

Job Application...

(Bill is very stuffy and snobby, so play him that way. He's not too happy that the interview has turned out this way.)

Bill: What would you say is your most important skill?

Joe: My honesty.

Bill: That's a skill?

Joe: When you work at it as hard as I do, it is.

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

Joe: Well, sure, I cheated to win.

Bill: You cheated to win???

Joe: 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 bought these flu pills on ebay, you see, and...

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

Joe: I'm going to have to shoot you. Sorry, Dave.

Bill: What! It's Bill! And you have just crossed the line bu-

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

Job Application Continued...

Joe is a tough, scary looking guy with a biker jacket and an eye-patch. Bill is a middle aged VP of marketing who was hiring someone to be a marketer. In the job interview, Joe blew it when his alarming honesty kicked in, causing him to admit he put flu pills in the food of all the other job candidates so he could get the job. Bill was about to call for security when Joe shot him.)

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

(running footsteps approaching, two burly security guards burst in. One looks thunderous, the other looks happy. The happy one is eating a bagel.)

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

Security Guard 1: What is going on here! You're all under arrest!

Security Guard 2: (checking Bill's pulse) Hooray, he's dead! I mean, uh... oh no, he's dead!

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. You're under arrest! (He brandishes his gun.) Move it move it MOVE IT!

Joe: What, don't you believe me?

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

SG1 (ignoring him): I don't why I have to answer you're questions, but one, you've got a smoking gun in your hand. Two, the window is closed. Three, you just look suspicious to me.

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

SG2 (around the bagel): That sounds good. I'll write that up on our account of the murder. (Pulls out a notepad.

SG1: I don't trust you, Mr Nice Guy.

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! Put your hands up and I will-

(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!

(The guards put their hands up, but then the first one pulls out a stun-gun. Joe fires the gun again, but it only had one bullet left and the gun goes click. Joe panics, drops the gun and runs.)

SG1 (running) : Get him! He must be put in jail for the good of humanity!

SG2 (waddling after him) : Wait, he might be lying! He might be innocent and... uh... never mind. Forget it.

Joe: So long, mates! Ha ha!

(Joe attempts to jump out the window, but forgets it's closed. He knocks himself out, and the security guards take 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.

Policeman1: What was dat? Ha ha ha?

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

Policeman1: 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.

Policeman2: You tell 'im, Chuck.

(silence for a while)

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

P1: Only a giant anvil dropping from the sky! Hahahaha!

P2: That's right, Chuck. We should know.

Joe: What if someone hijacked the truck?

P1: 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?

P1 (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.

P1: (Looking a lot more worried) Ha ha haha. What are you thinking?

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

P2: What was that about me?!

P1: You... you wouldn't.

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

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

P2: Ow... my head... he's gone! We gotta go after him, Chuck!

P1: There's only one problem with that, ha ha. All the doors have jammed, ha ha ha ha.

P2: You mean we're stuck here?

P1: Yup. Ha ha ha.

P2: Well, I got a cell-phone on me somewhere. We can call the police.

(He starts feeling in his pockets)

P1: Andy? Ha ha?

P2: Yeah?

P1: We are the police.

Scene 3:

(Joe has managed to get back to his boss's office, where he sits looking very worried while the boss paces back and forth around the room.)

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 tablets from his desk and swallows a few. 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 tablets 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 blood pressure pills. Go get that job! (He punches his fist into the air.)

(Joe runs off)