

At the Krispy Food Company

(Krash and Joe are in Krash's office at the Krispy Food Company. Joe is regaining consciousness, and is tied to his chair. A rather sheepish Sam the Sleuth stands by his side.)

Joe (sleepily)

Wuh- what's this about, then? Why am I tied up?

Krash

He's completely out of it. Sam, you fool, how many times did you shoot him with the tranquilizer gun?

Sam

Um, I meant it to be just once, but my hand slipped and I fired three darts.

Krash

Well, it had to be done. Wake him up!

(Sam slaps Joe.)

Joe

What the- get off me- why am I tied up?!

Krash

Joe, you have failed me.

Joe

But- but... boss, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-

Krash

Silence!! Joe, why couldn't you complete this one, simple task with messing up?!

Joe

Well, uh, I-

Krash

It's a rhetorical question, fool!

Joe

Oh, right. Well, give me another chance and I'll-

Krash

I was still willing to forgive and forget, until I found out those two detectives got a chance to interrogate you thanks to (he aims the next bit at Sam) your incompetence!

Sam

Well, uh, I-

Krash

What did you tell them, Joe? I know you can't lie!

Joe (terrified but unable to stop himself)

I, uh, told them about your family.

Krash (going white)

My family? How could you know about that?

Joe

One of the guys who owed you money, who I tracked down for you, blabbed about it. It really isn't that bad, you know-

Krash

It is horrible! No one can know that my family is... is...

Sam

Is what, sir?

Krash

Is- oh, no. I'm not falling for that. You should have known better than to try and fool me.

Sam

Sir, I'm sorry, it slipped out-

Krash

Sam, I have no use for minions who talk back. Untie Joe.

Sam

Sir, I- sir?

Krash

Untie Joe, Sam. Now!

Sam

Yes- yes, sir.

(He unties Joe, who stands up warily.)

Krash

Good. Now, Joe. I want you to tie Sam up.

Sam

What- No! (Joe grabs him, and drags him into the chair.) Joe, don't do this. Haven't we always been good friends? Good friends don't hurt each other, Joe.

Joe

I've never met you before. And I don't have friends, Sam.

Sam

Joe, out of the goodness I know dwells deep within your heart, help me!

Krash

You're mistaken, Sam. Joe's bad to the core. (He pulls a tranquilizer gun out of his desk.) I'm sorry, Sam, but this is the only way. You will wake up outside the mayors office with a briefcase full of cash five minutes after Joe here has arranged a burglary. I'm sorry it has to be this way.

Sam

You'll never get away with this you... you big... fat... meanie! And your family's probably ugly! That's probably the secret!

Krash

(Laughs) Try harder next time, Sam. (He shoots him. Sam collapses.)

Joe

Am I going to be punished too, sir?

Krash

No, Joe, you're too valuable to lose. I want you to arrange for Sam to go to jail for a long, long time. It doesn't hurt that the tranquilizer will blur his memory of the past twenty-four hours!
Now go!

(Joe exits, dragging Sam.)

Krash

Now its time to deal with those idiot detectives, Claude and Bob. I wonder where they are now?