

Sides from "The Plot"

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Instructions for Audition:

Aaron Timble: One take naturally (true to how you understand
the character)

One take overly sarcastically and/or good-naturedly

Emma Enord: One take naturally (true to how you understand
the character)

One take desperate and/or depressed and/or someone has
wronged you

He storms towards the door, it's Aaron Timble on tumble dry,
and flinging open the door, his rage about to vomit into
words, she clears her throat.

Rushed and bubbly:

EMMA

Good afternoon sir, and
congratulations! Every month, we
select families in our community to
receive a free cemetery space. This
month your family was selected!

She hands a blank Aaron a blank certificate from her
clipboard.

He does not take it.

EMMA

Fill out your certificate first and
then we can get started with the
details!

Behind her, Aaron sees the same GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS. They
run past in the street and just barely brush his front lawn.

AARON

Get off my lawn shitheads! God damn
them.

EMMA

(as if scolding a child)
Do not take the Lord's name in vain
sir.

As if remembering this other speck of nuisance in his day,
he whips his head back to her.

She startles.

AARON.

Ma'am? What makes you think-

EMMA

It's Emma, Emma Enord. A pleasure,
Mr...?

She extends her hand. He does not.

AARON.

Mr. Aaron Timble. Listen, *Ms.*
Enord, I'm not interested in

(MORE)

AARON. (cont'd)
 this...thing. Kindly step off my
 porch. Good day.

He's shut the front door, but only halfway.

EMMA
 Are you not interested in a free
 cemetery plot? Who will be left to
 pay this debt for you?

The door shuts tightly. Through walls she's faded but ever
 shrill, perhaps psychotic:

EMMA
 What do you think happens to us
 when we die?!

...yikes.

Never the bigger man in an argument, and walking back to his
 chair:

AARON
 (yelling)
 I suppose we rot just like
 everybody else! Some of us, in
 hell!

Facing his chair and away from the door, he reaches for his
 newspaper.

EMMA
 Aaron?

What the fuck! He whips around. She is standing right behind
 him in the house.

How?

AARON
 Get the fuck out of my house woman!

EMMA
 Will you feel the same tomorrow?

Aaron is already at the door, opening it for her departure.

AARON
 Out. I want no solicitors, no one
 who breaks into my house, and no
 god damn cemetery plot. Ever. Get
 out!

A comfortable smile spreads like butter on her loosey goosey face.

She leaves and he SLAMS the door behind her.

AARON
Unbelievable.