

**The Job Interview Conspiracy Sketch**  
**by Mark Allen**

**INT – AN OFFICE – DAY**

MR EBBUTT AND MS ROBERTSON ARE SITTING BEHIND A DESK, READING A FORM. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

**MR EBBUTT:** Come in.

STEVEN ENTERS. HE CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE DESK AND SHAKES MR EBBUTT AND MS ROBERTSON BY THE HAND. HE REMAINS STANDING AND LOOKS 'ON EDGE'.

**MS ROBERTSON:** Good morning Mr Pocock, Thanks for seeing us.

**STEVEN:** No problem. Nice to meet you.

STEVEN DOESN'T LOOK AT THEM AS HE MOVES STRAIGHT OVER TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS THROUGH THE BLINDS.

**MR EBBUTT:** I trust you had no problems getting here?

**STEVEN:** Do you mind if we close these blinds?

**MS ROBERTSON:** Is the sunlight hurting your eyes then Mr Pocock?

**STEVEN:** No, snipers.

**MR EBBUTT:** I'm sorry?

**STEVEN:** Snipers – you have to always stay one step ahead of them, and what they can't see...

HE CLOSES THE BLINDS. IT IS SUDDENLY VERY DARK.

**STEVEN (CONT'D):** ... they can't kill.

**MS ROBERTSON:** (PAUSE) Do you think we could at least turn the light on Mr Pocock? It is very dark in here.

**STEVEN:** Ok. (BEAT) but don't try anything funny.

MS ROBERTSON SWITCHES THE LIGHT ON. STEVEN IS NOW SITTING BEHIND THE INTERVIEW DESK IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM LOOKING SUSPICIOUS.

**MS ROBERTSON:** I'm sorry Mr Pocock, we can't see you properly back there, could you sit this side of the desk please?

**STEVEN:** I'm alright where I am. I've got all entrances and exits covered from here.

**MR EBBUTT:** Very well Mr Pocock, if it makes you happier.

MR EBBUTT AND MS ROBERTSON TURN THEIR CHAIRS TO FACE STEVEN IN THE CORNER.

**MR EBBUTT(CONT'D):** Now, this job is quite repetitive and involves working in a team of around twenty other employees. How do you feel you'd be able to cope in this working environment?

**STEVEN:** What are you getting at?

**MS ROBERTSON:** Do you prefer working on your own initiative? Or perhaps you work best when following orders?

**STEVEN:** Oh I get it. You're trying to see how easily you can brainwash me aren't you? Get me doing your dirty work so there's no blood on your own hands.

**MS ROBERTSON:** (PAUSE) Are you feeling alright Mr Pocock. Can I get you a glass of water?

**STEVEN:** So you can drug me? No chance. I know your game and I'm not falling for it. Sure, you're advertising a job in a mailing room, but what exactly do you put in these packages that your minions send out for you eh?

**MR EBBUTT:** (BEAT) Pencils.

**STEVEN:** Yeah? (BEAT) Well you keep sticking to your story – it's not fooling me one bit.

STEVEN WALKS TO THE DOOR, WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL.

**STEVEN (CONT'D):** I'm going to leave now. And don't even think about trying to stop me.

**MS ROBERTSON:** Right. (BEAT) Well thank you for your time Mr Pocock, we'll be in touch.

**STEVEN:** Is that a threat? Well bring it on! I'll be waiting for you. (BEAT. SHOUTS) You'll never silence me!

STEVEN RUSHES OUT, LEAVING MR EBBUTT AND MS ROBERTSON LOOKING BAFFLED. THERE IS A LONG PAUSE.

**MR EBBUTT:** Well, he's the strongest we've seen yet.

**END**