

THE GREAT IRONY HEIST

TEN-MINUTE PLAY

By Eric Burchett

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BY ERIC BURCHETT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(THREE WOMEN)

KATIE (F)..... A woman in her late twenties.

RIO (F)..... A woman in her late twenties.

JESS (F) A woman in her late twenties

AT RISE:

RIO enters first, wearing all black, with a backpack, rope, and a pistol. She looks like a professional thief and sneaks in stealthily. KATIE follows. She also tries to sneak, but is much clumsier than RIO. Both women stop at the "ledge," and RIO pulls out binoculars and surveys the situation. KATIE sits next to her, becoming bored.

KATIE: I always wanted to work at a bank with those things that . . . they shoot the canisters when you drive through . . . you know, those tubes? With the air—

RIO: You need to be quiet.

KATIE: What? Oh yeah . . . bank robbery. (*Beat.*) Isn't that weird? I wanted to work at a bank—

RIO: Yeah, crazy. Did you double-check the rope?

KATIE: Uh . . . check, Rio. Is that your real name?

RIO: No. Is Katie your real name?

KATIE: Um . . . no.

RIO: (*Beat.*) Did you check your gun?

KATIE: Check.

RIO: So shut up already.

KATIE pulls out a pack of peanut M & M's and start to eat them, loudly.

KATIE: Want one?

RIO: No.

RIO reconsiders her answer and holds out her hand. KATIE gives her some M&Ms.

KATIE: What if I won a million dollars? What if I found the golden ticket in the M&Ms and won a million dollars and then died tonight? Wow, that'd make a great movie—

RIO: We're robbing a bank. If we succeed, you'll have a million dollars.

KATIE: *(Beat.)* That's already a movie. That's, like, ten movies. What I'm saying is, if I won a million dollars and then I died, then—

RIO: So what if you stole a million dollars — never mind.

KATIE: What?

RIO: What if you stole a million dollars and then died the same night? 'Cause that could happen.

KATIE: *(Beat.)* But that's not ironic.

RIO: Yes, it is.

KATIE: No, it's not!

RIO: Shh!

KATIE: *(Beat.)* I like your wig.

RIO: *(Beat.)* It would be ironic if I killed you.

KATIE: It would?

RIO: Yeah . . . your partner on the roof shoots you in the back after the robbery and tells the rest of the gang the cops did it. Then she . . . or whoever . . . takes your share.

KATIE: I don't think that's irony.

RIO: It is if we talked about it first.

KATIE: *(Beat.)* No, it's ironic if we talked about it first, then I shot you instead — I mean, I shot my partner instead. Not you . . . I like you.

RIO: Maybe we should shut up again.

KATIE: Right.

Pause.

RIO: You have no reason to shoot me.

KATIE: What?

RIO: Hypothetically.

KATIE: I'm not going to shoot you.

RIO: Yeah, I know. But we steal a million dollars, then you shoot me? No . . . I would shoot you — I'm the hard-ass professional. Your name is "Katie" for Christ's sake.

KATIE: That's why it's ironic if I shoot you.

RIO: *(Beat.)* Not if you have a motive!

KATIE: I do, but it's a secret motive . . . a hypothetical secret motive.

RIO: So if your motive isn't known, then it's . . . *(Beat.)* Stupid irony.

(Beat.) What if it was known?

KATIE: My motive?

RIO: Yeah . . . what if I said that I loved you? But you're homophobic and you don't want your husband to know about me?

KATIE: I do have a husband . . .

RIO: And I threatened to tell him that you are moonlighting as a lesbian bank robber unless you agreed to be my lover.

KATIE: Hypothetically?

RIO: Hypothetically.

KATIE: Okay, then, that wouldn't be ironic anymore, I guess. If all that . . . was known . . . the whole lesbian bank robber . . . thing.

RIO: And I'd be more likely to kill you? For irony's sake?

KATIE: Yes.

RIO: All right.

Pause.

KATIE: Yeah, so why would you kill me?

RIO: To take your share of the money.

KATIE: But you love me?

RIO: I don't actually love you. I just said that to get you to help me with the robbery.

KATIE: Hypothetically.

RIO: Hypothetically.

KATIE: Right . . . so what if I loved you? And . . . and I wanted to take this money and run away with you to some Caribbean island?

RIO: *(Beat.)* Then me killing you is more ironic.

KATIE: Damn, you're right. *(Beat.)* What if we don't kill each other?

RIO: That's not ironic at all.

KATIE: But it's happy.

RIO: *(Beat.)* I guess so.

KATIE: Yeah.

RIO: Yeah.

KATIE: Yeah . . . yeah. It'd be ironic if someone killed us right now! After we came to this realization.

RIO: Hypothetical realization.

KATIE: *(Beat.)* Yeah.

JESS enters.

JESS: Hey.

RIO AND KATIE: AAAHHH!

JESS: Shut up!

RIO: Jess, what are you doing here?

JESS: I was getting ready to barbecue. How do you like your steak done?

KATIE: Medium.

RIO: Why are you up on the roof?

JESS: I got done setting the explosives. You were watching me set the explosives, right? I don't suppose you were just chatting? You wouldn't take this job less than seriously, would you, Rio?

RIO: Yeah — I mean, no . . . I just . . . I don't remember this being part of the plan.

JESS: Really? That's funny, because I hired you to be the brains of this group. Not the weapons expert, because you obviously have an intellectual capacity that far exceeds the needs of some gun-toting moron.

KATIE: Why are you being so mean? Rio is trying her best to—

JESS: And I can't believe you're a rookie! This is really your first bank job?

RIO: Cut it out, Jess.

JESS: Hey, Katie? Wanna go to my house afterward and listen to some records? Mom could bake us some cookies, and we could giggle and call boys! It'd be real keen! You and me, BFF!

RIO: Shut up, Jessie.

KATIE: Listen, if my husband wasn't the bank's computer guy, you wouldn't have . . .

JESS: Wouldn't have what?

KATIE: You . . . wouldn't have . . . have those . . . codes . . . codey-things . . . So what if I don't know exactly what you did with that

information? The point is, I got that information for you, so you should be nice.

JESS: And you should be the lookout. Do you know why? 'Cause that's all you're worth to us. And if you can't sit there with your mouth closed and watch out for FUCKING cops, I'll blow your head off. Understand, Einstein?

RIO draws her gun.

JESS: Oh yeah, Rio. Shoot me. Great idea. Brilliant. Yeah, kill me, and then pull this off with Krissy over there. I'm sure it'd go off without a hitch.

RIO puts her gun down.

JESS: We don't need the deadweight, Rio . . . unless you want Chatty Kathy over there bragging about her little adventure at the PTA meeting. Wouldn't that be just perfect?

KATIE: Rio—

JESS: You know, maybe we'd like super-brain to fumble this robbery while we're in the bank!

KATIE: Wait, Rio . . . don't you see what she's doing?

JESS: Shoot her now, Rio, and let's get this job done.

KATIE: Sarcasm!

RIO: That's your best plea for your life? Sarcasm?

KATIE: Sarcasm! She's using sarcasm!

RIO: So?!

KATIE: Sarcasm is a form of irony!

JESS: I'm glad you're here to tell us these things, Professor.

RIO: No, she's right. Sarcasm is a form of irony.

KATIE: The ultimate form of irony!

JESS: (*Beat.*) What the hell are you talking about?

KATIE: And what would be more ironic then you having Rio kill me?

RIO: Looks like your plan backfired, Jess.

JESS: You're both insane. What did she do to you, Rio?

RIO: I fell in love with her, Jess. Funny thing, huh?

JESS: You are not in love with her . . . What about your job?

RIO: I don't need you anymore, Jess. I think that Katie and I make a pretty damn good team. She's leaving her husband, and after a few more jobs, we're retiring to a Caribbean island. I'm going legit.

KATIE: Really?

RIO: Hold here until I get back . . . I'm going to rob this bank, then we can frame Jess and take the money for our own. I'll be right back!

RIO exits.

KATIE: So . . .

JESS: So what?

KATIE: Let's say, hypothetically, that someone loves you, but you don't really love them, but you're afraid that if you tell them that, they'll shoot you.

JESS: Did you hypothetically lead her on?

KATIE: I hypothetically forgot that we were being hypothetical.

JESS: Then you're an idiot. Surprise!

KATIE: I think that I let the moment take me farther then I wanted to go.

JESS: So . . . I guess that's the great irony of the situation, huh?

KATIE takes off her wig and glasses, raises gun, advances on JESS.

KATIE: You have no idea.

BLACKOUT.

THE END