

LIAM enters from stage left, looking awkward and uncertain, scratching his elbow. He is dressed in a thick dark green suit that isn't the greatest fit, with no tie, and his hair resembles indie bands of the late 90s - fringes and sideburns, as if he is one decent haircut away from respectability.

Taking a huge breath to perk himself up, he starts to shadow box the the air. Appearing more confident, he boxes faster, twisting and turning in an attempt to further psyche himself up, but makes one turn too quickly and punches over the chair.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
(thick northern accent)
Y'alright in there?

LIAM
(picking up chair)
Yeah, yeah, it's fine thanks.

SECURITY GUARD
Thought I heard a noise is all.

LIAM
Nah, nah, just chair down. Up again now.

SECURITY GUARD
Up and at `em, yeah?

LIAM
Yeah. Chairs. I mean, cheers.

He takes a couple of deep breaths. His eyes becoming wider.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
You're a tiger!
(makes pretend claws,
then stops to think)
Hmmm...poachers, no, they could shoot me. What's top of the food chain? Jaguar! In South America! On a jungle island where no man has ever set foot! Yeah, man, I'm a jaguar!

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Jaguar? Did you say Jaguar?

LIAM
No, I'm just saying --

SECURITY GUARD

In the car park? Have ya forgotten
to lock it?

LIAM

It's okay, I came on the bus.

Silence.

He listens hard, expecting further conversation, but hears nothing. Standing rather meekly, he stares down at the chair and scratches his elbow again.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(to the chair)

Don't want to sit. Weakness. Got to
be strong.

He jigs his feet a little on the spot, as if nervous energy prevents him from relaxing.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Come on, mate, it's just an
interview, more like a casual chat,
even. They're only human beings,
just like you.

(sniffs hard, stops
scratching elbow)

I'll imagine them naked if I have
to, but only if they're fit.

(looks at chair, talks to
it)

And I won't be picturing them on
the toilet, because why would
anyone do that?!

He goes back to shadow boxing, but gently and carefully, stooping down to punch, as if the chair is his opponent.

MIKE enters from stage right. He is dressed in jacket and smart jeans with an open collar paisley shirt that he could have had for a while. He has a short, smart haircut and a neatly-trimmed moustache that would not have looked out of place in the 1980s. He walks slowly across the stage with arms rigidly down by his sides, appearing very focused on something. In one hand he holds a smart, leather bound notebook. He breathes heavy and slowly, as if he too is psyching himself up for something, just like Liam. He stops at the table of refreshments and pours himself some water.

Liam stops shadow boxing and points at the chair as he addresses it again.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Still not sitting on you.

Mike takes his glass of water to the desks and puts it down at the position of the two central chairs, placing his notebook next to it. He then appears to go through strange tai-chi-like movements, not completely dissimilar to Liam's shadow boxing, but with more grace and control. Next he takes a mouthful of water and makes highly strange gargling noises.

Liam hears the gargling and appears unsettled. Now he looks to the chair as a companion of comfort in light of the odd noise coming from the room next door. Slowly and tentatively he goes to sit as Mike swallows his water, checks his watch and suddenly clicks into life. He strides purposely towards the door, his movements giving off an air of flare. As soon as Liam's rear is on the chair, Mike flings open the door and Liam leaps up to greet him.

MIKE

(upbeat, extends hand)
Hi, how you doin'? Mike Devereux,
head of personnel.

LIAM

(shaking hand, nervous
smile)
Liam Baines, nice to meet you.

MIKE

Thanks so much for attending this
interview, Liam, and I'm really
sorry about the last minute change
of venue.

LIAM

Ah no problem at all, although the
guy on the desk seemed a
bit unsure as to why I was here.

MIKE

(laughs)
The car park guy? I think he's
probably just messing with you. He
told me he wasn't interested in any
double glazing when I walked in!

LIAM

Wow! Although the place could use
it; seems a bit run down, and I get
the feeling there's hardly anyone
else in the whole building.

MIKE

Yeah, ironically I noticed a few
single panes on the way up - hope
they whack the heating on a bit
higher, given that we've just hit
November! But apologies once again
for doing this here, as I said it's
a temporary thing.

LIAM

Okay, cool. So where are your
offices located? It didn't actually
say on the application form.

MIKE

(gestures to chair)
Yeah, we'll get to that, but if
you'd like to take a seat for
now...