Vince Washburn: “If You’ve Got The Time”

A Short Comic Mystery Play
By
Jerry Stearns

Approx: 28 minutes

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An episode of a series about Vince Washburn, the New Age Detective. A takeoff on the hardboiled detective genre, but with a kind of California, Esalen, Windham Hill attitude.

**Vince Washburn:** Personal Investigator. Not hard-boiled but a 'poached' dick. He's a wholistic detective, who is willing and able to use the newest technology or the most ancient wisdom in his work. About 30 years old, he tries to see the person behind the case.

**Sheridan:** Vince's office manager. Gender not specified. She or he is efficient and knowledgeable, down to Earth, is willing to talk frankly if needed, and jumps in to protect Vince when it seems appropriate.

**Jimmy Knox:** About 12 years old. He's the kind of kid that is smart and precocious, and always manages to find a creative way to break something or otherwise get into trouble. They sometimes watch cartoons on TV together.

**Harriet Garfield Grand:** An Earth Mother, about 50. A psychic and channeler for several people from the past. They know each other very well, and trust each other anyway. She has ways of finding out information that even she finds difficult to explain. Practiced in martial arts), yet warm and caring.

**Drew Barrie:** Early twenties, pretty and wholesome. Actually from the turn of the last century, though Vince won't find that out till later. Educated, tough and articulate, though feeling uncertain and overwhelmed with her situation. Knows when she needs help, yet willing to take initiative when she sees her opportunity.
Narrator: And now it’s time for another entry from the personal journal of Vince Washburn, New Age Detective. Today’s episode – “If You’ve Got The Time.”

SFX: phone ringing, machine answers.

Vince: (phone answering message; musical background) Hello. This is Vince Washburn, Personal Investigator. I am out of the office, or perhaps out of body at the moment. Please state the time and date that you called – and remember, the year IS important – and I’ll get back to you real soon now. In the mean time, don't be so hard on yourself, okay?

Music: New Age jazz electric piano or saxophone from bkgnd of message changes to foreground, becomes theme.

SFX: As music fades, office door opens and closes.

Sheridan: Good morning, Boss.

Vince: Morning, Sher.

Sheridan: Sheridan, please.


Sheridan: Not politics, Vince. Identity. I don’t want to get mixed up with that other Cher.

Vince: Yeah, neither would I.

Sheridan: You seem a little down in the frown, Boss.

Vince: I hate courtrooms, you know that?

Sheridan: So, which trial were you a witness for today?

Vince: Oh, it was that Lopez Reincarnation Insurance Fraud deal.

Sheridan: And?
Vince: The wolverine lost.

Sheridan: I’m sorry.

Vince: Yeah, me too. Mostly for him. They’re releasing him back to the wild in Glacier Park next week.

Sheridan: Damn, those insurance guys are such bozos.

Vince: I thought we were all bozos, Sheridan.

Sheridan: Speaking of which, James Knox is in your office waiting for you.

Vince: Holy socks, Sher, (moving off mic) you left that kid alone with electronics?!

SFX: Open door. Buzzes and bleeps and crackles in room as he enters.

Jimmy Knox: Gee, Mr. Washburn, I didn’t know it could do this. Honest!

Vince: Geez, look at the smoke! Sheridan, we need a fire extinguisher. What did you do?

Jimmy: I was trying to use a paper clip to get out a disk, just like you did. And it started to smoke. I thought it was on fire, so I threw that glass of water on it. Then it started making all those noises.

Vince: Okay. Okay. Don’t panic. First let’s unplug it.

SFX: Pushing furniture around. Buzzes and bleeps slowly die down. Fire extinguisher blower.

Jimmy: Is it going to be okay, Mr. Washburn?

Vince: I don’t know, Jimmy.

Sheridan: I’ll call that computer lady. What’s her name?

Vince: It’s in your rolodex under ‘homeopathy.’

Sheridan: Homeopathic electronics repair? How’s that done?
Vince: I really don’t know. Something about enhancing the symptoms. She tried to explain it to me once, but I couldn’t follow it. It’s this problem I have with the little gray cells, you know, so many of which I’ve driven to their deaths over the years.

Jimmy: What?

Vince: Never mind. Let’s you and I say a few words over the old computer, shall we? ‘Cause right now, I’d say, ‘it’s dead, Jim.’ Maybe our homeotech can help us give it a head start on its next life. Which reminds me, (shouting into next room) Sheridan? Would you check our office insurance? See if it covers Acts of Bozos?

Sheridan: (off) Sure, Boss.

Jimmy: What?

Vince: So, Jimmy, what do you suppose are some appropriate words to say over deceased technology? Maybe we could look in the Church of the Positive Attitude’s “Book of Unnatural Prayer” for some help, eh?

Jimmy: I… guess so.

Vince: (interior monologue) So, it didn’t begin as the best day of my life. But then, someone once said “Life is what happens when you have other plans.” A few minutes later young James Knox and I had laid the soul of the machine to rest, and I had just gone into the outer office when she came in through the front door, and into my life.

Vince: Sheridan, it’s been a hard morning. Would you mind if I used your computer for a minute. I need to try out that little Affirmations desk accessory of yours.

Sheridan: Sure, Boss. Go right ahead.

SFX: Door opens and closes.

Drew Barrie: Excuse me, is this the detective’s office?