

ONE TIME RIGHTS**800 WORDS****O'MALLEY'S PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT****By James Collins****PREMISE:**

When I got into New York I found it was difficult to get a job, but I lucked out. I was able to buy a going business from a guy who wanted to retire to Florida. It was real cheap, a one of a kind business. I get to place out of work actors. Not the name stars but the specialty acts. My first interview was a pip. I'd like to tell you about it.

I heard a knock at my door.

"Come in."

There stood a young girl with a small dog in her arms. She wore a flared out green skirt and bright red shoes. (I figured; scratch the fashion business for this chick. She needs help getting dressed in the morning.)

"Are you Mr. O'Malley, I'm Dorothy and I was sent over by the studio to see if you could place me in a job."

"Nice to meet you. Please sit down over here while I fill out this questionnaire with you. . . . Full name?"

"Dorothy."

"Dorothy what?"

"Just Dorothy no last name."

"Age?"

"Over sixty"

Now I looked at this chick. . . She didn't look over sixteen. "We'll lie about your age from here on out. Just tell them you're eighteen. . . You'll pass for that age."

"Residence?"

"The wonderful land of Oz."

"Just where is that located?"

"At the end of the yellow brick road."

Now I figured I had a very spooky person on my hands so I decided I should go slow. "Well just tell me how you get there."

"By tornado."

"I don't recognize the name of that airline is it a charter?"

"No. . . A real tornado. You know the wind and rain kind. It just swoops you up and takes you there. Of course there are lots of other people in the tornado so you're not alone."

"Of course not. They don't let you travel alone they always send a keeper on those kinds of flights. . . Did you have an aisle or a window seat?"

"The first time, I travelled in a house sitting on a bed."

I figured I really had a Looney on my hands. "We'll just go on to the next question."

". . . Then the house dropped on a witch and killed her."

"Do you run into witches often?"

"Well I have met three and I killed two of them."

I slo o o w ly took the letter opener off the desk and pushed my chair a little further

back.

I filled in for "religion" Pagan (dangerous)

"Why don't you tell me a little about your background...? Then she proceeded to tell me the weirdest story I ever heard. . . . Let me get this straight You went to Oz and met a lion that talked; a scarecrow that walked and danced, and a tin man carrying an axe who had sat rusting in a field for years but you brought him back to working condition so he could get a heart." (Sounded like a serial killer to me)

"Yes, that's all correct."

"Then you all went off to the Emerald city to see the Wizard."

"Exactly"

"Then the four of you ran across a meadow and fell asleep in mid stride."

"Yes, we were bewitched."

"Sounds more like Quaaludes or valium."

"Then you went into a forest where the trees were alive and they tried to catch you."

"Yes, it was terrible."

"LSD will do that to you... Then a couple of hundred flying monkeys attacked you and carried you up into the bad witch's castle."

"Yes and they smelled bad and screeched terribly."

"Flying monkeys affect everybody that way. That's why they're not in demand at parties. . . . To get the same effect party goers select certain drugs. You can get the same buzz from them and see the same monkeys without the smell and the noise.... Remember that the next time. . . . Then if I got the story right you, the scarecrow who had the lion with him and

the tin man with the axe rescued you and then the gang of you cornered the witch and killed her. . . Do I have all that down right?"

"Yes except for the part when we went back to the city to find out that the Wizard was a fake.

"You mean a Bunco artist. . . A con man?"

"Well, he originally was with the circus."

"Sounds like your whole tour was with the circus."

"Then the wonderful witch showed me how to get home to Kansas by clicking my heels together and here I am. Can you get me a job?"

"To tell you the truth at present I don't have any jobs for one with your unique qualifications but I'll add you to my roster. The only advice I can give you is; don't take any drug tests before or during employment . . . change the dress . . . get rid of the red shoes, . . . change your address to Greenwich village and write a book. . . It's weird enough to sell."

THE END