

like Los Angeles here. The climate is a real deterrent for people from warmer places, so I hope you're serious about your candidacy. The Development Department is obviously quite serious about you, flying you here, putting you up in luxury accommodations. In my opinion it's usually a waste of time—the museum's better off promoting from within. Good for morale. Cheaper, too. *(Sighs)* But here we are. How are you?

MERRITT: My anus hurts. It's not hemorrhoids exactly, although I've had them before. When I was only thirteen I had one that thrombosed and the doctor had to lance it on an outpatient basis and there was so much blood the nurse had to leave the room cause she was gonna be sick. But like I said, it isn't hemorrhoids this time, probably some kinda non-specific rectalitis, some kinda infection, cause I can feel the lymph node right here—*(Rubs groin)*—swelling up like it does when my anus gets infected, which it does every now and then. I've just got a bad luck butt. This time I think it's from sitting all day on the plane after rather hyperbolic anal sex last night. Don't worry, I was safe and everything. Used a dildo. Can't be too careful these days. But it was one of those oversized ones so it loosened me up something awful. God, I hope I don't break wind during one of these interviews. That would be pretty embarrassing.

JEAN: *(After staring for a long moment)* I...I...have hemorrhoids, too. You poor thing! I know exactly how you feel.

*(They reach out to each other and scoot their roller chairs across the room to embrace. JEAN pats MERRITT comfortingly. After a moment CHRIS appears.)*

CHRIS: Tears, already?

JEAN: *(Smiling broadly as they both stand)* Not at all. I think Merritt will fit right in here at the museum.

CHRIS: Thanks, Jean.

*(JEAN disappears as CHRIS leads MERRITT away.)*

CHRIS: Looks like you made a good first impression. Jean usually hates everyone on sight. Job interviews are a lot like fundraising itself. Really just stage management—making sure the right people say the right things to the other right people at the right time.

MERRITT: I think I've got my lines down.

CHRIS: Good. Can I get you anything? Coffee or how about a danish?

MERRITT: Nice of you, but no thanks.

CHRIS: Just want you to be as comfortable as possible.

MERRITT: I really appreciate it. But I'm fine. I'm good at this stuff.

CHRIS: Your next appointment is Royce, who'd be your boss—*(Smiles)*—If you get the job. My boss, too, for now. *(Points to self)* Grants Coordinator, working for you—*(Points to MERRITT)*—Grants Manager, working for Royce—

*(ROYCE appears, carrying a bucket.)*

CHRIS: —Director of Development.

ROYCE: *(Shaking MERRITT's hand)* Thanks, Chris. Come back after we're done to take Merritt to Curatorial.

CHRIS: All right, but I'm in the middle of those trustee letters for your signature.

ROYCE: Which?

CHRIS: Trustee annual giving.

ROYCE: That's not your job.

CHRIS: Last Thursday you asked me—