Glass Adam’s Day Off

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**Synopsis:**
Glass Adams, “The world’s most handsome, dangerous, super-agent who could, if provoked, destroy the world within a blink of an eye.” Has been feeling a little unappreciated at work. In this comedy, we follow our hero as he just tries relax and read his damn paper.

**Setting:**
An upperclass living room in an indeterminate location. Set within the modern period.

**Cast of Characters:**

*Glass Adams, Super Agent:* Everyone’s hero who takes himself a bit too seriously.

*The Secretary:* Glass Adam’s secretary. A faithful companion.

*Major Damage:* A villain of great infamy, who isn’t afraid to just talk things out.

*The Goons:* Two burly, thuggish brutes who serve Major Damage

*Menage a Trois:* A French seductress who is unaware of Glass’s feelings for her. Probably.

*The Director:* Glass’s superior and leader of “The Agency.”

*The Agents:* Members of “The Agency.” A minimum of five is required.
(There is a couch and a chair on stage in an L formation. A side table with a telephone on it sits between them. There is a bar in the corner with a tray of drinks on it. Glass Adams in a bathrobe sits on a couch center stage. He is reading a newspaper. He is a dashing british secret agent in his late 20’s to mid 40’s)

(The phone rings.)

Glass Adams: Hello?..... No, no, this is my day off. We’re doing the thing at the library on Thursday….Well, I’m sorry that you spent so much time setting up. That’s not my fault, this has been scheduled for weeks….no, stop that. I am being professional, I haven’t had a day off in 3 years….listen! I will be there on Thursday, right now I need one day where I can just relax…..alright, thank you. See you on Thursday. Say hi to the missus…

(Glass Adams goes back to reading the newspaper, humming and singing to himself the song “Secret Agent Man.” The phone rings. He picks it up and immediately puts it down again. His secretary enters stage right with a tea tray.)

Secretary: Was that Captain Malevolent again?

Glass Adams: (Puts down newspaper) No, that was Skeltetron. You’d think I could take one day off with out every villain in the tri-county area losing their minds.

Secretary: Well, that’s what you get for being the worlds greatest, most capable, handsomest.. wait, crap forgot it again (pulls out a business card and reads) “The world’s most handsome, dangerous, super-agent who could, if provoked, destroy the world within a blink of an eye.”

Glass Adams: Too true, too true. but it gets to you, my faithful companion. (Stands up and dramatically monologues) Having the world on your shoulders, knowing that with one single slip-up, not that I ever slip-up, could plunge us all into chaos. It makes me feel so...so isolated.

Secretary: I’m here for you sir-

Glass Adams: (interrupting) So alone, with the work of one wicked wretch the world would be wrecked! I am the one man withholding their wrath! It’s not all wine, women, and wwwww...ww...(swears quietly to self)...wwwwwwwwwwwmmmmmoney…

Secretary: well you’re not completely alone, there’s also James B-
Glass Adams (*interrupting*) Do not mention that man in this house! He is a terrible co-worker, he leaves his dishes all over the break room, and never refill the coffee. Plus he always lords his rank over me. The only reason I’m Double-0-8 is because he finished the exam one second before me. One. Second.

Secretary: I know, he’s-

Glass Adams: (*interrupting*) Plus he’s not even that clever, with his stupid freaking rhymes! ”Who do the women hate? Double-0-8!”

*Secretary stifles a laugh*

Glass Adams: A couple years ago, he got payed to play a freaking card game...a card game! Meanwhile, there’s me, caught in the clutches of Doctor Hate-Love in his cliche skull-shaped island.

Secretary: Well you escaped didn’t you? Besides, that was a very difficult mission he was on. He was trying to financially take down an international crime syndicate! If he had failed he would have essentially been funding terrorism.

Glass Adams: I lost. A nipple. To Doctor Hate-Love’s “Death-Ray Laser-Beam of Death,” which could have killed me!

Secretary: You’re a man, you don’t even need nipples.

Glass Adams: Well excuse me if I had grown attached to it. Before I had perfect symmetry, now I list a bit to the left, it’s thrown my whole spy-walk off.

Secretary: You know what I think? I think you’re jealous.

Glass Adams: What did you say?

Secretary: You heard me. You are jealous. James is a wonderful, charming, powerful (*becomes increasingly aroused*) dashing, sexy man. Whose eyes smoulder with warmth and just that touch of danger that really just gets you off!

*(Silence they stare at each other awkwardly)*

Glass Adams:....I fear that that the tea has gotten a tad lukewarm.
Secretary: *(Still breathing heavily, clearly aroused and trying to hide it)*...I’ll just go and warm it up then…. *(he exits)*

*(Glass Adams breathes, visibly calms himself with an eccentric calming routine. He ruffles through the paper. The phone rings and he picks it up and slams it down. His secretary comes back on. He gives him the tea and exits. As Glass Adams is about to take a drink there is a massive explosion, covering our hero in tea. Major Damage, an obvious supervillain in a military outfit with two goons enters through the newly created hole in the wall.)*

Major Damage: GLASS ADAMS!!! *(Takes out card)* “The worlds most handsome, dangerous, super-agent who could, if provoked, destroy the world within a blink of an eye.” It’s no wonder that punctuality is not on the card! You were supposed to meet me at the hospital at 11:30 to save the children’s cancer ward from my flying manta rays of doom. Where were you!? You made me look like a damn fool!!!

*(Throughout the next part, Major Damage starts to try to console Glass Adams and tries to jump in throughout the tirade. The goons should start acting all awkward and uncomfortable, one starts texting and the other is still listening.)*

Glass Adams: You are a damn fool!!! I told that fucking agency I was taking a day off. I had it scheduled for weeks, and what do I get? Some major damage, from Major Damage himself. Now, my wall is all over my living room, my tea is all over my shirt, and my secretary is all over James Bond.

MD: Hey man, are you -

Glass Adams: I mean what is the fucking point of having a system put in place if it doesn’t fucking work?!

Henchman 1: Yeah! Down with the System!

Glass Adams: I like your enthusiasm Paul, but thats not the point. *(He sits down dejectedly)*

MD: Hey man, take a breather. I didn’t mean anything by it. I’m just doing my job. Tell me what’s going on.

*(Sits down next to Glass Adams. Think psychologist.)*

Glass Adams: Its just *(sniffle)* I do all the work, get stuck with the dirty assignments and I never get any recognition for it. Last mission, he got an invisible Aston Martin with gatling gun attachments that turns
into a submarine. I drive a Volvo!

MD: Hey, we all feel a little unappreciated at work sometimes. But we don’t do it for the glory, we do it because it makes us feel whole. I didn’t kidnap the president’s daughter, pretend to adopt orphans then never pick them up, or switch the signs on restroom doors for the recognition. I do it because that just feels right. And hey, my father always told me “If you love what you do, you’ll never work a day in your life.”

Glass Adams: Wasn’t your father the Baywood Baby Strangler?

MD: And he was very fulfilled with his work.

Glass Adams: You know, you’re right. I’m not going to let this ruin my day. Thanks, Major Damage.

MD: No problem buddy. You need a hug? You look like you need a hug.

(They hug)

Glass Adams: Thanks, Major Damage. I needed that.

MD: You’re welcome. We’ll get out of your hair. Boys, Apologize for the broken wall.

Both Henchmen: Sorry Mr. Adams.

Glass Adams: It’s ok guys. If I didn’t expect a couple walls to be busted down now and again, well, I’d be a pretty terrible secret agent.

MD: Alright! Back to the Damage-Copter! See you later Adams, enjoy the rest of your day off!!

Glass Adams: Take care.

(They leave. Glass Adams sighs, gathers up what remains of his newspaper and a couple pieces of the wall before he gives up and sits back down to read. The phone rings a third time. Glass picks it up and slams it down rather proudly, then he casually takes it off the hook. Just then, Menage a Trois slinks in. He has no idea she has entered, and her whisper scares the crap out of him causing him to jump out of his chair. She has a slight french accent, is dressed in sexy spy spandex, and is hot as all hell)

Menage: (sultrily into his ear)Glass Adams, vat are you doing?
Glass Adams: Jesus Fucking Christ, oh, oh its just you, *(turns on the charm)* Menage a Trois, you beautiful succubus. What are you doing here? *(He casually starts to make a drink)*

Menage: Succubus? Oh Glass, you silly kidder! And vat do you mean mon ami? YOU missed our rendez-vous! You left me cold and alone, barely clothed, with no company! I could not finish ze mission on my own. Why do you do zhis thing?

Glass Adams: Well, as much as the thought of you barely clothed and… in need of company excites me, our mission wasn’t today. This is my day off Menage, my sweet.

Menage: Always with ze compliments! You make me feel so good about myself mon ami, but you still left me alone. Ah vell, what can be done? C’est la vie. Oh! ‘Ave I told you? I met a new man yesterday!

Glass Adams: *(clearly upset but trying to hide it)* That’s… lovely.

Menage: So upset! Who are you, my big brother? You do not need to be so protective of me, I am a big girl now, I can take care of myself! *(Takes out a gun for emphasis. She sits down in glass’s vacant chair and sensually cleans the gun for the rest of the scene.)*

Glass Adams: I can’t help it, I care so much about you.

Menage: Oh, mon ami I care for you too! But do not worry, zhis man. He is different from ze others. And believe me, zhere have been many, many others. Do you know a James Bond?

Glass Adams: *(visibly tense)* … I think the name rings a bell

Menage: Oh? Vell he knows you! He has ze funniest little rhymes about you! *(Takes a gun for emphasis. She sits down in glass’s vacant chair and sensually cleans the gun for the rest of the scene.)*

Glass Adams: *(strained, attempting to quell anger)* Oh does He? That James, what a joker ha-ha, what exactly did he tell you?

Menage: It was so funny! But, oh! I cannot remember. Something about how ze women, they are not interested in you? As if you’d concern yourself about what women care about you!

Glass Adams: Wait, what do you mean by that?

Menage: *(interrupting)* But James, what a man! He is so wonderful, charming, powerful *(she becomes increasingly aroused and cleans the gun more and more vigorously and sexily)* dashing, sexy man.
Whose eyes smoulder with warmth and just that touch of danger that really just gets you-OH!

(At this moment the gun she is cleaning goes off, breaking the glass in glass adamas's hand.)

Menage: Oh mon dieu! I am so-sorry, I get carried away, and ze safety must not have been on! but whenever I think about James I just get so....distracted...

Glass Adams: (Both sexually and mentally frustrated) Ah! Well, understandable enough. He sounds...wonderful. Now, Menage, if you excuse me this is still my day off. I've had a nightmare of a day so far, and I'd like to see if I can salvage what's left of it.

Menage: (Hurt) Oh, mon ami, I so hate to see you zis vay, Glass. I tell you vat, 'ow about ve go out to eat. Just ze two of us! You can tell me all about vat is so upsetting to you.

Glass Adams: No, I'm sorry. But I think it would be best if you just left.

Menage:.... Alright. I'm so-sorry if I have upset you. (Excited) Perhaps James will take me out! Au revoir. (she kisses him on the cheek and exits by blowing a hole in the wall right next to one Major Damage made. Glass stares at the hole she exited from for a bit, then sighs and goes to make himself another drink. He starts to pick up what is left of his paper once more when the room is filled with agents in suits and sunglasses. In their fervor, several of the agents come through the holes, completely destroying what's left of the wall. They cover the exits etc and speak into their sleeves.)

Agent 1: Go! Go! Go! Secure the Perimeter, I want a full sweep!

Agent 2: Couch is clear, Sir!

Agent 3: Patio is clear, Sir!

Agent 4: Bar is clear, Sir! (Downs a drink from the bar.)

Agent 1: The area is secure, inform The Director.

The Director: Glass Adams! What has been going on? We've been trying to phone you all day!

Glass Adams: What's going on? You tell me! You bust in here with your damn squadron not even bothering to knock! And- Jesus Christ, did you tromp through my garden on the way in here? (Yells out the window) Stay off my azaleas you goons!
The Director: Wait? So you’re ok?

Glass Adams: Yes, I’m ok! I’ve been home all day long!

The Director: But there was a hole in your wall!

Glass Adams: Well thanks for taking care of that problem for me! Not that it matters anyway, I had to get the damn thing replaced since Major Damage just had to stop by on his way back from the hospital!

(Agent 5 comes in from the kitchen carrying the secretary in an apron who has been properly bound and gagged. He seems to be enjoying it just a little bit too much.)

Agent 5: We found this one, sir. He was in the kitchen holding a large knife. (holds up evidence bag with a butter knife in it.)

Glass Adams: Jesus, you guys overreact to everything! (Goes to Secretary and start untying him) This one is mine, he was cooking me dinner.

The Director: So let me get this straight, you’ve been here all day, just lounging around? Not tied up in some dark mysterious Russian sex dungeon?

Glass Adams: Yes!

The Director: That’s very unprofessional!

Glass Adams: It’s my day off! What do you expect me to do!

The Director: What are you talking about? Tomorrow is your day off!

(At “tomorrow” an Agent whips out a silly calendar (think cats in costume) and The Director points to a day without looking at it.)

(Silence as Glass realizes his mistake.)

Glass Adams: Oooooooooooooohhhhhhhhh. (Sits down on chair and says with voice breaking) Those poor kids!
(Immediate blackout.)

The End