

Spring 2007

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Music by Howard Bennett

## “PERSONS OF INTEREST”

MC: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Before we begin, would those of you who have cell phones or pagers make sure those devices are turned *on* during the performance. We wouldn't want you to miss any important business or personal calls just because you're at our show. And should you receive an interesting personal call, please be sure to speak into your cell phone in a loud, clear voice, so that other audience members can enjoy your conversation over the music and dialogue. Thank you.

Let us begin. Washington is a city of interests: the national interest, special interests, and above all, raw, naked, self-interest.

In the last few years, another interest has appeared on the Washington scene: “the Person of Interest.” Apparently, you become a person of interest if the FBI thinks you committed a crime – or thinks you *thought* about committing a crime.

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## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Our Homeland Security agencies need all the help they can get, so we put this show together to help you the people identify persons of interest when you encounter them. If you recognize any of these characters or see them engage in suspicious activity, please report it to the appropriate authorities: the FBI, the NSA, or FOX TV NEWS. And now, City In A Swamp Productions brings you the “Persons of Interest” Revue.

### SONG: “PERSONS OF INTEREST”

Solo A: We haven’t been arrested.

Solo B: We haven’t been indicted.

Solo C: But someone in authority  
Thinks laughter we’ve incited.

Solo D: We’re not allowed to travel.

Solo E: We’re not allowed near youth.

Solo F: For someone in authority  
Thinks we may know the truth.

ALL: They call us, “PERSONS OF INT’REST,”  
But that just makes us smile.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

“PERSONS OF INT’REST,”

We all should have a file.

“PERSONS OF INT’REST,”

We hope to heck it’s true:

Our comedy’s of int’rest,

Of interest to you.

Solo A: Our urine is collected  
And tested ev’ry day.

Solo B: Our e-mails are inspected,  
Then safely stored away.

Solo C: Each time we switch a channel,  
Some Agency can tell.

Solo D: If they’d just improve our sex lives,  
They could spy on those as well!

ALL: They call us, “PERSONS OF INT’REST.”  
Our ev’ry move they trace.  
“PERSONS OF INT’REST,”  
They’re really on our case.  
“PERSONS OF INT’REST,”  
Our ridicule’s deplored.  
We don’t care what they label us,  
So long as you’re not bored.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

ALL:           “PERSONS OF INT’REST:”

Solo E:        Some oxen may be gored.

ALL:           PERSONS OF INT’REST:

Solo F:        Some principle restored.

ALL:           PERSONS OF INT’REST:  
                  We’ll strike a happy chord!

MC:           Our show was made possible by a major grant  
                  from the Diebold-Halliburton Fund for the  
                  Promotion of Democracy. The Fund brings you  
                  the following message in song:

SONG: “The Goof-Detecting, Self-Correcting  
                  Voting Count Machine”

Solo A:        We want to spread democracy  
                  To countries far and wide.  
                  But when they vote, we need to know  
                  They’re voting on our side.  
                  And so we’ll send each nation-state  
                  Technology that’s keen:  
                  A goof-detecting, self-correcting  
                  Voting-count machine.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

ALL: It's a goof-detecting, self-correcting  
Voting-count machine.  
The programming is awesome.  
Of course, it's all unseen.  
Our Founding Fathers knew it:  
Democracy is best.  
And now with new technology,  
It passes ev'ry test.

Solo B: If some misguided voter  
Should cast a ballot wrong,  
The gizmo doesn't light up  
Or play a little song.  
It simply takes a photograph,  
Records the voter's face.  
And then proceeds without delay  
His ballot to erase.

ALL: It's a goof-detecting, self-correcting  
Voting-count machine.  
It guarantees a vict'ry  
When things are looking lean.  
Our Founding Fathers knew it:  
Democracy is best.  
And now with new technology,  
It helps defeat unrest.

Solo C: When a voter chooses our side,  
Well, that's the thing to do.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

And so his thoughtful ballot,  
It registers as two.  
The right side scores a landslide,  
Insurgents look like jerks.  
And everybody can conclude,  
Democracy?

ALL: (*Spoken:*) It works!

ALL: (*Sung:*) It's a goof-detecting, self-correcting  
Voting-count machine.  
With this device on our side,  
We won't require Marines.  
We'll send out our new vote machines  
To Third World states today.  
Their value has been proven...

Solo A: (*spoken:*) In Ohio!

Solo B: (*spoken:*) In Florida!

ALL: (*sung:*) In the good old U.S.A.!

*(As the song ends, enter a woman dressed in traditional Mexican garb, carrying a sign that says, "GWFG." She walks through the audience, singing to the spectators.)*



## PERSONS OF INTEREST

COP: “GWFG?” What’s that?

MEXICANA: “Guest Workers For Gonzalez.”

COP: A likely story!

MEXICANA: But it’s true. We even have a song for him.

COP: I was afraid of that. I guess you’ll be  
wanting to sing it, to prove what you say is  
true.

MEXICANA: But, of course.

COP: All right, go ahead.

SONG: GONZALEZ (IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME)

MEXICANA:

He’s not as bright as some Attorneys Gen’ral  
you might name,  
He hasn’t got the character, he hasn’t got the fame,  
He hasn’t got charisma, like Roberto Kennedy.  
But Alberto Gonzalez is good enough for me!

CHORUS: Gonzalez. Gonzalez.  
Gonzalez is good enough for me!

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

MEXICANA:

He's not like ol' John Mitchell, sending plumbers in  
the dark.

He's not a bleeding lib'ral, like that nutcase Ramsey  
Clark.

He's not a Janet Reno. He's not a William Barr.  
But hey, "mi abogado" don't need to be a star.

CHORUS:

Gonzalez. Gonzalez.

Gonzalez is good enough for me.

MEXICANA:

Won't quit like Ell'ott Richardson when you do  
something wrong.

You lock 'em up indefinitely and he'll go right along.  
He shares the same philosophy as Reagan's Edwin  
Meese.

Why won't they go away and let him fire folks in  
peace?

CHORUS:

Gonzalez. Gonzalez.

Gonzalez is good enough for me.

MEXICANA:

He is a real Latino and he's from a Texas town.

And he can get a bug in quick as anyone aroun'.

In stature and experience, he may be rather short.

But Bush wanted to name him to our Nation's highest  
court!

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

CHORUS:           Gonzalez. Gonzalez.  
                      Gonzalez is good enough for me.

COP:     Very touching. But I'm afraid we'll have to  
          detain you until I get word from the Justice  
          Department that you're on the up and up. Or  
          until a suitable position opens up at Wal-mart.

MEXICANA: But if we don't show support for him,  
            Attorney General Gonzalez may have to  
            resign.

COP:           We'll get used to it. Take her away.

*(The Mexicana is led away.)*

## SYMPATHETIC

FEMALE:        Come on, Officer. Let her go. She's not  
                  doing any harm.

COP:     How do I know that? You all seem pretty  
          suspicious to me.

MC:     Of course we're suspicious. This is the "Persons  
          of Interest" Revue.

COP:     Oh, is that so? In that case, I want all of you to  
          line up over there. Come on, line up.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

*(Group starts to line up one behind the other.)*

COP: Not like that! Don't you people watch television? "Landscape," not "Portrait." That's right. Now, I want you come forward, one by one, and tell me why you're under suspicion. You first.

PoI #1: Hello. I have been designated as a "Person of Interest," but it's only because of my name.

COP: And what is your name?

PoI #1: My name is...Mohammed. Mohammed M. Mohammed.

COP: That's reason enough, if you ask me.

PoI #1: But I haven't done anything! I'm just a DC cab driver.

COP: A DC cab driver?! That's even more reason! What does your middle initial stand for, Mohammed?

PoI #1: Yes?

COP: Yes, it stands for Mohammed? Or, yes, you are answering my question?

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

PoI #1: Yes, I am answering your question.

COP: So the M. stands for???

PoI #1: Macaca.

COP: Right. Strike Three! All right, wise guy. Step back. (*To POI #2.*) What about you? What's your story?

PoI #2: I was declared a Person of Interest just because I took a certain book out of the library.

Sympathetic

Female: That seems very unfair.

COP: I'll anal-ize the situation here, thank you. What was the book?

PoI #2: "Suicide Bombing For Dummies."

COP: You couldn't get "Building Nuclear Weapons For Fun and Profit?"

PoI #2: (*Sadly.*) Nah. It was already checked out.

COP: (*To POI #3.*) What about you, Ms.?

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

PoI #3: I went to my doctor to get an IED, so I wouldn't get pregnant.

COP: You mean an IUD. An IED is an improvised explosive device.

PoI #3: That's what I said, an IED. While I was waiting, the doctor called the FBI and reported me. So now I'm a person of interest. And to top it off, the IED didn't work and I got pregnant. I just don't get it.

COP: Oh, you got it, all right. (*To POI #4.*) And you, sir. What's your tale of woe?

PoI #4: I keep leaving my backpack on the Metro. This happens so much, I was sure that Homeland Security had me fingered as planning some kind of bomb attack. So I say to myself, "What can I do to clear my name?" And I get this awesome idea. I'll make a backpack that *does* have a bomb in it. Then I'll "find it" on the Metro, turn it in, and be declared a hero. But now I left *that* backpack on the Metro, too! Now I'm *really* in trouble!

*(Enter a late-arriving review member, carrying a backpack.)*

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Late

Person: Hi, guys. Sorry I'm late. Look what I found on the Metro: A nice new backpack! (*Listens. Excited:*) And it must have a clock in it!

PoI #4: Hey, that's mine!

COP: Take cover! Run away! Run away!

*(A siren is heard. Review members rush off stage, screaming. Pianist dives under piano. The backpack is left at stage center. A loud ticking noise is heard, which increases in tempo and volume. It climaxes in a weak thud. No explosion occurs. A offstage voice delivers the following message:)*

VOICE: Error Code 404. This device has experienced a serious error. Please inform the Microsoft Corporation of the problem...the problem...the problem.

*(A female review member looks out cautiously from the wings to ascertain whether everything is all right. Then she comes on stage cautiously and starts telling why she is considered a Person of Interest. She is carrying a veritable pharmacopoeia of medicine bottles and jars and a portrait of someone whom the audience cannot see until the end of her song. She sets up the medicine bottles and portrait on a little stand and addresses the audience.)*

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Lovelorn

Woman: I'm under suspicion because I go to dubious doctors and get questionable prescriptions for non-traditional medications. (*Pointing to the person in the picture:*) And it's all because of *him*. (*Starts song.*)

SONG: "Alternative Medicine"

Loving you is an affliction,  
Filled with suffering I can't endure.  
I turned to alternative medicine  
In hopes of finding a cure.

Well, I started with mellatonin.  
Took St. John's wort, palmetto, too.  
Got stinko from too much gingko.  
Nothing cured me of you.

Soaked in mineral springs and mud baths  
And got Rolfed until black and blue.  
At one juncture tried acupuncture.  
I was still plagued by you.

Loving you causes tension,  
Jealousy, dark despair.  
I feel such apprehension  
That you don't really care.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Meditated with Maharishi.  
Beat a drum out in Timbuktu.  
Put my hope in a dopey Hopi.  
He didn't make me new.

## II.

I inhaled very nice aromas.  
Drank ten gallons of herbal tea.  
Sipped senna in old Vienna.  
None of that set me free.

Then I sweated and wept and fasted.  
Made a pilgrimage on my knees.  
Had my body with mustard plast'ed.  
Still had the same disease.

You should come with a warning:  
"Side effects may persist."  
All your charms I'd be scorning,  
If only I could resist.

So I finally have concluded  
All this healing will not come through.  
It looks like there's no alternative:  
I'm still in love with you.

*(She turns picture so audience can see it. It is Senator  
Barack Obama.)*

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

I'm still in love with you. (*Spoken:*) Oh, Barack!  
 (*Woman exits and Jack Abramoff enters, dressed in his well-known ill-fitting raincoat and black hat.*)

JACK: I'm not just a Person of Interest. I'm a convicted felon, a disaster for my party, and a disgrace to trench coat wearers everywhere. I think the cruelest blow was when my rabbi ripped up my Bar Mitzvah certificate and asked me to become...an Episcopalian. Me, who used to be one of the most powerful men in Washington!

SONG: "The Lobbyist I Once Was"

JACK: You should have seen the lobbyist I once was:  
 Swayed the Senate and the House.  
 I steered the right-wing crews, collected IOUs.  
 But now they say I'm nothing but a louse.  
 You should have felt the influence I once had:  
 I could have made Mark Foley skip a page.  
 You wanted a tough bill to die up on The Hill,  
 You hired Jack to push it off the stage.

Chairmen of the key Committees  
 Packed their grips and took my junket trips.  
 Wined and dined on my gefilte fish.  
 This Jew, he owned the Christian Coalish.  
 You couldn't count the dollars that I doled out;  
 Wampum from the Indian tribes.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

I used to get respect for funds to reelect.  
But now they call the contributions bribes.

*(As he completes his song, Abramoff takes off his hat and raincoat, revealing a prisoner's outfit underneath.)*

Helped Ralph Reed to close casinos,  
Then got dough to open them again.  
Made my pitch to Bush and Cheney's men;  
But now they can't "remember" where or when.

You should have seen the lobbyist I once was:  
Eighteen holes with Tom DeLay.  
Though Abramoff's in jail, democracy's for sale.  
No matter what the politicians say,  
It's still that way.

*(Jack leaves the stage and Former Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld enters.)*

RUMSFELD: I had it all planned. This was going to be the shortest and most successful war in American history. It would make the Blitzkrieg look slow as molasses. But a funny thing happened once we got to Baghdad. *(Start song.)*

SONG: "Stuff Happens"

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Things go awry, STUFF HAPPENS.  
Hard as you try, STUFF HAPPENS to you.  
Tough guys get going  
When the going gets tough.  
But they can't beat "Stuff."

Got a good plan, STUFF HAPPENS.  
You're in command, but "stuff" interferes.  
"Mission Accomplished," you make the  
play.  
"Stuff" takes your win away.

You go off to war with an army,  
The army you've got.  
It turns out you need a bigger army;  
That army is the one that you have not.

"Stuff" makes you cry, "My Goodness!"  
"Who could have known about  
the unknown?"  
"Stuff" is untidy. Things come apart.  
"Stuff" doesn't have a heart.

Then the whiners will abuse you  
And call you a fool.  
Of arrogance they will accuse you.  
In politics, there is no Golden Rule.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Things go awry, STUFF HAPPENS.  
Men start to die because of your call.  
You're hanging out there, caught in the buff.  
That's when it happens, "Stuff."  
Bested your critics, answered their guff.  
Then you're done in by "Stuff."

*(Rumsfeld exits. Three women in business suits with short page-boy hair styles and glasses enter and tell their story.)*

### Female Policy

Wonk A: We are members of the Clinton Administration, now employed – temporarily – by Washington think tanks.

Wonk B: We are undermining domestic policy initiatives of the Bush Administration.

Wonk C: If we can get to them before Bush abandons them.

Wonk B: We are also members of a faith-based group.

Wonk A: Our faith is that someday soon the rightful heir to the Presidency will ascend the Capitol steps to be inaugurated as the first female President of the United States.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

*(They take “Hillary for President in 2008”  
campaign signs from behind their backs and  
begin their song.)*

SONG: “Hillary Clinton Is Our Candidate”

ALL: Hillary Clinton is our candidate.  
Policy wonks can hardly wait.  
Time to dust off the health care plan  
No one can understand.  
Hillary will not duck the health care fight.  
This time we’ll get the darn thing right.  
We know the plan’s complex.  
We’ll add a little sex  
So the dumb Congressmen will bite.

*(Show sign: “Full Viagra Coverage”)*

Solo A: Women will fill every Cabinet post.

Solo B: Men can bring in the tea.

Solo A: Pentagon budget is cut in half

Solo C: By a Girl Scout troop and  
The Children’s Defense Fund staff.

ALL: Hillary Clinton is our candidate.  
Hubby will make a fine First Mate.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Bring back the Harvard brains.  
Wipe out the dress with stains.  
Let Hillary Clinton take the reins!

## II.

Hillary, she will solve the Mid East mess.  
Policy wonks expect no less.  
Palestinians will all get jobs  
With the Long Island mobs.

Hezbollah clerics, they will cease their rants  
When Monica gets inside their pants.  
If Muslims or Jews complain,  
Bill Clinton will feel their pain.  
We'll even get some help from France!

Solo A: She has guts and experience.

Solo B: She knows the White House grounds.

Solo C: Cut our dependence on foreign oil:  
Hand the steering wheel to  
A smart New York City...

ALL: ...“goil.”

Hillary Clinton is our candidate.  
All of the polls are looking great.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Dick Cheney will start to puke  
 When Bill is appointed Duke.  
 And Harlem will just break out in bop.  
 We'll drive Jerry Falwell mad and  
 We'll make Chelsea Clinton glad when  
 Hillary Clinton is on top!

*(Wonks exit and Campaign Consultant comes on.)*

CAMPAIGN

CONSULTANT:

My alleged offense is being a political consultant  
 doing negative advertising, just like all the other  
 campaigns do. Well, maybe my campaigns are a  
 little dirtier and little more negative than the  
 others. But hey, it's what works!

SONG: "Character Assassination"

Character assassination,  
 That's my occupation.  
 I write ads that bring out bads.  
 I'll make your fiercest foe  
 Seem a schmoe.  
 Unforgiving, earn my living  
 Ruining reputations.  
 If you want a guaranteed  
 Election victory,  
 Hire me.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

You don't need to take a stand  
Or have ideas.  
Let the other side suggest.  
We'll find fault;  
Bring them to a halt.

Negative campaign solutions,  
They're my contributions.  
Show you how to win the prize:  
Just cut the other guys –  
Using little lies –  
Cut them down to size.

### II.

I love finding leaders guilty  
By association.  
Fascist pals and sleazy gals;  
I'll raise the voters' fear  
With a smear.

Make a foe seem wishy-washy,  
Label him a coward.  
Cry "elitist" and "defeatist."  
Make the folks forget,  
He's a vet.

Some say, "Can't you be constructive,  
When you run?"

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Yes, but going negative –  
When well done –  
Can be so much fun.

Character assassination,  
That's my inclination.  
That is how I put the fix in.  
How I get my kicks –  
Just like old Dick Nixon –  
Playing dirty tricks.

*(Campaign Consultant exits. A female D.C.  
Government Worker enters.)*

MC: We take you now to the D.C. Permits Office,  
where holiday hours are in effect – until further  
notice.

SONG: “What’s The Hurry?”

DC WORKER:

I’m a wage slave, not a boss,  
But I’m in control.  
They buy eight hours of my time;  
But they don’t rent my soul.  
When they give me work to do  
And want it right away,  
Here’s the attitude I take;  
This is what I say:

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

What's the hurry? What's your worry?  
 I'll get your permit processed soon.  
 Hold it steady, till I'm ready.  
 How 'bout next Friday afternoon?  
 What's the panic? Which Titanic  
 Is sinking off the coast tonight?  
 No one's drowning.  
 Stop your frowning.  
 And let me get this thing done right.

Miss a deadline,  
 Don't mean no breadline.  
 Not for little me.  
 My buns are well protected.  
 My job's secure as can be.

Where's the crisis? My advice is:  
 Just take a deep breath and relax.  
 I will do it. I'll get to it  
 Right after I get back from Saks.

Understand me – don't reprimand me –  
 When I can't come through.  
 I've got to have more lead time.  
 One month or two oughta do.

What's the hurry? What's your worry?  
 I'm too upset to work today.  
 Got a phone call from my friend Paul:

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

He says my pussy's gone astray.  
What's the hurry? What's the hurry?  
I'm too upset to work today.

*(DC Worker exits.)*

MC: Meanwhile, at the Campaign Headquarters of a leading candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination.

*(Rudy Giuliani is seen talking to a male aide. He turns and addresses the audience.)*

Rudy

Giuliani: Even though I'm Number One in the polls, some Republicans say my family values are suspect. But I have very strong family values. I think marriage is great! It's so wonderful that I've been married three times!

Now it's true I'm an incurable romantic. I keep meeting these wonderful women and falling in love. But I don't tell them about getting an annulment from my cousin...or living in Gracie Mansion with my girlfriend...while I was still married to my second wife. Instead, I tell them this:

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

### SONG: "Settle Down With You"

*(An attractive female Campaign Worker enters and Rudy starts singing to her. She acts skeptical at first, but is increasingly flattered and moved by his words.)*

Ever since I met you, I've been in a daze,  
For you're so special in so many ways:

There's magic in your smile so warm.  
Rodin could not improve your form.  
The twinkle in your eyes,  
It sends me to the skies.  
The passions you stir up,  
They make my glasses blur up.  
I'd like to paint the town with you.  
I'd like to settle down with you.  
You're a stunning work of art.  
On top of that, you're smart.  
I'd like to settle down with you.

*(A second female Campaign Worker enters and draws Rudy's attention. He sings the second verse to her.)*

### II.

The notes you sound are never false.  
Chopin would have composed a waltz.  
Your innate air of class

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Could make the Pope miss Mass.  
When I saw your face, dear,  
I knew I'd found my place, dear.

I'd even learn to cook for you,  
Or read Bill Clinton's book for you.  
You're a drawing by Matisse;  
I'll sign a long-term lease.  
And then I'll settle down with you.

*(Instrumental half-chorus. During this, a third female Campaign Worker enters the office and Rudy turns his attention to her.)*

I'd even learn to cook for you,  
Or read Bill O'Reilly's book for you.  
You're a vista by Van Gogh;  
My dear, I love you so.  
I'd like to settle down with you.

*(The three women look at each other, shake their heads, and walk off in disillusioned disappointment. Rudy addresses the audience.)*

*(Spoken:)* And I mean it...every time!

*(Rudy exits.)*

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

*(The Cop enters, dragging along a Suspected Terrorist in handcuffs. The Campaign Consultant, Rudy, and the female campaign aides also reenter.)*

COP: I apprehended a terrorist. I caught him tinkering with the D.C. water supply.

SUSPECT: I was just putting some Imodium in the reservoir to clean out our corrupt political system.

CONSULTANT:

You'll never convict him, Officer. You might as well let him go.

COP: I will not. I caught him red-handed.

CONSULTANT:

Yes, but nobody drinks the tap water in D.C. Not even Marion Barry.

COP: What do you mean nobody drinks the water?

CONSULTANT: Just listen...*(Begins song.)*

SONG: "DON'T DRINK THE WATER IN D.C."

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

SOLO A: My Grandpa lived to be more than one hundred.  
He traveled far and met with right and wrong.  
He was on his dying bed when he drew me near  
his head.  
And this is the advice he passed along:

CHORUS: Don't drink the water in D.C.

SOLO A: That's what my wise old Grandpa said to me.  
Date fast women, drive fast cars.  
Get in fights in all night bars.

CHORUS: But don't drink the water in D.C.

SOLO B: A thirsty man was crawling 'cross the desert.  
When a couple offering free drinks he espied.  
But he turned away and kept right on a' crawling.  
The two were Mayor Fenty and his bride.

CHORUS: Don't drink the water in D.C.

SOLO B: El agua's full of dubious debris.  
Bacteria think it's great. But fish they will not  
mate.

CHORUS: Not in the water of D.C.

SOLO C: An alien force our planet was invading.  
It looked as though the human race was done.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

But they made an error, and that was our  
salvation.

They landed for supplies in Washington.

CHORUS: They drank the water in D.C.

SOLO C: It made 'em wee-wee uncontrollably.

Their brains were filled with dread as their  
vessels filled with lead.

CHORUS: That District water kept our country free.

Don't drink the water in D.C.

The H<sub>2</sub>O's a no-no, no siree.

SOLO A: Cheat on taxes. Write bad checks.

SOLO B: Practice lots of unsafe sex.

SOLO C: But please don't drink the water.

3 SOLOISTS: We do not think ya ought 'er.

CHORUS: Don't drink the water in D.C.

*FIRST ACT CURTAIN.*

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

### ACT TWO

MC: The next portion of our show was supported in part by a promotional fee from the firm of Diversity Extras. Is the ethnic and gender composition of your organization a source of institutional embarrassment? Is your tech support group all male? Is your cleaning crew all Hispanic? Is your sports team all able-bodied?

For a modest fee, Diversity Extras will supply you with appropriate and credible stand-ins of any race, ethnicity, age, gender, size, shape, disability status or sexual orientation. These stand-ins are available for group photos for annual reports, yearbooks, and promotional brochures. Diversity Extras can make your group look just like America. They guarantee that every picture will match the demographic profile of the United States, plus or minus five percent. And you won't have to do the tedious and often frustrating work of seeking out new recruits with different backgrounds and origins. All you have to do is place a simple call to Diversity Extras. They'll take care of the rest.

For a modest additional fee, Diversity Extras will conduct a sensitivity training program to help ensure that all members of your organization think alike: in favor of diversity. Diversity Extras: call them today.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

*(One of the female Suspects from Act One enters and addresses the audience.)*

WOMAN: I'm under suspicion mainly because of my boyfriend. He really is a piece of work. But I still love him.

SONG: "My Man Is Crazy"

My man is crazy. My man is lazy.  
My man, he has a somewhat hazy view of facts.  
My man is reckless. My man is feckless.  
He doesn't pay his income tax.  
What's more he critiques my cooking.  
He's not great looking.  
He couldn't get a booking in a talent show.  
My parents dread him. Why should I wed him?  
Just listen and I'll let you know.

When it comes to loving, he's a big surprise.  
My man turns tender. He takes his time.  
He feels that rushing love's a crime.

On that score my man's fantastic.  
My man's gymnastic.  
Enthusiastic 'bout the things that bring me joy.  
Our loving 's thrilling. He's more than willing  
To be my crazy lover boy.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

And so although he's a vexing person,  
 We have a marriage plan.  
 'Cause I'm also crazy,  
 Crazy about my man.

*(Instrumental half-chorus. During this, the  
 Boyfriend shuffles on. He is a nerdy character  
 who bears a resemblance to Alan Greenspan.)*

When it comes to loving, he's a big surprise.  
 My man turns tender. He takes his time.  
 He feels that rushing love's a crime.  
 On that score my man's fantastic.  
 My man's gymnastic.

*(Boyfriend flexes his muscles in 'ninety-pound  
 weakling' style.)*

Enthusiastic 'bout the things that bring me joy.  
 Our loving 's thrilling. He's more than willing  
 To be my crazy lover boy.  
 And so although he's a vexing person,  
 We have a marriage plan.

*(Boyfriend reacts with shock to the news that they  
 have "a marriage plan." He exits on tiptoes.)*

'Cause I'm also crazy,  
 Crazy about my man.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

*(The Hapless Driver enters, puzzling over an open road map he is holding. He approaches the woman and asks:)*

HAPLESS DRIVER: Excuse me, Ms. Could you tell me how to get to CIA Headquarters? I'm late for a job interview and I seem to have made a wrong turn.

WOMAN: You certainly have! You're in downtown D.C.!

DRIVER: Oh, no! It's happened again!  
*(Starts song.)*

## SONG: "GLEBE ROAD"

HAPLESS

DRIVER: Whenever I drive into Northern Virginia  
I always get hopelessly lost.  
For whatever my destination may be  
There's a road that beckons to me:

Glebe Road, Glebe Road, I'm on Glebe Road.  
Though it's quite unintended, once again I have ended  
Back on Glebe Road. I don't know how.  
North Glebe, South Glebe, foot-in-mouth Glebe:  
For directions I'm yearning, 'cause I keep on returning  
To that Glebe Road. It's déjà vu.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Beach Drive: I can safely navigate its many intricate  
twists.

East-West Highway I can follow though I'm clenching  
my fists;

Stoplights make me pissed.

But Grubb Road. I mean Grebe Road.

No, that's Glib Road. I mean Glebe Road.

Though I don't know it's meaning,

It's toward Glebe I keep leaning.

And I really feel like an ignorant dweeb:

What the hell is a "glebe"?

*(Two other women join the first woman to form a trio.)*

TRIO OF THREE WOMEN:

Glebe Road, Glebe Road, he's on Glebe Road.

Though it's quite unintended, once again he has ended  
Back on Glebe Road.

DRIVER: I don't know how.

TRIO:

North Glebe, South Glebe, foot-in-mouth Glebe:

For directions he's yearning, 'cause he keeps on  
returning

To that Glebe Road.

DRIVER: It's déjà vu.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

TRIO:

Beach Drive: He can safely navigate its many intricate  
twists.

East-West Highway he can follow though he's  
clenching his fists;

DRIVER: Stoplights make me pissed.  
But Grubb...

TRIO: Road.

DRIVER: I mean Grebe...

TRIO: Road.

DRIVER: No, that's Glib...

TRIO: Road.

DRIVER: I mean...

TRIO: Glebe Road!

DRIVER & TRIO:

Though (I/he) don't know it's meaning  
It's toward Glebe (I/he) keep(s) leaning.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

DRIVER: And I really feel like...

TRIO: an ignorant dweeb:

ALL: What the hell is a “glebe”?

Glebe Road!

*(The Hapless driver and two of the women leave. The remaining woman goes over to a tall table, on which are a variety of cooking ingredients. A man enters and embraces her. )*

WOMAN: Darling! We’re alone at last!

MAN: The beginning of “an affair to remember.”  
Don’t you feel that?

WOMAN: Oh, yes! But there’s something I have to tell you...

*(She begins her song. As she sings, he tries to make advances, which she frustrates by handing him the foodstuffs she mentions in her song. He keeps putting the foodstuffs down to resume his lovemaking, only to have her hand him a new ingredient.)*

(SONG: BAKED LASAGNA)

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

WOMAN: When I'm feeling in the mood  
Don't want sex, I just want food, like...

Baked Lasagna,  
Rich with meat sauce.  
Earthy cheeses drive me nuts.  
Let's indulge ourselves like sluts.  
Indulge in mozzarella,  
Soft ricotta,  
Hard romano, great on top.  
Grind it in and, please, don't stop!

Flavors like a symphony:  
Basil, garlic, bay leaf, clove.  
Vegetables in harmony:  
Carrots, onion, and tomato  
Come together on my plate. Oh!

Baked Lasagna:  
Taste the sausage!  
Plump and chewy, makes me screwy.  
You'll always get the guys.  
You'll grow another size.  
'Cause Baked Lasagna satisfies!

*(As the song finishes, the Woman leads the Man offstage.  
He has both arms full of lasagna ingredients and sighs in  
resignation.)*

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

*(A man in Arab robes and head gear comes on stage, looks around, and addresses the audience.)*

SHEIK: Is that policeman gone? *(Pause.)* Good. I'm under surveillance because I'm a half brother of Osama Bin Laden. We have the same mother, but my father was a Jewish stand-up comic. He was passing through Riyadh on Passover and my Mom was one opportunity he couldn't pass over. *(Bah-bing!)* He told her: "See you later, after seder. I'll drive you berserk-ah, under your burkha!"

I'm a comic, too. They call me Sheik Shecky Bin Laden, the Al Kidder. I'm also known as the Yom Quipper. That's because some of my jokes are so bad, I have to atone for a day after telling them. Like this one...

How many Taliban does it take to change a light bulb? *(Pause.)* None. Their caves have no electricity.

How is a Taliban fighter different from Hillary Clinton? *(Voice from audience or band: "I don't know, how?)"* The Taliban have plastic *explosives* while Hillary has a plastic *personality*.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

How are the Taliban and Hillary alike? (*Chorus: How?*) They both want to wreak revenge on Bill Clinton.

Speaking of the Taliban, did you know that under Sharia law, Muslim men can divorce their wives simply by saying, “I divorce you” three times? Isn’t that outrageous? By the way, if there are any married men in the audience who want to convert to Islam, see me after the show.

So I run into this American Air Force guy, and he says: “We’re gonna bomb those Taliban back to the Stone Age!” So I say, “Oh, yeah, wise guy? They’re already in the Stone Age! You’ll have to bomb them back to the Ice Age!”

Yeah, the U.S. Air Force has all these big bombs: Daisy Cutters, Bunker Busters. It’s a good thing that my brother hasn’t been hit with America’s biggest bomb: George Bush and Ted Kennedy’s “No Child Left Behind” Act! (*Bah-Bing!*)

Have you heard that George Bush has a new plan for victory in Iraq? Halliburton will send scores of innocent and willing young women into Baghdad to hook up with potential suicide bombers. That way they’ll have less motivation

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

to kill themselves. The Pentagon calls it, “Operation Surgin’ Virgin.” (*Ka-boom!*)

There is something else I have in common with my half brother Osama: We both bombed in New York. (*Groans and hisses from band or audience.*) And it looks like I may be bombing here as well! So I guess I’ll be going, before a CIA Predator gets me! Besides, I’m already late for another gig, entertaining Jack Abramoff and Scooter Libby in prison. Good night, everybody!

*(Exit Sheik Shecky. Enter the MC.)*

MC: The final portion of our show is brought to you by the Multitasking Institute of America. At Multitasking, the motto is: “If something is worth doing, it’s worth doing something else at the same time.” All of the Institute’s award-winning videos are available for downloading, including: “Driving While Cell Phoning,” “Driving While Grooming,” and “Driving While Changing Your Undergarments.” The Multitasking Institute: We help you drive to distraction. And, speaking of cell phones...

SONG: “We Love Cell Phones”

MAN WITH CELL PHONE: (*Talking into cell phone while walking across stage.*) Can you hear me

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

now?...Can you hear me now?...Can you hear me now?

*(Begin song.)*

ALL: We love cell phones, love to talk night and day.  
Use them when we don't have a thing to say.  
And then while we travel, like we never left  
home.  
Stupid small talk, from wherever we roam.

Solo A: Talk on the toilet and talk eating lunch.

Solo B: *(Gesture and sound as if toothbrush in mouth:)*  
Talk while we brush our teeth.

Solo C: We even use them when we're making love,  
To call up our "ex" and say,  
"Much improved sex now."

ALL: Each personal detail, overheard by the crowd.  
When we jabber on cell phones, *(softly)* we talk  
*(fortissimo)* LOUD!

*(As instrumental intro repeats, each singer talks on his or her cell phone. The following spoken lines overlap with one another.)*

Male Caller: I told you never to call me on this cell

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

phone! Call me on my Blackberry. No, not that Blackberry. The *other* Blackberry.

Female Caller : No, you can't reach Blake at this number...No, I don't know how you can reach him...That lizard ran out of "minutes" six months ago!

*(Singing resumes.)*

## II.

ALL: Hearing voices, that was once thought insane.  
Now we loonies go around unrestrained.  
See us shopping, driving, as we talk to thin air.  
We are present, but not really all there.

Solo D: Talk while your baby is just being born;  
The doctor is phoning, too.

Solo E: Talk at a funeral, your best friend you mourn.

Solo F: Her final request? To be buried with a cell phone.

ALL: Now we hear roses have a very nice smell.  
As we never quit talking, we can't tell.

*(Instrumental interlude. Singers talk on their cell phones.  
Overlapping dialogue.)*

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Male Caller: OK, so I'm standing in front of the produce rack now. Tell me again what bok choy looks like? And star anise? What the heck is that?

Female Caller: Oh, my God! I'm hearing someone talking even though my cell phone's turned off!

*(Singing resumes.)*

ALL: A cell phone's better than a drug or a drink.  
If we ever quit talking, we...might think!

*(All the singers start jabbering loudly on their cell phones.  
The Cop reappears and comes forward.)*

COP: Quiet! I said, Quiet! Turn off those cell phones! Now! Well, that's all very interesting. But as a group of potential terrorists, you people are pathetic! There's not a one of you who represents a real threat to this great Nation of ours.

Debtor: Excuse me, sir. We *have* joined together into an army.

COP: An army? That sounds more like it. What has this army done?

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Debtor: We'll tell you. (*Start song.*)

### SONG: "MARCH OF THE SPENDTHRIFTS"

Solo A: We are an army that's quick on its feet.

Solo B: We are an army won't sound a retreat.

Solo C: We are an army that likes to live large.  
(*Taking out credit cards:*)

Solo D: We are an army that always says:

ALL: "Charge!"

ALL: Come on and join the army of the spendthrifts.  
Come on and march on deeper into debt.  
Never scrimp. Never save.  
Go and buy all you crave.  
Make Ben Bernanke sweat.

Come on and join the army of the spendthrifts.  
The whole brigade is bringing up arrears.  
If you max one card out,  
There are others about.  
Conquer your spending fears.

Solo A: Get on the phone and get another home loan.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

Solo B: You still have some equity to tap.

Solo C: Of course, you're going to pay off interest only.

Solo D: Don't become a principled sap.

ALL: They can't afford to let us all go bankrupt.  
 They'll never find great customers like we.  
 Money *does* grow on trees,  
 Go and ask the Chinese.  
 They'll tell you gleefully:  
 "Keep up the spending spree!"

*(Sign:: "W.O.U."; "We Own U.S. – CHINA")*

*(Instrumental interlude. During it, singers perform military drills and fence each other with their credit cards.)*

## II.

Solo A: Drive to the shore and buy a vast McMansion.

Solo B: You won't have to put a darn thing down.

Solo C: And then you'll need a Hummer to go with it.

Solo D: Pick one up when you're back in town.

ALL: Come on and join the army of the spendthrifts.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

The whole economy depends on you.  
Never mind the amount,  
Overdraw your account.  
Congress will see you through.  
They're crazy spendthrifts, too.

*(A loud cymbal crash is heard. The Mexican woman from Act One reappears on stage.)*

POI #5: Maria! You're free!

MEXICANA: Yes. The White House called and told El Gordo to release me immediately.

POI #3: So you'll be picketing in front of the Justice Department?

MEXICANA: No. I still love Alberto. But El Presidente has asked me to switch to a different cause, "WGFW." See, it's almost the same letters, but in a different order.

COP: And what does "WGFW" stand for?

MEXICANA: "Well-Paid Girlfriends for Wolfowitz."

POI #3: Gosh! I hope Karl Rove isn't throwing you to the media wolves.

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

MEXICANA: No, no! He's throwing me to the Wolfowitz.

POI #5: So, you'll be picketing in front of the World Bank, then?

MEXICANA: No, actually, I'm going to the State Department. I've been named as the next Ambassador to Venezuela.

POI #5: Ambassador to Venezuela! That's a high position! Do you think you're qualified?

MEXICANA: I was the only one they could find who spoke Spanish and was acceptable to both Dick Cheney and Hugo Chavez.

POI #3: Well, goodbye, Maria! And good luck!

*(The Mexicana gives everyone hugs and departs through the audience.)*

MEXICANA: *(Sung:)* All we are saying, is:  
Give Paolo a chance!

POI #2: Goodbye, Maria! Don't cry Wolfowitz too often!

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

*(All PoIs and Cop reassemble for reprise of theme song.)*

## SONG: "PERSONS OF INTEREST"

Solo A: We haven't been arrested.

Solo B: We haven't been indicted.

Solo C: But someone in authority  
Thinks laughter we've incited.

Solo D: We're not allowed to travel.

Solo E: We're not allowed near youth.

Solo F: For someone in authority  
Thinks we may know the truth.

ALL: They call us, "PERSONS OF INT'REST,"  
We hope we made you smile.  
"PERSONS OF INT'REST,"  
We hope you check *your* file.  
"PERSONS OF INT'REST,"  
We hope you tell a friend:  
While Congress is in session,  
The fun will never end!

## PERSONS OF INTEREST

*(Music from “Gonzalez” plays as cast members take bows.)*

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, the Persons of Interest  
Players: Marilyn Bennett...Michael  
Bruno...Rachael Goldman...Michael  
Miyazaki...Nkemjika Ofodile...Doug  
Smith...and your announcer, McKinney Russell.

MC: And our band: On piano: Sue Johnson (*or*  
Barbara Twigg). On clarinet: Kirt Vener. On  
drums: Stan Ismart.

Our composer: Howard Bennett.  
And our lyricist: Nicholas Zill.

Thank you and good evening. You may turn your  
cell phones off now.

## CURTAIN

COP: All right, move along! Move along, now!  
Nothing to see here...Thanks for coming. Watch  
out for the Metrobuses! And by the way, we  
towed all your cars!