

Scene 2 - The Interview

I = Interviewer

S = Subject

I:

Come in.

Right over there please.

Thank you.

How much time did you spend in your previous position?

S:

I don't remember.

I:

When is your birthday?

S:

1983 17th November

I:

Thank you. What is your name?

S:

I don't remember.

I:

Shall we begin?

S:

(nodding)

I:

Do you know why you are here?

S:

For you to ask of my knowing,
Knowing full-well that I come without *agency*
That I stand without option
or expectation,
Nor the expectation of an option being
Is perhaps the reason
The reason...entirely

I:
Elaborate.

S:
It seems to me, I am here because you called to me
When there was nothing to hold on to me.
I am here for this position
not to understand
but to be understood
I am here
for a break from a pace that grew tiring
or...more likely,
that it was always uninteresting;
but I certainly knew too much to know...
To answer your question:
I am here because, for reasons unspecified and unimportant, I was let go.

I:
I see.
What makes you a good candidate?

S:
Well,I believe I am the RIGHT person.
That is to imply that, another person;
Any other person would be wrong in such a setting.
So I am the RIGHT person.
I am the RIGHT person because,
unlike others,
I am aware
That my being here is just as insignificant
As my leaving from there.
As I mentioned, I am the RIGHT person
Simply because
I can offer comparison,
Can offer contrast....and strategy
and above all...
a sharper view
One can only stand out amongst people who are standing too

I:
I see. *Were you fulfilled in your previous position?*

S:
As much as anyone with half a brain could.

I:
Please answer the question.

S:
Not always; not mostly.

I:
I see.
Which of the two options best describes your situation?
A. Inconsolable despair
B. Discreet abandon?

S:
Neither

I:
I see.
Were you then... adequately satisfied, in your previous position?

S:
It was merely a.... filtered experience.
I knew too much and cared too much about knowing the things I knew (*trill*)
The wetness of rain,
The solidity of concrete,
The intercity train,
Schedules of transport,
Airport security,
Early arrival,
Being on time,
Polite interaction,
The precision of laughter,
Predictions of weather,
Three-day weekends,
Paid vacations,
Presentation preparations
Prrrrrrrecise ar-ti-cu-la-tion,
Abiding by traffic laws,
Appointment agenda,

The queue at the grocery,
The queue at the deli,
The queue at the pharmacy,
The itch on my tempo
My waning patience,
Pretending to let go,
The weight of my eyelids,
A good position in a bad firm,
An inherited fear of worms
My human proportions,
The length of my limbs,
Waving at nothing,
My need to be seen,
My need to be seen,
My need to be recognised,
My need to be needed,
Business mergers,
Fax machine morse code,
Beep, bee-beep
Beep, bee-beep
Beep, bee-beep

I: Focus.

The light on my screen,
The need to be seen.
The need to be
Seen

I:
So....'no'.

S:
No.

I:
No?

S:
No.

I:
No.

S:
No.

I:
I see. What were your pleasures?

S:
The swinging rage of thinking on the spot.
The dormant interest in all things gray.
Never has there been a day
When I did not dream of traffic.
The thrill of overtaking other vehicles on the highway
Was my daily dose of pleasure in an otherwise predetermined existence.

I:
I see. And what do you remember most?

S:
The thrill of overtaking
The thrill of overtaking
The thrill of taking.

I:
I see.

S:
I sense your judgment. / You disapprove.

I:
I am merely asking questions.
Perhaps the judgment is yours to begin with?

S:
Can we skip this question?

I:
Ofcourse...
What does a sunset smell like?

S:
Can we skip this question?

I:

HAVE YOU EVER FOUND YOURSELF CONVERSING WITH FLOWERS AND IF SO, HAS THERE EVER BEEN A DISAGREEMENT?

WHAT WAS THE COLOUR OF YOUR MOTHER'S EYES?

WHAT WAS YOUR BREAKFAST ROUTINE LIKE?

WHAT WAS YOUR FAVOURITE SONG?

HAVE YOU EVER HAD YOUR LUNCH STOLEN BY A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS?

WHAT WAS THE TASTE OF YOUR FIRST KISS?

HAVE YOU EVER ENCOUNTERED 500 WHITE MOUNTAIN GOATS, MOVING IN THE SAME DIRECTION?

HAVE YOU EVER STARED AT THE SUN FOR TOO LONG BECAUSE YOU HAD NO REGARD FOR THE CONSEQUENCES?

WHO IS THE PERSON YOU MOST ENJOYED LOSING A GAME OF CHESS TO?

HAVE YOU EVER MEASURED THE SPEED OF PASSING CLOUDS AND THOUGHT THAT PERHAPS IT IS TOO FAST?

WHEN STARING OUT THE WINDOW OF A MOVING CAR, DID YOU SEE:

- A) YOUR OWN REFLECTION**
- B) THE PASSING LANDSCAPE**
- C) AN IMAGINARY ACROBAT JUMPING FROM STREET LAMP TO STREET SIGN TO STREET LAMP, TO STREET LAMP, TO STREET SIGN, TO STREET LAMP, TO STREET LAMP, TO SIGN, TO LAMP, TO LAMP.**

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE SONG?

Well I believe we have everything we need. If you would just take this with you and wait in the lobby, you will know the answer shortly.

Scene 3: The Waiting Room

Interviewer:

Verse 1:

Here we are again
Stuck in traffic
You and me
With a place to be
And so much to see.

You turn to the radio
You hear a voice you used to know
And it lets you go
Soft and slow

It's not as easy,
As it seems
We forget our place
And that sweet embrace
That lovely face
Of the sun, rising and setting
And letting
Us know
that

Chorus:

We all die some days
We all die some nights
We die by the starting gun
In the race of our lives.
This sweet exchange
We will all die someday
But it's not a race, my friend
If we're all running away.

Verse 2:

What's short to the sight, is deep in the mind
Remember to be kind, be easy to find
And don't stand behind
Your anger it is futile and trite
Go stand in the light
Because

Chorus:

We all die some days
We all die some nights
We die by the starting gun
In the race of our lives.
This sweet exchange
We will all die someday
But it's not a race, my friend
If we're all running away.
It's not a race, my friend
We're all running away.

Outro:

Running
And counting
Running
And counting
Running
And counting
Running
And counting
Down.