



Proudly Presents

DUSTIN

WRITTEN BY LEO CANNON

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Detective Helms: *(To audience)* The hardest part about being a detective—is learning the truth sometimes. I’ve been in this business a while now, and many of the stories I’ve heard would rival anything you’ve ever seen in the movies or on television. Take tonight, for instance. We get a call from one of the officers doing a routine drive through in one of the neighborhoods over on the west side of town. There was a young boy, eleven-years-old—*dead*—found lying in an empty lot. I got the call and immediately drove over. The boy’s parents arrived just after paramedics were putting the boy’s body into the ambulance. They immediately identified their son. His name was Tommy. They tell me that they’ve been looking for their son after he didn’t come home for dinner. The mother then gives me a few names, addresses—boys he might have played with earlier. I talked with one family, who said the last person seen with Tommy was his friend—Dustin.

The following scene takes place in an interrogation room at a police station.

Detective Helms: Hello, Dustin, I’m Detective Helms. I just met with your parents, and I told them you and I would have our little chat in here. It’s a little cramped, but it will give us a little more privacy. So, let’s get started, shall we? *(Turns on a tape recorder)* Could you start by telling me your name?

Dustin: *(Innocently)* You already know my name. You said hello to me, when you walked in the room.

Detective Helms: I know your name, Dustin. I just need to hear *you* say your name. *(Pointing to the tape recorder)* For the record. So, state your name for me, please.

Dustin: My name is Dustin.

Detective Helms: What’s your *last* name?

Dustin: Farmington. I’m Dustin Farmington.

Detective Helms: How old are you, Dustin?

Dustin: I’m nineteen-years-old.

Detective Helms: Where do you live?

Dustin: I live with my parents. We’ve lived in the same house since before I was born. Only then, it was just my mom and my

dad. I wasn't born yet.

Detective Helms: For the record, can you tell me what your address is?

Dustin: 1612 Maple. I've got my own room and everything. It's decorated with posters of the *Avengers*, but I've also got some old *Star Wars* stuff that used to be my dad's. He gave it to me, when I was little.

Detective Helms: (*Laughs*) I have to admit. I'm a huge *Star Wars* fan myself.

Dustin: I *really* like Dad's old comic books. I like all the bright colors they use.

Detective Helms: Do you— Do you have any *friends* in your neighborhood?

Dustin: I've got lots of friends. They like comic books, too. There's Tommy. And there's Jarod. Sometimes Vin gets to play with us, too, but he's Chinese. His mother makes him stay home a lot, so sometimes he can't play with us.

Detective Helms: How old are your friends, Dustin?

Dustin: I'm not sure how old they are. I know that Tommy just turned eleven, because he just had a birthday last week. I got to go to his party. His parents had a big party for him in their backyard. We all went over to Tommy's house, when Tommy's dad got off work. His dad made hamburgers on their grill. He made hot dogs, too, but nobody really ate any of the hot dogs. Everybody wanted a hamburger. His dad is nice. He always messes up my hair, when I come over to Tommy's house. He's a teacher. He teaches at the high school. He's always trying to teach me something, when I go over there.

Detective Helms: Were all of the neighborhood boys at Tommy's house for his birthday party?

Dustin: Everyone was there, except for Vin. Vin's mom wouldn't let him come. She said he had to help her clean the house or something. Vin's mom likes a clean house. That's why we never get to play over there.

Detective Helms: Did Tommy get lots of presents at his birthday party?

Dustin: Sure. He got lots of stuff. Tommy's parents bought him a