



RESIGNED  
BY  
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EXTRACT  
  
A SMITH SCRIPT

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# Resigned

A short play by Katherine Luna Gate

CHARACTERS: Malcolm, 55, general manager of an established and prestigious London based American business company; he is tall, attractive, arrogant, patronising and abusive. Has a British accent.

Clare, 42, senior manager at the same company for 7 years. Her boss, Malcolm, has prevented her from stepping up the professional ladder. Tall, elegant, good looking, appears passive (as in, least resistant). She has curly hair and wears flat shoes; she has an American accent.

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*Malcolm is sitting in his office, working on papers spread around his desk. It looks as if he is struggling over something. There's a knock on the door. He prompts to enter without lifting up his head. In comes Clare. She's holding a white envelope in one hand. She shuts the door and walks towards the desk. There's a chair just a few feet from her, but she doesn't sit down. Malcolm sounds stressed out and doesn't even pay attention to her. Without hesitation, she gently places the envelope on the desk, pushing it right in front of his face. Only then, did he acknowledge her presence.*

MALCOLM

Little Claire...

*He looks at the envelope. Clare puts both hands in the pockets of her suit jacket.*

MALCOLM

A gift for me?

*He looks up. She stands in front of the desk without replying, keeping direct eye contact.*

MALCOLM

What is it, what is it? No, let me guess... oh, I love this game... is it a dinner-for-two voucher from Groupon? A year subscription to Playboy? HA! Selfies of you naked on your desk...

*He touches his tie, loosening it, then opens the envelope and reads briefly. His face drops.*

MALCOLM

Well, well... You've finally realised that this is no place for women with curly hair and flat shoes after all. It took you seven years to come to terms with reality. That is probably your highest achievement in the last seven years.

*There's a pause during which they keep eye contact without blinking.*

MALCOLM

Was it something I said?

*Clare does not reply but watches him intently.*

MALCOLM

Well, it can't be something I did.

*Malcolm stands up, loosening his tie a bit more. He walks toward Clare. She takes a deep breath, slowly takes her hands out of her pockets but stays in the same place whilst keeping her eyes on him until Malcolm begins to walk around her in clockwise motion.*