

Sunday Players

Drama Resources

Copyright © 2000-2006 The Sunday Players
All Rights Reserved

This material is licensed for performance in a Christian worship service where no admission fee is required. An offering of \$10 is requested for each use to help support our ministry. Please make payment to: Pine Castle United Methodist Church, 731 E. Fairlane Drive, Orlando, FL 32809. Clearly indicate that the payment is for a *Sunday Players* script and include the title. Inquiries should be addressed to scripts@sundayplayers.com.

The Fugitive

By Bob Rictor

Synopsis

A man foolishly refuses to surrender even though it's the smart thing to do.

Characters

Rocco – A criminal who's not as smart as he thinks

Cop – An off-stage Irish cop (male) right out of vintage Bugs Bunny cartoons. All of his lines should be spoken through a bullhorn.

Rocco's Mom – A nice Jewish lady who is also off stage and speaks on the bullhorn The same actor could play both the Cop and Rocco's Mom.

Sound FX – A person will be needed off-stage to supply all the sound effects (a la "Whose Line Is It Anyway?") Needs to be good at improvising.

Props

Other than the bullhorn, there are no actual props. However, Rocco will have to mime everything including the door, the gun, and the window.

Sound FX: Police Siren

Rocco dashes in, slams the door, and quickly cases the joint.

Cop: We know you're in there, Rocco. Come out with your hands up and no one will get hurt.

In a panic, Rocco races to the window to see the police.

Rocco: *(To himself)* Oh, man! How did they find me?

Cop: Time's a wasting, Rocco. Do yourself a favor and come out now.

Rocco: Never! You'll never be able to take me.

Cop: Oh, Yeah? Right now you're surrounded by 85 highly trained and fully armed sharpshooters, 3 helicopter gun ships, 5 urban assault vehicles, and one toy poodle with a nasty disposition - all of whom say we can take you.

Rocco: Well, I got a gun. *(He holds up his gun, which promptly falls apart. He scrambles to the floor to pick up the pieces and reassemble his weapon.)*

Cop: Give it up, Rocco. There's no sense fighting it.

Rocco: Forget it, Copper! I'm a free man, my own man. Nobody's gonna take that away from me.

Cop: Be sensible, man. Think of the people you're hurting.

Rocco: People? What people?

Rocco's Mom: (*Spoken with a Yiddish accent*) Rocco. Honey.

Rocco: Ma? When did you become Jewish?

Rocco's Mom: Rocco, dear, do what the nice man with the bazooka is saying. He's only looking out for your best interest.

Rocco: Aw, Ma, I can't do it right now. I'm having too much fun. And besides, none of the other guys gave up.

Rocco's Mom: Now, Rocco Alfonse Malone, if all the other guys jumped off a cliff would you do it too?

Rocco: Ma! You know I hate when you say that.

Rocco's Mom: Honey, I'm just worried about you. Worried sick. You know, you're going to be the death of me yet. Some mothers have sons that are doctors or lawyers. I get Don Cornelius.

Rocco. That's Don Corleone, ma.

Cop: See, Rocco. See what you're doing to your poor, dear, old mother.

Rocco: That's a cheap trick, Copper.

Cop: Time's up, Rocco. It's time to surrender.

Rocco: You'll have to kill me first!

Cop: Ok. Ready, Clancy! Aim!

Rocco: Whoa! Whoa! Wait! That was just a figger of speech. Maybe we could work out some sort of compromise.

Cop: Compromise? There's no compromise.

Rocco: (*Sticking his right leg out the door*) Well, what if I give up this much? Will that work for you?

Cop: It's all or nothing, Malone.

Rocco: (*Waving his right arm and leg*) How about this?

Cop: All or nothing.

Rocco: How about this? (*Starts gyrating his body in a wild, goofy manner.*)

Cop: Enough of these games already.

Rocco: Well, wait! What's in it for me?

Cop: You can stop running. You can rest, and know that you're finally safe. Look, Rocco, the path you're on now is just a slippery slide into the stinking, gaping bowels of Hell itself. And you know that. Why hang on to what you know is never going to fulfill you? Give up now and you can get a brand new start.

Rocco: Oh, all right. I'm coming out. I surrender. (*Rocco drops his gun and starts to leave.*)

Rocco's Mom: Wait a minute young man. You go back and pick gun up right now. Who do you think is going to clean up your mess? I'm not your maid.

Rocco: Ma! (*He goes back, picks up the gun and exits.*)