



Job Application

Music: None

Content and Purpose: Set at a job centre, where a man dressed as a clown comes in looking for a job. Job worker wrongly assumes the clown works as a clown in a circus, when actually he is a chartered accountant. Quite humorous, but also looks at how people can be labelled, and also at using your gifts as best you can.

Cast: 3 people (either, although scripted as a male clown)

Props: Clown costume

Starting positions: Job centre with a desk. One worker, and a man on the other side of the desk.

Job Worker (JW): Right, so you're looking for a job with very little work but large opportunities to moan. Have you thought about becoming a history student?

(Person leaves, happy with new advice)

JW: Next!?

(Clown enters and sits down opposite JW, who is too busy filling in a form to notice that he is now sitting opposite a fully made up clown)

JW: Hello Sir, how can I help you?

Clown: I've quit. 'That's it!' I said. 'No more Mr. Nice Guy. You've messed me around one time too many!'

JW: Right...well Sir, you've come to the right place. All we need to do is just fill in a form or two, and we'll have you back in a job faster than I got Chas Hawkes his job back at MacDonalds. Ok. If I can your name first, Sir?

Clown: Bo Bo.

(JW looks up for the first time)

JW: Right...mmm. I don't think...mmm...Could I...

Clown: *(spelling it out)* 'B' 'o' 'B' 'o'.

JW: That's brilliant, Sir. But if I could have your real name?...

Clown: Look pal. *(Quite aggressive)* That is my real name. First name – Bo. Surname – Bo. My parents admired the work of Bo Derek. ...So they named me after her...twice.

JW: ...Ok...*(bemused)* Now if you could just tell me why you left your last job, a custard pie allergy perhaps?

Clown: *(definitely)* Too much paperwork.

JW: I'm sorry sir?

Clown: The number of forms I had to deal with – unbelievable. Forms galore. Filing forms, filling in forms, folding away forms. Forms, forms, forms. Now I'm a reasonable man, I don't mind dealing with a bit of paper every now and again – why I even used to enjoy a bit of origami as a kid. Nothing special you understand – just a swan here and there. But the amount of paper I faced, I had so many paper cuts I looked like I'd lost a succession of fights with Freddy Kruga.

JW: Goodness I never thought they'd be much paperwork in the Circus profession.

Clown: *(Slighted)* I beg your pardon?!

JW: I'm sorry I didn't mean any offence – it's just, you know, you don't imagine it. It's my own ignorance but, well, I guess even lion-tamers need to set business targets – 'This year we intend to tame three lions...and one will be slighted wild'.

Clown: What are you on about?

JW: I'm sorry – I don't really know what I'm talking about, I've never worked in a Circus

Clown: No, me neither.

JW: You wh...I beg your...I'm sorry Sir, what do you do then?

Clown: I'm a chartered accountant



JW: Then, if you don't mind me asking – why the outfit?

Clown: Oh, that. I was just born like this. Large feet. A penchant for bright colours and I just always modelled my make-up on Barbara Cartland, much like my mother in fact.

JW: And that wasn't any trouble with your job?

Clown: Oh! Course it was! The office was so small people fell over my feet all the time. But only one was seriously hurt, and everyone knows you shouldn't run with scissors.

JW: How unfortunate

Clown: Look seriously, You've got to help me. If I can't find something I'll have to go back to accountancy (*cracking, grabbing the JW by the collar*) I just don't think I could cope! I want a normal job – you know, flexible hours, union membership, pleasant working atmosphere, a place where I can go over to another man, hit him with a plank, cover him with custard, and not get sued.

JW: Well, my mum always said that there was a job for everyone. But then she also thinks Oxbridge is a small hamlet near Canterbury, and that the Andrex puppies run the business. However this time...(*looking through a small box of cards and then picking one out*)...Here we go, planks, firehoses and custard, and in your case no uniform needed, yes, this is perfect – in fact, in my opinion, you were made for this job.