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We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President

PO Box 19955

Portland OR 97280

503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998

bonniev@seniortheatre.com

www.seniortheatre.com

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THE STICK-UP

By
Bob Rinfret

Cast:

SHIRLEY: Store cashier. In her sixties.
FRED: Hold-up man. Sixties to seventies.
CHARLIE: Customer. Sixties to seventies.

Place:
A convenience store

Time:
The present. Late at night.

Setting: *The store interior. Except for SHIRLEY, the place is deserted.*

At Rise: SHIRLEY stands at the register reading a newspaper. FRED enters with a tied handkerchief as a mask that covers the lower half of his face. He wears a very loud pair of golf pants and an equally loud shirt and jacket that clashes with the pants. He appears to have a gun in his jacket pocket. She ignores him. He looks around. Seeing no one else in the place, he goes up to her.)

FRED: *(pointing the jacket pocket)* Okay. This is a stick-up. Give me all the money in the register. *(She continues reading.)* I said this is a stick-up. Give me all your money.

SHIRLEY: *(puts down the paper and looks at him)* I heard what you said. No!

FRED: What?

SHIRLEY: You heard me, I said no.

FRED: What do you mean...no?

SHIRLEY: I mean no. N-O. No. Nada. Nyeht. Nein.

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FRED: Look you, I mean business. I'm a desperate man. I got a gun in here, and I ain't afraid to use it.

SHIRLEY: Go home, Fred.

FRED: *(taken aback)* Fred? Who's Fred? I ain't Fred. Uh...I'm a...a...desperado. Now, quit stalling, and give me all the money.

SHIRLEY: Does Lydia know you're out this late at night?

FRED: Lydia? Who's Lydia? I don't know any Lydia. Now quit stalling.

SHIRLEY: *(She looks at him and laughs.)* Who dressed you?

FRED: *(looking at himself)* What's wrong with how I'm dressed?

SHIRLEY: That has to be the worst robber outfit I have ever seen. You do know a robber is supposed to be inconspicuous, don't you? Planes flying overhead could spot you in that get-up. Does your wife know you're running around looking like that?

FRED: Of course she does. I wore this on the golf course today.

SHIRLEY And she let you? I've got to have a long talk with her.

FRED: I don't look any different than any of the other guys. Besides, you're changing the subject. Now are you gonna co-operate, or do I have to get rough?

SHIRLEY: I said no. Now go home, Fred.

FRED: I told you I ain't Fred. I'm...ah...Dutch. Yeah, that's it. I'm Dutch Schultz.

SHIRLEY: Yeah, right, and I'm Elliot Ness. Besides, Dutch Shultz died in 1935 along with most of *your* brain cells.

FRED: Oh. Okay then. I'm...uh...what's his name. That guy who jumped out of that plane with all that money...

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