

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)

Scene Four

(Joe walks into a joke shop, where masks of all sizes, shapes and colors line the walls. It doesn't look like the shop is running a very profitable business. There is a small woman hunched at a desk in the corner.)

Joe: Uh... hello?

Lady: Yessss? I don't have all day, y'know!

Joe: Um, I need a disguise.

Lady: Okay! You're a customer, are you! That changes everything! What do you need? (She now sits alert at her desk.)

Joe: If someone... not me, you understand... if someone wanted to not be recognized by anyone, what would you recommend?

Lady: Well, I say, we do have a fine selection here (She gets up and pulls a clown mask off the wall)...

How's about this?

Joe: No, I don't want to look like an idiot!

Lady: Hmmmp... if you say so... how about this nice, aged antique mask, perfect for a comedy play?

Joe: No, I want no one to recognize me, I don't want to be taken to the loony bin!

Lady: Well, I... how about a lifelike old lady wig and clothes set?

Joe: That'll do. (He grabs it.) Anything else you got here?

Lady: Apart from the masks, uh... no.

Joe: 'Right. Nice doing business with you. (He begins to exit)

Lady: Hang on, you haven't payed for it!

Joe (Turns around and glares): Do I look like a paying kind of guy to you?

Lady: But... Everybody has to pay...

Joe: Well, not me! Ha ha! So long!

(He runs off)

Lady: You... you... you... I'll report you to the police!

(She shakes her fist, pulls her coat on and stomps out with an evil look in her eye.)

Scene Five:

(You see the two policemen who were driving the squad car with Joe in it, Andy and Chuck, walking down the street. They look very sore and one has a black eye.)

Andy: Chuck?

Chuck: Ha ha ha? Yeah?

Andy: Was dat supposed to happen?

Chuck: Which part? Ha ha!

Andy: The part where the big tough guys beat us up and stole the squad car after we fixed it.

Chuck: No Andy. Ha ha. It wasn't.

Andy: Oh okay... What should we have done?

Chuck: Well, according to the manual... (He pulls out the Policeman's Guidebook)... We should have used our hand guns to, uh... inc... ha ha ha!... incapacitate them, and then put them in the bag and taken them to the station. Ha ha ha. Andy, why didn't we use our guns? Ha ha?

Andy: Uh... they stole 'em, I think.

Chuck: Oh, yeah, that's right. Ha ha! Here we are at the station now.

(They go into the station. The chief policeman sits at the desk, chewing on a cigar.)

Chief: Aindy? Chuck? Wha' on the planet happened to yea!

Andy: Well, we picked up the murderer guy...

Chuck: And he escaped, and the... the car crashed... Heh heh!...

Chief: Escaped, did he?

Andy: Yeah, and we were trapped in the car. So we unscrewed one of the windows and crawled through there.

Chuck: And I fixed the car! He he! There you have it-

Andy: Wait, Chuck, you forgot that those big tough guys came and stole it.

Chief: They STOLE eet?!!

Chuck: Heh heh hoo ha! Andy, uh... was lying! We left the... uh.... van, a little way away!

Andy: No, I wasn't, Chuck! Those guys stole it!

Chief: That is eet! You guys are fir-

(The doorbell rings, and Chuck calms down a bit)

Chief (sighs): Go get that, weel you.

Andy (Opens the door): Hello, welcome to the NY City pol-

(You see the lady from the joke store standing there. She brushes Andy aside.)

Lady: I am here to place a complaint.

Chief: Weel, is that so? Taike a seat.

Lady: I was robbed in my own store!

Chief: Yeh was rubbed?!

Lady: No, I was robbed. By a nasty looking guy with a handgun and a biker jacket.

Chief: An airmed rubbery, eh? Interesting.

Andy: Wait, Chuck, it's that guy!

Chuck: What do you mean, that guy? Heh heh ha? (He gives him a look that says "stop right now".)

Andy: It's that guy we arrested! And he escaped!

Chief: So it yair fault this laidy has been rubbed, is eet?

Andy: No... uh, well I guess so....

Chief: Right. Yeh two great idiots, I should give yeh a beating fer this. But I'll let yeh off the hook. Go get meh the telephone.

Lady: What do you need the telephone for?

Chief: There's someone ai need to call. He'll 'elp you.

(He dials a number on the telephone. He waits for the person the the other end to pick it up. On the other side of the stage, a man in a detective suit enters. He sits in a chair, smoking a pipe that's not lit. He picks up the telephone.)

Chief: 'Ello, Mister Jaick?

Jacques Noir: No, actually, it's Jacques.

Chief: That's wot ah said: Jaick. Ainyway, Jaick, we got a problem.

Jacques: Fire, away, old mate, fire away.

Chief: There's a raivin' murderer on the loose, a laidy's bin rubbed, and we're all in ai bit of ai stew!

(Long pause)

Jacques: You never give easy cases, do you, old chum? Well, never whine rain or shine, eh? On my way!

(He slams the phone down)

Chief (To the lady): There you go, mai'am. 'E'll find the theif, an' the murderer too.

Andy: Um... chief... I think they're both the same person.

Chief: Did ai ask you tah speak?

Scene Six:

(Joe is once again applying for the marketing position. He is dressed as an old lady with a dress and a bonnet. A woman with a cheery yet fake smile is interviewing him.)

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

Joe: Ooh, my aching back... my thoroughness.

I: Good, great... moving on.... What do you think was the deciding factor in you getting this job?

Joe: Oh, er... my hard work, and not giving in even though others said I was too old for the job.

I: Great! You're hired! But did you hear what happened to the old VP of Marketing?

Joe: Ooh, no, what?

I: The last guy to come here shot him!

Joe: Really?! Oh, how (cough, cough) horrible!

I: Horrible, but true. Do you want me to show you around?

Joe: Yes, please. Ooh my achy legs...

(The interviewer takes him around and mimes showing him the office.)

Joe (Pointing down some stairs): What do you keep down those stairs?

I: Down there? Oh, that's our safe room.

Joe: You mean it's safe?

I: No! I mean that people pay for us to store their important things there.

Joe: Oooh, alright. Can I make a call?

I: Sure. The phone is in the lobby. Why?

Joe: I... want to call my family to tell them I got the job!

I: That's nice. Follow me.

(They exit, Joe snickering behind his hand.)

Scene Seven:

(Jacques Noir pushes the door open, runs into the police station, and sits down on a chair.)

Chief: Did ai ask you tah speak? (He sees Jacques and his eyes bug out) 'Ow did yeh get 'ere so quickly?

Jacques: I live right down the road, my old friend.

Chief: Oh, yeh, you're raight.

Jacques: So what's the problem today, what?. I hear there's a murderer on the loose and you're in a stew.

Lady: And I was robbed!

Chief: She was rubbed.

Jacques: So, what did the thief steal? Money, perhaps? Or jewelry?

Lady: An old lady costume.

Chief: An old laidy costume?!!

Jacques: Very interesting... very interesting... why did he want this costume?

Lady: So he wouldn't be recognized.

Jacques: But why? If he was the murderer, as you said, why didn't he just get out of here?

(The Chief and Chuck both shrug.)

Andy: Ooh! Ooh! I know!

Jacques, Chief and Chuck: What?

Andy: If he was the same guy we arrested, he probably wanted it so he could go for that interview again! So they wouldn't recognize him again!

Chief: Let's go to Ehgad Ehnterprises, theyn! And airrest him!

Jacques: Wait a minute, we can't just barge in and arrest all the old ladies working there, can we now?!

Chuck: Why not? Ha ha ha?!

Jacques: It would look bad, my chums... We have got to be sneaky, and sly.... I know!

Chief: Whait?

Jacques: A stakeout would be perfect, don't you agree. That'll let us catch the culprit red-handed, and get us out of this spot of bother.

Chief: Great idea! I'll paick the camo suits, Chuck, you geyt the duck blind.... Andy?

Andy: Yes, chief?

Chief: You geyt the popcorn.

Scene Eight:

(Joe dials his boss's number and waits for him to pick up. The boss enters of the other side of the stage, and picks up the phone.)

Boss: Hello? Joe?

Joe: Yeah, I got the job, boss!

Boss: Wonderful, Joe, you're on the team. Now stage two. There is a safe room in the building where you are. Do you know where it is?

Joe: Yeah, boss.

Boss: Now, when the building closes up, you pretend to leave, but actually hide somewhere. You got me?

Joe: Uh... yeah, boss.

Boss: Then you go down the stairs to the safe room, watching out for traps, and open safe number 512. An alarm will probably go off. Then, take out what's inside, and run into the next room. Remove the last floor tile, and you'll find your escape route. My boys dug a tunnel through the floor a few weeks ago. Crawl through the tunnel, and a car will be waiting to pick you up. You got me?

Joe: Uh... Uh... Loud and clear, boss.

Boss: You'd BETTER!

(The phone goes dead. And Joe walks off.)

Joe: Open safe 512... or 513... uh, no 512, and then....

(Joe exits)

Scene Nine:

(It is night. Joe, in his disguise, sneaks down the stairs to the safe room, flattening himself against the wall when the night janitor comes past whistling. He doesn't notice Andy, Chuck, Jacques and the Chief hide in the corner of the room.)

Chuck: Can I, uh, have some more popcorn? Ha ha ha?

Andy: It's all gone.

Jacques: Shhh!

(Joe opens the safe, and pulls out a heavy bundle of papers. An alarm goes off.)

Joe: Gaaah! Where's my exit!

Jacques: And you are nicked. Stop in the name of the law!

Andy: Yeah, we got you right-handed!

Joe (He jumps as he sees them all.) Double gaaah! It's those stupid police guys!

Chief: No one calls my meyn stupid, even if they aire! Get 'im!

(They all run at Joe. Joe grabs the papers an runs away. He pulls up the second-to-last floor tile and finds out he pulled up the wrong floor tile.)

Joe: Tarnation! It wasn't this one!

(The chief and Chuck grab him.)

Chief: I guess I'll haive to aidd property damaige to the list of yer crimes.

Joe: I won't tell you nothing, coppers! It's a good thing for you that I don't have my gun!

Jacques: No, it's a good thing for you that you don't have your gun. I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself. Come on, lets get this one back to the station.

To be continued...

