

Peter Johnson is at a job interview.

There is an interview panel of three. The Managing Director, to his right the manager of the department where Peter, if appointed, will work. To the Managing Director's left, a lady from the Human Resources department.

Introductions took place and the Managing Director has been asking Peter about his qualifications, his experience and what sort of work interests him. All is going well.

"Well, thank you", says the Managing Director.

The Managing Director looks to his right.

"Do you have any questions that you would like to ask?"

"Yes, thank you."

The manager looks towards Peter.

"What are your weaknesses?"

Peter looks down.

A pause.

Peter stands.

"Well, thank you for seeing me."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going."

"You can't go, the interview has not finished yet."

The lady from Human Resources stands, saying "Yes he can, he is free to go anytime he chooses."

"How dare you interfere!" exclaims the manager, fury in his voice.

The Managing Director looks concerned, yet says nothing.

The lady from Human Resources looks towards Peter.

"Thank you for attending the interview, I'll show you out."

"You won't get a job anywhere with an attitude like that!" shouts the manager.

The lady walks to the door, Peter turns and follows her.

As they go through the door Peter hears the manager call out.

"You can be your wife's manager when she goes round opening supermarkets. Quite a celebrity in the local paper!"

The lady from Human Resources has an anxious look on her face.

The lady and Peter walk along the corridor.

“I’m sorry about that. Bringing your wife into it is disgraceful. Asking about your weaknesses is something he does to every candidate. It was very wrong of him bearing in mind that you have been quite open on your application form about being made redundant and out of work for a long time. It must be very worrying.”

“Thank you, but it is not your fault.”

“Anyway, I feel like giving him a piece of my mind over it, but alas if I do I would probably get the sack. It’s a bit like that here. Frankly I’m looking around for a move myself. I’ll probably get some stick anyway for what I said, but I was not gong to be seen by default as going along with what he said.”

“Well, if you end up at an Industrial Tribunal, I will gladly come along as a witness if you wish. As you have been kind with what you said, both to him and to me, I’ll tell you that in fact my wife is at home looking after our baby. Whoever it was opened a supermarket, it was not my wife. There are various Johnson’s living in Rhyming Fiction, some I know, there may be others. Some are related to me. I don’t know who opened a supermarket. I couldn’t be bothered telling him.”

“Oh, right, thank you.”

They reach the door.

“Well thank you for attending I’m s.... Thank you for attending.”

“Thank you for your personal courtesy.”

They smile, Peter turns and walks away to the car park.

She closes the door.