

An excerpt from Love, Crime and Johannesburg by Junction Avenue Theatre Company

Scene 19

The Prison Cell

QUEENIE *bursts in on JIMMY'S cell and finds it empty. She howls out in rage.*

QUEENIE: Oh my God, an empty cell! He's gone! Jimmy 'Long Legs' Mangane is gone! *[She addresses the audience]* Bring me a pen! Bring me a pen! What kind of a police station is this with out a pen! Where are the chairs? Who's taken the tables?

Here I am, Chief of Police, and I can't even keep a prisoner locked up in a cell.

This job's impossible! My hands are tied behind my back. You need a photograph, there's no cameras. You need a statement, no pens! You need a finger print, no pads!

What is this place? You need a door open, it's locked! You need a door locked, it's open!

Well good for you, Jimmy! Show them what you're made of. You need a key, here's a key. You need a girl, then get a girl. If you need a road to the north, the road is good and long!

Am I the only person in this town who believes that criminals should be locked up?

