

TRAFFIC COP

by Robert L. Crowe



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The Driver sits in a stage chair that represents a car seat. A motorcycle policeman walks up to the car window of the stopped car.

OFFICER: Good afternoon, ma'am. I'd like to know why you didn't stop when I flashed the motorcycle lights at you.

DRIVER: I thought you were in a hurry to get someplace. I motioned for you to pass.

OFFICER: Yes, I saw that. What about when I turned on the siren? Did that give you a hint?

DRIVER: No. It gave me a headache. I only pulled over to ask you to turn it off.

OFFICER: *(sighs)* May I see your license?

DRIVER: It's on the back of the car ... just below the trunk.

OFFICER: *(pause)* No, I mean your driver's license.

DRIVER: I don't have it with me.

OFFICER: Where is it?

DRIVER: The judge in Pawnee County has it.

OFFICER: What's he doing with it?

DRIVER: It's a she.

OFFICER: What's SHE doing with it?

DRIVER: She took it away from me. Something about a traffic men ace.

OFFICER: Could the word be menace?

DRIVER: Maybe that was it. I'm going back to visit with her in about a month. Do you know the judge in Pawnee County?

OFFICER: I don't think so.

DRIVER: Well, she told me to give you this paper. *(hands it to him)*

OFFICER: She said to give it to me?

DRIVER: Yes. She said ... "When the police stop you again, give them this paper."

OFFICER: (*he reads silently*) OK. It's a driving permit while the court holds your license.

DRIVER: Not to change the subject but what kind of motorcycle do you ride?

OFFICER: My work cycle is an Indian.

DRIVER: Oh, I belong to a club that supports the American Indian. We buy as many blankets as we can. Our motto is, "Let's give the land back to the Indians, but only what is theirs and we will keep the rest."

OFFICER: That's quite a motto. "Indian" is the brand name of the motorcycle. It's the one the police department gives me to ride. I also have one of my own ... at home. It's a Kawasaki.

DRIVER: Oh! My brother was going to buy one of those! Or was it a Panasonic ... No, that was the weed trimmer. I can't remember but you two have a lot in common. You have two motorcycles and he wants one. Oh ... not one of yours. He wants one of his own. If he got one of yours that would be ... that would be ...

OFFICER: Stealing.

DRIVER: Exactly. And if he is going to steal one I'm going to tell him not to take one of yours.

OFFICER: Thank you. Now ... about why I stopped you. Do you know how fast you were going?

DRIVER: Not exactly. I think my speedometer is broken. It says I was going 110.

OFFICER: Your speedometer showed 110 miles an hour?

DRIVER: Yes. It must be stuck. Here. Look for yourself. See. (*points to dashboard*) 110.

OFFICER: That's your clock. It's 10 minutes after one. You were going 25 miles an hour.

DRIVER: I didn't think I was going very fast. I must say that I am very surprised you flashed those colored lights at me if I was only going 25 miles an hour. There were a lot of cars going faster than that. They were just whizzing by me.

OFFICER: The reason they were whizzing by you is that this road is an Interstate Highway. The minimum speed is 40 miles an hour. You were going 25 and everyone else is going 70. Why were you only driving 25?

DRIVER: Because that what the sign says ... the speed limit sign says "25." See, there's a sign right there. 25. Maybe if you took off those sun glasses you could see better.

OFFICER: I'll tell you what I can see. I have 25/25 vision. I can see that is a *highway* sign, not a speed limit sign. 25 refers to the highway. You're on Highway 25.

DRIVER: Well ... it is really a good thing I talked to you. I'm supposed to turn onto Highway 153.

OFFICER: (*slight pause and a sigh*) So, if I got this right ... you are due in traffic court in a month because of a traffic ticket.

DRIVER: That's my understanding. But let me ask you something. Why do they call it a ticket? I mean, a ticket is something you buy to get into something like a movie or a rodeo. You ever been to a rodeo?

OFFICER: No.

DRIVER: Me neither. But it seems to me that the Department of Justice has it all wrong because I have to pay for the traffic ticket to stay out of something ... like jail. Doesn't that seem strange to you?

OFFICER: No.

DRIVER: It would if you had ever been arrested. I'll bet you have never got a traffic ticket.

OFFICER: It just so happens I have.

DRIVER: What did you do?

OFFICER: I got a ticket for an illegal lane change. I was driving on an Interstate ... in a car ... and I pulled over in the right lane and cut off another car. It was in my blind spot.

DRIVER: It's those sun glasses.

OFFICER: Anyway, the car I cut off was a police car ... and I got a ticket.

DRIVER: Did you get his name ... like, for purposes of revenge?

OFFICER: It was a she.

DRIVER: Good for her! I wish I had been stopped by a woman policeman.

OFFICER: Yes. I wish that, too. Would you step out of the car please?



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