



“HIS APPRENTICE”

Written by Joe Rieger

CAST

Mr. Meek: A humble servant of the Lord serving in a Donald Trump-type role (selecting an apprentice)

Big Tony: Wise guy, big shot

Business Woman: Tough business woman on the cellular phone fast track (VP of sales)

Farnsworth III: Eldridge W. Farnsworth III to be exact. A blue-blooded, Oxford educated snob.

Trudy the Cleaning lady: Humble servant & heir apparent to becoming “His Apprentice”.

SETTING: An office where we find Mr. Meek seated behind a desk and three chairs where the candidates will be seated

Enter three super confident contestants, each strutting their stuff with their game faces on. They all sit down - without being instructed to have a seat – and make themselves at home.

MR MEEK:

Ahem ... won't you have a seat.

BIG TONY:

Hey, who are you? Where's Mr. Trump?

MR MEEK:

Mr. who?

BUSINESS WOMAN:

Helllooo, Trump, as in THE DONALD.

Isn't this the show "The Apprentice" where we compete for a primo job in the Trump Empire and a \$250,000 a year salary?

MR MEEK:

No, actually it's not. My name is Mr. Meek. "THE DONALD" is gone. The network said something about him being billions of dollars in debt and cursed with bad hair.

Actually, I represent a bigger name – the name above all names. For now, let's just call Him the Rock. He is looking for an apprentice of sorts, but one far different from the one you may have in mind. We're looking for servants.

ALL 3 CANDIDATES:

SERVANTS ???

Enter cleaning woman with duster, pail and rag.

FARNSWORGH III:

What, somebody like her over there? Thank you but no thank you. I'm Oxford educated! Please inform "The Rock" that Eldridge W. Farnsworth III doesn't do windows. Good day.

Farnsworth exits in disgust

CLEANING WOMAN:

Oh, I'm sorry sir. Am I disturbing your meeting? Did I offend that gentleman who just left? If so, please forgive me.

MR. MEEK:

No Trudy, you're not disturbing our meeting ... and that gentleman is already disturbed.

BUSINESS WOMAN:

Let's just cut to the chase Mr. Meek (*"Mr. Meek" said with disdain*). What qualifications are you looking for in this apprentice position and what's in it for the winner? Unlike Mr. blue-blood Farnsworth, nobody gave me anything in life. It isn't easy being a woman in the cellular phone business. I had to claw my way to the top. Now I'm VP of sales for the Americas - with over 500 sales people under my command. When I bark, people jump. How many people will report to me?

MR. MEEK:

Well actually no one reports to you or works for you. In fact, this apprentice is expected to serve others... without high visibility, worldly recognition or high pay.

BUSINESS WOMAN:

Oh, that sounds just peachy ... SIGN ME UP WHY DON'T YOU (*said sarcastically*). NOT. I am soooo out of here! Mr. Meek, *you're* fired!

She exits in disgust

CLEANING WOMAN:

Shakes her head and says, My Boss did not come to be served, but to serve and give His life as a ransom for many.

BIG TONY:

Yeah, that's real nice HAZEL, NOW PUT A SOCK IN IT"! So let me get this straight, I would serve people – namely EVERYONE – I got no staff ... I get no recognition and the pay stinks.

MR. MEEK:

Precisely.

BIG TONY:

Are you makin' some kind of joke here? You think this is funny? Do you know who I am? DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I'm Big Tony – a name that sends shivers down people's spines. Not only are you wastin' my time, but you're insultin' Big Tony. Nobody ... NOBODY gets away with insultin' Big Tony. Why I oughta (*motions to hit Mr. Meek and spills coffee on his own*

shoes). Nice, real nice. These are \$2000 Gucci's.

CLEANING WOMAN:

Goes over to Big Tony and gets on her knees to wipe his feet.

“Let me wipe off your shoes sir”.

BIG TONY:

Fuhgettabout it. I'm outta here. You'll answer to Big Tony later.

Storms out

MR. MEEK:

Glances down at the cleaning woman, extends his hand and helps her to her feet.

Why didn't I see it before? Trudy, you're the perfect apprentice. You have all of the qualifications He's looking for.

CLEANING WOMAN:

Who me, the apprentice?

MR. MEEK:

As the Boss says, 'So the last will be first, and the first last. For many are called, but few chosen.'

CLEANING WOMAN

Mr. Meek, it would be my privilege.

MR. MEEK:

“Come; let me get you a cup of coffee”.

Both exit

The End