

Job Application...

Secretary: It took place in NY City. In his office at Supersafe Entepriizes on Friday morning, Bill the Vice President was preparing for a interview. He thought it would just be a normal interview. But he was wrong.

(Secretary exits. Bill is sitting at his desk, whistling. He checks his watch and sighs.)

Bill: He's late.

(The Secretary enters, listening to an Ipod. She weaves her way over to Bill's desk.)

Secretary: Do wop. Do wop. Badadadada! (When she sees Bill she looks very surprised.) Oh.... hi, boss.

Bill: What's the problem, Ellen? (Sigh.)

Secretary (Pulling her headphones off.): There's a guy out in the lobby, who, uh, wants to see ya.

Bill: Alright, show him... Who are you? You're not my normal secretary.

Secretary: Your secretary took a day off to see her parents. I'm fillin' in for her. (She looks very proud about this.)

Bill: Where were you working before?

Secretary: Shelby's Seafood restaurant, down by the traffic lights on route 15.

Bill: Ah... (Pretends to be interested in his paperwork. The secretary waits expectantly.)

Bill (Looks up from the paperwork.): What do you want? (Sigh.)

Secretary: I said, there's a guy in the lobby who wants to see ya.

Bill: Oh! Show him in... Show him in..

(Bill smooths his hair and straightens his jacket and tie.)

(Joe enters the room. He is wearing a biker jacket, ripped jeans and he has an eyepatch. Bill goes to shake his hand, and then does a double take.)

Bill: Hello and welcome to .... uh.... hello...

Joe: Can we just get on with this dang interview?

Bill: (Sounding hopeful) Yes... um... the interview... are you sure you're at the right building?

Joe (Glaring at him.): No, this is where I was told to come. 20 Dawson Avenue. That's you, righto?

Bill: (Sighs.) Yes, that's us.

(He pulls a piece of paper for the interview out of his desk, and sadly motions for Joe to take a seat.)

Bill: Name?

Joe: What do you mean by that?!

Bill: What is your name?

Joe: Joe.

Bill: What is your last name?

Joe: Joe.

Bill: (Sighs.) No, that was your first name. Your last name is not the same.

Joe: Who says it can't be? Are you threatening me?!!

Bill: Whoa... okay, okay, I'll put Joe down as first and last name. (He writes it down.)

(As Joe turns, Bill sees a gun underneath his jacket.)

Bill: Joe.... wait a minute... why do you have a gun?!

Joe: Oh, it's the only thing that makes me feel secure. Why do you want to know anyway?

Bill: Because you just walked into my office with a gun and no one noticed, maybe!! I must get rid of that secretary.

Joe: Oh, it's not a real gun.

Bill: It's not? (He looks relieved.)

Joe: Yup, it is! I mean... hee hee... no it's not.

Bill: Oh, ok... What would you say is your most important skill?

Joe: My honesty, duh.

Bill: That's a skill?

Joe: When you work at it as hard as I do, it is. (He looks annoyed at Bill for even asking.)

Bill: Okay, moving on.... (sighs) what do you think was the deciding factor in you getting this job interview?

Joe: Well, sure, I cheated to win. (Slaps hand across his mouth.) Oopsie!

Bill: You cheated to win???

Joe: (To the audience) Darn, I wish I hadn't worked so hard on being honest now.

Bill: How on earth did you cheat? All the other candidates got the flu yesterday!

Joe: I don't see why I need to tell you anything, buster. But I will, 'cause I like this part. I got these flu pills on ebay, and late at night I had some guys creep around the others' houses and sabotage their fridges with 'em. Oh, it was a good one. (He lets out an evil chuckle.)

Bill: I'm going to have to evict you from the premises!

Joe: What! Don't I get the job?!

Bill: No! You just admitted to poisoning all the candidates! Why would I hire you, you evil little idiot?!

Joe: No one calls me an idiot! Prepare to taste cold steel, Billy boy!

Bill: I thought you said that wasn't a real gun!

Joe: That one wasn't. This one (He pulls a gun out of his pocket.) is!

Bill: Guards! Guards!

(Joe shoots him. There is a sound of running feet approaching.)

Joe: That's a terrible thing. He's dead.

(running footsteps approaching, two burly security guards burst in. One is older, the other is younger.)

Joe: Sir, oh, it was a terrible thing sir!

Security Guard 1: What's goin' on here! Is Bill okay?

Security Guard 2: (checking Bill's pulse) Uh.... yeah, he's dead, boss. Looks like it was done with a heavy blunderbuss at about 20 yards range.

SC1: (Whacks him on the back of the head.) You've only been here one day. You don't know nuthin' about what you're talkin' about!

Joe: The killer, he burst in here, yelled "That's the last time you'll mess with me, Billy Boy!" and shot Bill dead. He jumped out the window!

SG1: Uh huh, mister. I'll be with you in a moment. (Turns to the new guy.) Come on. Who's better than you at being a policeman?

Joe: Uh... officer?

SG1: I said, I'll be with ya in a moment. (Turns back to the security guard.) Well, do you? Do ya know?

SG2: Could it possibly be... ooh, this is a hard one.... you?

SG1: Exactly right. And do you....

(Joe claps his hands over his eyes.)

Joe: Listen to me!!!

SG1: Alright, alright, whaddaya want?

Joe: The killer, he burst in here, yelled "That's the last time you'll mess with me, Billy Boy!" and shot Bill dead. He jumped out the window!

SG1: Somethin' about this just don't sound right ta me. (Turns to the other cop.) New guy, what do you think of it.

SG2: I think the guy ran in, shot him with a blunderbuss, and jumped out the window.

Joe: Oh, that's right, it WAS a blunderbuss. Funny how these things slip your mind, isn't it?

SG1: You seem like a nice guy, so ya won't mind if I take you in fer questioning.

Joe: What, don't you believe me?

SG2: Yeah, he looks like a nice man. He must be telling the truth.

SG1 (ignoring him): Well, one, there is a smokin' gun in your hand. Two, the window is blinkin' well closed! Three, I dunno, somethin' about this smells fishy.

Joe: Uh, he shoved me aside and made me take the gun. And... uh.... he closed the window after him!

SG2: But that's not a blunderbuss! I thought you said it was a blunderbuss!

Joe: Uh... he had another gun.

SG2: Oh, okay. (He looks happy.)

SG1: Listen, I don't trust you. So I'm just gonna take you down to the station and we'll have a nice little chat. And if you turn up clean, well, sorry for the inconvenience it caused you.

Joe: That's right. You shouldn't trust me. I'm a cheater, a liar, and a murderer and I- dang it! I hate my honesty!

SG1: I knew it! I am a officer of the law and by the powers invested in me I do hearby place you under arrest!

(Joe levels the gun at the guards)

Joe: I may have blown the interview, but I can still get away with it! Ha ha ha ha ha ha!!! Put your hands up, coppers!

(They put their hands up.)

SG1: Are you sure you wanna do that, sonny?

Joe (With a grin.): I'm sure.

SG1: Oh, okay. I wouldn't want ya ta do anything you're not sure about.

Joe: Now, I want you to back into that closet there. I'm gonna lock the door, and hopefully someone will find you before you run out of air!

SG2: What do we do, boss?

SG1: Well, I'd say we back inta that closet and wait fer someone ta let us out.

SG2: What! You don't have a plan?

SG1: Son, a good policeman knows when he's beat.

SG2: I guess you're not the mister I-know-how-to-do-everything you think you are!

Joe: Just shut up and get in the closet!

(As the security guards back into the closet, the secretary enters.)

Secretary: Badada Bam Wham Do Whop Wha- (She sees Bill's dead body.)

Secretary: Gahh! Who did this?!

Joe: Quiet back there!

Secretary: Who did this?!

(The cops both point at Joe.)

Secretary (Picking up a paperweight off of Bill's desk.) You ruined my chances of ever getting a job in this company! Taste cold paper weight, boss-slayer!

Joe: I said, quiet back- quiet back there?

(The secretary throws the paperweight and it hits Joe on the head. He crumples over.)

Joe: Ow.....

(The security guards drag him away.)

## Scene 2

(Joe has been loaded into a police van, which is slowly but surely rolling toward to police station. He is sitting behind bars in the back of the truck. One of the policeman, Andy, is slightly deaf, and the other, Chuck, has a very annoying laugh. Andy is driving. This is Andy's first time out as a policeman.)

Joe: I gotta find a way to break out of this truck.

Chuck: What was that? Ha ha ha?

Joe: I said: I've gotta find a way to break out of thi.... oh, dang it!

Chuck: Ha ha ha... that's a good one. This truck is built on a design patented by a certain B. Barchovian from Russia. Lightweight, yet amazingly strong. The only thing that could stop this beauty is a head on collision with a vehicle at least the size of an eighteen wheeler.

(silence for a while)

Joe: Is there anything else that could stop this thing?

Chuck: Only a giant anvil dropping from the sky! Hahahaha!

Andy: Um, um, or a giant explosion, or something like that!

Joe: What if someone hijacked the truck?

Chuck: Ha ha ha ha! I'd like to see 'em try! Ha ha!

Joe: What if I pulled out my gun (Joe pulls out his gun) and told you to drive down that side road over there?

Chuck (looking a tiny bit worried): That's a good one, that is. We've been told your gun isn't loaded. Ha ha.

Joe (grinning): You're right. It isn't.

Chuck: (Looking a lot more worried) Ha ha haha. What are you thinking?

Joe: I'm thinking of throwing my gun through these little bars at your friend's head, and knocking him out so he can't drive.

Andy: What was that about me?! I hope you're not saying anything nasty!

Chuck: You... you wouldn't.

(Joe throws the gun, and knocks Andy out. The car skids across the road and hits a tree. The back pops open from the force of the blow.)

Chuck: Ha ha ha ha-ow!... You'll never get away with this, you monster!

Joe (hopping away in his chains) So long, coppers! Nice knowing you!

Chuck: Why you.... meanie! You big meanie! I'm going to ha ha ha ha harrest you!

Joe: (turning around) You'll have to catch me first.

Chuck: I will! I... (he tries the doors).. ah ha ha oh dear.

Andy: (Waking up) Ow... my head... he's gone! We gotta go after him, Chuck!

Chuck: There's only one problem with that, ha ha. All the doors have locked, ha ha ha ha. It's the safety procedure.

Andy: You mean we're stuck here? Trapped in our unbreakable police van?

Chuck: Yup. Ha ha ha.

Andy: Well, that stinks.

Chuck: It does have a certain irony to it, I'll grant you. Hoo hoo ho ha ha!

Andy: Well, I got a cell-phone on me somewhere. We can call the police.

(He starts feeling in his pockets)

Chuck: Andy? Ha ha?

Andy: Yeah?

Chuck: We are the police.

Scene 3:

(Joe has arrived at his workplace, .)

Joe: Ha ha ha, that was a good one! I'd like to see them get out of that stupid impenetrable police car! Ah, here we go, Sleaze Inc. Time to see my boss.

(As he walks in, a big security guards blocks his path.)

Security Guard: ID, puh-lease!

Joe: Here you go... (Feels around in his pockets for a moment) Oh, dang it, I think someone's stolen it! I'll see you.

SG: Are you sure you don't have it?

Joe: Nope. Sorry, pal. (He attempts to walk in, but the security Guard's arm blocks his path. He keeps

walking for a while before realizing he isn't moving.)

Joe: What do you think you're playing at?!

SG: I'm sorry, sir, but I can't let you in without any ID.

Joe: Well, I.... listen, mate, I was going to be nice to you.

SG: You were going to be nice to me, were you? And just what are you gonna do now, huh?

Joe: I'm gonna hit you so hard you won't even remember being hit, that's what!

SG: (amused) Do you think you can do that, wimp?

Joe: No, of course I don't- yes I do! I mean it! If you don't step out of the way this second, you are going to wish you were never born!

SG: Uh huh.

Joe: Move aside, you big dummy, before I pummel you within an inch of your life!

SG: Listen, buddy, you aren't actually doing anything to hurt me. You are just standing there yelling at me. You're all bluster, aren't you?

Joe: You're totally- No, I am not, and you are going to feel my wrath if you- gahhhh!

SG: If you gaaaah?

Joe: The... the cops!

(The two cops who Joe escaped from, in a slightly beat up police car, suddenly drive down the road. They haven't spotted Joe yet.)

Joe: It's those dang cops! You've got to let me in! Please!

(Joe tries to hide behind the security guard.)

SG: And why would I do that?

Joe: Please, I beg y- Ahhhh! They're looking this way!

SG: Listen, buster, if you had an ID card, I'd let you in, but since you don't...

(Joe searches for his ID card wildly. Finally, he tries the back pocket of his pants. He finds the ID card, and a big grin spreads across his face.)

Joe: Got it! (He shows it to the security guard.)

(Then the policeman spot him, and leap out of their car.)

P1: Oy! You! Ha ha!

SG: All in order. Head on in.

(Joe runs inside, and exits the stage. The cops attempt to follow him, but the security guard blocks their entrance with his arm.)

P2: What do you think you're playing at?

SG: Sorry, sir, but I'll have to see your ID.

P1: Listen, ha ha ha, do you see my badge?

SG: Yup.

P1: Ha ha ha. So, do you know what it means?

SG: Yup.

P1: Ha ha h- I am an officer of the law!

SG: But one without an ID.

P1: You, ho ho hoo, are disrupting an officer in the execution of his duty!

SG: I wouldn't have to disrupt you if you would just show me your ID.

P1: Gaaah ha ha ha! I don't have an ID at your company!

SG: Then I can't let you in.

P1: We are policeman! We were chasing a murderer, who went into your building! We ha- ha ha ha ha- have to get in in order to catch him!

SG: I'm sorry, sir, but rules are rules. I can't let you in. But I will mention what you said to my superior later.

P1: I- ha haha- want to see your superior right now!

SG: Be my guest. She's right inside.

P1: So will you let us through to see her, then?

SG: I'll need to see your ID first, sir.

P1: (sobbing) Gaaah!

(The other policeman leads him away.)

Scene 5:

Boss: You... you blew it. You ruined it. You... you... you IDIOT YOU RUINED MY BEAUTIFUL PLAN GAHHH HOW COULD YOU MUST DIE DIE DIE... (He grabs a bottle of water from his desk and drinks it. He begins to calm down.)

Joe: Uh... what was that boss?

Boss (sits down at his desk): Nothing... nothing... do you remember what I told you about your mission?

Joe: Uh, yeah, boss. You told me that I had to go to the office and get a job there. You said there was gonna be a Stage 2, but you wouldn't say what it was...

Boss: That is, my dear Joseph, because your brain can't handle more than one order at a time. Although, in this case, it seems you could even handle that one order. What do we call people who don't do what they're told?

Joe: Uhhh... people who could do better next time?

Boss: No, Joseph, we call them STUPID!!! STUPID STUPID STUPID STUPID!!!! (The Boss is really angry now, banging his fist on his desk) JOE, I GAVE YOU A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT! TO ACHIEVE! A CHANCE TO JOIN THE TEAM! IT WAS A PERFECTLY SIMPLE EXERCISE, JUST GET A JOB AND WAIT FOR MY SAY-SO TO GO ON!!! ( Boss takes some more water and calms down) Joe, what did you do?

Joe: Uh, I shot the guy.

Boss: You shot the guy who was interviewing you?!!

Joe: He was being dis... uh... disrespectful to me, boss!

Boss: YOU FOLLOWED MY ORDERS AND GAVE ALL THE OTHER GUYS FLU PILLS, BUT THEN YOU TOOK A GUN TO THE INTERVIEW?!! (More tablets go down) Wait, you weren't having honesty problems again, were you?

Joe: No, no, no, boss!

Boss: Good, because if there's one thing I hate, it's an honest man. (He clenches his teeth at the thought) (Joe gulps)

Joe: So, boss, what should I do?

Boss: Joe, I'm a kind man.

Joe: Really?

Boss: Shut up!!! I'm a kind man, and I believe in giving second chances. So I'm going to give you one

more chance to join the team. One more chance to get that job.

Joe: Oh thank you, boss!

Boss: If you get it, you're on the team and we'll proceed to step 2. If not... (His grin is shark-like)

Joe (looking very scared) If not...

Boss: You don't want to know. Now run along before I run out of patience. Go get that job! (He punches his fist into the air.)

(Joe runs off)