

# POSITION VACANT

By  
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**Cast**

**DYLAN** 20s

**JULIE** 40s

**KAREN** 30s

**BEFANA** 20s

**GARY** 40s

**Setting**

A Home Ware retail shop, 'MILDRED SCARFE' . Julie's office.

**Time**

Mid morning.

Lights up. **JULIE** sits behind an executive desk, her back to us. On the desk is **DYLAN'S** resume. **KAREN** sits perched on one edge of the desk with a haunted expression on her face. She stares absently at us, sharpening a desk spike with sharpening steel.

**JULIE:** Bring him in.

**KAREN, NOT LOOKING AT JULIE, NODS AND PLACES THE DESK SPIKE BACK ON THE DESK. SHE PLACES THE SHARPENING STEEL IN A TOP DRAWER OF THE DESK. SHE EXITS. SHE RETURNS WITH DYLAN, DIRECTING HIM TO A CHAIR IN FRONT OF THE DESK. DYLAN IS CLEARLY NERVOUS. KAREN MOVES OVER TO JULIE.**

**KAREN:** (IN HER EAR) Dylan McNeill.

**KAREN SWIVELS IN HER CHAIR. A GREGARIOUS SMILE IS PASTED ACROSS HER LIPS.**

**JULIE:** Dylan, thanks for coming in.

**DYLAN:** Thanks for having me, I'm really excited about the position.

**KAREN RESUMES HER EARLIER PERCH AT THE START OF THE SCENE. SHE EYEBALLS DYLAN. JULIE PICKS UP DYLAN'S RESUME AND THUMBS THROUGH IT.**

**JULIE:** What makes you want to work at Mildred Scarfe's?

**DYLAN:** I've heard really good things from friends at uni. People are relaxed and friendly here, great environment to work in. And getting some casual work over the break would be ideal.

**KAREN:** So you don't think Mildred Scarfe is the number one supplier of home ware appliances? You're not impressed by the sophistication of our products and competitive prices?

**DYLAN:** I, ah...I know you're a highly successful company. My Mother shops here –

**KAREN SIGHS, ROLLS HER EYES AND SHIFTS AGITATEDLY. JULIE LOOKS DOWN AT HER DESK SADLY.**

DYLAN: - regularly...sorry, I guess I should have thought about this more.

JULIE: There are no right or wrong answers here, Dylan; this is your time.

KAREN: (SCOFFS) To shine. Allegedly...

**KAREN TAKES A NAIL FILE FROM HER POCKET AND STARTS POLISHING HER NAILS. JULIE LEANS BACK IN HER CHAIR, LOOKING AT THE CEILING.**

JULIE: *Relaxed and friendly...Casual work would be ideal.* Sounds like this position is mostly benefiting you, Dylan. What's in it for us?

DYLAN: You mean, you hiring me?

KAREN: (UNDER HER BREATH) Jesus, he's retarded...

DYLAN: (CLEARS THROAT) I, I have extensive retail experience. I am a positive, enthusiastic, worker -

KAREN: *Blah, blah, blah...*

**JULIE GETS UP FROM THE DESK AND PACES BACK AND FORTH BEHIND IT, OCCASIONALLY LOOKING AT DYLAN.**

JULIE: Tell me a time when you exceeded the expectations of your duties at work?

DYLAN: Um, well, once, when I working at *Martin's*, there was a customer on the phone who wanted a product we didn't have in stock. Normally I'd direct them to our website to get the numbers of the other outlets, but this was an elderly lady and she had trouble with computers. So instead I compiled

the numbers of our stores and read them back to her over the phone.

**JULIE:** You mean you'd failed to memorize the numbers of the other outlets already? You took time out of your work for something that should have been mastered at home?

**KAREN LEAPS FROM THE DESK AND GRABS DYLAN FEROCIOUSLY BY THE CHIN.**

**KAREN:** If you wish to serve at Mildred Scarfe's, you're going to have to better than that, boy! Only the exceptional may aid the queen of Homeware.

**DYLAN:** The Queen of...?

**KAREN STRAIGHTENS AND TURNS TO JULIE. JULIE THROWS BACK HER HEAD REGALLY. KAREN GOES TO HER KNEES, HUGGING JULIE'S LEGS.**

**KAREN:** The Queen is Mother to us all; keeper of the Sheriton bath sheets, the secrets of ceramic ovenware. She demands fealty and...(TURNING TO **DYLAN**) sacrifice.

**DYLAN STANDS.**

**DYLAN:** I think I'd better be going...

**KAREN GRABS THE DESK SPIKE AND HOLDS IT AGAINST DYLAN'S THROAT. SHE PUSHES HIM BACK DOWN INTO THE CHAIR.**

**KAREN:** No, boy, you will sit, till our Queen decides what to do with you!

**KEEPING THE DESK SPIKE AGAINST HIS THROAT, KAREN FEELS UP DYLAN'S ARMS AND TORSO.**

He lacks the proper proportions, my Queen. When the solstice nears and the toasters call to each other, when needs must we spill the boy's waters over the flaxen wheat, we'll not get his bloody arms down the chute!

DYLAN: Jesus!

JULIE: Enough, Lady Karen! Before the boy's sacrifice to the combine harvester he will be given a chance to prove his loyalty to the House of Scarfe. Arise, Befana!

**A GIRL, BEFANA, EMERGES FROM UNDERNEATH THE EXECUTIVE DESK. SHE IS COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN DIRT AND CLOTHED IN RAGS. HER HAIR IS A MATTED MESS. SHE SPEAKS AN UNPLACEABLE LANGUAGE. SHE MOVES TO DYLAN, FLITTING EXCITEDLY AROUND HIM.**

BEFANA: Tiabraffa ziagondo courtelbentay!

JULIE: You forget my daughter comes of age, Karen. Befana has want of life in her belly.

**BEFANA LEAPS ONTO DYLAN'S LAP, STRADDLING HIM.**

BEFANA: Quetallis!

JULIE: Yes, daughter, claim your womanhood and relieve the man-child of his seed.

**BEFANA HITCHES HER RAGS UP AROUND HER WAIST AND STARTS TO UNDO DYLAN'S PANTS.**

DYLAN: Have mercy, Queen! I'll give up my weekends for you, public holidays - my Mum's funeral! Please don't make me have sex with your filthy daughter!

**BEFANA BACKHANDS DYLAN AND SPITS IN HIS FACE, HISSING.**

KAREN: Silence worm, your pleasure in this rite is immaterial!

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. **JULIE, KAREN, BEFANA AND DYLAN** FREEZE. **JULIE** MOTIONS FOR THEM TO BE QUIET AND CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE DOOR.

JULIE: Yes?

**GARY** ENTERS. HE IS A HAPPY, ENTHUSIASTIC CHAP.

GARY: Hi Julie, sorry to barge in like this, I just wanted to tell you the next applicant is waiting.

JULIE: Thanks Gary, appreciate it.

GARY: (MOTIONING TO **DYLAN**) You're using this one to give Befana child?

JULIE: That's the idea, yes.

GARY: Fabulous! I have a feeling this solstice is going to be extra special. All right, ladies, I'll leave you to it.

KAREN: (BRIGHTLY) You're lovely, Gary.

BEFANA: (SMILING) Quanta.

**GARY** EXITS.

DYLAN: Help!

JULIE: Resume the rite, Befana; I grow tired of the infant's screams...

KAREN: Hold still, worm!

**BEFANA** SLURPS ON TWO OF HER FINGERS AND JAMS THEM OUT OF VIEW BENEATH **DYLAN'S** CROTCH, PRESUMABLY INTO HIS ANUS TO PUSH ON HIS PROSTRATE AND STIMULATE AN ERECTION. **DYLAN** WHISTLES PAINFULLY. USING HER HANDS BENEATH HER RAGS, **BEFANA** ARRANGES

HERSELF ON **DYLAN'S** CROTCH AND STARTS RYHTMICALLY HUMPING HIM. SHE THROWS BACK HER HEAD, EYES CLOSED, GRINNING IN ECSTACY.

BEFANA: Letarmah, letarmah...

KAREN: "Gently, worm, gently..."

**KAREN** SEEMS CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF THE SEX, MOVING IN TIME WITH **BEFANA'S** HUMPING. **JULIE** REVEALS A TRIBAL DRUM FROM UNDERNEATH THE DESK AND STARTS BEATING OUT A PRIMAL RHYTHM THAT BUILDS WITH THE SEX.

DYLAN: (TERRIFIED) Oh God...

BEFANA: Quetaho, zigundo, mai olmah...

KAREN: "My time draws closer, soon an explosion fills my belly..."

DYLAN: (WEAKLY) I'm not ready to be a Father...

**BEFANA** PUSHES TWO FINGERS INSIDE **DYLAN'S** MOUTH, SILENCING HIM. **DYLAN** GRIMACES AT THE TASTE. (*HERE A BLOOD CAPSULE COULD ALSO BE INSERTED*)

BEFANA: Zigundo, zigundo...

KAREN: "It's nigh, it's nigh..."

BEFANA: (GASPING) Alberto!

KAREN: "It comes!"

**BEFANA** CLIMAXES SPASMODICALLY ATOP **DYLAN**. **KAREN**, CAUGHT UP IN THE FRENZY, RAISES THE DESK SPIKE ABOVE HER HEAD AND STABS **DYLAN** IN THE HEART WITH IT. **DYLAN** CLUTCHES AT THE SPIKE, SCREAMING. **JULIE** STOPS HER DRUMMING.

JULIE: What have you done, Lady Karen?

KAREN: (STAMMERING) My Queen, I'm sorry, I...

**JULIE MOVES TO KAREN AND SLAPS HER. BEFANA SLIDES OFF DYLAN AND PAWS AT HIM WORRIEDLY.**

JULIE: Excuses! His water was to be shed at the harvest!

**DYLAN COUGHS UP BLOOD, SLOWLY DYING. BEFANA WHIMPERS AND JULIE COMFORTS HER.**

JULIE: Do not mourn his passing, Befana. Let us pray his seed alone is fruitful, for he'd have not risen far in Mildred Scarfe.

**DYLAN TRIES TO SPEAK, GASPING. JULIE MOVES TO HIM AND LEANS DOWN. HE WHISPERS SOMETHING IN HER EAR. JULIE STRAIGHTENS.**

JULIE: No, I'm afraid there's no redundancy scheme.

**DYLAN DIES, SLACKENING IN THE CHAIR. GARY ENTERS. BEFANA LIES ON THE DESK, BRINGING HER KNEES TO HER CHEST AND ROCKING FROM SIDE TO SIDE.**

GARY: Sorry ladies, that applicant is still waiting.

JULIE: A moment, Gary, we must cleanse the space for this new initiate.

KAREN: Help me with the man-child, Gary.

**GARY AND KAREN TAKE AN ARM AND START TO DRAG DYLAN OFF STAGE. JULIE PUTS THE DRUM BACK BENEATH THE DESK.**

GARY: (TUTS) We'll never get his arms down the chute...

KAREN: Shh!

**KAREN SNEAKS A LOOK AT JULIE. GARY AND KAREN EXIT WITH DYLAN'S BODY. JULIE RUNS HER HAND THROUGH BEFANA'S HAIR.**

JULIE: I have taught you well, daughter. Adopting this pose you ensure the optimum chance for conception.

**BEFANA GETS ON HER KNEES AND PAWS AT KAREN, WHIMPERING.**

JULIE: Why do you whimper, Befana, you are full with seed?

**BEFANA BITES HER TOP LIP AND MOTIONS TO HER CROTCH.**

BEFANA: Ah, your womanhood remains hungry. Very well. Return to your place behind the desk and let the applicant come forth.

**BEFANA GOES BACK UNDER THE DESK.**

Be they sacrifice or serf, customer servant or (LOOKING DOWN AT **BEFANA**) your service, all must prove their worth before the great womb of Mildred Scarfe. For as long as there are taxes, as long as mortgages, rent, public health levies, private health fees, car insurance, deferred University fees, electrical, water and internet bills remain, so shall we! Ready to crush the spirits of those who think life should be enjoyed, those who believe work is just that “thing” between family, friends and the thrill of experience. (SHE SPITS) Mildred Scarfe *is* life! There is nothing beyond these walls and the All-Mother of Homeware! Come applicant, come and be judged!

**JULIE RESUMES HER SEAT. A GREGARIOUS SMILE IS PASTED ACROSS HER LIPS.**

(BRIGHTLY) Next!

**LIGHTS DOWN.**