

CYRUS: Oh Simon-

SIMON: I've already called for the removal meeting.

CYRUS: Removal meet---

SIMON: This Friday, gone! No more lying! No more cheating! No more imprisonment!

CYRUS: Give me that seat, I don't feel so well.

SIMON: You can't get weak on me now Cyrus. Don't you see? I am finally going to be myself again. It's taken me years of sacrifice and loathing, years of heartache and torment, years of cheating myself, lying to myself, playing reason with my sanity and now, today, it's time I take back my life!

CYRUS: I'm in bed with them, Simon.

SIMON: What do you mean, in bed?

CYRUS: They own me.

SIMON: What the hell in God's name are you talking about?

CYRUS: They OWN ME!

SIMON: The shares?

CYRUS: Everything...including the necktie I'm wearing.

SIMON: How?

CYRUS: You should be asking when. This goes back at least a decade and slowly but surely they surrounded me, robbed me of my identity. They are going to do this to you...it's their plan, how they operate, I've been wanting to talk to you for the longest time, I was even hoping I'd die before I could tell you the truth... They've been planning against you for quite some time. I'm ashamed...

SIMON: Damn their tricks! Rest easy Cyrus. I've seen this coming since your inception. Do you think I've had shutters on all these years? I knew from day one. I don't blame you. I empathize with you for being so Goddamn stupid. But I won't let them take you! Not while I breathe. You should have come to me way sooner but I understand that you couldn't. Am I angry? I'm Furious. For all your intelligence, Cyrus, they even had you fooled. I'm going to get us out of this. Do you hear me, we are going to break free, together. We need to continue on as if everything is as usual. Set the meeting for next Friday at 4 and you will be present in that meeting, of course, sitting right beside me. When they are given the papers I want you to look very closely at the expression on all their faces, it will be something to remember for the rest of time, it will be the slow key of enlightenment waking up their minds and there is nothing they can do.

CYRUS: But how? Why can't you tell me the details?

SIMON: For as long as they've been conducting their tricks, I've been planting mine.

CYRUS: Well I'll just have to trust you with this one, pour me another drink Simon.

END OF PLAY