HOMELAND INSECURITY
by
David J. LeMaster

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.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from HOMELAND INSECURITY by David J. LeMaster. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

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