



The New Adventures of Jim
JIM GOES JOB HUNTING V3

A short play by Nick Miller

3 CHARACTERS (2 male, 1 female):

JD - Job Centre Man
JIM - Annoying man in Job Centre
KATIE - Job Centre Woman

PROPS REQUIRED:
Two desks. Large wall clock. Two laptops.

The Job Centre

JD is working there facing away. Katie is at a separate desk on her laptop. Jim appears and makes a beeline for him and sits down.

Jim: Alright?

JD: Oh Jesus.

Jim: No not Jesus. It's Jim. We met in Wetherspoons.

JD: Oh God... I mean hello Jim.

Jim: The name's Jim.

JD: Yes I know... I just said hello Jim. What are you doing here?

Jim: Apparently I'm looking for a job.

JD: Apparently?

Jim: Yes I got a letter.

He sounds disgruntled. Shows him the letter. Torn, coffee stained.

Apparently because I've been on the social for more than 6 weeks I have to show that I'm willing to work.

JD: How much more than 6 weeks?

Jim: 26.

JD: 26 weeks?

Jim: Years.

JD: 26 YEARS? That's... 1999.

Jim: I know. And they're accusing me of not bothering to try to get work.

JD: And have you... bothered?

Jim: *Indignant*

Yes! I had an interview in January.

JD: *Making notes*
Oh, OK. So just a few weeks ago. So what have you got?

Jim: 2003.

JD: *He pauses with astonishment. Starts looking on screen.*
So what have you been doing, workwise, for the past 26 years?

Jim: Well I tried to open a zoo.

JD: A zoo? You tried to open a zoo? Where?

Jim: Well, that's the thing. Did you know that you're not allowed to own a pet giraffe...

JD: I must confess I didn't know that but I can't say I'm entirely surprised.

Jim: ... if you live on the ninth floor of a council flat in Penge.

JD: *Pauses again*
No. That's ridiculous.
Turns to Katie
Katie, did you know that you can't own a pet giraffe if you live on the ninth floor of a council flat in Penge?

Katie: *Looking away from her computer but with little surprise*
It's probably to do with the head height.

JD: Yes, that's a good point. It's probably to do with the head height, Jim. Giraffes are about twelve feet tall...

Jim: 16 feet.

JD: Sorry, 16 feet tall, and the average council flat ceiling is what, about seven foot high?

Jim: Obviously I thought of that.

JD: Obviously. So what did you do?

Jim: I installed a skylight.

JD: Oh. Can you do that?

Jim: Yes. I've got a toolbox.

JD: No, I meant... legally... anyway what happened? Did the council complain?

Jim: No, but the upstairs neighbour did when he got back from holiday.

JD: Did he...

JD mimes the actions of the upstairs neighbour falling through the hole

Jim: Yes. Turned up unannounced half way through Emmerdale.

JD silent pause again. Tries to compose himself...

JD: OK. What can you do? What sort of job are you looking for?

Jim: Anything.

JD: Anything?

Jim: Anything in the space industry.

JD: The space industry?

Jim: I was thinking moon man.

JD: Moon man? You mean astronaut.

Jim: Do I get my own rocket?

JD: You can't just BE an astronaut.

Jim: Is that like a moon man?

JD goes silent. Slightly bemused stare.

JD: Yes... but ... Look, Jim. You can't be an astronaut. It takes years and years of dedicated training.

Jim: Can't I just buy a book?

JD: No. Just no.

Jim: Anyway I'm allergic.

JD: To what?

Jim: Space.

JD: Allergic to space?

Jim: And books.

JD shakes his head.

Jim: OK what about airplane driver?

JD: You mean airline pilot.

Jim: Does he drive the airplane?

JD: He does. And no you can't.

Jim: Why not? How difficult can it be?

JD: How difficult can it be?

Jim: I just asked you that.

JD: OK. Think of a number that represents the highest degree of difficulty of... of anything.

Jim: What? The highest number I can think of?

JD: Yes.

Jim: OK... 473.

JD: 473? It's 8 million and 46.

Jim starts to count on his fingers.

Jim: Is that higher than 473.

JD: Yes.

Jim: OK. Maybe not that then. Anyway I'm scared of clouds.

JD: You're scared of... How can you be scared of clouds?
Anyway... look. Something more down to earth. Literally.
I've got shelf stacker. Post room assistant. Delivery driver.

Jim: I can't drive. I could learn on the job.

JD: No. No. You can't do that.

Jim: Anyway I'm allergic to vans.

JD: Allergic to vans? How can you be...
Anyway. What about an outdoor job?

Jim: Yes I was thinking of that. Professional golfer.

JD: No... it doesn't work like that. You can't just be...
I meant road repairs, that type of thing.

Jim: No. I'm allergic to roads.

JD: *Pauses again*
Of course you are. So what CAN you do? What are you NOT
allergic to?

Jim: What about the music industry?
I'm thinking of joining a pop group band.

JD: *Reluctantly responding*
A pop group band?

Jim: Yep. All these so-called pop group band popstars make
loads of money. Rolling in it. Rolling in it.

JD: Well not all of them. Only the really famous ones.

Jim: Exactly. So I can join a famous pop group band. Like O2.

JD: *Pause*
O2? You mean U2? Jim, you can't just join U2.

Jim: OK well I'll just start a new famous one.

JD: You can't just start a famous band.

Jim: A pop group band.

JD: You can't just start a famous pop group band.

Jim: I already have. Big marketing campaign.

JD: Really? What does that involve?

Jim: I put a card up in the Post Office.

JD: *Chuckling*
Oh right. That should do it. Anyway what were you thinking of calling your new pop group band?

Jim: I was thinking about Take That.

JD: Take That?

Jim: Yep.

JD: Well obviously you can't call it Take That.

Jim: Why not?

JD: Because there's already a band called Take That.

Jim: Really? Who?

JD: Take That.

Jim: Blimey. I must admit that is quite similar.

JD: No it's not similar. It's the SAME. It's exactly the SAME.
Look ... we're getting nowhere. I've got a busy day...

Jim: What about Lion Tamer? But just with cats. I'm allergic to lions.

JD: *Getting exasperated*
You can't be a lion tamer without lions. In fact you can't be a lion tamer period.

Jim: Or a mountaineer? As long as it's not too high... I'm allergic...

JD: ...allergic to mountains. I had an idea you'd say that.

Jim: A famous chef?

JD: *Sighing*
Can you cook?

Jim: No.

JD: I suppose you're allergic to kitchens?

Jim: No. Just food.

JD: That could be a problem.

Jim: What about acting? I could be an actor. I'm a really good actor.

JD: Are you? Funnily enough me and Katie run a theatre company at Greenwich Theatre. Maybe you could join us.

Jim: *He looks dismissively at JD and wags a finger at him*
With respects... I mean proper acting.

JD: Oh right. Proper acting. What did you have in mind?

Jim: Movies. I could be the new James Bond.

JD: Why didn't I think of that?

Jim: Now that Craig Daniels has left.

JD: Oh yes, of course. He was good, that Craig Daniels, wasn't he, Katie?

Katie: What's that?

JD: Jim could be the new James Bond now that Craig Daniels has left.

Katie: James Bond? Well they've got the same name.

JD: That's true.

Jim: Was Craig Daniels called Jim too?

JD: *Laughing despite himself.*
According to Katie, yes.
Hatching a plan...

Ooh hang on...
JD picks up the phone even though it didn't ring

JD: One minute Jim. Just have to take this call... Hello? Yes this is he.
Really? No experience necessary? Starting straight away?
I've got just the man.
He puts the phone down
Jim. You'll never believe it. You're in luck.

Jim: Was it O2? Was that Bonio?

JD: Bonio? Oh I see... No that was NASA.
They've got a vacancy for an astronaut.

Jim: Is that like a Moon man?

JD: That's it.

Jim: Told you. What's the money like?

JD: Not sure. About a million.

Jim looks unsure

Jim: Hmmm.. dunno.

JD: That's just the starting pay.

Jim: Go on then. I'll give it a go.

JD: Excellent. They'd like to see you right now.

Jim: Okay where is it?

JD: It's just down the road. In the High Street.

Jim: Oh that's handy. I was looking for something local.

JD: *Puzzled amusement*
A local astronaut? Anyway - just one thing. When you go there.
Just a heads up. When they had the NASA sign made they
slightly misspelt it.

Jim: Really?

JD: Yeah so instead of N-A-S-A the sign says N-I-S-A.

Jim: Really?

JD: Yep.

Jim: Easily done.

JD: Absolutely. Anyway they want to see you straight away.

Jim: Excellent I'll get down there straight away.

JD: Good for you.

Jim: Straight after lunch. I've brought this...
Jim removes a large, manky looking sausage from his trousers

JD: Oh that's disgusting... No. Not after lunch.
They said straight away.

Jim: Alright I'll eat it on the way.
Jim rushes off.
Katie has been listening all the way through.
Walks over to JD and leans on the desk

Katie: N-I-S-A? NISA? You're sending him to the supermarket?

JD: Yep.

Katie: For a job as an astronaut?

JD: Moonman.

Katie: Moonman. That's a bit cruel.
There is a pause while they look at each other uncertainly

Katie: Shall we go and watch?

JD: Bloody right.
They both grab their coats and rush off