

# A Career in Indierock

Turbonegro

\*Knocking\*

Man: Wh...Who Who's there?

Officer: Police officer Sgt. Russo, 17 precinct. Open up.

Man: Yeah?

Officer: I got a warrant for your arrest.

Man: Hey, what is this?

Officer: Never mind, you're under arrest. Put your hands up against the wall  
.

Man: Hey!

Officer: C'mon, put your hands up against the wall, fucker, don't give me any feedback!

Man: What the fuck?

Officer: (hits the man) Shut up!

Man: Ah! Oww!

Officer: C'mon, bring it back and spread'em boy. You're under arrest. You got the right to remain silent. And that's about it.

Man: Arrest? What for?

Officer: Look... you can make it easy on yourself or rough. Just cooperate!

Man: Hey, what are you ow!

Officer: Shut up! Like I said, you got a fuckin' warrant. That's all I know. I don't like this any more than you do boy.

Man: Ok, ok, ok... Just take it easy ok?

Officer: Well, you can make it halfway decent or miserable, that's up to you  
.

Man: Hey, what are you doing?

Officer: You know what, man? I got a good mind to break the fucking rules. Yeah. (belches)

Man: Hey what, what what's going on?

Officer: Right now I'm kinda tryin' to decide weather I should bust you and take you in or maybe make a little deal with ya.

Man: Deal? What kind of deal? What is this?

Officer: Yeah... The kinda deal where I bust my ass out on the field eight hours a day and risk my fucking life to protect and serve when I got punks li

ke you, that I'm up against all the time. Put your hands up over your head.

Man: Hey, what are you doing with those cuffs?

Officer: You carrying a weapon?

Man: No!

Officer: Well let's say it's quite obvious, boy, that you're gonna be handcuffed, how about that, eh?

Man: Hey, come on, get your hands off of me!

Officer: (Belches)

Man: What is? (gets hit) Oww!

Officer: Shut up!

Man: Ok, ok!

Officer: You motherfucker. Yeah! You see this?

Man: That badge? Yeah...

Officer: That's right, boy, that Badge, this Uniform and these Boots; I'm a uniformed police officer, carrying out an order, watch commander sent me: I'm just doin' my fuckin' job.

Man: Ok.

Officer: I'm just tryin' to make this easier on both of us.

Man: Ok. 2:00

Officer: Put your hands behind your back.

Man: Ok. Hey come on, what are you doing with those cuffs?

Officer: Next time they tell you to go to court, show up! Like I said: I'm just doin' my job, man yeah yeah You do anything I say, boy, anything. And don't give me a fuckin' hard time.

Man: Ok, ok, I won't give you a hard time

Officer: Good. Kneel down, c'mon!

Man: Kneel down?

Officer: Kneel, motherfucker!

Man: Ow, ok, ok.! (gets slapped)

Officer: Yeah! All right guy yeah.

Man: (breathes loudly)

Officer: Now you got something to say: spit it out. I had a rough fucking week; my wife's been givin' me a hard time, she can't suck my cock without getting the fucking teeth in the way. And I'm a little bit pissed, man.

Man: Hey, what is this?

Officer: Like I said: it's a bust. A special kind of bust.

\*Classical piano piece starts to play\*

Officer: I got a license for it, boy, can you dig it? I do anything I want; I can bring you in, maybe I let you go, how about that, eh?

Man: Ok, ok, I'll do what you say, ok, ok.

Officer: Did you ever serve a man, boy, huh?

Man: What are you talking about?

Officer: Gettin' it on, that's what: suckin' cock, lickin' ass!

Man: Hey, come on.

Officer: Yeah, come on! Tell me how many times you fantasize about a uniform ed police officer, boy, huh? Many? That's right, hundred, two hundred? Ever since you were a fuckin' kid you've been dreamin' about this! And now it's c omin' true, boy. If you cooperate I'll take the cuffs off and we'll both have a good time. Why give me a hard fuckin' time, man?

Man: Cooperate? What do you...?

Officer: I work hard for a living boy! (hits the man)

Man: (Moans) Ok.

Officer: If I want a blowjob you suck, if I want my ass licked you lick! That's what I mean cooperate. Unless you wanna spend the next few days in the c lank that's up to you. Unbuckle my belt.

Man: I can't the cuffs are on!

Officer: You're right! Now what do you think, huh? You think you gonna be able to get into what I'm thinkin' about, eh? Do we both feel about the same t hing, eh? How about it boy, did you ever suck a cock? Ever lick an ass? Huh?

Man: What do you want me to do? Suck your cock?

Officer: You're straight or gay? You got an old lady?

Man: Straight

Officer: (murmuring) Huh? You're straight, eh. Yeah, about as straight as my fuckin' dick! Nah. Next time you open your mouth it's going to be to say si r: yes, sir, no, sir.

Man: Hey what is this?

Officer: Shut up! What did I tell you about the yes, sirs, no, sirs boy? (st arts hitting)

Man: (Moans and gets hit)

Officer: Yeah!

Man: Ok! Yes, sir.

Officer: I'm a big man!

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: I got two hundred pounds of solid muscle behind me.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Yeah! You could use it to your benefit or whined up lying flat on the floor. You do just what I say, boy.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: And if I uncuff you are you gonna... Yeah, you gonna do just what I want you to do or would you rather spend a coupla days in jail?

Man: Ok, I'll, I'll, I'll do what you say.

Officer: All right, boy... I've been prancin' around in this fuckin' uniform all day long. The heat's been gettin' to me; the sun heats up my badge and makes it hot, sometimes I can feel the stinging on my chest. That badge is pinned onto my uniform. I just might decide to take it off and pin it into your tits! You'd love it wouldn't ya? You'd love it wouldn't ya, boy!? Eh?

Man: N-No...

Officer: You'd love it! (hits the man) Wouldn't ya?

Man: (moans) Yes, sir yes, sir yes, sir...

Officer: Unless you rather get your fuckin' face punched in, you better a...  
.

Man: Ok, ok...

Officer: That's right... That's more like it. You better yield the right away.

Man: Ok.

Officer: Yeah!

Man: Just undo the cuffs. Just undo the cuffs.

Officer: Amen. I'll undo'em when I want to! If I'm gettin' more feedback outta you and I just might make them a little tighter! I'll take'em off your wrists, but I'm gonna put'em back on in about two minutes. On your balls! Stand up, punk! Come on. Now drop your fucking pants. Yeah! I'm an officer of the law: respect it! Yeah, boy... I used to be on the highway patrol. Then some punk fucker like you had to go and tell some song and dance story about how I sexually abused him. Got a fuckin' two-week suspension, but now I'm back on duty. Gotta make up for my lost time. Kinda miss gettin' laid. Yeah, stick those balls and cock up, boy, I'm gonna cuff'em.

Man: Ow!

Officer: Yeah, shut up, punk! Shut up! You rather I kicked you in the nuts?

Man: No, no!

Officer: Now just stand there, stand there and accept it. Yeah!

Man: Ow! It's too tight!

Officer: Too tight!? How can you get a motherfucker hard on you, punk? (slaps man)

Man: (moans)

Officer: Shut up! Don't complain! Do what I want you to do and do it right and I just might let you go free!

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: How about that, eh? I got the pull! I can dump the records. Yeah...

Man: What do you want me to do?

Officer: Start off by unbuttoning my shirt! Take the badge off first. Yeah. Do you see that pin? Eh? Yeah. How about I stick it through your tits, man? Or at least one of them just in case you get outta line I can tug on it and put you back in place.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Yeah, boy.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: For a guy that doesn't seem to know what the hell is goin' on you got a pretty hard cock. Now, boy, get unbuttoning my shirt, come on: start from the top and work it down.

Man: Ok.

Officer: Ok, Sir!

Man: Ok, sir.

Officer: That's more like it.

Man: So what you get busted for, boy? I didn't make the arrest, I'm just issuing the warrant. Just an apprehension? C'mon, spit it out, what'd you do, suck somebody's cock and get caught? Nah, I won't put it past you. Now kneel down, c'mon.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Like I said: I've had this fuckin' uniform on all day long. I'm hot, I'm sweaty; I need a break.

Man: Yeah.

Officer: Unbuckle the belt.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: That's it boy. Now take off that fuckin' sweatshirt pull it off. Let me see those tits. Unzip the zipper (slaps the man)

Man: Ow!

Officer: With your teeth! What the hell d'ya think you are putting your fuckin' hands on me, criminal! Yeah, boy! You ain't got no fucking rights! Yeah..

Man: Yeah.

Officer: Yeah motherfucker.

Man: Yeah. 9:00

Officer: Now why don't you take those motorcycle boots off for me: I feel kinda hot and sweaty too!

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: That's it, punk. Right on. Undo the holster. Real easy. Yeah. Right on. Now pull my service revolver out of my holster, boy. Toss the ware in the bed. that's it. Yeah. Get a lotta accidental shootings, yeh, I been on the force for ten years, happens all the time, so the best you can do is cooperate. Why don't you stand up, bend over and let me whoop that ass red, motherfucker, c'mon? Stand up!

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Come on motherfucker! I ain't playin' games here! Now bend over.

\*Officer starts slapping the man, the man moans\*

Officer: Fuck yeah, boy! (keeps hitting) Yeah! Aaaaah! Yeah, baby, that's it. Yeah I'll whip that motherfucking butt till it looks like a piece of red cardboard, punk! Yeah! Now get back down on those knees, c'mon! Are you gonna tell anybody about this, huh? I can now leave your warrant.

Man: No, sir!

Officer: But I can come back!

Man: No, sir!

Officer: (belches)

Man: I won't tell anybody.

Officer: If you think I'm gettin' rough, you ain't seen the worst of it, boy

Man: What are you gonna make me do?

Officer: Nevermind, punk. I ain't even started yet. I'm primarily interested in gettin' my fuckin' ass licked. Maybe to drink a little piss, sniffin' my smelly armpits, go ahead, sniff'em, boy. Get a sniff. They're all fuckin' sweaty.

Man: (sniffs)

Officer: Yeah, yeah... Bathing season said it, boy! C'mon, get on the other one, sniff it out, real good! That's it. Beat that meat, punk! Yeah! I know you dig it.

Man: (very silently) Yeah

Officer: Now get back down on your knees, boy, sniff my fucking crotch.

Man: Oh...

Officer: Yeah, you love it don't you?

Man: Yeah...

Officer: Smells like piss, and cum doesn't it?

Man: Yeah... Yes, sir.

Officer: Yeah...

Man: Yeah...

Officer: Once in a while, I pull over on the highway and jerk off.

Man: Yeah.

Officer: I just put my cock back in my jockstrap. C'mon! Like I said: I've had this uniform on all day. Take it all the way off, pants too.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: That a boy You see: we'll get along just fine, guy! It's a lot better than doin' a time in jail, isn't it?

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Take the stinky, fucking socks off and stuff'em in the boots, c'mon. Stuff'em in those big, tall, black leather boots. Yeah. Lick the leather a little bit and rub'em down with the socks; give'em a spit shine, punk.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Yeah, I wanna watch you grovel on your hands and knees, boy! You do just what I say. That's it. Yeah!

Man: Oh yeah...

Officer: All right, now get up! Kneel right before my crotch: what do you see, huh? Huh?

Man: I see a big crotch.

Officer: Jockey shorts and a bullet proof cup that's what you see. Why don't you peel off the jockey shorts to see what's underneath?

Man: Yeah.

Officer: Aha! A jockstrap!

Man: Yeah.

Officer: And that ain't all punk: a jockstrap with a ten inch fucking dong behind it!

Man: Yeah.

Officer: Look at that bulge punk, sniff it, smell it, come on, taste it, lick it! That's right boy. Yeah! Just what I need. Yeah, I figure I just might let you go free, punk, if you keep up this kinda action.

Man: Yeah...

Officer: Now, get a load of that butt, look at that hole.

Man: Oh, yeah...

Officer: Check it out. Lick it! C'mon! Put your tongue up my ass, punk!

Man: Oh...

Officer: Ohhh! Fuck! See what you did boy, huh? You see what you did?

Man: Yeah

Officer: Look at that: that's what I call a pistol! A rock hard, rod iron pistol. look at that rock big hard dick! I bet you'd like to suck it, wouldn't you straight boy, huh?

Man: Yeah.

Officer: Yeah, so you say you're straight, eh? Huh? Let's hear it.

Man: Yeah.

Officer: You motherfucker. Yeah. Bullshit! Put it in your mouth and suck on it! (slaps the man)

Man: Ow!

Officer: Oh, come on, suck it! I ain't playin' games! I ain't got time to screw around! Yeah, you just keep on sucking that cock! I got a good mind to use you for a fucking toilet! Yeah! Phew! Got a coupla booze on the way over here. Yep. I was kinda kinda thinking about this. It's turnin' out just the way I planned. Now back off. Let me see the colouring of your tongue, boy. Did you ever drink a guy's piss? Huh?

Man: No

Officer: Yeah well your gonna. All right, boy, I want you to crawl on over there to my uniform, and reach up to the top left hand pocket pull out a cigar. Yeah. Looks like a big dick doesn't it? Huh?

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Yes, been thinking you thought that, punk. Now light it for me. All right, boy. You seen me standing stark naked, no uniform, no badge, revolver or cuffs. Just a cap. Why do you suppose I left my cap on, boy? Huh?

Man: I don't know sir.

Officer: Well, these caps are lined with plastic and I kinda got a feeling that they were designed in that way, they did it for a reason!

Man: What's the reason, sir?

Officer: (blows out cigar smoke) They're waterproof! Just in case I decide to use it as a slave dish, and piss in it and make some fucker get down here and lick it out, man! slurp it up, how about that, eh? That good enough for you, huh? You gonna do anything I say, man, anything. You got any objections to that, punk, heh? (hits the man)

Man: Ow, oh...!

Officer: Yeah, I didn't like the look on your face, man.

Man: Yes, sir, ok.

Officer: That's more like it. yeah, boy. You just kneel there and gaze. Now, I want you to stand up. Remove my cap from my head, c'mon take it off.

Man: Yes, sir.



Officer: Now look inside. I got about four booze before I got here boy. I figure they oughta fit in there. What do you say, huh? Are you with me?

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: I like to watch a fucker kneel down on his hands and knees and drink the fucking piss outta my cap. Like a dog slurpin' up water out of a bowl. So why don't you crawl on in the bathroom. I'll even give you the honor of wearin' it till ya get there. C'mon, get in there, boy. That's it. Now, just kneel, drop my fucking hat down on the floor in front of ya. I'm gonna fill it up with piss and you're gonna drink it, just like a dog. oh, man, I've had to piss all fucking day, boy. Ohh... Aah... One of these days I'm gonna piss down your throat, but for now I just like to see you drink it out of my hat. It stings. Yes. Here it fucking comes, man. Ohh! Oh... Kinda like a bull peeing on a rock, isn't it, boy?

Man: Yeah, Cock Piss (murmuring)

Officer: Yeah yeah, you look surprised, you think this is the first time an officer ever abused a suspect? Then you got another thing comin'. We do it so much that now and then Internal Affairs even investigates. They set up mics, record, everything. We've been caught. You'd be surprised if I get caught, and then again, it's probably worth it. Now bend over drink it outta my hat, punk, c'mon, slurp it up (hits the man) c'mon drink it! Drink all my fucking piss, boy.

Man: (slurping officer's urine)

Officer: When you're done drinking just kneel back and observe. Don't forget: I'm an officer of the law. You fuck up and I got I got the right to do just about anything I want!

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Well I think I'll take a shit, as much as I like to sit on your face and shit on it. I think I'll make you suffer and watch as I let it dump in the bowl.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Aaahh... Ah... Well, but I ain't gonna use no fucking toilet paper, punk. Nope. No paper as a matter of fact. I think I'm gonna empty the roll. I'd much rather have you clean my ass for me with your tongue, boy. Uuuhh.. . Clean my ass for me with your tongue while I sit on your face, beat off, into this fucking rubber. Yeah. Uuhh... Yeah, that's a big fuckin' turd, man. I've got a little more piss, might as well dump that too. Flush it fucker, c'mon! Flush the toilet, boy! You heard me!

\*Flushing of a toilet\*

Officer: Aah Yeah! Now (belches) ahh Ya'see that shitty asshole? Huh, you see it?

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: C'mon, boy!

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Let me see the colour of your fuckin' tongue, man. Yeah. Lick it out for me. You gonna lick the shit and lick it clean! C'mon! Eat it out real good. That's it That the way to do it... Mmm, baby. You know how to use that fuckin' tongue, boy. Yeah Whoever busted you without abusin' you didn't know

w what they were missin'. Now lie flat on your fuckin' back while I take a seat. This time I beat my meat I'm yearning to blow a fuckin' load now for six hours. I haven't been laid since yesterday. c'mon lick it out (murmuring) Oooh... Cause I'm gonna come! I'm gonna cum in my rubber now! And I'm gonna make you eat it, fucker! Aaah! Yeah!

Man: Mmm Mmm!

Officer: I want you to try to get that motherfuckin' tongue up the hole length of your cock, boy, that's it! Stick it in! Stick it in because here it comes, fucker! I got a load of cum and these balls are just gonna shoot! Ohh!! Aaah!! Uhhh! Aaaahh! Haa! Hoo! Oohh Look at the size of that load, boy; that's what I call a full rubber! And I'm gonna pull it off Yeah And you're gonna chew on it till it pops and suck every bit of cum out of it and eat it up. Yeah. And I want you to express your appreciation, while you cum.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Through your mouth, punk! Now go ahead, chew on it. Eat the cum right out of it, boy c'mon That's it. That's the way. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah... Eat it up! Eat it up! Yeah, you fuckin' piss drinking ass shit eatin' dog! Eat it! That's it! Jesus, that's a big load! Motherfucker. Goddamn! Yeah. Throw the rubber in the toilet bowl. Flush it.

\*Flushing of a toilet\*

Officer: Yeah. Now, wipe off my cum with my jockstrap: I like to keep it nice and raunchy for the next victim. Yeah. Don't get any of yours on it that's for sure. Here use toilet paper. You keep your mouth shut about this and I'll be back.

Man: Yes, sir.

Officer: Right on buddy! Yeah. Ahh... Wash my hat out. Wash it out for me.

\*Water in the sink\*

Officer: You got any comments, boy? You did a damn good job, son, you'll now need the fucking records. That's right. I got the power and the pull, it's just what I'm gonna do. You're free: no hassles, no court, no hearing, nothing. You're a free man.

Man: Thank you, sir.

Officer: All right, boy.

\*Music fades\*