

JOB INTERVIEW
by Fred Coppersmith

WOODWARD

Ah, Mr. Jenkins, please, come in, have a seat. My name is David Woodward, we spoke on the phone. Thank you for coming in on such short notice.

JENKINS

Not at all, my pleasure.

WOODWARD

This is Ms. Aberrnathy from our corporate headquarters. She'll be joining us for today's interview. I hope you don't mind.

JENKINS

No, that's fine.

WOODWARD

I must say, we were quite interested in your application for the position with the company, but we did have one or two questions about your resume we wanted to address.

JENKINS

Of course.

WOODWARD

Specifically, under work experience you list—where was it?—oh yes—that for several weeks in 1995 you were employed as...the Babylonian god of the sun.

JENKINS

That's right.

WOODWARD

You were the Babylonian god of the sun?

JENKINS

For a couple of weeks, yes. It didn't work out.

ABERNATHY

I'm sorry, when was this?

JENKINS

In July of '95, like you said. It was just for a couple of weeks, though. I answered an ad in the paper, talked to a few people; I think maybe a virgin was sacrificed in my name. But in the end it just wasn't for me.

WOODWARD

So you don't think telephone sales would be a step down for you, then?

JENKINS

In what way?

WOODWARD

Well, it's just—

ABERNATHY

It's just there isn't a lot of call for virgin sacrifice around here, that's all.

WOODWARD

Yes, not anymore. We've had complaints.

JENKINS

Oh. Well I don't foresee that as a problem.

WOODWARD

You don't?

JENKINS

No, I don't think so. Like I said, I was only god for a couple of weeks. Actually, I think selling people things they don't want over the phone will be a welcome change of pace.

ABERNATHY

Ah, well that's a relief.

JENKINS

And, as I think my resume shows, I do have other experience.

WOODWARD

Yes, yes, it's just—well, I don't mean to keep harping on this, of course, but—well, I didn't know there was a Babylonian god of the sun. Not anymore.

JENKINS

What do you mean?

WOODWARD

Well...there aren't exactly any more *Babylonians*, are there? I mean, they were conquered centuries ago. I looked this up. They don't exist. It's a little surprising they'd still need a god.

ABERNATHY

Not that we in any way discriminate against ancient Babylonians. I think we should make that abundantly clear, David.

WOODWARD

Oh yes, of course. We are an equal-opportunity employer. It's just—

JENKINS

No, you're right, it is a little surprising. I guess I never really thought about it like that before. It was really just a short-term summer job, to be honest.

ABERNATHY

Well we can certainly understand that, now can't we, David?

WOODWARD

So you didn't actually control the sun?

JENKINS

No, not really.

WOODWARD

You didn't—*[consulting his notes]*—rise from the mountains with the majestic rays beaming from your shoulders...?

JENKINS

No.

WOODWARD

...depart the underworld through a mountain gate guarded by ferocious scorpion people...?

JENKINS

No.

WOODWARD

...travel the breadth of the land in a chariot pulled by a team of fiery mules?

ABERNATHY

Fiery mules?

Woodward shrugs.

JENKINS

No, I think I'd remember that.

ABERNATHY

I know *I'd* remember fiery mules.

JENKINS

No, there was nothing like that. They did give me a cape.

WOODWARD

A cape?

JENKINS

Yes, but it didn't fit. It was too short.

WOODWARD

Oh. I see.

ABERNATHY

We're not really a cape sort of company.

WOODWARD

No, like I said, we've had complaints. But I'm confused—were you actually *in* Babylon?

JENKINS

No, Altoona.

WOODWARD

Oh. I see.

ABERNATHY

Lovely town.

JENKINS

Yes, I suppose. I would just like to point out again that I do have other qualifications.

WOODWARD

Oh yes, of course.

JENKINS

For instance, I was on the dean's list two years in a row, I have extensive computer software experience, and in my senior year I interned for a semester at a local law firm.

WOODWARD

I see. And did *they* give you a cape?

JENKINS

Well...no.

ABERNATHY

And the mules? Were there mules at the law firm?

JENKINS

No, there weren't any fiery mules at the law firm either.

WOODWARD

No, I guess there wouldn't be. Did that—did that make you angry?

JENKINS

What?

WOODWARD

Did that incur your wrath? Were you a vengeful god?

JENKINS

What? No, I—

ABERNATHY

[nervously] David, you're upsetting him.

JENKINS

No he's not. I'm—

ABERNATHY

He might decide to smite us or something.

JENKINS

Smite you? What are you talking about? I'm not—

ABERNATHY

Uh oh.

WOODWARD

Oh, wise and munificent sun god, please, look favorably upon this humble offering from we, your lowly and unworthy servants and cast us not into impenetrable and terrifying darkness.

WOODWARD pulls a small misshapen statue from beneath the table and places it in front of him. Both WOODWARD and ABERNATHY make bowing gestures and avert their eyes.

JENKINS

What the hell is that?

ABERNATHY

It's an idol carved in your likeness.

JENKINS

No it's not. It doesn't look anything like me.

WOODWARD

Well, I didn't have a lot of time to work on it.

ABERNATHY

He took a pottery class.

JENKINS

Look, this is crazy. I'm—I'm not the Babylonian god of the sun, all right? I never was. I'm not going to smite you. I just—I just thought it would look good on my resume, that's all.

WOODWARD

So you lied to us?

JENKINS

Well, I—

ABERNATHY

After everything we've done for you? That pottery class wasn't cheap.

JENKINS

I know. I'm—I'm sorry.

WOODWARD glumly returns the statue to the floor.

WOODWARD

No, Mr. Jenkins, I'm sorry. I—I don't think this is going to work out.

JENKINS

But I—

WOODWARD

I'm going to have to ask you to leave. Good day, sir.

After a lengthy pause, JENKINS reluctantly leaves.

ABERNATHY

Well that was unfortunate. He seemed so promising.

WOODWARD sighs

WOODWARD

Yes.

Pause

WOODWARD

Well, shall we have them show the next applicant in?

ABERNATHY

I suppose we might as well. Who do we have next anyway?

WOODWARD consults his notes

WOODWARD

Looks like the Sumerian lord of the dead.

ABERNATHY

Ooh. Spooky.