

TODD. Hello, Agent Frank.

FRANK. Todd – what are you... what are you doing in that closet?

TODD. I was sent here by Big Mac, who had reason to suspect my services were needed in this room. What are you doing here, Agent Frank?

FRANK. Well, uh... The Mayor had an appointment with Ms. Brown, there.

TODD. The half-naked accountant?

FRANK. Right. And I just came to have a look at the room.

TODD. Is that right?

FRANK. In my capacity as head of Town Hall Security.

(TODD crosses into the Cop Room, followed by FRANK.)

TODD. And as head of Town Hall Security, you are aware, I presume, that the room you were havin' a look at was already being looked at by the police.

FRANK. *(Seeing the monitor:)* What the – ? Is that a video recorder?

TODD. Aye, it is. With a camera aimed directly at the bed in the other room.

FRANK. Oh god.

TODD. *(Taking the bedspread from FRANK:)* Were you on that bed at any time, Agent Frank?

FRANK. Oh god!

TODD. Was that before or after you took off your pants?

FRANK. *(Lunging for the machine:)* We've got to get that videotape!

TODD. *(Stopping FRANK with one hand:)* Now just a moment, laddie. I dinna think we want to be interfering with a police department investigation. And besides – there's nothing you did or said on that tape that would interest the police, is there?

FRANK. Um...

(It is at this moment, as FRANK becomes uncooperative, that TODD begins to lose his cool, and display his less professional side: the angry Scotsman. And the angrier he becomes, the more Scottish he becomes, his accent thickening until [as indicated] he is entirely indecipherable.)

TODD. (*Only a little less cool:*) Let me put it another way. There's nothing on that tape that would interest Big Mac or me, is there?

FRANK. Um... (*Involuntarily expressing his subtext:*) Fear.

TODD. Oh, it isn't wise to show fear to a man like me. It's only apt to make me angry. Do you want to make me angry, Agent Frank?

FRANK. Dear Lord, in this, our hour of judgment, as we pre –

TODD. How about you stop talkin' to your savior, my Jim, and start talkin' to me – a fair Ah lit mah wee mukker haur gie doon an' grottie.

[*Before I let my little friend here get down and dirty.*]

(*Slight pause.*)

FRANK. What?

TODD. Ooh, aye. Aam nae wortiat tae dive a wee mudder, e'en if ye hink ay me as yer brither. [*I'm not worried to do a little murder, even if you think of me as your brother.*]

FRANK. I'm sorry – what?

TODD. Dinna ye gang tryin' tae play tha numpty wi' me, mah mukker. [*Don't you go trying to play the idiot with me, my friend.*]

FRANK. I can't understand a word you're saying.

TODD. Aam nae havin' fin wi' ye noo. Ah will pure tak' ye doon, if ye dinnae teel me whit – [*I'm not having fun with you now. I will really take you down, if you don't tell me what –*]

FRANK. Wait a second, wait a second – Todd, please – listen to me.

TODD. Whit?

FRANK. You're doing that thing you do, when you get...

TODD. Get whit?

FRANK. Well, when you're interrogating someone, and you start to get too...

TODD. Too whit?

FRANK. (*The word he's been avoiding:*) Angry?

TODD. (*With full-bore Scottish anger:*) Too angry?!!

FRANK. No, not too angry. Course not. No such thing. But sometimes when you're getting... just angry enough – a really good angry –

TODD. Aye?

FRANK. Your Scottish accent gets a little... thick.

TODD. Thick?

FRANK. Well – it's difficult to understand the words.

TODD. *(After a pause – back to his normal accent, and with a change of tone – genuinely:)* Is that right?

FRANK. Just sometimes.

TODD. I wasn't aware of that.

FRANK. Well, I only mention it because, you know, if the person you're interrogating can't understand what you're saying, it's hard for them to answer you.

TODD. I should think it would be.

FRANK. Which makes them appear uncooperative.

TODD. Well, it would, yeah.

FRANK. Which leads you to kill them.

TODD. Oh. Right.

FRANK. Anyway, it's something I've been meaning to tell you.

TODD. Well, I'll try to keep it in mind.

FRANK. Great.