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**Product Code: A0859-SP**

# Good Cop, Sad Cop

A 10-Minute Comedy by  
Rusty Harding

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# Good Cop, Sad Cop

by Rusty

## **CHARACTERS:**

1F /2M / 1 Either

FEMALE DETECTIVE (FD): *Any age, F*

MALE DETECTIVE (MD): *Any Age, M*

SUSPECT: *Any Age, M*

THIRD DETECTIVE: *Any Age, M/F*

## **SYNOPSIS:**

*A tough crook encounters a rather unorthodox method of police interrogation.*

## **SETTING:**

*A police interrogation room*

## **PRODUCTION NOTES:**

*The setting is minimal: a bare stage, a table, and a single chair.*

## **COSTUMES/PROPS:**

*The “detectives” can wear normal street clothing, but they should have some sort of accessories that identify them as police: i.e., badges, holstered pistols, etc. The “suspect” can wear normal street clothes, but should be handcuffed with his hands in front of him.*

## Good Cop, Bad Cop

by Rusty Harding

**AT RISE:** *A police interrogation room. A SUSPECT sits at a table in handcuffs. A MALE and FEMALE DETECTIVE enter the room. The MALE DETECTIVE (MD) holds a piece of paper and a pen and appears angry, while the FEMALE DETECTIVE (FD) seems mousy, timid, and extremely wary. The SUSPECT chuckles scoffingly.*

SUSPECT

Well, well, if it isn't the illustrious Sergeant...sorry, *Lieutenant* Davis. (*Smirks*) You do know we've got to stop meeting like this, don't you? People are gettin' suspicious. (*Leers at the FD*) Whoa, who's the skirt? They give you a secretary with that promotion?

MD

Save it, Frankie. I'm not in the mood for jokes. (*Nods at the FD*) This is Detective Stewart. She's new to the squad. Normally I wouldn't bring her anywhere near a scumbag like you, but she's got to learn the ropes sometime. I don't want any smart-mouth wisecracks from you, get it? You watch your language.

SUSPECT

Oh, absolutely, lieutenant. I'll be the soul of civility. (*Grins slyly at the FD*) How's it goin', sweet cheeks?

*The FD reacts with a look of embarrassment.*

MD

Knock it, off, Frankie! Look, I don't want to waste any time here. We know you did it. We found the money in your apartment, the gun in your car, and your prints were all over everything. There's no way you're walking out of here this time. (*Slaps the paper and pen down on the table*) Do yourself a favor and sign the confession.

SUSPECT

(*Scoffs and brushes the paper away*) Really, lieutenant; how many times are we gonna go through this? You got nothin' on me. As always. You know it, I know it, an' my lawyer knows it. An' I ain't sayin' a word till he gets here.

MD

(*Grows visibly angry*) Listen, jerk, I'm tired of messing around with two-bit lowlife scumbags like you! If you don't sign this confession, I'm gonna—

SUSPECT

*(Interrupts derisively)* Ah, blow it out your badge. You can't do nothin' to me an' you know it. *(Leans back in his chair)* Tell you what; why don't you go hang out at Starbucks with the rest of your squad? Bring me back a mocha. *(A beat, grinning)* Extra hot.

MD

*(Raises fist angrily)* Why, I oughta—

SUSPECT

Go ahead, make my day! My lawyer's just achin' to bring a lawsuit against you guys.

*The MD glares at the suspect for several moments, then sighs angrily and turns to leave.*

MD

*(To the FD)* I gotta get out of here for a minute. If I hang around here any longer I won't be responsible for my actions. *(Nods at SUSPECT)* Keep an eye on him, will you? If he makes any sudden moves, shoot him!

*The MD exits quickly. The FD frowns after him for a moment, then looks at the suspect warily. The suspect continues to eye the FD with a leering grin. The FD struggles to summon her courage.*

FD

*(After a long beat)* Shame on you.

SUSPECT

*(Startled)* Huh?

FD

I said; shame on you. You're a very bad man, stealing from all those people. Didn't your mother raise you better?

SUSPECT

Say what?

FD

Why don't you just do the right thing and confess? You'll feel a lot better about yourself, believe me.

SUSPECT

*(Glances around the room with a puzzled expression)* Lady, can I ask you a question?

FD

*(Eagerly)* Sure. What?

SUSPECT

Are you crazy or what?

*The FD stares at him for a moment, then suddenly begins to CRY.*

FD

You called me crazy!

SUSPECT

Lady, what...what's the matter with you?

FD

*(Wails mournfully)* You called me crazy! That's not very nice!

SUSPECT

*(Obviously taken aback)* I...I'm sorry. I didn't mean it, okay? It was just an expression.

FD

*(Still sobbing)* It's still not nice. You told Lieutenant Davis you'd be nice.

SUSPECT

I said I was sorry, okay? Just stop crying.

FD

*(Struggles for composure)* No, no, it's not your fault. It's just that I'm a terrible police officer.

SUSPECT

What? Why would you say that?

FD

Because nobody ever takes me serious. Ever since I started on the force, I can't do anything right.

SUSPECT

Ah, come on. I'm sure that's not true.

FD

Oh, yes, it is. I'm totally out of my league. A cop is supposed to be tough, right? But look at me; crying like a stupid little girl. Not only that; I hate guns. Can you believe it? *(Pulls a pistol from under her jacket; waves it carelessly)* How am I supposed to be a police officer if I don't like guns?

SUSPECT

*(Weaves back and forth with a look of alarm)* I...I...I don't know, but maybe you could put that thing away?

FD

*(Looks at the gun curiously)* Oh. *(Holsters the gun with a sheepish grin)* Sorry.

SUSPECT

*(Obviously relieved)* No problem.

FD

*(Shakes her head sadly)* You know, my husband is always saying to me: *(Feigns male voice)* 'Susan, you need to give up this police nonsense and focus on being a wife and mother'.

*(Normal voice)* It makes me so mad! Problem is, I'm beginning to believe he's right! *(Starts to cry again)*

SUSPECT

*(Grows more uncomfortable)* Maybe you're just goin' about it the wrong way.

FD

How should I do it, then? *(Grabs his shoulders and starts to shake him violently)* Tell me; what am I doing wrong? Please, I really want to know!

SUSPECT

I don't know, lady! I don't know!

FD

*(Throws him backwards heavily with a mournful sob)* I'm sorry! You see what I mean? I just don't know what to do. *(Paces anxiously back and forth)* All my life, I just wanted to be a police officer. I wanted to help people, you know? I wanted to get the bad guys off the street and make things safe for my kids. Do you have kids?

SUSPECT

Uh, no. *(A beat)* Not that I know of.

FD

Well, if you did, you'd know what I mean. I want to make the world a better place for them. Safe from two-bit, lowlife scumbags like you. *(A beat, smiles apologetically)* No offense.

SUSPECT

*(Flatly)* None taken.

FD

*(Sighs wearily)* Oh, who am I kidding? I need to stop fooling myself and face the fact that I'm just no good at this job. I'm a wife and mother, right? I guess that's all I'm meant to be.

*(Voice breaking)* All I'm meant to be.

*The FD suddenly drops to her knees next to the suspect and lays her head on his arm. She starts to wail uncontrollably. The SUSPECT tries to draw away with a completely befuddled look.*

SUSPECT

Lady? (A beat) Lady? Stop crying, lady.

*The FD continues to wail, to the point that her cries become piercing and hysterical. she stops briefly to blow her nose on the suspect's sleeve, then resumes crying loudly.*

SUSPECT

Lady! Please, stop crying! Stop crying! (A beat) Look, I did it, okay? I did it!

FD

(Stops sobbing abruptly) What?

SUSPECT

I said I did it. Now, will you please stop crying?

FD

You did it?

SUSPECT

Yes, I did it. Happy now?

FD

(Smiles sweetly) Oh, that's so terribly sweet of you. (Pats his arm) But I know you're just saying that to make me feel better.

SUSPECT

No, no, honest to God, I did it, okay? I really did it. Just...stop crying!

FD

(Stands and wipes at her eyes) You really did it?

SUSPECT

I really did it.

FD

But, you'll go to jail!



SUSPECT

Yeah, yeah, I know. But it's no big deal. They got cable.

FD

You mean I really got you to confess?

SUSPECT

Yeah, you got me to confess.

FD

*(Giddily)* I did it! *(Claps her hands gleefully)* I really did it! Oh, my God, this is so incredible! Just wait'll I tell my husband! *(Stops suddenly and frowns at SUSPECT)* Wait, I don't think it counts unless you sign. Some sort of legal thing.

SUSPECT

*(Sighing)* Hand me the paper.

*The FD grabs the paper and pen and puts them in front of the SUSPECT. He signs the paper quickly and throws the pen aside. The FD grabs the paper and rushes to the door.*

FD

*(Opens the door and shouts excitedly)* He confessed! He confessed!

*The MD and a THIRD DETECTIVE step inside.*

MD

What?

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