

# PERP

A Short Play

By Mike Folie

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## **PERP**

### **CHARACTERS:**

**FRANKIE PULONE** - A mid-level organized crime wise-guy, mid-to-late thirties.

**MARY BECKER** - A Drug Enforcement Agency officer, same age as FRANKIE

.

### **SETTING:**

A garbage strewn city alley at night.

**PERP**

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SETTING:

A city alley at night.

AT RISE:

We hear the sound of a police siren rise and fade. FRANK PULONE, a well-dressed man in his thirties, runs on stage, sees no way out and starts to go back the way HE entered. MARY BECKER, a Drug Enforcement Agency officer, wearing a dark windbreaker with the letters "D.E.A." in bright yellow on the back, enters, gun drawn. SHE takes a police pose with the gun trained on FRANK, blocking HIS escape. *[NOTE: Parentheses within dialogue indicate where that line is overlapped by the following.]*

**MARY**

Freeze! Lemme see your hands! Now, now, now! Hands in the (air! Do it!)

**FRANK**

All right! All right! (Calm down.)

**MARY**

On your knees. Keep those (hands up!)

**FRANK**

All right! Don't wet your pants!

(FRANK begins to reach for the handkerchief poking out of the breast pocket of HIS jacket. SHE pulls the hammer back on the gun [or jacks it, if it's an automatic], screams at HIM.)

**MARY**

What the hell do you think you're doing!?! Get those hands up!

**FRANK**

I'm just getting my handkerchief. See? I'll do it real slow.

(HE removes the handkerchief and places it on the ground. Kneels on it so HIS pants don't get dirty.)

**FRANK (CONT.)**

Jeez, lady. Don't get so (excited.)

**MARY**

On your face. Keep those hands where I can see 'em.

**FRANK**

This suit costs more'n you earn in a month, Dollface.

**MARY**

I count to three. One. Two.

**FRANK**

Can't I just lean up against the wall like they do on tv? Huh? You sound like you watch enough cop shows, wit' all that "freeze" (bullshit.)

**MARY**

Three.

(SHE knocks HIM roughly, face first, to the ground, puts the gun against HIS head.)

**MARY (CONT.)**

You do what you're told, punk.

(SHE cuffs HIS hands behind HIM, frisks HIM.)

**FRANK**

Aw, man! That hurt.

**MARY**

Shut up!

(SHE pulls HIM to a standing position.)

C'mon. Let's go.

**FRANK**

Wait a second. I know you from some place.

**MARY**

You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. You (have . . .)

**FRANK**

(Mary. Mary Becker!)

**MARY**

. . . the right to an attorney. Anything you . . . . How'd you know my name?

**FRANK**

Mary Becker. Hoboken High.

**MARY**

Yeah?

**FRANK**

Mary! Don't you recognize me? It's Frank. Frankie Pulone.

**MARY**

(Almost in shock)

Frankie Pulone?

**FRANK**

Jesus Christ! Mary Becker!

**MARY**

("Am I dreaming?")

Frankie Pulone.

**FRANK**

How the hell are you, Mary?

**MARY**

(Still in shock, on automatic)

Uh, not bad, not bad. How're you?

**FRANK**

Ah. Doin' okay. Y'know.

(Suddenly, SHE comes out of HER reverie and whacks HIM hard again.)

**MARY**

You creep! You stood me up for the senior prom!

**FRANK**

I can explain that, Mary.

(SHE hits HIM again.)

**MARY**

I spent a fortune on that dress!

**FRANK**

Oww! Mary! Come on! I didn't do it on purpose. Something came up.

**MARY**

And you couldn't call?

**FRANK**

No! I couldn't call! I hadda go away. Sudden like. On business. It was unavoidable, doll. I always felt real bad about it. Honest.

(Pause)

So, you, uh, I guess you're good and married by now, huh?

**MARY**

Hah! Yeah, right. How about you?

**FRANK**

Married? Oh, well, yeah. I'm married. But, you know, it ain't serious.

**MARY**

Frankie goddamn Pulone.

**FRANK**

Mary goddamn Becker.

(Short pause)

So, you wanna get together sometime?

**MARY**

When? In about ten-to-fifteen years?

**FRANK**

Lemme go, Mar.

**MARY**

I can't do that, Frankie.

**FRANK**

Sure you can! Nobody saw. C'mon! For old time's sake. Take off the cuffs and lemme beat it outta here. Then you and me can get together later on.

**MARY**

What?

**FRANK**

You and me, Mary. We were meant for each other. Remember that night on the bluff, Mar? I told you I'd love you forever.

**MARY**

You love me?!

**FRANK**

Yeah!

**MARY**

All of a sudden? You love me? After standing me up at the senior prom all those years ago?

**FRANK**

(Thinks for a second, is this a trick question?)

Yeah!

**MARY**

You gotta lotta goddamn nerve! Do you know how long I sat beside that phone? Crying my eyes out?

**FRANK**

Jeeze, Mary. I said I was sorry. What're we talking about here, a stupid dance?

**MARY**

Do you know how humiliating that was? Do you know how much I've been screwed up with men ever since? Unable to trust, unable to love? Don't you even know what you did to me?!

**FRANK**

And I'll make it up to you, honey. Just let me go. Take off the cuffs and give me another chance, baby. Please!

**MARY**

Another chance? Yeah. I'll give you another chance. I'll give you a sporting chance. Here.

(SHE turns HIM around and takes off the cuffs.)

**FRANK**

You won't regret this, Mary.

**MARY**

I know.

(SHE pulls HER gun.)

Now go on. Get!

**FRANK**

Uh, what's with the gun, Sweetie?

**MARY**

I gotta make this look good, don't I? Go on. Run. I'll fire a couple of shots into the air.

**FRANK**

You're, uh, you're sure that's necessary?

**MARY**

Uh-huh.

**FRANK**

You're gonna shoot? Into the air?

**MARY**

Bang. Bang.

(Pause)

**FRANK**

Mary, about the senior prom . . .

**MARY**

(Pointing gun at HIM)

Move, scumbag!

(Pause. HE looks at HER. Looks at gun. HE looks off in the direction HE might run, gauging HIS chances. Looks back at HER, considers.)

**MARY (CONT.)**

What're we doing here, Frankie? Don't you trust me? I trusted you. I never trusted anybody else ever again, but I trusted you.

(Long pause.)

**FRANK**

Aw, fuck me, man!

(HE turns around and offers HIS arms behind HIS back to be cuffed. SHE cuffs him, starts to lead HIM off.)

**MARY**

Let's go, perp.

**FRANK**

(Stops)

Mary. Tell me the truth. Would you've shot me? Just for standing you up at the goddamn senior prom?

(Pause. SHE smiles.)

**MARY**

You have the right to remain silent.

(SHE begins to push HIM off-stage. As THEY exit)

Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided by the court.

(And THEY are gone. Blackout.)

**THE END**