

# The Interview

Grade: 11

Date of Birth: February 19, 2000

## **The Interview**

### **Characters**

Kurt: Mid 20s, dressed in a suit.

Hugo: Mid 20s, wearing a suit with no shoes and a headband.

### **Set**

Two chairs and one desk. Colored lighting may be used to enhance certain elements of the conversation.

### **Plot**

Kurt goes in to interview for a job as an assistant and doesn't get exactly what he had expected.

## The Interview

*Hugo and Kurt shake hands and Hugo motions for Kurt to sit down.*

**Hugo:** Hey, dog! What's your name?

*Kurt opens mouth to talk.*

**Hugo (cutting him off):** Wait, wait! Don't tell me. Let me guess. *(Hugo closes his eyes tightly, holding one finger up in the air for about thirty seconds.)* I dunno man, your face just really screams Botticelli to me...

**Kurt:** Uh, yeah, no, my name is actually Kurt Campbell.

**Hugo (shrugging):** Kurt would have been my second guess. *(He pauses a second and gazes off into space)* Third guess...probably Don Quixote, I dunno. I'm Hugo, by the way. *(Hugo grins stupidly and adjusts himself in his chair.)* All right dude, tell me all about yourself. Why do you think you're right for this job? Why are you my man, ya know!?

**Kurt (straightening himself up):** Well, I've worked as a personal assistant before with praise from my employers. I have letters of reference, right here. I did everything from taking calls to...

**Hugo (cupping hands around mouth and shouting):** Boring! *(He begins to laugh aloud and puts his bare feet up on desk between them)* Come on, come on, come on, tell me something exciting about yourself! I don't think I'm getting the right vibes from you at all, dude. *(He screws up his mouth and shakes his head.)*

**Kurt (looking a little confused):** Exciting? Like...

**Hugo:** Come on, bro! *Exciting* Exciting! Ever been in a knife fight? Ever gone to North Korea? What's your star sign, man?

**Kurt (pausing):** Uh, yeah no neither of the first two...and Libra? I think?

*(Hugo slinks down in chair and looks disappointed.)*

**Kurt (sitting forward so as not to lose Hugo's favor):** Hey, I do play the electric guitar though, is that

exciting?

**Hugo** (*brightening up*): No way, man! No way! You any good? Wanna join my garage band?

**Kurt** (*raising eyebrows*): You're a self-made millionaire and you have a garage band?

**Hugo** (*lets out a long sigh and gets up and begins to pace*): You're a chill guy, Kurt, and I think we're at the point where I can really open up to you. I just gotta tell you, I really hate this business. Like, so much, man. I've got big dreams, what can I say?

**Kurt**: Being a multimillionaire business owner wasn't a big dream?

**Hugo** (*shaking his head, slinking his head and slumping in chair*): Nah, it's the worst here. Everybody is so uptight and business-y. I get so stressed out here that I have to take a sick day like at least two times a week. I want to be a getaway driver, man. I own the right car for it. Or *duuuude*, dude, dude! You know that you can make a career out of just playing Call of Duty and, like, talking about it on Youtube and stuff? (*He gapes for a minute.*) But, I mean I guess my passion is really music. I want to be the next Jimi Hendrix, man (*pause*).... Except not dead I guess.

**Kurt**: You play guitar too then?

**Hugo** (*laughs*): Nah, I play the cajon, bro. (*Hugo begins drumming on the desk.*) I'm like a cajon god. It's unimaginable. And I talk in Latin while I play too man, it's far out.

**Kurt** (*raising eyebrows*): Good for you.

**Hugo** (*laughing and pointing at Kurt*): Ukle, I am your atherfe! (*in hysterics*) Dude can you guess what I just said?

**Kurt**: Luke, I am your father...that's actually pig...

**Hugo** (*cutting Kurt off*): You speak Latin too, man? What! That is so cool, you are so number one on my list for this job now. And you know that quote too? That's like *two* gold stars, dude.

**Kurt**: Hey, can we talk a little more about my qualifications maybe? I mean this has been fun but...

**Hugo** (*grimacing and falling back into his chair*): One gold star deducted.

**Kurt** (*sitting forward*): You know what? I was speaking out of turn. You're conducting this interview. We can talk about whatever you want.

**Hugo** (*sitting forward immediately and putting hand on heart*): Dude, that means so much to me.

Thanks. (*Pause.*) Hey do you like my name? Hugo just seems a little boring, right? I was thinking I might change it...to something like Bono, I dunno. My mom says she'll disown me if I change it though...I don't know if it's worth it, you know? She makes some damn good cheesy hashbrowns.

**Kurt** (*trying to sound invested*): Nah, your name fits you well. I think you should keep it.

**Hugo** (*shaking his head in awe*): Man, you give the best advice. Let's keep going. You're like a magician dude, you keep pulling answers out of your hat. (*Pauses.*) So, I read somewhere that Libras are more likely to deal drugs. Are you a drug dealer man? That would be so cool. Can you hook me up?

**Kurt** (*appalled*): No...

**Hugo**: You can be real with me man.

**Kurt**: Still no...

**Hugo** (*smirking knowingly*): I get you, man.

**Kurt**: What?

**Hugo** (*still smirking*): I get you. (*He pauses for a second. Kurt looks dumbfounded.*) So. Do you believe in mermaids or gremlins or whatever?

**Kurt**: No...

**Hugo**: Really dude? My mom used to call me a gremlin. I've always wondered if she was hinting to who my dad actually is. Do you at least believe in pixies, dude? Please tell me you believe in pixies.

**Kurt** (*getting a little frustrated*): Hey, I've just got to ask you straight out, Hugo. What is it that you really want in an assistant? Someone to take your calls and run your errands, or someone to advise and counsel you, because...

**Hugo:** Dude, I just want somebody to talk to. This has been, like, the best conversation I've ever had, dog. But I mean you could do that other stuff too. This is totally embarrassing, man, so don't spread it around. *(Whispering)* I'm so bad at making hot chocolate. You just seem like somebody who would be really good at that.

**Kurt** *(gaping)*: You know what, I just don't know if this is the right fit for me, to be honest.

**Hugo** *(panicking)*: Bro! Come on I gave you two gold stars! You and this job? I'm pretty sure the Angel Gabriel himself designed this. I'll give you three gold stars if that will make you stay. *(He holds up three fingers for emphasis.)*

**Kurt** *(standing up)*: Hugo, it was really nice to meet you but I think I'm gonna pass on this one.

**Hugo:** Four! Four gold stars, dude. *(He grins.)* Come on maaan, four gold stars. You know you want 'em.

**Kurt:** I don't know what to say, Hugo. I'm really sorry. But thank you.

**Hugo** *(looking defeated)*: Too bad America is so free, man. If this were North Korea...

**Kurt:** Yeah man, too bad.

**Hugo:** Hey, you still interested in joining my garage band though?

**Kurt** *(in sympathy)*: Maybe I'll come and jam with you guys sometime.

*(Kurt and Hugo begin to walk offstage and lights begin to dim as they continue talking.)*

**Hugo:** Dude, yes! You're gonna love my bass players so much.

**Kurt:** Did you just say bass players? Plural?

**Hugo:** If that means three, then yes. It's gonna be historic man, especially with you on guitar. Dude, and I just thought of something! We can sing Latin in harmony! It's gonna be so cool.

**Kurt** *(laughing)*: So what are you guys called?

**Hugo:** I kind of liked the name Guns and Roses, but I was also digging the name Green Day. What do you think?

**Kurt** (*shaking his head*): I'm not even gonna say anything to that, Hugo.

**Hugo**: Is it “that bad” or “that good”...

**Kurt**: Hugo, please tell me you're kidding. You seriously don't know those are already famous bands?

**Hugo**: Dude, for real? Damn. Well what about The Eagles or something?

*(They continue talking until completely backstage and lights are out.)*

*(Lights come back. Actors come back to bow.)*