

THE MASTER'S DISASTER

by Peter Mangiaracina

The scene takes place in the garden of a British multi-millionaire. As the scene opens he is lounging in the garden. He calls to his butler to get him some refreshment.

MASTER:

Jenkins, come here, please.

JENKINS:

Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

MASTER:

Would you bring me a snifter of cognac, please?

JENKINS:

Ahem, well, I cannot do that sir. We are out of cognac.

MASTER:

Then make it a whiskey.

JENKINS:

We are out of whiskey as well.

MASTER:

Damn it, man! Why hasn't the parlor maid done the liquor shopping? I should fire her.

JENKINS:

You can't fire her, sir.

MASTER:

I most certainly can!

JENKINS:

I'm afraid you can't, sir. She's dead.

MASTER:

Oh! Well... I am sorry to hear that.

(he clears his throat)

In that case, just bring me a glass of water.

JENKINS:

I can't do that, sir.

MASTER:

Why the hell not?

JENKINS:

The water well is polluted, sir.

MASTER:

Polluted? Why?

JENKINS:

The maid drowned in the well.

MASTER:

Okay. See to the clean-up, Jenkins, and then just bring me an apple.

JENKINS:

I'm afraid I cannot do that, sir.

MASTER:

Why?

JENKINS:

The flies have gotten into the storage and eaten the fruit.

MASTER:

Flies? What flies?

JENKINS:

The ones that gathered around the well.

MASTER:

Ohhh...Yes...Of course. I trust you will sort the matter out, Jenkins.

JENKINS:

I will, sir.

MASTER:

Good job, old boy. Now, get me the wine steward. I'd like a nice bottle of Domaine de la Romanee-Conti brought up for dinner.

JENKINS:

The steward is not here, sir.

MASTER:

He's not? Where the devil is he?

JENKINS:

He's trying to put out the fire in the wine cellar.

MASTER:

Good God, man! What fire?

JENKINS:

The one the maid started, sir.

MASTER:

Which maid?

JENKINS:

The maid in the well, sir.

MASTER:

The dead maid started a fire in the wine cellar?

JENKINS:

No. The fire started in the third floor sitting room and spread down to the wine cellar. The maid went to the well to get water to put out the fire and fell in.

MASTER:

Don't just stand there! Call the fire department!

JENKINS:

Can't, sir. The phone lines are down.

MASTER:

Then use your cell phone for pity's sake!

JENKINS:

Sorry, sir. The battery is dead.

MASTER:

(sniffs the air)

I smell smoke!

JENKINS:

That would be the fire. It seems to have spread to the veranda. If you would kindly get up so I can move the lounge chair to the other end of the garden, sir?

THE END