

# Jante Salverda: No particular theme or title

(file date: 17-1-2003 12:47)

## sketch Jante

### Cast:

<i>Voiceover:</i>	.....
<i>John:</i>	<i>John</i>
<i>Jante:</i>	.....
<i>Trolley Guy:</i>	.....
<i>Rienk</i>	<i>Rienk</i>
<i>Mikas</i>	<i>Mikas</i>
<i>Claudiu</i>	<i>Claudiu</i>
<i>Bas</i>	<i>Bas</i>
<i>Raoul</i>	<i>Raoul</i>
<i>Herbert</i>	<i>Herbert</i>
<i>Frank</i>	<i>Frank</i>
<i>Danielis</i>	<i>Danielis</i>
<i>Luuk</i>	<i>Luuk</i>

### Props:

*Astronomy book, spaghetti-diagram, dancing matrix, razor*

### Part 1 in Train

*Roles: Voiceover, Jante, John, Trolley-Guy*

*Props: Astronomy Book*

*Two or more chairs stand facing each other, to make a train-coupe. Voiceover is saying "Kedeng-kedeng" throughout this part of the sketch. Jante is sitting reading a physics book, John comes into the cabin and takes a seat.*

### John:

So what is a girl like you doing in a train like this?

### Jante:

Going home to Amsterdam and trying to quietly read a book!

### John:

But this is no book for a girl: "Astronomy and Astrophysics!". You're not one of these dikes that study Astronomy, are you?

### Jante:

I'm studying both Astronomy and Physics, and don't worry pretty boy, I prefer men!

### John:

Oh, eh, sorry I just didn't expect that eh...

But, I also happen to have studied physics, and I am currently doing my Phd!

### Jante:

Oh, that is interesting. I have almost finished my studies, and I really would like to do a Phd. Preferentially something with light of all sorts of bizarre colors, like for instance bright pink, because that goes so well with my type of skin, and the color of my hair and my

eyes. And I would also like to do something with plants, since I am a vegetarian.

**John:**

Well, that's a coincidence: that is EXACTLY what I am doing! I'm doing biophysics in Leiden. I use light to study photosynthesis! The only difference is that red goes better with my type of skin, and the color of my h.... eh, my eyes.

*Guy with food-trolley comes in*

**Guy (loud):**

Coffee, tea, lemonade! Coffee,tea, lemonade!

**Jante:**

Do you also have orange juice?

**Guy:**

Ofcourse ma'm!

**Jante:**

And is this orange juice freshly made.

**Guy (proud):**

Absolutely, ma'm I've personally pressed every single drop of it this morning!

**Jante:**

Well, in that case I will have a coffee please!

*Guy with food-trolley leaves.*

**John**

What was that about?

**Jante**

Oh, I never take the freshly pressed orange juice, way too expensive  
But what were we talking about? Oh, a Phd in Biophysics! It sounds very interesting, but Leiden is sooo boring. Are there no other places where I could do such a Phd?

**John:**

Well, mmmm, there is another group doing photosynthesis research. In Amsterdam.

**Jante:**

That sounds very good, I live in Amsterdam

**John:**

Well, but I would not recommend you to go there

**Jante:**

Why not, are they not doing good research there?

**John:**

Well, that's not really it. Let's say there is a little bit too much "biophysics" going on between the various members of the group.

**Jante:**

You mean that there is a lot fuckin' around going on there?

**John:**

Well, those are your words, but eh... yes.

**Jante:**

Oh, that must be a great group to work in! Oh, I definitely should go and work there!

**John:**

Well, I did not expect you were that desperate! But if you are really looking for a man, I happen to be available.

**Jante:**

Oh, no that's not it. I'm absolutely loyal to Dirk!

**John:**

The supermarket?

**Jante:**

No, my lovely German boyfriend!

**John:**

So why WOULD you want to work in this promiscuous group?

**Jante:**

Well, because there must be an enormous amount of gossip going on there, and I love gossip!

## *Part 2 Job interview*

*Roles: Jante, Rienk, Mikas*

*Props: Spaghetti-diagram, dancing matrix*

*Two chairs with a table in between. Rienk is sitting at his desk.*

*Jante comes in flapping with her feet.*

**Rienk:**

What's that noise?

**Jante:**

I'm Jante, Jante Salverda. I'm here for the job interview.

**Rienk:**

Ah, miss Salverda, please sit down. And, eh, next time you do not have to flap with your feet before you come into my room. We are pretty informal here.

**Jante:**

So I've heard!

**Rienk:**

I must say that I am very impressed by your list of grades. An average of 11.7 on a 1 to 10 scale that seems well, eh impossible. I'm happy to get a high quality applicant for a change. I just had this guy here, a certain Bas Gobets, nice guy, but very mediocre grades. I'll probably hire him anyway, because apparently he knows how to write sketches, but otherwise it remains a doubtful case. Unlike your case of course, with these fantastic grades.

**Jante:**

I'm very flattered. May I compliment you, by the way, with the beautiful pink scarf that you are wearing. It matches very well with your type of skin, and the color of your hair and your eyes.

**Rienk:**

Eh, well thank you. Eh, there is however one thing I would like to address: On your CV you mention that you are member of a nature club. What should I think of that? Are you an expert in catching butterflies with a net, hahahaha!

**Jante:**

Well, not exactly. It is more like your research group.

**Rienk:**

What do you mean by that?

**Jante:**

Well, it is a club that is the source of an intricate web of relationships, and therefore of an enormous amount of gossip. Lately it is getting a little bit out of hand however. On the last nature-club party I have tried to keep track of who is dancing with who, and for how long, and I came up with this scheme (*shows scheme with names and connecting lines*).

**Rienk:**

Well, this looks like a plate of spaghetti to me. Or an accident in a tunnel or so.

**Jante:**

Yes, that is what I was thinking as well. That's why I have come up with a different way of presenting my data. (*Shows density matrix*) I call it a dancing-matrix.

**Rienk:**

That looks more like it, very interesting, maybe we can use this approach somehow in the future. But, eh, what is the significance of the diagonal-elements of this dancing matrix.

**Jante:**

Silly man, do I really have to explain this to you?

**Rienk:**

Well, let's end this interview. You are hired. Do you have any more questions or requests?

**Jante:**

Well, yes, as you have pointed out, I am quite a genius. You can therefore not really expect me to do stupid things like bolting things down on an optical table, aligning setups, doing experiments, writing papers and such. So I would like to have an assistant, or even better, a slave to help me with that.

**Rienk:**

Ofcourse. Wait a moment. "MIKAS!"

*Mikas walks in, in a hunchback kind-of-way.*

**Mikas:**

You called master?

**Rienk: (hits him)**

Yes ofcourse I called for you, is there anyone else called Mikas here? Now, no more stupid questions or I will hit you again. This is miss Salverda, she is going to work for us, and you are going to assist her. She is your new master. You do whatever she tells you to do! Understood?

**Mikas:**

Yes master

**Rienk: (hits him)**

I just told you miss Salverda is your new master, so stop calling me master!

(To Jante): Mikas is from Lithuania. He is a good guy, a bit rebellious every now and then, but then just hit him, he's not a protected species. Don't let yourself be fooled by the way he looks, he's pretty good with lasers.

*Part 3 in Rumenia*

*Roles: Jante, Claudiu, Bas, Raoul, Mikas*

*Props: Razor*

*All are sitting on the floor, around a campfire. Raoul is flat on his back, smoking a cigarette. Mikas is cooking.*

**Claudiu:**

Well, how do you like my country?

**Bas:**

Well, wet, slippery, muddy, windy, cold, but I like it.  
I'm pretty tired though

**Claudiu:**

Yes, it was quite a day with these heavy backpacks. Especially since you destroyed mine.

**Bas:**

It just fell apart by itself!  
But look at Raoul. He has really collapsed. Is he still breathing?

**Jante:**

I guess so, he's still smoking so...  
I do not understand why you are all so tired. I'm feeling quite fresh.

**Claudiu:**

That's because you have this damn Lituanian slave that is carrying your stuff around for you.

**Jante:**

I can't help that you don't know how to negotiate for a good contract.

**Bas:**

Anyway, is dinner almost ready? I'm starving. What are you cooking anyway, Jante?

**Jante:**

I have ordered Mikas to make my favorite pasta-dish. Mikas is the dinner ready?

**Mikas:**

Not yet master.

**Jante (hits him)**

Then hurry up!

**Raoul (grabs his razor):**

Well, if dinner is taking some time, I will take a shave. One has to take care of his looks, even in the outback of Rumania. (to Jante) When I'm finished you can use the razor to shave your legs, if you want?

**Jante:**

Shave my legs? Why should I?

**Raoul (a bit angry):**

Women have to shave their legs! That is rule number one. ONE! How can you have a boyfriend if you do not shave your legs?

**Jante (angry):**

I am happy that my boyfriend is not such a male chauvinist pig as you are.

**Bas:**

Well, I do remember some kind of connection between having a German boyfriend and shaving. But I think that was not about legs.

**Raoul:**

I mean, this is even a German razor. I stole it from Markus during the conference. You won't even shave your legs with a German razor?

**Jante:**

NOOOOOO!

**Claudi:**

Let's end this discussion. It's leading nowhere. Let's have dinner. Mikas, is dinner ready?

**Mikas:**

Yes Master

**Jante (hits him)**

He's not your master, I am, and now serve my favorite pasta-dish.

Dinner is served and everybody starts to eat (well, not Mikas ofcourse)

**Raoul:**

Hé, there is no pesto in this pasta

**Jante:**

I never put pesto in the pasta

**Raoul (angry):**

But that is ridiculous! How can you cook pasta without pesto! That is rule number two:

Pasta you make with pesto. People that do not use pesto in the pasta cannot cook. Period.

**Jante (angry):**

I am a very good cook! And I would love to have a tremendous fight about this, if we were not eating. I am afraid I will miss my second helping if we fight while the others eat.

*Part 4 solliciting for room*

*Roles: Jante, Mikas, Herbert, Frank, Luuk, Danielis*

*Props: -*

*Mikas is sitting behind a table pretending to type on a computer. Jante walks in, doing RSI exercises.*

**Jante:**

Mikas, have you already finished my thesis?

**Mikas:**

Not yet master.

**Jante:**

Well, get on with it! You are so lazy that I have gotten a Repetitive Slapping Injury from hitting you, and therefore I can't hit you anymore. But don't take advantage of this, or I will start kicking!

**Mikas:**

Yes master.

**Jante:**

But first you have to help me with selecting a good tenant for the room I have available in my house. I will have a number of candidates lining up in a moment. All men ofcourse.

*Herbert, Frank, Luuk and Danielis walk in*

**Jante:**

Good, you are all candidates for the room?

**All:**

Yes.

**Jante:**

Good, please line up overthere.

(to Mikas) So what is the most important selection criterium for a tenant?

**Mikas:**

I have no idea master.

**Jante:**

The right answer for a change. I will tell you: if you want to know what a man is like, you begin by checking out his butt.

**Mikas:**

His butt?

**Jante:**

Yes, his butt. So gentlemen, if you would be so kind to turn around for a butt-inspection.

*All turn around.*

**Jante:**

So what do we see here?

**Mikas:**

Four pairs of butts.

**Jante:**

Obviously, but it's about the quality of the butts. I must say: the general quality of these butts is quite good. Except for these (pointing at Danielis). I don't trust these butts. You can go!

*Danielis leaves*

**Mikas:**

How come, master that you know so much about butts?

**Jante:**

I used to study ass-tronomy.

**Mikas:**

But master, astronomy, that's about stars.

**Jante:**

About stars, yes, and about what surrounds them. Now for the rest of the selection. You can turn around again gentlemen.

*They turn around again.*

**Jante:**

Which one of you gentlemen likes to live in a tidy house?

**Luuk:**

I do!

**Jante:**

In that case you are dismissed. Go away!

*luuk leaves*

**Jante:**

Two candidates left. Who of you two insists on standing while he is peeing?

**Frank:**

I do!

**Jante:**

Ok, you can go as well! I do not wish my toilet to be a mess.

*frank leaves*

**Jante: (to Herbert)**

Well, it seems that you are the lucky guy. You have the room.

**Herbert:**

Thank you

**Jante (with smile):**

You are welcome! I have a feeling that we are going to have a very good time together. But now I am first going to Arhus! Mikas! Write an email to the group saying that I am working in Denmark for the rest of the week. And then continue working on my thesis!