

From Bad Ideas for Bad Television Shows

MARCIE, a cop

PERP, a perp

BOB, cop

In the interrogation room on the Television show Dubuque 911.

(MARCIE drags a PERP into the interrogation room.)

MARCIE

How bout you tell me all about it, punk?

PERP

I'll never talk! I want my lawyer! I want my lawyer now!

MARCIE

Scum like you doesn't get lawyers. Scum like you gets a small fine. We take our jaywalking very seriously. Maybe in Des Moines they don't care if you don't cross the street at a place other than a clearly marked crosswalk, but here in Dubuque that sort of thing will get you a fifteen dollar fine and a stern-talking to!

PERP

You'll never break me!

MARCIE

Oh I don't think I need to. Let me introduce you to my partner.

(BOB enters.)

BOB

Hiya.

MARCIE

This punk thinks he's too good for clearly marked pedestrians crosswalks. You make me sick. You make me sick.

BOB

Okey-dokey then. Soooo...

(BOB sits across from PERP.)

How about some coffee?

PERP

NEVER!

BOB

Well I'll have some then. Marcie?

MARCIE

I'm not in the mood to get you coffee, Bob. My stomach is too upset. Because I'm sick. I'm sick of jaywalking.

PERP

Can I have a cup then?

MARCIE

YOU THINK THIS IS A JOKE?! DO YA? What if there had been some little kid there, watching you – looking up to you like a role model? What if he says – hey, that guy crossed the street, what if I crossed the street? WHAT IF EVERYONE CROSSES THE STREET WHEREVER THEY LIKE? All of society breaks down! Chaos in the streets! It takes a little longer for cars to get through because they have to pause. They. Have. To. Pause. You just think about that.

BOB

I know ya had it tough. You probably had an absent father.

PERP

No, actually he –

BOB

Hold on I'm trying to relate to you. It's not easy growing up on the mean streets of Dubuque without a father figure. But there are program for people like you. Programs designed to help you.

MARCIE

This punk doesn't deserve help. He deserves a fifteen dollar fine.

BOB

Hold on there Marcie. I'm not giving up on this guy just yet.

MARCIE

I am.

BOB

I'M NOT!

(BOB gets up to make a dramatic speech.)

I'm reaching out my hand for ya, boy. I'm reaching out. Are you gonna take my hand? Are ya?

(Pause.)

ARE YA?

PERP

I guess so.

(PERP takes BOB's hand. BOB wraps in a hug.)

(BOB cries.)

To read the rest of this play, email me at donzolidis@gmail.com