

(Miles Benson)

Bomb Squad ~ Bomb squad officer 1 / Bomb squad officer 2

Props: ~ Fake bomb, red wires, blue wires, table, two chairs, fancy table settings: glasses/wine/plates/candles, walkie-talkie head set, text message sounds (sent and receive), bomb squad attire, red light, bomb explosion sound.

(OPEN ON: A man is diffusing a bomb while someone gives him directions over the radio.)

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
This is impossible. We have to  
evacuate the building, now!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
Just relax, cowboy. I'm going to  
walk you through this. How many  
blue wires and how many red?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
They're all red!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
Sweet merciful heaven, this is  
going to be harder than I thought.  
Alright, reach in through the  
wires, is there brass plating  
underneath?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
YES!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
Good! Good.

(Bomb squad officer 2's phone goes off.)

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
What was that? What just happened?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Sorry, I'm just got a text back  
from a girl I met at a wedding over  
the weekend.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
What's it say?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
"I'm good just getting out of work!  
I had a great time, beautiful  
night. How about you?"

Okay, so what about this brass  
plating?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
You're not going to answer her?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
I don't want to seem too eager. I  
was probably going to wait a couple  
days to text her back.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
That three day rule is nonsense,  
don't follow that.

(Bomb squad officer 2 sends a message.)

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
What was that? Did you text her  
back?!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Yeah, you said that three day rule  
is nonsense.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
It is! But don't text her back  
immediately! Rookie mistake,  
cowboy. What did you send?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
"I'm really good, thanks! I had a  
great time too. You looked really  
beautiful. Missed you at the hotel  
after party."

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
My god, man. It's like you don't  
even want to get laid.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Of course I do!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
Well, start acting like it. Alright  
wait for her to text you back, ok?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Ok. HOLY HELL! We have two minutes  
minutes to diffuse this bomb!

(Bomb squad officer 2's phone goes off)

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
What'd she say?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
"Thanks."

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
You really screwed the pooch on  
this one, rookie.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Help me! What can I do to fix it?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
Alright, kid. If I help you with  
this, we play by my rules. Got it?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Got it.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
If you're lucky, you'll at least  
get a blowjob by the skin of your  
teeth.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
That sounds awful.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
It's an expression. Now, FOCUS!

Text her: "Let me know if you want  
to get a drink or hang out some  
time."

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Shouldn't I wait a little while?  
Like, 15 to 45 minutes before  
texting her again? I don't want to  
seem eager.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
Kid, you've screwed this up so bad  
that we gotta throw a hail mary and  
hope for the best.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Okay. Sent.

OH NO!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
WHAT!? WHAT?!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
I accidentally sent the octopus  
emoji!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
You're so stupid, kid! We got to  
get you out of there! Alright, go  
under settings and block her  
number. Maybe we can save you  
thousands in therapy bills if you  
bow out now.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
Wait, she's texting back!

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
(In super dramatic voice)  
...oh...my...god...

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
What do I do?

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
I don't know, kid! This has never  
happened before! You're flying  
blind now.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
She said: "Yeah, that sounds great!  
Where are we going?"

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
You are one lucky S.O.B., kid.  
Anybody else would be dead in the  
water. Pick a place and call it a  
day. Nice work today, rookie.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
(Speaking out the words he's  
texting) "How about we meet at the  
french bistro on 7th?"

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 1:  
French Bistro. Class act. You got  
spunk, kid. I like that.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2:  
She said: "Isn't that where that  
bomb is? It's all over the news."

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER 2 & 1:  
(Together)

Bomb?

The bomb!

AAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!--...

(Bomb explodes)

(Out)