Waiting for Yunot... (with apologies to Samuel Beckett)

The characters:
Paasche, a talking head
Laspeyres, another

[An office. A computer. Evening.]
[Paasche, staring intently at the computer monitor, keeps repositioning the mouse. He moves, clicks, and moves again. He gives up, sighs, and tries again. As before.]
[Enter Laspeyres.]

Paasche: [throwing up his hands]. Nothing more to be done.
Laspeyres: [advancing with long, bold strides]. I'm beginning to come around to that opinion. All through my career I've tried to deal with it, telling myself, Laspeyres, be flexible; remember those long and variable lags. [He smiles weakly]. So there you are.
Paasche: Yes, here I am. My life is an open spreadsheet.
Laspeyres: And I am in my cell. I didn't know if we would ever collaborate again. [He wads up a sheet of paper and lobs it into the wastebasket across the room]. Not after the last time.
Paasche: [irritated] The last time was the last time.
Laspeyres: [gingerly] If I may ask, how does one know when enough is enough?
Paasche: [darkly] Enough is enough!
Laspeyres: Will this business never change?
Paasche: Isn't that why we are at this point? Again.
Laspeyres: [hopefully] It will be different when... if only... Yunot.
Paasche: [disgusted] New economy—old problems. Irrational exuberance—rational disspiritedness. Soft landings—hard feelings. [He turns to his mouse and clicks furiously.]
Laspeyres: [cajoling] Keep probing. The Great Wheel turns one element at a time. Start with data and move to date. Cut the rate and trust in fate. Today's decisions could lead us to our stars. We just need... Yunot.
Paasche: [brightening] Yunot... The promise is not in our stars but in ourselves. And 'tis a short step from stats to stars; one need only risk the stabs. Let's continue, shall we?
Laspeyres: [skeptical] How far can we get without... Yunot?
Paasche: [earnestly] One can be prepared. I had a dream. The numbers fit just so!
Laspeyres: [scolling] Just so! A dream, or a delusion? [with irony] So just!
Paasche: [as if in a trance] I could see all the way out to the forecast horizon. As each piece of news was revealed, I fit it like a jewel into a crown. The economy evolved along a divine growth path. Employment was maximal, inflation tractable, consumption fantastical, investment tactical, fiscal policy bilateral and monetary policy practical. Laspeyres, I've glimpsed heaven!
Laspeyres: [looking skyward, musing] And we will see heaven on earth as soon as... Yunot. [He crosses from the window and shakes Paasche by the shoulders, tumbling him from the chair.] Let me try my hand at this game. [He seizes the mouse].
Paasche: [dazed, on the floor] Slim pickings, indeed, when a mouse is the game.
Laspeyres: [expectantly, while wriggling the mouse and clicking it repeatedly] There! That should give us all the information we need for our decision. Now we will get our just desserts. The cake is baked. Unless... Yunot.
Paasche: Why do we bother?[He eyes the electrical cords and computer cables.] Why not just hang ourselves?
Laspeyres: [bemused] We do that each time we speak!

[A loud beep emanates from the computer terminal, and a synthetic human voice says, “You’ve got mail.” Paasche jumps to his feet and Laspeyres snaps upright. Both stare at the monitor.]

Paasche: [reading] Yunot will not arrive today, but surely tomorrow.
Laspeyres: [with emphasis] ... but surely tomorrow.
Paasche: [matter-of-factly] Let’s go. We can wait that long.
Laspeyres: As we have done before.
Paasche: [tugging] Shall we go? No doubt we are in the endgame.
Laspeyres: [resigned] Yes. Let us go. [He drapes his arm around Paasche’s shoulder.] We have been here as long as... well, Yunot.