

**The Interview**  
by Christopher Venckus

Who: Bob Flores, Peter Jenkins, Frank Laskin  
What: Interviewing for a job  
Where: The office of Bob Flores

Lights up on Bob Flores greeting Peter Jenkins with a hand shake.

BOB

Thanks for coming in. Please have a seat. (Bob sits)

PETER

Thank you very much. (Peter sits)

BOB

To be honest with you, I wasn't quite sure I should have called you in here.

PETER

Oh, really? Why's that?

BOB

Well...it's obvious that you're a...you're a...a...

PETER

A what?

BOB

A man.

PETER

I don't understand.

BOB

Okay...let me put it to you this way...(thinks for a moment)...you're a...you're a...you're a...

PETER

A man?

BOB

Exactly!

PETER

You lost me.

BOB

To be perfectly frank with you, I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw you applied for this position.

PETER

Are my qualifications that bad? I didn't think you would have called me in for an interview if you didn't like what you saw on my resume.

BOB

Well, actually my curiosity was peaked.

PETER

How so?

BOB

Because...you're a...you're a...

PETER

A man! Yes, you've made that point abundantly clear to me, and I don't deny my gender status. If this isn't going to work out, I can go elsewhere.

BOB

No, it's not that. I just want you to understand. Perhaps there's been a bit of a miscommunication or misrepresentation on the part of our firm.

PETER

Okay...I'm listening.

BOB

You do understand the position you applied for is that of a belly dancer?

PETER

Perfectly well, otherwise I wouldn't have applied in the first place.

BOB

Yeah...but your resume indicates that for the last eight years you've been working as a plumber.

PETER

That's correct.

BOB

(laughs) I guess then I'm confused.

PETER

I'm not sure I understand.

BOB

I guess it's my fault for interviewing you, but I thought that maybe you were actually a woman trying some crazy scheme to get an interview for this job.

PETER

I'm afraid not. It's just me, Peter the Plumber here trying supplement my income.

BOB

I see...(rolls his eyes in amazement). Let me ask this question. Do you feel you would make a good belly dancer?

PETER

Sure.

BOB

Why is that?

PETER

It's in my genes. My great Aunt Agnes was a belly dancer, my cousin Josephine was a belly dancer, and my sister Isabel was one of the finest belly dancers I had ever seen.

BOB

So, you feel that because all of your relatives have had this unique quality you should also have it because it was genetically passed on to you.

PETER

Yes.

BOB

You're nuts! You can't be a belly dancer!

PETER

Why not?

BOB

Because you're a man. And not only because you're a man, but you're an ugly man. You're five-seven, weigh two-hundred and fifty pounds and are very hairy.

PETER

Oh man, I knew it was because of my weight.

BOB

That is the least of your concerns. Let me ask you another question. How many belly dancers do you know?

PETER

Oh, I don't know...about three or so.

BOB

And of those three, how many of them are male.

PETER

None.

BOB

I rest my case.

PETER  
What are you talking about?

BOB  
There are no male belly dancers you idiot.

PETER  
Sure there are.

BOB  
No there aren't. Why in the world would you want to be a belly dancer in the first place.

PETER  
Oh, I don't know. I've been working as a plumber for the past eight years and I was in a rut. I wanted to try something new and exciting.

BOB  
Perhaps you're being a bit hasty. I don't see how you can make such a drastic change.

PETER  
I thought I'd better dive in with both feet or I'd never do it. I guess I went a little overboard.

BOB  
You might say that.

PETER  
Yeah. (deep sigh)

BOB  
Well, I'm glad we sorted that out. Thanks for coming in.

PETER  
(starts to get up) Oh, uh...

BOB  
Yes?

PETER  
(sits back down) Did you have any positions open for someone to become like a belly dancer apprentice?

BOB  
No

PETER  
Oh.

BOB

Thanks again for coming. Now if you'll excuse me. (starts to go through papers on his desk)

PETER  
(starts to get up again) Hmmmm...

BOB  
(visibly annoyed) Was there anything else?

PETER  
No...no...(starts to walk to door then turns around)...how about any positions for a belly dancer intern?

BOB  
No, I'm sorry we don't.

PETER  
Oh. (sigh)

BOB  
Good-bye Mr. Jenkins. (looks down at the papers on his desk again)

PETER  
(opens door slowly, gets an idea, closes door, and rushes back to sit down) I just thought of something.

BOB  
I'm really rather busy right now.

PETER  
How about belly dancer workshops? I could attend one of those and develop my skills. Work on my belly muscles and stuff.

BOB  
No, no, no! We don't have belly dancer apprenticeships, belly dancer internships, or belly dancer workshops. This is a night club, not a night school. You wanna learn how to be a belly dancer? Fine! Go somewhere else! Now leave me alone.

PETER  
(gets up from chair dejected and leaves) Sorry to bother you.

(Frank Laskin enters Bob's office)

FRANK  
Okay Bob, it's time for your lesson. Only one more and you can tryout for that open spot.

(Bob gets up and starts to belly dance with Frank)  
LIGHTS OUT