

POLICE PROCEDURAL

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

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A Note on the Characters

Although there appear to be a large number of characters in this play, a small cast should be used, with actors playing multiple roles. Small signifiers, such as props or nametags, should be used to help identify who they are.

Characters

Jaworski, a police detective
 Jaworski's Partner, unseen by everyone but Jaworski
 Captain
 Uniformed Officer #1 and #2
 Detective #1 and Detective #2, actors playing detectives
 Director
 Suspect
 Coroner
 District Attorney
 Maintenance Men
 Convenience Store Worker
 Meathead
 Bartender
 Ex-Con
 Victim's Mother
 Victim's Father
 Legitimate Businessman
 Father Doctor Major Scoop, esq.
 Assistant
 Suspect's Mother
 Outraged Jerk
 Drug Dealer
 Snitch
 Cameraman

A Note on Jaworski's Partner

Jaworski's partner, except where signified, is invisible to everyone but Jaworski. The partner should be outfitted like the main character from the movie *The Invisible Man*: head wrapped in bandages, sunglasses, fedora, overcoat, gloves, etc. Also, except where signified, the actor playing Jaworski's partner should do whatever he can to add physical comedy. The part is purposely wide open so various actors and directors can lend a different flare to each performance.

SCENE ONE

(The captain's office. A man enters wearing boxer shorts, an undershirt, and socks, carrying a giant stack of papers which he sets on an old desk. From a coat tree he puts on dress pants, shoes, shirt, tie, suspenders with shoulder holster transforming into his character: THE CAPTAIN. He sits behind the desk.)

CAPTAIN

If you were a detective and I was your captain, and I found you were getting a little too emotional about a case, too personally involved, that your mental faculties were not operating as well as they could because of your frustration and rage, that you were certainly about to snap, I'll be frank, I wouldn't pull you off the case, I wouldn't give you leave, I wouldn't suspend your sorry butt—though the brass'll tell me I should—I wouldn't have you slap your badge and your gun on my desk and send you home, mumbling, quipping to whoever can hear you, probably your partner, some other detectives saying they'll talk to me, smooth things out—no, even though it's protocol, I wouldn't do that at all. Instead, what I would do, of course I'd holler for you to get your ass in my office, I'd knock a giant stack of papers off my desk that I keep stacked on my desk for just such an occasion, prepared loose leaves flying everywhere, a vein throbbing in my forehead, sweat pouring down my leathery face as I point a stubby finger at you—I would follow this much of the protocol because there must be some sense of order, a governing modus operandi that's respected to some extent, but then, after my bow to etiquette, I'd break the rules, I'd shout: "Goddammit, Jaworski," because you'd have a Chicago cop name in this scenario, and so I'd shout, in violation of the established code: "Goddammit, Jaworski, I'm keepin' you on this one!"

SCENE TWO

(A crime scene. At center stage is a sheet covering what appears to be a body. Investigators take pictures, collect evidence. There are the sounds of people crowding around to see what's happening. UNIFORMED OFFICER #1 and #2 control the unseen crowd, while

DETECTIVE JAWORSKI and his PARTNER
cross the police line.)

UNIFORMED OFFICER #1

There's nothing to see here. There's nothing to see.

(Partner walks around the scene gathering clues, as
Uniformed Officer #2 joins Jaworski.)

JAWORSKI

When has that ever been true?

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

Maybe today will be the first time?

JAWORSKI

These onlookers, these bystanders ...

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

(catches on quickly)

Do they look on to see nothing?

JAWORSKI

Do they stand by for nothing?

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

You're right, detective. If there were nothing, the
onlookers wouldn't look on, the bystanders wouldn't stand
by ...

JAWORSKI

They'd all just be what they normally are ...

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

Citizens ...

JAWORSKI

Pedestrians ...

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

Passersby ...

JAWORSKI

People. The fact that they look on, the fact that they
stand by proves there's ...

UNIFORMED OFFICER #1

You might as well go home, folks. There's nothing to see here.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

But there must be something to see!

JAWORSKI

It isn't everyday that crime scene investigators dust the park for fingerprints, use footprints as molds for plaster casts, extract samples to test for DNA evidence, photograph everything, all while encircled by yellow police tape.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS screams: "There's something to see here! Excitement! Intrigue! Something more interesting than your daily life as a citizen, pedestrian, or passerby! For goodness' sakes, *there's something to see here!*"

JAWORSKI

If we really wanted the onlookers and bystanders to revert to being just people, crimes would be investigated covertly, by operatives in plainclothes.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

Everyone undercover.

JAWORSKI

But you know what this reminds me of?

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

Theatre?

JAWORSKI

Avant garde, possibly absurd, theater. Where the performance has already taken place. The performers, either gone or perished, the props hidden, often soiled and marked beyond recognition. And maybe these props aren't the real props, maybe these props were used in some other presentation.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

(overly dramatic)

Maybe the true props will *never be found*.

JAWORSKI

Only after the show has ended is the first act described, the set constructed, the stage prepared, the unpaying audience, like a group of extras, gathering to see that which is called nothing.

(Partner rejoins Jaworski. Jaworski claps his hand on Uniformed Officer #1's shoulder.)

UNIFORMED OFFICER #1

Detective Jaworski?

JAWORSKI

I'm me, and this is my partner.

(Both the Uniformed Officers and the partner look for Jaworski's partner briefly.)

UNIFORMED OFFICER #1

Uh, detective?

JAWORSKI

I know, I know. There's nothing to see here! There's nothing to see!

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

But as I just learned from Detective Jaworski, our nothing contains more than other people's something.

(Jaworski reaches down to uncover the body. Underneath the sheet, however, is nothing. Jaworski jumps back as if he was almost bitten by a snake, then stares incredulously, as Uniformed Officer #2 looks betrayed.

Pause.)

UNIFORMED OFFICER #1

Seriously, folks, there's nothing to see here. Really, there's nothing to see.

JAWORSKI

When? When has that ever been true?!

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

Maybe today will be the first time, detective.

SCENE THREE

(DETECTIVE #1 and DETECTIVE #2 are actors playing police detectives, standing by a crime scene. A DIRECTOR looks on.)

DETECTIVE #1
What happened here?

DETECTIVE #2
Don't know.

DETECTIVE #1
When did it happen?

DETECTIVE #2
Had to've happened sometime.

DETECTIVE #1
Who was killed?

DETECTIVE #2
Nobody.

DETECTIVE #1
Normally, ya know, you just lift up the sheet, and bam, there's somebody.

DETECTIVE #2
Or at least a body that used to be somebody.

DETECTIVE #1
(sighing)
There's never nobody.

DETECTIVE #2
Right. Never.

DETECTIVE #1
Otherwise, why would all these people be here?

DETECTIVE #2
No reason at all.

DETECTIVE #1

People want to see something happen.

DETECTIVE #2

They don't show up for nothing.

DETECTIVE #1

Because it's *somebody* under there.

DETECTIVE #2

Even if it's a nobody.

DIRECTOR

Cut! All right, let's try that again. Ready? Action.

DETECTIVE #1

Who was killed?

DETECTIVE #2

Nobody.

DETECTIVE #1

(explodes)

It can't be nobody! There has to be *some body*! Otherwise, why the police tape, the CSIs, the onlookers, the bystanders?

DETECTIVE #2

I know, but ...

DETECTIVE #1

Look, last time I checked, murder's still illegal in this town. Nobody gets off. Not on my watch. Someone's guilty, understand? Maybe everyone's guilty.

DETECTIVE #2

You can't just kill someone and get away with it.

DETECTIVE #1

I know! You can't just kill somebody!

DETECTIVE #2

Yeah, even if it's nobody.

(Pause.)

DIRECTOR

Cut. Good take you two.

SCENE FOUR

(The coroner's office. There's a sheet on a gurney. THE CORONER eats a gigantic, sloppy sandwich and inspects the absent body. Jaworski and his partner look on. A MAINTENANCE MAN installs a security camera. A television shows various scenes from police procedurals.)

CORONER

Oh my God. In all my years, I've never seen anything like this. I admit, this is new ... I've never seen ... in all my years ... nothing like this. Oh. My. God.

(The coroner gets distracted by the television briefly, then returns to the job.)

CORONER

(cont.)

I've ruled out small caliber rounds, large caliber rounds, bird shot, buckshot, knives of any size, manual strangulation, ligature strangulation, asphyxiation from a pillow, shaken baby syndrome. I also ruled out bludgeons such as saps, nightsticks, truncheons, candlesticks, lead pipes, wrenches. The victim wasn't beaten to death by a martial artist, kickboxer, regular boxer, kangaroo boxer. The victim's neck wasn't snapped, nor was the victim used as a body shield after the neck-snapping that didn't happen. I've also ruled out a fall from an airplane, a fall from a building, a fall from a great height after a harrowing sword fight with a swashbuckler. Also ruled out was being shoved out in front of a car or train or semi or bus or hansom cab or any other vehicle.

JAWORSKI

What about a mob hit, a pro?

CORONER

No, there aren't any markings. No calling card.

JAWORSKI

Gangs?

CORONER

There's no evidence the victim had anything to do with a gang.

JAWORSKI

Anything, anything, I don't care what it is, can you give me anything?

CORONER

Well, I don't think the victim was abducted by aliens and subjected to a series of tests which, in the end, led to the victim's death because, in my experience, aliens are quite good at conducting tests on humans so the humans are never harmed, so the humans never remember they were abducted or operated on afterwards anyhow. I've ruled out medieval weapons, such as the longsword, shortsword, maul, mace, halberd, bow and arrow, spear, battle axe, quarterstaff, guisarme, morningstar, dagger, dirk, catapult, bolt thrower, guillotine. I've also ruled out sci-fi weapons such as the ray gun, laser sword, monofilament whip, and any piece of artillery that creates a black hole in the center of the body. I've even successfully dismissed the ice bullet technology that may or may not have killed General George S. Patton.

JAWORSKI

Did you run a tox screen?

CORONER

Yes.

JAWORSKI

And ...?

CORONER

It came back negative. Get this, I even decided to run some tests for diseases. The victim showed no signs of heart disease, high blood pressure, cancer of any sort, diabetes, lung disease, HIV, in fact no STIs of any kind. Unfortunately, detective, I can't tell you what killed your victim or when he was killed. From what I can tell, your victim should be perfectly healthy.

JAWORSKI

Except that he's dead ... What's this show you're watching?

CORONER

Misrule & Chaos. Best show on TV. Didn't you have the new detectives as ride-alongs?

JAWORSKI

They had to go rehearse.

CORONER

Rehearse? Rehearse!

(Prepares for his audition.)

Like this. *Like. This.* I've never. Seen anything before. In all my years. Like this.

SCENE FIVE

(Jaworski and his partner prepare to interview a line of possible witnesses.)

JAWORSKI

(aside)

The possible witnesses are the same for every case. There's the guy at the convenience store who's so eager to get back to work.

(CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER steps forward.)

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

If you doan got any more questions, I gotta get back ta work heah!

JAWORSKI

(aside)

But you know if you came in without the badge he'd be doing as little as possible. There's the meathead from the loading docks.

(MEATHEAD steps forward.)

MEATHEAD

Who, Tony? Got himself killed? That jerk still owes me fifty bucks.

JAWORSKI

(aside)

Sure, the meathead doesn't sound too sad the victim's dead, but this guy works fifteen hours a day. He didn't kill

anyone. He just didn't like that sonofabitch, the deceased. There's the bartender ...

(BARTENDER steps forward.)

BARTENDER

I didn't see anything, detective.

(Jaworski approaches the bartender in sly interrogation mode.)

JAWORSKI

Oh, I'm certain. And I'm also certain that your liquor licenses are in order, and that table in the backroom, looks like a poker table, I'm sure you just play for pretzels.

BARTENDER

Now let me look at this picture again. This guy! I know him. He's a regular. I even remember his drink. An Invisible Hombre. I never forget a drink. I could get you a drink. It's on the house for our city's finest.

JAWORSKI

Aren't you gonna offer one to my partner?

(The bartender looks confused, doesn't see a partner.)

(All of the witnesses line up again, and Jaworski looks at them.)

JAWORSKI

(aside)

They're always the same. And you know what? Maybe ... maybe they're not human. Maybe they're some other species. Their genes are magnetized, polarized by crime. And each time a felony's committed, these punks are pulled into its orbit. You don't even have to interview them to know what they'll say. It's like a TV show you've seen one too many times. But there's always protocol ... The last name on the list's an ex-con. There's always an ex-con.

(EX-CON steps forward through the line of witnesses, holds up a hand, pulls out a bottle that clearly says "Nose Wash" on the side, applies to his nose, scrubs.)

EX-CON

Look, detective, I'm keeping my nose clean. Anyway, I've got an alibi.

JAWORSKI

Oh yeah? What is it?

EX-CON

I'm moonlighting as an actor. I'm trying to get a bit part on that cop show.

JAWORSKI

Misrule & Chaos?

EX-CON

Yeah, that's the one! Here, listen: "If you doan got anymore questions, I gotta get back ta work heah!" ... What do you think?

JAWORSKI

I think I liked it better when you were a criminal.

SCENE SIX

(An interrogation room: one table, three chairs. Detective #1 and Detective #2 stand, while the SUSPECT sits.)

DETECTIVE #1

So, where were you last night?

SUSPECT

I was in the park.

DETECTIVE #2

Oh, you were in the park. That's nice.

DETECTIVE #1

What were you doing in the park?

SUSPECT

I was murdering the victim.

DETECTIVE #2

Were you, now?

DETECTIVE #1

At what time?

SUSPECT

At the time the victim was murdered.

DETECTIVE #2

That was around eight.

SUSPECT

No, no it wasn't.

DETECTIVE #2

Oh, it wasn't, huh?

DETECTIVE #1

You mind telling us when it happened, then, since you seem to know so much?

SUSPECT

It was at ten.

DETECTIVE #2

It was at ten, huh? How do you know that?

SUSPECT

I was there. And I remember because by 11:30 I met the usual gang for an illegal poker game. Very high stakes. It's in the backroom of this bar ...

DETECTIVE #1

If we find out you're lying to us ...

SUSPECT

You'll glue, staple, rivet the book to the desk so no one can throw it at me?

DETECTIVE #2

Is that what you're going with, then?

DETECTIVE #1

That you were in the park, murdering the victim? What if we say you were with your girlfriend all night?

SUSPECT

That would give me a wonderful alibi with only one catch.

DETECTIVE #2

What's that?

SUSPECT

I couldn't be with my girlfriend at the time of the murder.

DETECTIVE #1

Why not?

SUSPECT

Because she lives on the other side of town from the park. From the park, you know, where I was murdering the victim.

DETECTIVE #2

You don't even know what time the murder took place.

DETECTIVE #1

It was eight in the PM.

SUSPECT

Look, *I was there*. I have a watch that has a satellite uplink that connects to the atomic clock in Colorado. I looked at this watch as *I murdered the victim!*

DETECTIVE #2

You, sir, were with your girlfriend, watching a movie.

SUSPECT

No!

DETECTIVE #1

You made popcorn.

SUSPECT

No!

DETECTIVE #2

You moved the popcorn aside, neither of you were very interested in the movie.

DETECTIVE #1

You put your hand on her thigh.

SUSPECT

No!

DETECTIVE #2

She was into it.

DETECTIVE #1

She leaned over and kissed you.

DETECTIVE #2

She slipped you the tongue.

SUSPECT

Nooooo!

DETECTIVE #1

Come on, already!

DETECTIVE #2

We know exactly what you were doing! Why don't you just admit it?

SUSPECT

(breaks down)

Okay! Okay! I ... I was with my girlfriend the whole time!

DETECTIVE #1

See, we knew it.

(Pause.)

SUSPECT

Are you going to arrest me?

DETECTIVE #2

We don't have anything to hold you on.

DETECTIVE #1

Except maybe suspicion.

SUSPECT

Suspicion of what?

DETECTIVE #2

Being suspicious.

SCENE SEVEN

(Jaworski and his partner interview the VICTIM'S MOTHER and the VICTIM'S FATHER.)

VICTIM'S FATHER

My son was a first class son of a bitch.
(Turns to his wife.)
Sorry, honey.

VICTIM'S MOTHER

It's perfectly alright, dear. We have to tell the truth in times like these.

VICTIM'S FATHER

I can't believe it took so long for someone to kill him.

JAWORSKI

No one's been killed, sir. No one that we know of.

(Jaworski motions to his partner. Victim's father tries to find who Jaworski is motioning to.)

VICTIM'S MOTHER

Oh, well, detective, don't worry, you can bet there will be soon. Very soon.

(Victim's mother and victim's father exit. Enter LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN.)

LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN

I'm a legitimate businessman.

JAWORSKI

And what legitimate business are you in?

LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN

I like to dabble in many of the legitimate businesses, but my bread and butter is murder.

JAWORSKI

Murder?

LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN

It's the most legitimate business there is. What did you think, I'm in the concrete or sanitation business?

JAWORSKI

But from what we can tell, no one's been killed.

LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN

Listen, copper! I don't hire people to make sure that no one's been whacked. A man has a certain reputation to uphold, and I can't do it with you around accusing me of letting people live!

(Legitimate businessman exits, and DRUG DEALER enters pantomiming that he's in prison.)

DRUG DEALER

I couldn't possibly have done anything. Look where I am. The only thing that happens in prison is nothing.

JAWORSKI

That's the thing, scumbag. It looks like nothing's happened.

DRUG DEALER

You got me. I confess.

(Drug dealer exits, and SNITCH enters, scratching his arms.)

SNITCH

Some weird shit's been going down, man. They're drugs everywhere, but no one's buyin', man. Hell, ain't no one sellin' neither. No one's gettin' shot or stabbed, man. An' get this, man, it'll blow you the fuck away. Two rival gangs put together a basketball game, and there wasn't a single foul the whole game, man. Not a hack, a block, a charge. Cleanest game ever played, man. Only thing that's tough to come by, have you seen this shit, man?

(Snitch pulls out a bottle of "Nose Wash.")

SNITCH

(cont.)

Every single store is sold the fuck out! Everyone's keepin' their noses clean, man.

(Snitch exits, OUTRAGED JERK enters.)

OUTRAGED JERK

Why aren't you out trying to find the real killer?!

JAWORSKI

There isn't a real killer!

OUTRAGED JERK

Sure, officer. Just keep eating those donuts while the real killer waits for me back at my place!

(Outraged jerk exits, SUSPECT'S MOTHER enters.)

SUSPECT'S MOTHER

My boy would never do a thing like that.

JAWORSKI

Ma'am, it looks like he hasn't done anything.

SUSPECT'S MOTHER

Exactly, my boy's always doing something. He almost never does nothing.

JAWORSKI

He admitted to murder, ma'am.

SUSPECT'S MOTHER

That he might do.

(Suspect's mother exits, and FATHER DOCTOR MAJOR SCOOP, ESQ. enters with an ASSISTANT and a maintenance man.)

ASSISTANT

This has to be quick. One take and the set comes down. We're on a budget here.

(The maintenance man exits and returns with a TV which shows Father Dr. Major Scoop, esq. The TV does the talking.)

FATHER DR. MAJOR SCOOP, ESQ.

I am Father Dr. Major Scoop, esq., and I cannot talk to you. I am a lawyer, and not just any lawyer, but the suspect's lawyer, so there's attorney-client privilege. I am a doctor, and not just any doctor, but the suspect's doctor, so there's doctor-patient confidentiality. I am a priest, and not just any priest, but the suspect's confessor, and a priest can never divulge what he hears in confession. As is evident from these statements, I cannot talk to you, so I have made this recording explaining why I

cannot say a single word to you. I would let you know how I knew you were on your way to my office, how I knew this far in advance, far enough in advance that I was able to write this script and record this video, but the people who informed me are my sources at *The Times*, and my sources have a right to privacy. Finally, even if I could talk to you, I would not have to because, last month, I married the suspect. And spouses never have to testify against each other. In fact, this is not even my voice, nor my writing, nor me. This is someone's else's voice, someone else's writing, a body double. And so I, Father Doctor Major Scoop, esq., have fulfilled my obligations.

(There is a long pause at the end of Father Dr. Major Scoop, esq.'s video. And it's then replaced by a cop show.)

SCENE EIGHT

(Cameras are everywhere. The DISTRICT ATTORNEY sits at a desk staring at Jaworski. Jaworski's partner wanders around behind the cameras.)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You want me to go to a judge with this? You want *me* to go to a judge with *this*?!

JAWORSKI

We need a warrant. You've gotten warrants before with less.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I've ... I've gotten ... With ... *less*?! Detective Jaworski, how in the world could there possibly be any less?

JAWORSKI

We'll never catch the bastard. He'll get away with it if you don't ...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Who? What bastard? Do you have any specific or even general bastard in mind? From what I can tell, no one's getting away with it because you haven't proven to me that anything at all has happened.

JAWORSKI

Goddamnit, *something* must've happened.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Nothing happens, too, detective. It happens all the time.

SCENE NINE

(The continued interrogation: one table, three chairs. Detective #1 and Detective #2 stand, while the suspect sits.)

SUSPECT

Why are you so certain?

DETECTIVE #1

We're the police. We're the agents of certainty.

DETECTIVE #2

We work through until we know.

DETECTIVE #1

And we always get to know everything.

DETECTIVE #2

Even when others are uncertain.

SUSPECT

I hadn't thought of that.

DETECTIVE #1

You haven't thought of a lot of things.

SUSPECT

I've thought of everything!

DETECTIVE #2

Huh, sounds like he's thought of everything.

DETECTIVE #1

Have you ever thought of the fact that most atoms are made up of space?

DETECTIVE #2

That there's more nothing in everything than anything else?

DETECTIVE #1

That if I slammed you into that wall you might go right through it and fall to your death?

(The suspect moves the table and chair forward away from the wall.)

SUSPECT

Well, no.

DETECTIVE #2

Guess he hasn't thought of everything.

DETECTIVE #1

No, I guess he hasn't.

DETECTIVE #2

Look, we can talk to the DA for you.

SUSPECT

Why would I need that? I've already confessed. Do the DA and I speak different languages?

DETECTIVE #2

You confessed, huh?

SUSPECT

Yes!

DETECTIVE #1

Well, take a look at that.

(Detective #1 throws a picture of the crime scene down.)

SUSPECT

No! No!

DETECTIVE #2

That's right. Take a look at your handiwork.

(The suspect looks away.)

DETECTIVE #1

What's wrong, you don't want to admire what you've done?

DETECTIVE #2

That's right, pal, when we lifted up the sheet, nothing was there. Not a goddamned thing. Nothing.

SUSPECT

(horrified)

I wanna see my lawyer!

SCENE TEN

(Jaworski and his partner knock on a door to an apartment. While the detectives wait, two maintenance men enter and begin helping the partner out of his costume. Inside of the costume we find there is no one. The maintenance men exit. A CAMERAMAN answers the door. The apartment inside is a couch, a coffee table with a bottle of tequila, a bottle of tonic water, a bottle of lime juice, a lime, a remote on it, and a TV.)

JAWORSKI

I'm me, and this is my partner.

CAMERAMAN

Partner?

(Jaworski turns around and sees there's no one behind him. He's stunned.)

JAWORSKI

Look, I'm on a murder investigation and in the evidence I found this key.

CAMERAMAN

Yeah, it looks like it's on a key ring with all your other keys.

JAWORSKI

Look, I'm Detective Jaworski with ...

CAMERAMAN

Can I see some identification?

JAWORSKI

Will my badge work?

(Jaworski opens his wallet and hands it to the cameraman.)

CAMERAMAN

You don't have a badge. And your name isn't even Jaworski.

(Pause. Jaworski is woozy.)

JAWORSKI

Can ... can I sit down?

(The cameraman motions to the couch. Jaworski sits down and looks at the TV. He's horrified. He grabs the remote, while a maintenance man enters and makes Jaworski a drink with the ingredients on the coffee table. Jaworski furiously tries to change the channel, but to no avail.)

MAINTENANCE MAN

Have a drink. It's called an Invisible Hombre.

JAWORSKI

(taking the drink)

It's me. It's me. On the television! It's me! How is it me? How could it possibly be me?

CAMERAMAN

It just is.

(Jaworski slumps back.)

JAWORSKI

I wonder if it's a new episode. Or if it's a rerun.

SCENE ELEVEN

(The captain sits at his desk.)

CAPTAIN

Soon you will walk through my door. You'll be disheveled. You'll be frustrated. You'll be a little drunk. Your mental faculties won't be at their peak. And I'll have a decision. If I follow protocol, you'll go home. You'll feel justified. This time the system failed. You did everything you could. It wasn't your fault. But if I don't follow protocol, the case goes on and on. If before there were dead ends, that only proved there was a maze. Stretch the labyrinth out and there aren't any dead ends, there's nothing, which is what you had before you defined your idea of order. And you'll never know that the one who murdered your order was me, your captain, until I tell you in my

brash confession. And that's what this is. My brash confession delivered in front of everyone, for no reason, when really it'd behoove me to keep my goddamned mouth shut, my lawyer whispering in my ear, saying, "This meeting's over." Only it's not. The villain's line: It hasn't even begun. And when you walk into my office ...

(Jaworski enters and sits down, slowly putting on the partner costume.)

CAPTAIN

(cont.)

... I'll be here. Waiting for you. Having rehearsed every move, having mastered every nuance, having put myself in the position of absolute authority, like a man holding a gun, but my weapon, here, isn't a gun, no, it's what I'll say when you finally stumble in emotional, distraught, too attached to the case, drunken and angry, now!

(The captain sends the papers flying.)

CAPTAIN

(cont.)

Oh, I'm prepared, *I am* prepared to unleash my weapon, my wrath, my brash confession, I've practiced every line, I was born for this part, this is how they'll remember me, and as you sit there, in your confusion, the only audience I'll ever need, here is what I'll tell you ...

(The captain freezes in his menace of Jaworski who is now dressed like his partner was earlier.

Blackout.)