

## FIT TO BE TIED

*A long pause. They look at each other straight in the eyes without moving.*

Robert

I want to learn.

Mr Prince

Okay. We'll see what we can do, then. Unfortunately there's not all that much time left at the moment, only about three minutes at the most I would say.

Robert

Why ?

Mr Prince

Because they're already in the elevator by now. And I'm going to have to ask you to listen to me without interrupting me because we have very little time available.

Right then, Joseph. Now what's interesting about Joseph is that he doesn't think. He doesn't reflect. He doesn't invent. The thing about Joseph is that he's a complete idiot, because there's one thing which he has banished from his life, and he has banished it forever, and that is speculation. He doesn't work things out, he doesn't turn things over, he doesn't reflect or think, he simply operates and he operates simply. He simply does. If I say to him : you've got to keep watch over that door, he'll station himself in front of that door and nothing will make him move. And say somebody comes up to the door and says, 'I'm the king of Prussia' or else 'I've got four stars on my sleeve, open the door for me or I'll have you put in the brig', Joseph will reply 'No, I've got my orders.' 'Ah' say the other one, 'but I'm a member of the

intersectorial group on egress technology and I must have a look at your hinges.' 'No' says Joseph, 'I've got my orders and you can stuff it.' And anyone who come to that door will realize that the only way to get into that doorway will be over his dead body. That's because he is not asking himself any questions or questioning any answers, because he is already upstream from any thinking, because he follow orders and that's all there is to it. His freedom is freedom from choice, because even choosing one thing over another is not going to be particularly efficient if you already know what's to be done before you get to that point. Any why is he efficient? Because he is in obedience. Because he knows how to obey. Because he submitted, because his commitment is the result of his submission and because his functioning is the result of his commitment. He functions, serves and gets down to it. Nothing can stop him, nothing can deflect him. The offer he made was himself and it can't be turned down. He's too single-minded to think it over, to weigh the pros and the cons, to reflect about whether it ought to have been, to compare it with whatever, to compare himself with whatever. He simply functions and as he functions, he becomes useful both to himself and to others. And who is this Joseph? He is a servant. Joseph is the perfect servant. He wants to serve and wants nothing else. And when he begins to serve he find himself on the Royal Way. He demands nothing, insists on nothing. He doesn't want anything and can't really do anything because there is nothing to be done,

all he wants to do is function. And if you propose power or money to him, consideration, dreams and comfort, he won't be bothered with any of it so great is his desire to serve, so little he wants beyond that service, so transparent is he. This man is nothing, and because he is nothing he is everything. That's Joseph, the faithful servant.

Robert

Excuse me ...

Mr Prince

Yes?

Robert

Is the Joseph you're talking about the Joseph who was the husband of the Virgin Mary?

*Pause. Mr Prince draws a deep breath. Very patiently:*

Mr Prince

Look there's no time to dot the 'i's and cross the 't's, we don't have enough time. This is the case for my situation before you right here and the case of the situation overall. All I ask you to do right now is to preserve what I am saying from the ravages of your own imagination. Right. Can we be precise for just a moment? Remain where you are standing.

Robert

Why?

Mr Prince

Just don't move from where you are standing  
whatever happens for the next five minutes.

Robert

What for?

Mr Prince

Will you bloody well stop asking me questions  
and just do what I say!

*Knocking is heard at the door. In a loud voice:*

What is it?

*Mr Prince has climbed up onto the top of his desk and is standing up  
there surrounded by his innumerable books. He picks up books from  
the piles three or four at a time and cocks his arm.*

Come in!