



New Show Ideas For Chris Hansen When He's Done With *To Catch A Predator*

by Wayne Gladstone

FLYMF June 2007, The Final Issue, Volume 4 Issue 6

To Catch a Jewel Thief

Each week, Chris will find an ex-con with a known criminal record for trafficking in stolen jewels. Then he will open a jewelry store with no locks or alarm system across the street from the ex-con's home. If no thefts are attempted, Chris will then don a white mustache, monocle, and top hat and stand outside the house screaming something like:

"Oh, my word! This bag of jewels I just purchased is too heavy. Perhaps, I'll return it. True, the store owner has gone home for the night, but I'm sure he won't mind if I leave it on the counter. In fact, he told me he'd leave the door unlocked all night long in case I wanted to make the return . . . and I think he may have left out some freshly baked cookies too.

When the theft is attempted, rest assured, Chris and the *Dateline* news crew will be there to document the senseless and unexpected crime.

To Catch a Crack Addict

Dateline turns its cameras to the drug problem plaguing our streets. Chris will leave a trail of crack pebbles leading from the nearest crackhouse straight into NBC studios. The trail will end with a crack pipe and lighter illuminated in spotlight. Just as the pipe touches the addict's lips, a second spotlight will reveal Chris just inches away.

"Excuse me, sir. What do you think you're doing?"

"Uh, nothing."

"Oh, really," Chris will mock. "So you weren't going to smoke that crack?"

"Am I busted? You a cop?"

"I don't know about that, but I do know this, sir. I'm Chris Hansen and you're on *Dateline's To Catch a Crack Addict*."

"Shit. If I'm already busted, I might as well smoke this fucker. Hey, you sound familiar. Aren't you that thirteen-year-old girl I was talking to online last night?"

To Catch a Cancer Patient

Tired of the elaborate sting operations, Chris will set up cameras in a chemotherapy center to confront our nation's seething underbelly of cancer victims.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. So let me get this straight. Your cells—they just keep multiplying, spreading out of control?"

The woman replies, "Well, yes. I guess that's a very basic definition of cancer."

"You just can't help yourself, can you? Started with your breast, but you've got it all over now, don't you? Don't you?"

"Please. I'm trying to get help. That's why I'm here."

"Oh, so that's why you're here. To get what you need. Tell me, these tumors that riddle your body. Do you let them make all your decisions?"

"I'm just so tired. Please, I don't know who you are."

"That's not important right now. Right now, I'm trying to figure out why a forty-five-year-old woman with no hair and one breast would be taking an IV of deadly chemicals into her arm."

The patient starts crying.

"I'd say it's too late for that now, Madam." Chris holds up her medical chart. "Your time here is just about done."

"No, I'm a fighter. I'm going to beat—"

"Really, Madam. Don't. We have it all right here: 'Stage IV. Multiple metastases. Final stages of disease.'"

"What? How did you get my records?"

"Because I'm Chris Hansen—a cancer-free, patriotic, Christian, American—and you're on *Dateline*!"