

Job Application...

Scene 1

Secretary:

It took place in NY City. In his office at Krispy Foods 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 hereby 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 full-time 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: At a fast-food restaurant, The Greasy Pig

(Claude and Bobbo walk in and sit down.)

Claude:

Phew. That was a tough case! Toughest in a long time.

Bobbo:

Yes sir. (Looks at his watch.) We've been at it all day.

Claude:

Still, you get the feeling of a job well done.

Bobbo:

Well, we got that old lady's cat back, anyway.

Claude:

I wish it hadn't been at the top of the tree. It took a long time to lug my ladder over.

Bobbo:

It was a heavy ladder, sir, if that makes you feel better.

Claude:

No! It doesn't make me feel better, Bob! We are detectives, not firemen! We're not supposed to be rescuing cats from trees!

(The waitress enters and walks over to their table.)

Claude:

Don't you remember when we were solving big crimes almost once a day? Murders, bank robberies, arson, theft, the list goes on! This city's gone to pot recently! No more crimes!

Bobbo:

Some people would like it that way, sir.

(The waitress hesitates, tapping a foot nervously.)

Claude:

It's not good for business! I'm down to my last few pennies from the rent last month, and we're saving cats from trees! We need a big crime to solve, Bob, or I'm going to go nuts.

Waitress (Southern drawl):

Umm, can I help you?

Claude:

(without looking at her) Yes. Two coffees, please.

Bobbo:

And four extra large cream cheese bagels.

I don't like bagels. Claude:

They weren't for you, sir. Bobbo:

Anything else? Waitress:

(They both shake their heads. She exits.)

Bob, I just hope to heck that we get a new case soon, or-

(His phone rings. The chief of police of police enters on the other side of the stage.)

Hello? Claude:

Chief of Police:
Claude. I have some terrible news to tell you.

What? Claude:

Chief of Police:
Claude, we need your help. An executive has been killed at the Krispy Food company.

Yes!!! Yes!!! Yes!!! Claude:

Chief of Police:
Um... hello Claude, are you still there?

We'll be there in a jiffy, sir! Claude:

Chief of Police:
Good man. (He exits.)

Claude:
Bob! Someone has been killed at the Krispy food company!

Bob:
That's wonderful news, sir! We have a case.

Claude:
We're being asked to head over there right now. Come on! (He grabs Bob's arm and drags him offstage.)

Bob:

Wait! Wait! What about my bagels?..... (They exit)

Scene 3

(Back at the office where Bill was killed. Claude and Bobbo enter, but are stopped by a security guard.)

Security Guard:

Halt! I'll need to see your identification.

Claude:

Right. Um. Identification. Yes, okay. Bob?

Bobbo:

Yes, sir?

Claude:

Do you still have the ID?

Bobbo:

Right here. It's a bit sticky. It was in the pocket with the lollipop in it.

(He hands it to Claude, who takes it carefully.)

Claude:

Right... okay, here you go.

(He and Bobbo enter as the security guard struggles to get the ID card off his hand.)

Claude:

Right, Bob, we don't have much time. I want you to see to the weapon and any other evidence you find.

Bobbo:

Yessir!

Claude:

I'll go find the body. (He walks over to the security guard, who is still struggling with the ID.)

(Bobbo takes all the evidence, gun and paperweight and all, and puts it in a neat pile on Bill's desk. Then he begins to sweep the floor.)

Claude:

Excuse me, sir, where is the deceased?

SG:

Dang-thing-won't... sorry, sir?

Claude:

Where is the deceased?

SG:

What does that mean?

Claude:

(staring in disbelief) All right then.... where is the stiff, the body, the victim, etc.?

SG:

Oh! The etc., as you call it, was taken away.

Claude:

Taken away! By who? Oh, wait... I think I know.

SG:

Some guy in a detective hat. Huge nose. Kind of fat. Named... Sam, I think...

Claude:

Not... Sam the Sleuth!!!

SG:

That's right! You know him?

Claude:

Know him? That greedy chicken-livered donut brain is.. for lack of a better word.. my competitor. But he's a liar and a fool!

Bobbo:

(coming up behind him.) And he's a foolish liar and a lying fool! (he looks very pleased about thinking of that.)

Claude:

Exactly, Bob. Now, what have you- Bob?!

Bobbo:

What, sir?

Claude:

You... you messed up the evidence! You made it into a little pile!!! Bob, you-, you-, you....

Bobbo

(starts crying): I'm sorry, sir! My ma always said idle hands are the devil's... workshop!

Claude:

I'm sorry, Bob! Its okay. I shouldn't have got angry. I think Sam already messed up the evidence quite a bit, anyway....

Bobbo:

(brightening up) I'm sure he did, sir!

Claude:

I think we need to have a little chat with Sam. 'Cause this is our case, and he's messing with our evidence! Come on...

(They exit.)

SG:

(Calling after them) Could either of you get this darn sticky ID card off my hand? No? Rats...

(He exits.)

Scene 4

(Claude and Bobbo walk out of a cafe, following Sam the Sleuth, who walks ahead of them by a few feet.)

Nice costume, sir.

Bob

Shh, Bob. We're incognito!

Claude

What's that, sir?

Bob

It's... just shush!

Claude

Sam the Sleuth

(Begins talking on the phone very loudly.) Yes sir? Yes, the pitiful fools are missing the most vital piece of evidence in their case, and will be unable to track you down! Just as you had planned, sir....

Who are the pitiful fools he's talking about?

Bob

I have a hunch that's us. Let's get him!

Claude

(They sneak up behind Sam.)

Sam the Sleuth

Ha ha ha, sir. Yes, wonderful. I'll just- erk!! (Bob grabs him from behind, and Claude throws his cell-phone away.)

All right, Sam, start talking.

Claude

How... how dare you?! Who are you?! Where did you come from?!

Sam the Sleuth

You know who I am, Sam! Snap out of it!

Claude

Sam the Sleuth

Um... you appear to be wearing a fake pair of glasses, and a fake nose and mustache, but... you could possibly be... my goodness! Claude!

(Bob lets go of him.)

Claude

That's right, Sam. Who were you talking to?

Sam the Sleuth

You have no right to know who I was talking to. And furthermore, you have no right to be holding me hostage.

Bob

We aren't holding you hostage.

Claude

That's right, Bob. Holding someone hostage usually means we're expecting some kind of payment, and I don't think anyone would pay for you, Sam. There aren't a lot of people who'd be sorry to see the back of you, if you know what I mean.

Sam

There's- there's no need to get personal!

Claude

You made this case personal when you began to mess with my evidence. Now tell us or Bob will....

Sam

Ahhhh!! Alright, I'll tell you! Bobby-Krash-told-me-to-mess-up-your-case-so-you-wouldn't-find-him-but-please-don't-kill-me!

Bob

Um... Again, but slower.

Sam

Bobby Krash payed me to mess up your evidence. Some guy named... Joe delivered the money. Please don't kill me! I'm hurting for money in this low-crime period and I took the job! Please!

Claude

Bob? You know what to do.

(Bob pats him on the head.)

Sam

No-o-o-o!! Please!! No! Don't hit me! Argh..... (He falls unconscious.)

(They walk away.)

Bob

Who's this Bobby Krunch guy, boss? What's going on?

Claude

Krash, Bob. And this case just got personal.

Bob

I thought it was already personal, sir.

Claude

Oh, be quiet.

(They exit.)

Scene 5: Flashback

(Claude sits in an easy chair in his apartment, staring straight ahead at the wall. A clock ticks in the background and the TV plays in front of him, though he isn't looking at it. The doorbell rings. Claude slowly and reluctantly walks over to open it, and sees Bob standing outside, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and sunglasses.)

Claude

Bob! What a... what a surprise...

Bob

I was just about to leave for the holidays and I heard you were staying here now! How's it going, buddy?

Claude

Oh... oh, fine. Fine! Excellent. Well, It's been nice seeing you! Do come again!

(He tries to shut the door, but Bob stops him.)

Bob

But I just got here!

Claude (Desperately)

Well, I've got a headache today, and I was working on the taxes, and everything is so busy now with my... uh, with my work...

Bob

Oh yeah! I heard you had started our old detective business again! How's that going?

Claude

Oh, fine. Wonderful!

Bob

If you don't mind me saying, Claude, you don't sound too happy about it.

Claude

Maybe it's not any of your business how I feel, Bob!

Bob

Whoa, whoa, whoa! I'll get going then. Sorry for taking up your time.

(He turns to leave.)

Claude

Gosh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you. I'm... really on edge today. Please, come back in.

Bob

Claude, there's something wrong, isn't there?

Claude

No, no, no, Bob. That was just a slip of the tongue. Everything is.... just fine.

Bob

Claude, I still think something happened to your business.

Claude

(Sighs) No, no, Bob, there isn't anything to be wrong about... anything wrong with it. Please, take a seat. I'll get some coffee.

Bob

(Sits down in Claude's chair as Claude leaves, and glances at the letters on the table in front of him.) Dear Claude.... Come home.... What is this?

(Claude comes back, sees Bob reading the letter, and puts the coffee down firmly on the table. He tries to grab the letter, but Bob stops him.)

Claude

Why are you looking at my letters, Bob?

Bob

Claude, why are your parents telling you to come home?

Claude

They're just trying to control my life, as usual. That's all.

Bob

Claude, it says here that they want you back because you've ruined your business. Just tell me the truth! I want to help!

Claude

No, Bob, they're wrong... they're wrong because... Gah! There isn't even a business to be *ruined* anymore! It's gone bankrupt and my headquarters got trashed last night. Happy now? You've got the truth.

(He stands up and glares at the opposite wall.)

Bob

Claude, I'm sorry! I didn't know it was that bad! Listen... Claude...

Claude

It is that bad! My Detective business is dead, and I don't have the money to start it again!

Bob

Claude, I-

Claude

I'll have to go home and study to be a lawyer or an accountant at my dad's firm. I can't fund myself, and-

Bob

Claude!

Claude

Darn that Bobby Krash! He did this to me! Him and Krash Computers. He ruined my life, and I- what, Bob? (He turns to face Bob.)

Bob

I was just going to say that I could help you out! I have the money you need to restart your business!

Claude

What do you...?

Bob

Yesterday I found out that I had won the lottery, and I was going to spend it on a trip to Hawaii. But I could cancel that and help you instead!

Claude

Bob, you'd... you'd do that for me?

Bob

On one condition.

Claude (Wary)

What's that?

Bob

That we'd be partners again! I miss the old days, when we teamed up in school to form our own Detective Team. Remember that?

Claude

Done in a heartbeat, Bob. I'll be glad to have you on board again!

Bob

Yay! I'm a detective again!

Claude (Slightly greedily)

Now, exactly how much money are we talking about?

Scene 6

(At the Krispy Food Company. Bobby Krash sits behind a large desk. Several clerks stand in front of it. They are very nervous. A large black phone sits on Krash's desk, and he is resting his hand on it.)

Krash (threatening)

He's in jail?

Clerk 1

Yes- yes, sir... (he looks terrified) Joe's... in jail. He apparently shot the interviewer and was caught while fleeing the scene. Sir!

Clerk 2

He is being held in a high security prison in the Bronx, sir. But-

Clerk 3

But if you want him sprung, we'll get right on it, sir!

Krash

Well, isn't this fortunate. Not only has Joe failed to execute my orders to the best of his ability, but he has committed a murder. Even worse, he got caught! And you think I would want to free him?

Clerk 3

No- no, sir! Of course not!

Clerk 2

Sir, we didn't think. Sir!

Krash

How can I expect my schemes to come to fruition with such *bumbling simpletons* as lackeys?!

Clerk 1

Well, sir, actually, if you wanted your plans completed-

Krash

That was a rhetorical question, you nitwit!

Clerk 1

Yes, sir! Sorry, sir! Terribly sorry. Didn't think, sir!

Krash

For heaven's sake, even my workers at Krash Computers weren't this stupid!

Clerk 1

Well, sir, we aren't actually stupid as such, we just are quite frightened of-

Clerk 2

(whispers) Do you want to get us all killed, you idiot?

Krash (menacing)

Did I give you permission to contradict me? I didn't think so. Next time you do that, you'll be taking a one-way trip to the bottom of the harbor in concrete overshoes. Do you get my meaning?

Clerks

Yes, sir!

Krash

Now get out of my office!

(The clerks leave. As Bobby Krash sits back in his chair, Sam the Sleuth bursts in.)

Krash

What are you doing in my office?!

Sam the Sleuth (Panting)

Sir! Joe's gone to jail.

Krash

I know that, you fool!

Sam

Oh... and two detectives are going to interrogate him! They could find out-

Krash

Joe would never betray me! He's loyal to the end, 'cause he knows the consequences of not being loyal. I don't have to worry about that.

Sam

Sir, with all due respect, you're forgetting his honesty problem.

Krash

Darn! You're right. Well, my hand is now forced. (He picks up the phone receiver.) Joe has to be sprung today. Do you hear me? I give you two hours. (He puts it down.) Now, Sam, who are these detectives?

Sam

Sir, I believe their names are Claude and Bob.

Krash

Claude.... Claude... that name rings a bell. I can't think of- oh no. It has to be him, doesn't it?

Sam

Do you know them, sir?

Krash

Unfortunately, yes. Claude nearly ruined me when I was the head of Krash Computers. I eventually had to bail ship because him poking his nose where it doesn't belong.

Sam

What should I do, sir?

Krash

You? You can help with Joe's rescue. That's the most important thing right now. Go! **GO!**

Sam

Yes, sir! (He runs out.)

Krash

Claude, you're going to be sorry you ever thought to mess with me again. You got away the first time, 'cause I believe in second chances. But if you continue to pester me, I will squash you like a fly. I not going to let you ruin this deal for me. Not this time... (He laughs maniacally.)