

Old Folks Rock: A Celebration of Vitality

Allan Bates



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OLD FOLKS ROCK

By Allan Bates

Old Folks Rock is a collection of three one-act comedies featuring older actors. Though any of the actors may appear in more than one of the three plays, the audience must not be led to assume that any of the characters appear in more than one play. *Old Folks Rock* is a celebration of the vitality which may be found in all 'old folks.'

Each of the one-act plays may be produced individually. If the complete *Old Folks Rock* produced, the use of a narrator, as follows, provides a link among them.

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THIEF!

By Allan Bates

CAST

THIEF: College student-age male, doesn't look like a thug, snuffles, and sneezes occasionally.

ROBERTA: 60s or older, sage, but slightly daft, wears a bathrobe.

THERESA: Her sister, somewhat like her.

HENRY: Their brother, rather dowdy.

Place

A family living room.

Time

The present. The middle of the night.

Production Notes:

The characters' daftness is a result of years of happy eccentricity, not a result of deteriorating mental ability.

At Rise: There are two rocking chairs on stage. The actors playing HENRY and THERESA are rocking in them. At lights up, the actor playing HENRY addresses the audience:

NARRATOR: It's traditional in theatres these days for someone to come out on stage and tell the audience to turn off their cell phones. So, I'm here to tell you to turn off your cell phones. I'd like to add that before this first play there's a pretty good blackout. That'd be a good time to reach over and kiss the person next to you if you want. But...you better make sure that person gives you a thumbs-up first. Wouldn't that be a good tradition to start in all theatres?

HENRY and THERESA blow kisses to the audience and move the rocking chairs from the stage, ideally, where they can still be seen throughout Old Folks Rock. They exit.

(Almost dark. (SOUND CUE: A slight noise of a window being opened) THIEF enters, turns on a flashlight and looks around. He goes to the chest, rummages in a drawer. Takes out assorted items including a tiny pitcher, tosses them aside. While rejecting the articles, he avoids making too much noise. Taking out a tray of silverware, he shines the flashlight on it. He crosses to set it on a chair when the silverware slips out of his hands and crashes to the floor. Turning, he jams his flashlight under his shirt and tries to hide. After a quiet moment, he gathers up the silverware.)

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* What's going on down there? Theresa, are you raiding the fridge again? Sis? Who's there? Some visitor? Some visitor entreating entrance at our chamber door? Some late visitor at our chamber door? *(Shouting)* You should check on that noise, Henry!

HENRY: *(offstage)* Can't. I gotta pee. It's the wind. Nothing more. Go back to bed.

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* Can't. I'm going down there.

(ROBERTA enters, carrying an improbable weapon, such as a hand-held mirror or a toilet brush, and a lighted flashlight. She wears a robe, and clearly has just come from bed. She shines the flashlight around. Seeing the THIEF, she shines the flashlight in his face. THIEF shines his flashlight on her. For an extended time, the action progresses through dueling flashlights.)

ROBERTA: Oh! Who are you? (*The THIEF tries not to look too scary. She is stern, not frantic.*) Just what are you up to, young man?

THIEF: Just...uh...Just uh...

ROBERTA: No you are not! Whatever you're trying to say, you're not "just uh" anything! You're a burglar! You're here to rob us.

THIEF: You're right. OK, you're right, I'm here to rob you. Put 'em up! I have a gun! (*He tries to look scary and fumbles through several pockets*)

THIEF: I said put 'em up!

ROBERTA: Put what up?

THIEF: Your hands, of course.

ROBERTA: My hands, of course. Of course I knew it was my hands. And of course that's the dumbest thing I ever heard. That's what the bad guys and cops say on TV when they can't think of anything else to say.

THIEF: Lady, this isn't TV. I have a gun. (*pulling out a gun*)

ROBERTA: Shoot if you must this old grey head.

THIEF: Of course I won't shoot you! Good Lord, woman. I'm here to rob you, not to kill you. I carry this gun because...because...

ROBERTA: Because what?

THIEF: Because...

Roberta turns on a dim light.

ROBERTA: Forget your "Because." You can't even—

THIEF: (*waving his gun*) See this? Look! This is a gun!

ROBERTA: "Shoot if you must this old grey head." Isn't that the most wonderful line of poetry? I read it years ago, and I've been wanting to use it ever since.

THIEF: Poetry? I didn't hear any poetry.

ROBERTA: Shoot if you must this old grey head! That's poetry! Pure poetry!

THIEF: I don't like poetry. Poetry makes me sick. Ever since third grade. O, Captain, my Captain, da dada, da dada, da dada, da dada. It just goes on and on.

ROBERTA: You've got to really listen to poetry. It doesn't just da dada da dada da dada. It...it....Listen to the whole line: "**Shoot** if you **must** this **old grey head**, but **spare** your **country's flag**, she **said**."

THIEF: I said I'm not going to shoot anyone, lady.

(THIEF puts the gun back in a different pocket)

ROBERTA: Don't like that one eh? You'll like this:
"**This** is the **forest primeval**, the **murmuring pines** and the **hemlocks**,
Bearded with **moss**, and in **garments green**..."

THIEF: Your bathrobe is orange, lady.

ROBERTA: Garments green is **not** my robe! I don't think you have **any** sensitivity to poetry. You're just an ignorant clob.

THIEF: I am **not** an ignorant clob. **Clod**. The word is clod. I'm a college student majoring in political science and getting pretty good grades, and I'm trying to earn a living by robbing people. Houses! I don't rob people! That's an entirely different line of work. I rob houses! I hate it when people come down from bed while I'm trying to rob them. To rob their houses! Do you know that the average college student graduates these days with more than twenty-five thousand in debt? Twenty-five thousand fu...! 'Scuse my French. Twenty-five-thousand-plus dollars in debt! Just think how many orange bathrobes that would buy.

ROBERTA: My robe is tangerine. Mistaking it for orange in this indistinct light is an honest mistake. "Indistinct in the twilight, **druids** of eld, with voices **sad** and **prophetic**..."

(ROBERTA turns up the lights full)

THIEF: Prophetic, for damn sure! If I can't pick up a few bucks robbing houses without ladies in orange bathrobes—

ROBERTA: Tangerine.

THIEF: Tangerine bathrobes coming to interfere, and if I can't find something here in your house worth more than these old knives and spoons, I'll go home—if they haven't already kicked me out of the dorm I call home because I'm way in debt there. Then I'll toss and turn the rest of the night worrying about my dorm fees and the eff-ing twenty-five-thousand-plus I'll owe before I get some crummy job like teaching school to kids, kids who just came from a poetry class and they're fed up to the ears with stuff they don't like and don't understand! And I'll be making a crummy salary that will never get me enough money to pay off my twenty-five thousand. Debt collectors or the government will be hounding me for the rest of my life while I'm trying to teach things the politicians want me to teach. Which will be about the elections that got them their high-paying jobs...or why we have nine Supreme Court justices and what the vice president does to earn his salary. Not my salary. His enormous salary.

ROBERTA: Or her salary. You aren't only a naughty thief, you're a male sexist fig!

THIEF: Pig. The word is pig. Male sexist pig. Really, lady, I'm a nice guy just trying to earn a living. If the vice president is a woman, a lady, even if she wears orange bathrobes—

ROBERTA: It's not a bathrobe. I'm not going to the bathroom. It's a night robe. Tangerine.

THIEF: Even if she wears tangerine. I'd vote for her.

ROBERTA: I'm certainly glad to hear that.

(ROBERTA starts to pick up a few items. She comes to the tiny pitcher.)

ROBERTA: Shoot!

(THIEF looks startled. ROBERTA notices.)

ROBERTA: I mean shucks. You broke the handle off of my cream pitcher.

THIEF: Oh. Sorry.

ROBERTA: Now would you please pick up the silverware and put it back where you found it? It's antique. Great Aunt Dorothea's personal silver setting. We could sell it anytime for hundreds of dollars if we wanted to.

THIEF: You could?

ROBERTA: Of course. Probably thousands. Now just pick it up before the rest of the family comes down. I told my brother I heard noise downstairs and he should check on it. He said he'd be right down just as soon as he went to the toilet.

THIEF: Lady, I'm getting out of here.

ROBERTA: You certainly are not! The moment you step out that door I'll call Sergeant Widowski who lives right across the street, and he'll arrest you immediately. Now you just pick up the silverware and put it back where it belongs.

(THIEF pulls the gun out of his pocket and brandishes it around)

THIEF: OK, lady, just give me your cell phone. I'm getting out of here.

ROBERTA: Cell phone? You think I have a cell phone? You go to the Kroger, and what do you see? Aisle after aisle of people who would just love to grab a package of pork chops and head straight home, but what do they do? They —

THIEF: Lady —

ROBERTA: They have to call their husband or their wife and ask, "Do you want center cut pork chops without bones or the ones with the bones?"

THIEF: Your cell phone, lady!

ROBERTA: Or they'll be in the middle of the baked bean aisle starting to reach for a can and the phone will ring, and after they answer it, they forget what they were supposed to get and pick out the wrong can, and the next thing you know, they have to go back to the store for the right can. Of beans!

THIEF: Then where's your landline?

ROBERTA: Landline. What's that?

THIEF: Your ordinary old phone! With a cord attached. It's called a landline!

ROBERTA: I don't call it a landline. I call it a telephone, and I won't show you where it is because you'd probably just yank out the cord. Don't think I haven't seen burglars on television!

THIEF: Thieves.

ROBERTA: Whatever. Then you'd take the phone with you and either sell it or throw it in the trash. And it's a perfectly good phone. Besides, the moment you step out that door I'm going to call 9-1-1, which is the police, and I'll call Sergeant Widowski too, and you'll be in really big trouble. Really, really big trouble. In the middle of a dark and gloomy night.

"The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is filled with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain."

Would you like a cup of tea? I usually come down and drink a small cup when I wake up at night and can't sleep.

(THIEF puts his gun back in a pocket)

THIEF: No. No thanks. After I'm done here I'll need to get some sleep.

ROBERTA: It's herbal tea. I have quite a selection of very good herbal teas.

THIEF: Well...all right. A small cup of tea would taste good, thank you.

(ROBERTA exits. Quiet moment as THIEF looks out a window. Strange noise.)

THIEF: *(frantic)* What's that noise?

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* It's the microwave. I think we need a new one. I put the kettle on just in case.

THIEF: Oh. I thought it was maybe some sort of...Like a communication thing. You know.

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* Oh no, silly.

THIEF: Or a big dog sleeping in the kitchen.

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* How does Jasmine Dragon Phoenix Pearl sound?

THIEF: If that's the name of your dog, it sounds like a tiny mutt with a big bow on it that goes yip-yip-yip-yip and bites people on the ankles. So please keep it out of here.

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* That's the name of the tea.

THIEF: It sounds more dangerous than your dog. But I'll take a chance. The tea isn't chamomile, is it? You aren't trying to put me to sleep and then call the cops, are you?

ROBERT: *(calling offstage)* Henn-ry! *(no answer)* Henry! *(no answer)* Are you coming down? *(no answer)* If you don't come down right now, I'm coming up to get you.

HENRY: *(offstage)* What?

ROBERTA: *(off)* I said, if you don't come down right now, I'm coming up to get you. We have a burglar down here.

THIEF: Robber. A robber.

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* Sorry. A robber.

THIEF: Is this some trick to get me to sneak out of here before I finish my business?

(HENRY is still offstage. During all the shouting from offstage, THIEF is very nervous alone onstage.)

HENRY: *(offstage)* Oh yes. A robber. I forgot about him. I went back to bed.

THIEF: Would you mind calling me a thief instead of a robber? Robber sounds so much like Robin Hood. You know, so dramatic. I try to just do my work and go quietly home.

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* A thief. We have a thief down here.

HENRY: *(offstage)* Tell him to wait until I find my bathrobe. The blue one. Do you know where it is? It'll look better for company.

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* The blue one's in the laundry. Put on the green one. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks. Bearded with moss, and in garments green.

(ROBERTA sticks her head onstage)

ROBERTA: Oh, you should have seen Henry when he was younger, and Henry and Theresa and I went camping together. Usually with our church group. Henry was trying to grow a beard then. (*Calling*) Henry, would you like to go camping this weekend? I think I've found a young man who would carry our heavy tent for us. Seems like a nice young man, but he doesn't like poetry.

(*ROBERTA exits again to the kitchen*)

HENRY: (*offstage*) Doesn't like poetry! What kind of a cob is he?

THIEF: Clob. Clod!

ROBERTA: (*offstage*) We could teach him some poetry. Take along several of our favorite poetry books. (*ROBERTA pops back onstage*)

ROBERTA: Wordsworth! Wordsworth on the weekend in the woods. How lovely. Wordsworth wouldn't add too much weight to the backpack. (*to THIEF*) Are you free this weekend? Just imagine a lovely, peaceful stroll through the country. Then camping in a glen.

THIEF: I can't. I have a big exam on Monday.

ROBERTA: Just bring along your schoolbooks. We won't be reading poetry all weekend.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath..."
Oh, I do wish we lived closer to a lake!

(*ROBERTA exits. HENRY enters.*)

HENRY: We had a burglar here once before.

ROBERTA: (*offstage*) This boy isn't a burglar; he's a thief.

HENRY: Wasn't more than about fifteen years old. Turned out to be Sergeant Widowski's boy.

ROBERTA: (*offstage*) No, Henry, that was Officer Tobinski's boy. Remember? They lived right across the street from us and then they sold the house to Sergeant Widowski. But I don't think Sammy Widowski was a sergeant then.

HENRY: Are you sure? Or was it when the Sowinskis lived there in the Tobinski's house?

ROBERTA: (*offstage*) Might have been. I'll have to give Gladys Widowski a call and ask her.

THIEF: Where's your phone?

HENRY: Is this young man the burglar you're talking about?

THIEF: I am not a burglar!

HENRY: You came here to steal things, didn't you?

THIEF: Yes.

HENRY: Then you're a burglar...a thief.

THIEF: I am a thief. But I am not a burglar. Burglars break in and enter. Burglary is breaking in and entering with intent to steal. I have never broken anything when I entered a home. Never! And I never will. Do you see anything I broke?

ROBERTA: (*entering*) There's that small cream pitcher. You broke it.

THIEF: I'm sorry about that. But there was no intent involved in the breakage.

ROBERTA: I could have used the pitcher for the milk for your tea.

THIEF: Thank you. But I don't use milk in my tea. Just a spoonful of sugar please.

HENRY: If you're making tea, Roberta, would you make a cup for me? The orange jasmine.

ROBERTA: I will not! You'd just use it as an excuse to make your cup half full of rum.

HENRY: Would not!

ROBERTA: Would too!

THIEF: You look like the kind who would.

HENRY: You're both making me angry.

ROBERTA: Control your anger, Henry. You know it's not good for your heart.

HENRY: That young man broke in here to steal from us! Of course I'm angry.

THIEF: Please calm down before you bust a gut. I entered to steal from you. That is correct. But I did not break in.

ROBERTA: Don't forget the cream pitcher.

(Tea kettle whistles offstage)

THIEF: What's that?

ROBERTA: Water's ready. You can always count on the old tea kettle.

(ROBERTA exits)

THIEF: *(shouting after ROBERTA)* I'll take the pieces with me. Maybe I can glue them back together.

HENRY: Glue what together?

THIEF: The little pitcher.

HENRY: You broke our Aunt Martha's old pitcher? And now you want to fix it? So you can...can...what's the word for selling stolen stuff?

THIEF: Fence. So I can fence it.

ROBERTA: *(offstage)* Henry, this young man is a student politician. You two can probably find things in common to talk about while I'm preparing the tea.

THIEF: *(shouting back to ROBERTA)* I'm not a politician. I'm a student of political science.

ROBERTA: (*offstage*) Henry's quite a student of history in his own way.

HENRY: I've been reading up on William McKinley lately. Did you know William McKinley once visited this town? He probably even slept here. Not in this house, but in this very town. Now here's the important point: he went onto porches all over towns and gave important speeches. Just take a look out the window at the old Whitney place! Just look at the porch on that house! William McKinley could have given an important speech there. Right down the block. In 1896. I'll bet he did! Now that's history for you!

ROBERTA: (*entering*) Henry is quite a historian.

HENRY: Darn right! Darn right I am.

THIEF: Where'd you learn all about McKinley?

HENRY: On my tablet. [*name the tablet used*] You'd be amazed what you can find on a [*name*]. Use it just like a big old computer. Look here. (*HENRY thrusts the tablet in front of THIEF*) I'm an historian and a photographer. What I do is I take photos of people in all different professions. And can you believe it? I don't have a single photo of a thief.

THIEF: We tend to be camera shy. (*HENRY aims the tablet at THIEF*) Hey! No photos!

HENRY: That's my job. I have to. I'm a photographer. I take all sorts of photographs of all sorts of people. When I get on the bus, I take photos of the bus driver and of all the people. Sometimes, they don't seem to like it. See my black eye? Look close and you can see some of the black left. A nasty woman hit me with her purse. Every day I take a photo of our mail lady.

ROBERTA: Get that? Our mail man is a lady, a 'femail' mail man.

HENRY: That's Roberta's favorite joke. She says it to the mail lady every time she sees her. "Here comes the femail!" she shouts. Here, I'll show you all my photos of her. The femail...Look! Are you looking at my photos? Really looking? You can tell the first ones from the new ones. In the first ones she's smiling and looking funny. In the new ones she's looking angry or something. I think she's trying to help me with my photo collection. Give me more variety. I told her I was going to take them to the art museum so they could put them up on the walls. See this photo? She isn't in this one. This one is of that porch over there.

(*they all go to the window*)

ROBERTA: The Papadopoulos porch?

HENRY: Of course not. Look at the photo. Now look at the porch. The Zentmeyer porch.

THIEF: Which?

HENRY: The one with the blue chairs on it. They always keep the porch light on for security.

THIEF: I don't see any blue chairs. There's a porch with green chairs.

HENRY: They're blue-green, more blue than green. Have you had your eyes checked for color blindness? Can't tell, at your line of work you might need to know colors.

THIEF: It's hard in the dark sometimes.

HENRY: On porches such as that, William McKinley spoke to the country defending the silver standard. Do you have a quarter?

THIEF: Huh?

ROBERTA:

"Slowly, silently now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon
This way and that, she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees."

THIEF: What's a shoon?

ROBERTA: I don't know. Maybe you'll like this one better.

"Grey clouds of nowhere
Silver world awakes
To the silver sunbeams
To the silver birds of song."

THIEF: That's not a poem. It doesn't rhyme. And sunbeams aren't silver. They're gold.

HENRY: McKinley also defended the gold standard.

ROBERTA:

“Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard, and cold
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, bartered, squandered, doled,
Price of many a crime untold.
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!”

THIEF: Now I know I hate poetry.

ROBERTA: Henry asked you if you have a quarter. Just look in your pocket and see if you have a quarter.

(THIEF reaches in a pocket, takes out a quarter. HENRY takes it from him and wipes it off on his bathrobe.)

HENRY: It could have been on that very porch that William McKinley spoke extolling the silver standard. Or the gold.

THIEF: In this city in this state? On this street? Naw.

HENRY: Certainly he could have. *(OR, “Well, maybe not.”)* Without William McKinley, this quarter might just be paper money. Do you have a dollar?

THIEF: No. I don’t believe I do. That’s why I came here tonight.

ROBERTA: I don’t believe you, young man. You just check in your wallet and see if you don’t have a dollar.

(THIEF checks in his wallet and comes out with a dollar bill)

HENRY: *(taking the dollar from THIEF and letting it flutter to the floor)* Which would you rather have? Solid silver money? Or worthless paper money. Not worth the paper it’s printed on!

(Insistent horn beeps outside. Then a car careens off. THIEF rushes to the window.)

THIEF: Oh crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap!

ROBERTA: Language, young man.

THIEF: I knew I couldn't count on him. That was my ride.

HENRY: I always thought thieves of a feather stuck together.

THIEF: I was hopin' we would.

ROBERTA:

"Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops—at all."

THIEF: Honor among thieves. That's what you really meant, isn't it? Now what the hell am I going to do?

ROBERTA: You just mind your French, young man. (*Roberta exits.*)

THIEF: Sorry.

(*THIEF reaches for the dollar bill on the floor. HENRY puts his foot on it, then picks it up and pockets it.*)

HENRY: You're new to this business of bur...stealing, aren't you?

THIEF: Uh...yeah. Pretty new. I only started at the beginning of last semester when my tuition bill came in. I went to apply for a loan. Then I thought of the loan I already had and decided there had to be a better way. So I broke into—

HENRY: You broke in! Then you are a burglar.

THIEF: I mean I entered. I entered my Uncle Lester and Aunt Emily's home and took their computer. It was easy. Owen never made a sound.

HENRY: Wait a minute! You're going too fast. Lester. Emily. Owen? Who didn't make a sound?

THIEF: Owen. He's the dog. He didn't. Bark. Didn't bark.

HENRY: He knows you pretty well?

THIEF: Yeah. And of course I took a hunk of meat, good meat, beef, in with me just in case.

HENRY: But still, you stole a computer from your uncle and aunt.

THIEF: Kind of. I was just practicing. I took the computer back the next night. I don't think they even missed it. There was a little problem with Owen though because I forgot to take any meat, and he probably didn't recognize me immediately in the dark.

HENRY: Now let me get this straight. You're a student—

THIEF: Full time.

HENRY: And you're a part-time burglar.

ROBERTA: (*offstage*) Robber.

THIEF: Thief!

HENRY: Ah, I see, you moonlight as a thief.

THIEF: In a manner of speaking. I only go out on dark nights like this one. When there isn't a moon.

HENRY: So you're a thief part time. But still...I suppose, since you're a professional thief...you are a professional, aren't you?

THIEF: I'm trying to be, but people like you make it very difficult.

HENRY: Well, just say that you are a professional. Then the cost of the meat should be tax deductible.

THIEF: I hadn't thought about that. I'm a poly-sci major, not an econ major.

HENRY: Probably your gun too.

THIEF: Deductible? You think?

HENRY: I could check on it for you.

THIEF: Naw. Thanks anyway. I wonder about the meat though. Since the problem with Owen, I always carry some meat with me. I mean, most dogs don't recognize me.

HENRY: Meat? In your pocket?

(THIEF reaches into his pocket and pulls out the gun)

THIEF: Woops. Wrong pocket. *(He puts the gun back and reaches into another pocket and pulls out a large piece of meat)* Yuk! Must have slipped out of the plastic bag while I was crawling through the window.

HENRY: Serves you right. Now I suppose we'll have to keep all our windows locked. Check on them every evening before we go to bed.

THIEF: It'd be a good idea. *(He digs a plastic bag out of his pocket and attempts to put the meat back in it)* I don't suppose you have a dog I could give this to, do you?

HENRY: You think I go around telling every burglar whether we have a dog, do you?

THIEF: I'm not every burglar. And I'm not a burglar. I'm a thief. I wish you could get that right. And I'm going to retire just as soon as I can steal twenty-five thousand dollars worth of stuff.

HENRY: Have you calculated for inflation? Bubba—

THIEF: Bubba? Bubba's your dog?

HENRY: He's our nephew. He moved in with us because he got tired of living at home. After a couple of months I told him he should get a job. Needed social security I said. Then he decided to go to the U instead. But when he looked up the price, he figured by the time he got out he'd owe fifty thousand dollars.

THIEF: Oh my god! Oh my god! Fifty thousand!

HENRY: Checked on it on his computer, and that's what he found.

THIEF: So you do have a computer. A real computer. Besides your old tablet.

HENRY: Bubba does. He has most everything in his room.

THIEF: Where is he now?

HENRY: Sleeping. He sleeps most all of the time.

THIEF: I'm going up there! (*THIEF reaches into a pocket, pulls out a pork chop bone and handles it like a pistol*) Nuts! I always carry another piece of meat with me in case there's a second dog. Got hungry at work last night and ate this pork chop. I kept the bone just in case. (*He reaches into another pocket and pulls out the gun*) Damn! Now it's all greasy! Damn. Damn. Damn!

(*ROBERTA enters with a very nice tea service on a tray*)

ROBERTA: (*almost singing it*) Tea time.

THIEF: Business first. I'm going up there!

ROBERTA: Where?

HENRY: He's going to Bubba's room.

ROBERTA: Oh, don't bother. Bubba put a padlock on the door.

THIEF: You're just saying that to keep me from going up there.

ROBERTA: If you don't believe me, just check it out.

THIEF: You're just saying that so I go up there and you can call the cops. I'm going anyway. Don't anyone move!

(*THIEF pulls out his gun. Drops it on the floor. Picks it up, and dashes out. Sound of him dashing up the stairs. ROBERTA and HENRY don't budge.*)

HENRY: (*shouting after THIEF*) Bubba's room is the one with the Dolly Parton poster glued to the door.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!