

# Excerpt terms and conditions

This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

---

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

---

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest you read the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

# **THE NEIGHBORHOOD CRIME WATCH**

by

**CRAIG ALPAUGH**



**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

**\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed anytime it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

**DRAMATIC PUBLISHING**  
P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

***COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES.*** This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

"Produced by special arrangement with  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

©MCMXCV by  
CRAIG ALPAUGH

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(THE NEIGHBORHOOD CRIME WATCH)

*Cover design by Susan Carle*

ISBN 0-87129-481-8

for Mary

***THE NEIGHBORHOOD CRIME WATCH*** was first produced by The Group Repertory Theatre, North Hollywood, California.

Artistic Director ..... *Lonny Chapman*  
Produced by ..... *Stephen R. Hudis*  
Directed by ..... *Dom Salinaro*  
Set Design by ..... *Leo Weltman*  
Sound Design by ..... *William A. McCoy*  
Lighting Design by ..... *Philip McKeown*  
Costume Design by ..... *Pam Macchi*  
Production Stage Manager ..... *Julie Davis*

The play opened with the following cast:

Donald ..... *John Davoli*  
Ronald ..... *E. Danny Murphy*  
Lisa ..... *Sherry Adamo*  
Mona ..... *Claudia Fenton*  
Myron ..... *Larry Kelley*  
Father Bob ..... *Klair Bybee*  
Buddy ..... *Dennis A. Pratt*

# **THE NEIGHBORHOOD CRIME WATCH**

**A Farce in Two Acts  
For Five Men and Two Women**

## **CHARACTERS**

**DONALD** .....about 30  
**RONALD** ..... his good-looking brother, mid-30s  
**LISA** ..... attractive, about 30  
**MONA** ..... Lisa's neighbor, of undefinable age  
**MYRON** ..... a psychiatrist, about 40  
**FATHER BOB** ..... a kindly-looking priest, about 50  
**BUDDY** ..... a policeman, about 40

**Offstage voices:**

**OFFICER BUCK MAGNUM, FATHER ED**

**PLACE:** Lisa's home.

**TIME:** The present.

**(Act One: Evening. Act Two: Later, the same evening.)**



## ACT ONE

**SCENE:** *The living room of an old but comfortable house.  
The room is in darkness.*

**RONALD** (*offstage*). Donald, climb in...

**DONALD** (*offstage*). No, Ronald, I'm afraid...

**RONALD** (*offstage*). Go on, get in there...

*(We can make out the figure of a MAN climbing in the window. He slips and falls, hitting the floor with a loud thud. He becomes lost in the darkness of the room. A beat. A flashlight is snapped on. The shaft of light moves slowly around the room and eventually settles on a wall (dimmer) switch. The MAN crosses to the switch and turns on the lights. The man standing there is DONALD. He's dressed in sneakers, jeans, a black leather coat and plastic gloves. He's wearing pantyhose on his head in order to disguise himself. A beat. Loud knocking at the door. DONALD gasps and runs back to the window.)*

**DONALD.** Ronald, there's someone at the door!

**RONALD** (*offstage*). It's me, you idiot!

*(DONALD rushes to the front door and opens it. RONALD enters. He's stylishly dressed in a three-piece suit. He carries a doctor's bag, which he puts down on the desk. He surveys the room. He snaps his fingers and points to the L*

*door. DONALD heads that way, stopping at the closet door, opening it, discovering it's a closet, closing it and exiting through the L door. RONALD crosses to the R door (swinging kitchen door) and exits. A beat. They re-enter. RONALD crosses to DONALD and puts his arm around him.)*

**RONALD** (*a la Cary Grant*). All right, I'm Cary Grant and you're David Niven, and this is the Palace Hotel in Monte Carlo, the penthouse suite...

**DONALD**. For God's sake, Ronald, we're in a house in Canoga Park.

**RONALD**. You know what one of your problems is? You have no imagination.

**DONALD**. I'm scared.

**RONALD**. Don't worry, I've been casing the place. She never gets home before eight-fifteen...besides, we're men of adventure...like Sean Connery and Michael Caine in *The Man Who Would Be King*. Men of adventure aren't scared, all right?

**DONALD**. Oh, God, Ronald, I don't want to go to prison!

**RONALD**. We're not going to prison. I'd die first. Prison is the most loathsome place on earth. It's filled with dangerous criminals and elected officials. (*Snapping his fingers.*) Garcon, I'm ready to order now. (*DONALD sighs in resignation, crosses to the doctor's bag, opens it, puts the flashlight away and removes a pad, pencil, and damask napkin, which he folds and places over his arm a la a head waiter. He clicks his heels together, pencil at the ready. RONALD crosses to the L chair and sits. DONALD crosses to him, placing the bag on the sofa.*) Donald, please remove that pantyhose from your head...nothing ruins my appetite quicker than a waiter wearing undergarments on his face.

*(DONALD removes the pantyhose and places them in the doctor's bag.)* I'll begin with oysters on the half shell...a pasta salad...lightly tossed...and for the main course... fettuccini alfredo...

DONALD. I hope there's a microwave.

RONALD. A microwave! Good God! You know what one of your problems is?

DONALD. I have no style.

RONALD. Exactly! Any imbecile can break in and steal, Donald. We break in and dine.

DONALD. Then we steal.

RONALD. That's style...that's our trademark.

DONALD. Why do we have to eat...dine? I mean...why don't we read their books or listen to their stereos?

RONALD *(rises, crosses to R end table and picks up a book)*. Here's a perfect example. *The Naughty Nun* by Harold Blimsby. Besides, if we did that they wouldn't know we were here.

DONALD *(takes the book, removes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes away the fingerprints. He replaces the book)*. Why do they have to know we were here?

RONALD. Why did the Lone Ranger use silver bullets?

DONALD. I don't know.

RONALD. Because he had style. Silver bullets...a white horse...a black mask...God, the man set standards that will never be approached.

DONALD. Well, good for him...but as far as I'm concerned, cooking and dining just takes extra time. I'm already terrified.

RONALD *(leaps on the sofa, pulls out an imaginary sword and vigorously cuts the air)*. Don't be...you're a man of adventure!

**DONALD.** No, I'm not. I'm not like you. Please don't get mad at me, Ronald. I don't want to do this anymore. Each time we do this it gets worse. You said I'd enjoy it—that I'd have fun. Well, it's not true.

**RONALD.** Are you calling me a liar?

**DONALD.** You told me you were a compulsive liar.

**RONALD.** I was lying. (*Returning the sword to an imaginary scabbard, he leaps off the sofa.*) Donald, you're my brother. (*He takes DONALD to the L easy chair and sits, making him sit on his knee and bouncing him.*) Look at all I've done for you. You don't want to go back to the way it was, do you? No, of course you don't. Your life had no value or meaning. I saved you from a life of boredom and tedium. Look at you now. Come on...you're Robert Redford and I'm Paul Newman. Remember? *The Sting*? (*He tweaks his nose a la the characters in the movie.*)

**DONALD** (*getting up*). That was a movie—this is reality.

**RONALD** (*rises, crosses to him*). Come on, Donald, live a little...fantasize! What we're doing is wonderful and very dangerous. Most people will never in a lifetime experience what we're experiencing right now. That feeling of being close to the edge...that feeling of danger lurking around every corner. What do you say, Donald?

**DONALD** (*on the verge of tears*). I want to go home.

**RONALD** (*takes the napkin and slaps him with it, throws it in the bag*). Go on, then, get out of here. Go back to where you belong. (*Takes the pad and throws it in the bag.*) You'd be better off as one of the great unwashed herd. (*Takes the pencil, breaks it in half, throws pieces in the bag.*) I'm wasting my time trying to stimulate and to mold you in my image. I'm disappointed in you, Donald. Just once...just once I wish you'd surprise me. You lack vision—vision and imagination. Go on, get out. This time

it's for good! (*DONALD crosses to the front door. He's just about to go out when he turns to RONALD.*)

DONALD. But I'll be all alone.

RONALD. We should have thought of that, shouldn't we?

DONALD (*crossing to him*). I'm sorry, Ronald, give me another chance...I'll try harder. (*Removes a chef's hat from the bag, puts it on.*)

RONALD. All right, Donald, I'll give you another chance. Stick with me, Donald, we're going to be famous. God, you don't know how lucky you are.

DONALD. Right! I'll prepare your dinner now.

(*DONALD exits kitchen. RONALD crosses to the portable bar and makes himself a drink. DONALD reenters.*)

DONALD. She has a dog!

RONALD (*crosses to R easy chair and sits*). She had a dog.

DONALD (*cleaning fingerprints off the bottle*). You stole her dog?

RONALD. I didn't steal it—it followed me home.

DONALD. You had him on a rope. How long are we going to keep him?

RONALD. Until she announces a reward. Then we bring it back, pick up some cash and are looked upon as heroes.

DONALD. But what if that doesn't happen?

RONALD. Then we'll have to get rid of it.

DONALD. No! No, Ronald, I like the dog! I've become attached to him.

RONALD. All right, if you're a good boy, you can keep it.

DONALD (*as he goes back toward the kitchen*). Great! He's a nice dog. I wonder what I should name him?

RONALD. You're from Kansas—Toto!

*(DONALD exits into kitchen. RONALD rises, gets the bag and crosses to the desk. He opens the drawers and starts putting valuables into the bag. DONALD reenters, crosses to the L end table and puts a sandwich down. RONALD leaves the bag at the desk, crosses to the fireplace and removes a picture.)*

**RONALD.** Look at this. *(He gives the picture to DONALD.)*  
A solid gold frame. Put it in my bag. *(DONALD crosses to the desk while trying to take the picture out.)* What are you doing?

**DONALD.** We don't need the picture. It's probably her parents. I'm sure it has sentimental value.

**RONALD.** Put the whole thing in my bag. You know what your problem is? You're too damn emotional.

**DONALD** *(putting it in the bag).* And you're mean. This is exactly like the old man's watch.

**RONALD** *(pulling out a gold watch on a chain).* This watch is worth a lot of money.

**DONALD.** It was engraved: For Fifty Years of Service!

**RONALD.** Anyone who works for the same company for fifty years deserves to have his watch stolen.

**DONALD.** Your own grandfather...

**RONALD.** There's no room for petty sentimentality in our profession. *(Spying the sandwich.)* What the hell is this?

**DONALD.** I'm sorry...I couldn't find any oysters, pasta or fettuccini...a tuna fish sandwich was the best that I could do.

**RONALD** *(taking a bite).* God, this is disgusting. Not exactly "My Dinner With Andre," eh? Oh, well, Donald, sometimes we're forced to suffer these inequities, but our day will come. Remember that these jobs are just providing seed money. Soon we'll be in Europe. God! I can't wait!

**DONALD.** Neither can I!

*(We hear the sound of a key at the door. DONALD panics and tries to run. RONALD grabs him and covers his mouth with his hand. Another key going into another lock. RONALD coolly surveys the situation. He leads DONALD to the L drapes and pushes him behind them. Another key going into another lock. RONALD finishes his drink, replaces the glass and slips behind the R drapes just as the door opens and LISA enters. She's carrying flowers and a purse and some mail. She's looking at one of her letters when she reaches for the light switch, and realizes that the lights are already on. Bothered, she stares around the room. She locks the door. She puts the letters and the purse on the desk and starts for the kitchen. RONALD's arm slowly comes out from behind the drapes and ever so deftly picks up the doctor's bag that he left on the desk. LISA stops. Something isn't right. She turns and looks at the desk—nothing. She shrugs it off, smells the flowers, smiles and exits into kitchen.)*

RONALD *(coming out from behind the drapes. Whisper).*  
Let's go.

DONALD *(coming out from behind the drapes. Whisper).* I'm afraid.

RONALD *(whisper).* Have you ever seen *Wait Until Dark*?

DONALD. No, but I've seen *Goodbye, Columbus!* *(He pulls away and rushes for the door. Doorbell rings.)* Ahhhhhh!

*(RONALD grabs DONALD and drags him back to the L drapes. They go behind just as LISA enters. She stops and puts the flowers, now in a vase, on the R end table. She crosses and opens the door. There's no one there. But we can hear an offstage voice.)*

**MONA** (*offstage*). Hey, you son of a bitch! Don't park there! You're blocking my driveway! I'll have that piece of junk towed!

*(MONA moves into the doorway. She has a cigarette hanging out of her mouth. She's wearing a house dress and carries a shopping bag. She wears glasses and her hair is up in curlers. If she dressed better and took care of herself she would look better, but for now... She takes one last hit on her cigarette and flips it away. She enters.)*

**LISA**. Hi, Mona. (*Locking the door.*)

**MONA** (*crosses to the sofa and puts down her bag*). Hello, Lisa. (*They hug.*)

**LISA**. Thanks for coming.

**MONA**. No, thank you for doing this.

**LISA**. Do you think many people will come to the meeting?

**MONA**. I'm here. I saw your flyers all over town. (*She pulls a flyer out of her bag and holds it up.*) Meeting of the Neighborhood Crime Watch! If there are people like you and me they will come. People who are angry, people who are fed up, people who are sick and tired, people who are disgusted.

**LISA**. So, you think we'll have a big turnout?

**MONA**. Probably not. (*Sensing she's hurt her feelings.*) Don't worry about it. Besides, we have each other.

**LISA**. That's right, Mona, we have each other.

**MONA**. Do you know what they did today?

**LISA**. What?

**MONA**. They spray painted all the benches in the park. I hate those dirty no good sons of bitches! (*She crosses to her bag, replaces flyer.*) Look, look what I got today. (*She starts pulling items out of her bag.*) More door locks, more

window locks...*(Still looking.)*...where the hell is it? *(Pulling out more items.)* Mace! And a whistle! *(She blows the whistle very loudly. She hangs it around her neck.)*

LISA. ...er...that's enough, Mona, someone might get alarmed.

MONA. That's the goddamn point! Anyway, one of those no good bastards tries to mug me or snatch my purse, I blow the whistle! *(She blows the whistle. She holds up the mace can.)* Then I spray them with mace. *(She blows the whistle. She crosses to the drapes.)* I'm so excited about my new things. I wish one of those no good creeps were here right now so I could spray them like the stinking no good insects that they are.

LISA. You're getting serious, Mona.

MONA. You're damn right! I'm not taking any more of this shit! Hell no! I got something else, too!

LISA *(grabbing her bag)*. What?

MONA *(taking it away from her, she replaces the items except for the whistle)*. I'll show you later. It's a surprise. I have to find out how to use it first. Any word yet? *(LISA shakes her head no.)* He's all right. You'll see.

LISA. I hope so. God, I hope so. I've been praying every day. Have you been praying for him?

MONA. You're goddamned right I have.

LISA. Someone kidnapped him. I know it...I just know it.

MONA. You're being ridiculous. Who in the hell would want to kidnap that dog? I mean...the dog's old...he's blind...deaf...crippled...it would take one sadistic son of a bitch to snatch a dog like Lucky. *(LISA breaks down crying.)* Oh, Lisa, I'm sorry...you know I love you. I would never do anything to hurt you...what I meant was that he probably...wandered off...someone will find him and bring him

back...so, how was your date with Jerry the other night?  
(LISA screams in anguish.) Oh...

LISA. I'm not going to see Jerry anymore.

MONA. Why not?

LISA. He hurt me.

MONA. Another woman?

LISA. No, he hurt me.

MONA. He doesn't want to see you anymore?

LISA (*frustrated, grabs and shakes MONA trying to make her understand, accidentally knocking her on the sofa*). Physically...he hurt me physically.

MONA. What?

LISA. It was like a nightmare. The other night we came home...he had been drinking...he got rough with me...I saw a side of him that I didn't know existed...

MONA. What?

LISA (*crossing to the vase of flowers, she picks them up and buries her face in them, ashamed to tell MONA the truth*). He's into...bondage.

MONA. Bonding...that's good.

LISA. Not bonding...bondage...(Frustrated, she grabs the whistle's rope and tightens it around MONA's neck. MONA screams. Shocked at what she's done to MONA, she crosses away.) He likes to tie women up with ropes and chains.

MONA (*suddenly interested, she crosses to her*). Oh?

LISA. And he has costumes.

MONA. He's an actor?

LISA. No. Costumes for sexual fantasies. A pirate's outfit...

MONA (*sits on the sofa. She's getting turned on*). Ooooooh...

LISA (*oblivious to MONA's gyrations*). ...a priest's costume...

MONA. Nazi uniforms?

LISA. I didn't see any.

MONA. Ooooooh...chains and costumes. I didn't know he was into that. I knew he was a rotten no good cock... roach...the second I saw him, but I didn't know he was into that. He makes me so mad with his beady little eyes. Chains and costumes...

LISA. God, it was like a nightmare. Now, every time I see a priest I get chills.

MONA. I know what you mean.

LISA. And, Mona...

MONA. Yeah...

LISA. And, Mona...

MONA (*still off in another world*). Yeah...

LISA. And to think he thought I was that kind of girl. I'm beginning to wonder if I'll ever meet the right guy.

MONA (*rises and crosses away, trying to cool off*). Huh? Oh, of course you will.

LISA. Someone who's kind and sensitive and gentle and good looking...

MONA (*picking up the book*). ...and well hung...read...well read...*The Naughty Nun*. Can I borrow this when you're through?

LISA. Sure. (*Looking at her watch*.) It's getting late. I want to change for the meeting. Would you mind making coffee for me? (*MONA shrugs*.) I've got a new coffee maker. I'll show you how to use it.

*(MONA is still absorbed in the book. LISA takes it away from her and puts it back on the end table. She leads her off to the kitchen. A beat. RONALD and DONALD both come out of hiding.)*

DONALD (*whisper*). Let's get the hell out of here.