

G-MEN!

BY TIM J. LORD

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

JAMES DEBRAN (DEBBIE): SPECIAL AGENT, FBI, 30s
KEVIN FRASER: SPECIAL AGENT, FBI, 30s
RAYMOND NORMAN (NORM): SPCL. ASST. DEPUTY DIRECTOR FBI, 40s
TINA BARNES: CAPTAIN, U.S. ARMY, 40s
VICTIM: ALWAYS THE VICTIM
J. EDGAR/EDGAR J.: THE DOUBLE THREAT

NOTE ON THE CASTING:

Consider the text and have fun with casting the roles, and know the following:
All the characters are men.
But the characters should absolutely NOT be cast with only men. At the very least, one should consider casting KEVIN and NORM with female actors.
Or with trans actors. That'd be pretty badass.
And despite the realities of the historical era, the roles need not be cast with white actors.

**SPECIAL NOTES ON THE CHARACTERS
OF VICTIM & J. EDGAR/EDGAR J. :**

Each time VICTIM appears, he should be a new “victim.” However, the injuries he suffers over the course of the play should be cumulative.

J. EDGAR should bear a striking resemblance to the man known in history as J. Edgar Hoover. This should be achieved in part by using old photos and film clips of the historical J. Edgar—a man created as much by myth and media as by actual past events.

EDGAR J. should look like the man known in history as J. Edgar Hoover, but there's something slightly off. He's tangible. He's real. Maybe even human.

THE TIME:

1956

THE PLACE:

The Big City

***THE EVENTS, CHARACTERS &
GOVERNMENT AGENCIES DEPICTED IN
THIS PLAY ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY
SIMILARITY TO PERSONS, LIVING OR
DEAD, OR TO ACTUAL EVENTS OR
GOVERNMENT AGENCIES IS PURELY
COINCIDENTAL...OR DEVISED.***

Scene 1. The Bomb!

DATELINE:

1956, The Big City.

AT RISE:

FBI Special Agents JAMES DEBRAN (DEBBIE) & KEVIN FRASER are dealing with a very large explosive device and looking very perplexed about it. The clock is ticking and there are sounds appropriate to the situation. FBI Special Assistant Deputy Director RAYMOND NORMAN (NORM) enters.

NORM:

What's the situation, Debbie?

DEBBIE:

We've got a bomb.

KEVIN:

A great big bomb.

DEBBIE:

A great big "Red" bomb, Sir—if my assumptions are right.

NORM:

You think the Commies are behind this?

DEBBIE:

How could they not be?

NORM:

Debbie, why would they mess around with something so small? They've got THE bomb now.

DEBBIE:

Good point, Sir. Hadn't thought about that.

NORM:

Well, try to.

KEVIN:

Sir?

NORM:

Yes, Fraser.

KEVIN:

There's just one troubling thing about this big Red—possibly Red—bomb, Sir.

NORM:

What's that, Fraser?

KEVIN:

None of it's attached.

NORM:

What?

DEBBIE:

The triggers, the timer, the explosives... None of them are attached to each other.

NORM:

What do you mean?

KEVIN:

He means that when the timer hits zero, it's not going to trip the triggers which, in turn, are not going to ignite the explosives.

NORM:

Why on earth would anyone not hook up such a complex bomb after going to all that trouble?

DEBBIE:

That, Sir, is a question for the bomber.

KEVIN:

I think you mean, the "non-bomber."

DEBBIE:

Precisely.

NORM:

J. Edgar isn't going to like this.

KEVIN:

Sir?

NORM:

You know how he hates pranksters.

CAPT. TINA BARNES enters.

NORM:

Carry on with your investigation. How can I help you, Captain?

TINA:

I'm Captain Barnes, United States Army. I've been assigned to help eradicate the bomber. What's the situation here?

NORM:

Raymond Norman, Special Assistant Deputy Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Sir. Pleasure to have you with us. These are Special Agents Kevin Fraser and James Debran, my best men. Kevin there is also an expert in the field of explosives—

TINA (aside to NORM):

Fraser's a bit...

(He makes a hand-gesture to indicate "effeminate".)

Are you sure he's not a... a...—

NORM:

Pinko Commie?

TINA:

Yes. That.

NORM:

I trained him myself, Captain. He's one of the best men I have.

TINA:

Good. Only the manliest of men to defend our country.

Carry on, Director.

NORM:

Well, Captain, we have analyzed the bomb and determined—

TINA:

You can call me Tina. By the way.

That's my first name.

NORM:

All right, Captain—Tina...

(beat)

TINA:

It's a traditional name. In my family.

NORM:

Of course.

So then, we have analyzed the bomb and determined that it is entirely harmless.

TINA:

Excuse me?

NORM:

Entirely harmless, Sir!

TINA:

That's not what I meant.

NORM:

Uh...Fraser! Debran! Drop and give me twenty!

KEVIN:

Excuse me?

DEBBIE:

We're not in the—

NORM:

Don't question my orders. Drop!

They do so.

TINA:

You're misunderstanding, Director. I was confused by your analysis of the bomb's status.

NORM:

Oh, of course, Captain. You can get up now, Kevin, Debbie.

KEVIN:

Oh thanks, Norm.

TINA:

Excuse me?

KEVIN:

oops!—

TINA:
No, I mean—

NORM:
Fraser! Another 20!

TINA:
Ten-hut!

They all snap to.

TINA:
Look, as Agent... Agent... You—

DEBBIE:
Debran.

TINA:
As Agent Debran pointed out, you're not in the Army; you don't have to behave like you are. Now, let's get back to the bomb.

NORM:
Of course, Captain.

TINA:
Debran, is it?

DEBBIE:
Yes, Sir.

TINA:
How is the bomb harmless, Debran?

KEVIN:
Sir, all of the components are genuine and, as far as we can tell, in perfect working condition, but—

TINA:
Fraser, what are you doing?

DEBBIE:
She's answering your question.

TINA:
What was that!

DEBBIE:

I said, He's answering your question

TINA:

Uh— mmm— buh-hmm... but Debran, I asked Fraser that question.

KEVIN:

Is there a difference?

TINA:

Yes!

DEBBIE:

Sorry, Captain.

KEVIN:

Sorry.

TINA:

All right, fine... Fraser. Finish your report.

DEBBIE:

All the components are functioning but none of them are connected to each other.

TINA:

...Debran.

DEBBIE:

Yeah?

TINA:

Nevermind.

NORM:

The point is, Captain, the bomb's not going to explode and we haven't yet determined who would go to such trouble and why.

KEVIN:

It's a very expensive "non-explosive."

TINA:

A decoy.

NORM:

A decoy?

KEVIN & DEBBIE:

A decoy?

TINA:

A decoy.

DEBBIE:

Of course.

KEVIN:

It's brilliant.

NORM:

But that much for a decoy?

TINA:

To be effective it has to be convincing.

KEVIN:

And that it was.

DEBBIE:

Time's almost up.

TINA:

Right! Norman, alert emergency services and instruct your other agents to be on the lookout for suspicious packages and persons. I'll have my troops do the same. Undoubtedly, there won't be a cover without something to be covered.

NORM:

Will do, Captain.

NORM exits.

KEVIN:

20 seconds, Capt. Barnes.

TINA:

All right, clear out. I don't want anyone near this in case something *is* connected.

There is the sound of an explosion but it sounds distant.

TINA:

AH!!! We're all dead!!!

DEBBIE:

Captain! It's all right. It wasn't our bomb.

KEVIN:

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

Some smoke issues from the top of the device.

TINA:

AH!!! We're all dead!!!

DEBBIE:

It's all right, Captain. Nothing happened.

KEVIN:

No something did happen. There's a little flag. It looks like it shot out of the top.

DEBBIE:

There's writing on it. It says...

KEVIN:

"There will be more."

TINA:

AH!!! We're all dead!!!

TINA passes out. There is a take between KEVIN & DEBBIE.

BLACKOUT
END OF SCENE

Scene 2. A Dress!

DATELINE:

Minutes later. A pile of rubble.

AT RISE:

EDGAR J. is pulling VICTIM from the rubble. Once clear, EDGAR J. sets VICTIM down, poses him and exits swiftly. NORM, TINA, KEVIN & DEBBIE soon enter.

TINA:

My god! What's happened?

KEVIN:

Look! A survivor!

NORM:

What happened, Citizen?

VICTIM:

Gone! It's all gone!

NORM:

Gone? What's gone?

VICTIM:

All of it. It's all gone!

TINA:

My god! Did you hear that? It's all gone! We're lost!

DEBBIE:

Captain, I believe the victim was referring specifically to this dressmaker's store.

KEVIN:

Was it your store, Sir?

VICTIM:

Yes. And it's gone. All of it gone!

TINA:

My god! All of it gone!

NORM:

Get a hold of yourself, Captain!

DEBBIE:

Did you see anyone suspicious, Sir, in the moments before the explosion?

VICTIM:

A man. There was a man...

KEVIN:

Yes? Go on...

VICTIM:

There was a man... He wanted...

DEBBIE:

Yes. He wanted... What did he want?

VICTIM:

He wanted...

NORM:

Dammit, Debbie! Give the man some air; don't press him so. He's been through a terrible experience—

Dammit, Man! what did he want? You have to tell us!

VICTIM:

A dress! The man...wanted... a dress.

*He passes out. All the men
are taken aback. There is
much silence and fidgeting
before they finally speak
again.*

TINA:

A dress?

NORM:

A dress.

KEVIN:

Not a skirt.

DEBBIE:

Or a kilt.

NORM:

A dress...

TINA:

For his wife obviously.

NORM:

Yes, of course! His wife.

*They all share a good laugh
until VICTIM revives.*

VICTIM:

No! The man...was wearing...a dress himself...

*He passes out again. Once
again, there is the awkward
silence.*

TINA:

Norm, Debbie, Kevin. Conference. Obviously the situation is worse than we thought.

NORM:

Much worse.

DEBBIE:

It's definitely a Commie, Sir.

TINA:

How's that?

DEBBIE:

It has to be.

NORM:

You may be onto something there, Debbie.

TINA:

Whoever this man—er, woman—er person is, this...person is obviously a very disturbed... person. Wouldn't you say?

NORM:

Couldn't have said it better myself, Tina.

KEVIN:

In that case, Sir, may I make a suggestion?

NORM:

By all means, Kevin.

DEBBIE:

There's only one man who can possibly help us, Sir.

TINA:

Who? Who? Who?

NORM:

...J. Edgar.

**BLACKOUT
END OF SCENE**

Scene 3. **The Man!**

DATELINE:

FBI Headquarters & vicinity.

AT RISE:

J EDGAR looms large, a giant of a man, a clip from one of his public service announcements.

TINA, KEVIN & DEBBIE are outside FBI Headquarters, pacing. NORM is in J. EDGAR's office, like Dorothy in the presence of the Wizard.

NORM:

Pardon the intrusion, Sir.

TINA:

What's taking him so long!

NORM:

But we needed your advice.

KEVIN:

Patience, Captain.

DEBBIE:

J. Edgar takes his time.

NORM:

We have a...situation.

TINA:

This is killing me!

KEVIN:

It's a serious matter.

DEBBIE:

And it's painted all red.

NORM:

Yes, Sir.

KEVIN:
It will take time.

NORM:
I see, Sir.

TINA:
Time is the last thing we have. This madman—mad...person could strike again at any time.

NORM:
Of course, Sir. We will, Sir. Pursue this abomination to the bitter end, Sir. Yes, Sir. I'm leaving now, Sir.

*NORM exits the office and
joins the others.*

TINA:
Thank god! I thought you'd never return!

KEVIN:
Did you see him?

NORM:
I saw him.

DEBBIE:
What did he say?

NORM:
We have a mission, Men...

KEVIN:
Yes, yes—

DEBBIE:
What is it!

NORM:
J. Edgar wants us...to bring this man in.

TINA:
What?

NORM:

It's a dangerous mission. J. Edgar thinks that the mob might be involved... And the K's... Some Beatniks... And maybe even the Civil Rightsters. Anyone who undertakes this assignment, may not come back alive. So, who's with me?

KEVIN:

I am, Sir!

DEBBIE:

And I!

NORM:

We're going to split up. Search for clues. Tina, you're with me.

TINA:

Great.

NORM:

Debbie, Kevin...good luck.

*The two pairs exit
separately.*

**BLACKOUT
END OF SCENE**