

HOMELAND INSECURITY

By David J. LeMaster

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SETTING: An empty stage. All action is mimed. Skit begins in a police department and then moves to a house.

(ONE is onstage the entire time. TWO, THREE, and FOUR may be played by the same actor or by separate actors.)

ONE: This is the city. I protect it. My name is Sunday. I'm with Homeland Insecurity. We're fearless. Dedicated. And we keep the homeland safe. I was in the office late one night when I got the call.

TWO: Sunday?

ONE: Yeah, Chief.

TWO: Got a tough case. Think you can crack it?

ONE: There's no nut too tough for me to crack, Chief.

TWO: It's a 602 on the south side.

ONE: A 602. That's pretty serious.

TWO: Not as bad as a 405.

ONE: Nothing's as bad as a 405.

TWO: But a 602 is bad. A guy could get eighty-sixed before he can count to ten if he doesn't mind his Ps and Qs answering a 911 on a 602.

ONE: Don't worry, Chief. I'll get my man. Even if I have to hit him with a two by four.

TWO: Good luck, Sunday. ***(makes dramatic transition music; speaks to audience)*** It was a dangerous mission. But that's what they pay me for. Facing danger. The crime scene was a house. A shabby house. With trash in front. And a dog. A small, yappy dog inside.

(ONE mimes knocking on door. THREE answers, as an old woman and the dog.)

THREE: Yes? ***(yaps as dog)*** YAP, YAP, YAP, YAP! Get back, Brutus! Back.

ONE: Pardon me, Ma'am. Name's Sunday, Ma'am. I'd like to talk with you for a minute, Ma'am.

THREE: I don't answer the door for strangers.

ONE: **(shows badge)** I'm Department of Homeland Insecurity, Ma'am.

THREE: Brutus, get back! YAP, YAP, YAP, YAP. **(pause)** Look, I'm afraid I can't—

ONE: Please open the door, Ma'am, or I'll have to knock it down.

THREE: But the dog—

ONE: I'll take my chances.

(THREE mimes opening door.)

THREE: Down, Brutus! YAP! YAP! YAP! Get down, Brutus! YAP! YAP! YAP! For the last time! Sit, Brutus! YAP! YAP! YAP! **(THREE mimes kicking the dog; dog makes howling noise; pause)** What a nice looking young man you are. Would you like a glass of milk?

ONE: Sorry, Ma'am. I'm here on official business, Ma'am. I need to check the premises.

THREE: Whatever for?

ONE: There's been a crime reported.

THREE: Crime? **(laughs hysterically)** Don't be silly.

ONE: Do I have to get a warrant, Ma'am?

THREE: You're so cute. I have a granddaughter about your age.

(pinches his cheeks)

ONE: I'm afraid I'll have to ask you not to do that, Ma'am.

THREE: How about a little kiss?

ONE: I'd have to take you downtown and book you on an assault charge, Ma'am.

THREE: It's just a little peck on the cheek.

(SHE puckers up.)

ONE: That's assault with a deadly weapon, Ma'am. Keep your lips to yourself.

THREE: Sweet little thing.

ONE: I'm here, Ma'am, to investigate illegal activity.

THREE: Illegal activity my foot. I'm just a helpless old grand-mother.

ONE: Is there anyone else in this house?

THREE: Well. There is that two-bit, good-for-nothing, blood-leeching, white-lying, back-stabbing, double-talking, HBO-watching, halfwit grandson of mine. I don't suppose you'd be interested in seeing him?

ONE: Yes Ma'am. Sounds like the guy I'm after.

THREE: I always knew that little devil was up to no good. *(pause)*
Say, I don't believe you're from the government. You're too efficient.

ONE: Sorry, Ma'am. I'll try to be less efficient for you.

THREE: Good. Let's have some milk and cookies.

ONE: I never drink on the job, Ma'am.

THREE: Oh, come on. Just one little drink...

ONE: Ma'am. I have to ask to see your music collection.

THREE: Music collection? You mean that pile of little round disks that two-bit, good-for-nothing, blood-leeching, white-lying, back-stabbing, double-talking, HBO-watching, halfwit grandson of mine listens to every night? It's Garbage. Trash.

ONE: Some popular music's not so bad, Ma'am.

THREE: No. Those are the groups he listens to. Garbage and Trash.

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