

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.)

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

Security Guard 1: What?

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. I'm going to have to take you in for 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, you've got a smoking gun in your hand.

SG1: Two, the window is closed.

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

SG2: That sounds good. I'll write that up on our account of the murder.

SG1: I don't trust 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!

(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 one of them 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: Get him!

SG2: 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.)

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

Policeman1: What was dat?

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. I should know. I've driving this truck for over fifteen years. I know everything there is to know about it.

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.

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

P1: (Looking a lot more worried) 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: Ha ha. Ha ha. Hahahahaha...