

SCENE 5

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The car outside the bank. It is an old boat of a car, the top removed for sightlines. Dick is at the wheel, Bug is in the front passenger seat, and Billy is in the back seat, directly behind Bug. They are waiting for Donnie in silence. After about ten seconds, Bug groans and slides down in his seat. Billy is looking stage left. After another pause, Donnie hurries on from stage left, and gets in behind Dick.

Dick: (not turning around) D'you get it?

Donnie: Well ya, but I had I had a fuck of a time in there.

Billy: Whatta ya mean?

Bug: I knew somethin' would fuck up. (together)

Dick: What happended.

Donnie: No, nothin' fucked up, it just - it was just a nightmare in there with so many people an' everythin', an' me tryin' to use all these different cards and stuff eh? an' get the money with all these fuckin' people breathin' down your neck, and wonderin' why your takin' so long. An' oh I shoulda wrote it down - how much I was gonna take from each one to make up 600 bucks

Dick: D'you get it?

Donnie: Oh ya, ya I got it, it just was hard 'cause I had to keep countin' it to see how much I had, an' then I kept losin' track an' gettin' the cards all mixed up, and all these fuckin' uptight assholes are lookin' at me, and doin' all this heavy sighin', because I'm using up their lunch-hour, makin' them stand in line there an' wait' an' wait for the other' machines, an' there's always some old guy at the machine who's never done it before eh? an' he's reading every line of the instructions really slow an' making everybody crazy an'

Bug: Just give us the money.

Dick: Give the 600 bucks / to Billy.

Donnie: O.K., O.K. I got it, I will I will - thank god those people had money in their accounts, I was thinkin' that when I was in there eh, what if the cards that

Donnie: I got, the people had no money, (laughing) had nothin' in their accounts, an' I'd be pushin' withdraw withdraw like a freak eh? an' the machine goes No No, an' I goes

Dick: Just count out the money for Billy, and give him the receipt that says 60 bucks.

Donnie: Oh ya, I got that, I got those too, I got a whole wack of 'em here, (He pulls several receipts from a jacket pocket.) and...this...one is the one for 60 bucks for you, (He gives it to Billy.) and this is the money. (He takes it from another pocket.) You think we should recount it to make sure there's 600? 'cause I think I ended up with a little more

Bug: More!

Billy: Give me the money!

Dick: Yes fuck, count out the money and hurry up, yer yakking up a storm like you're - are you speeding you asshole? I told you - no shit until after the job.

Donnie: No no I'm just excited this is just so exciting like in a movie or somethin' an' I'm shakin' -

(Bug turns and glares at him.)

O.K. O.K. I'm countin' it out, I'm doin' it, O.K.  
(Between Bug and Dick, on the arm rests, he counts out the money.) Two, four, six, eight, one hundred. Two, four, six, eight...two...four -

Billy: No that's two hundred. Two, four -

Donnie: (Donnie resumes, Billy counts with him.) four six eight three, two four six eight, four, and two four six eight five, and two four six eight SIX! There! You take that, (He gives Billy the six hundred.) an' I still got two four six eight Eighty bucks left over Dick, that I got 'cause I got a bit mixed up

Dick: You can keep that / for your trouble

Bug: No split it. He should split it four ways.

Dick: What? / What are you talking about he should split

Donnie: Oh ya, ya I was gonna split it - I would never keep it for myself, that's why I told you all that I got some extra so you wouldn't think...(He notices Billy is recounting the money.) you wouldn't think that I was

Donnie: tryin' to rip yas off or anythin', 'cause we're all in this together - I think - so everybody gets a cut - so there's one for you (Bug) and one for you (Dick) and one for you (Billy) an' don't get it mixed up with the other stuff, and one for me. Oh ya that's only fair.

Dick: (to Bug) Asshole. This is shit. This is fuckin' diddly. Quit thinking small time, this isn't smoke money we're talking here, this isn't nickel and dimin'

Bug: I just wanna make sure I get somethin'/ out of this stupid

Dick: Oh you'll get something, you'll get something you fuckin' pinhead, you'll get ten to twelve if you / don't stop tryin' to fuck it up with your

Bug: Don't fuckin' talk to me about gettin' anything but my fuckin' share, and that's part of my share. My money.

Dick: O.K. O.K. you...Just take the twenty measly bucks and go buy yourself something real nice.

(beat.) (Billy leans forward.)

Billy: Maybe he can get a little pony for his farm.

(Bug snaps around in the seat to attack Billy.)

Dick: BUG! Bug. Don't you fuckin' hit him just before he has to go in that bank, and get and give that money, and talk to one of the - Don't you fuckin' dare fuck this up! Sit down. Come on. Just sit down and watch with me.

(Bug turns around, slumps in seat)

Thank you. Jesus Christ you can't fuck with him before he goes in there. I already explained the whole thing to you in very simple words: he's the one who goes into the fuckin' bank.

(pause)

Bug: I think we should split the 600.

(the next four speeches happen at the same time)

Donnie: Ya I was thinkin' maybe we should just split it up too 'cause it seems real busy in there and I'm not sure about this plan o' yours, don't you call me an asshole you asshole I'm the one who got the I can SO count I

Donnie: just was nervous sitting in this shitbox with that fuckin' animal

Dick: Split It? Split the fucking 600 bucks? Jesus Fucking Christ I've never heard such The plan is fine. An' if you weren't so stupid yes fuckin' stupid maybe we would've had this kind of just get in that fucking bank.....

Billy: No way are we splitting this shitty little bit of cash just because some fucking ugly goof - I can't believe this - the plan is not fine as long as this asshole who can't even fuckin' count, and this cocksucker who shoulda been dead a long time ago are part of this

Bug: I don't think this fuckin' asshole Yes split the 600 bucks because this whole idea is so fuckin' fucked - and No Way can you give a cent to this Stupid? you calling me Stupid with this shit in the back seat I'll kill you I'm gonna kill you (to Billy)

Dick: (grabs Donnie and Bug and shakes them while screaming) SHUT UP! Shut Up. Everybody just shut the fuck up.

(pause, then quietly)

Now I don't care what you three assholes think of this plan, well yes I do, but if you don't think it's gonna work, you can just get the fuck out of this car, and walk away right now. We have the money, and the guns, and I'll finish the fucker myself, if any or all of you pathetic freaks of nature want to get out, just get out now, and go back to your sad sorry lives, and pretend that you never heard of any of this. Anyone wants out, get out now.

(pause)

But if you stay, I don't want to hear a word

Bug: Just

Dick: Not a fucking SOUND about this not working, or who's the stupidest, or who stole what - Christ I can't believe what I brought together here. We are sitting on the biggest gold mine that anybody's ever dreamed of, this thing is so simple, so purely right - and you three stooges are gonna fuck it up 'cause you don't have any faith, Faith - that something could come along, be dropped in your laps, that could change your lives forever. You gotta get over your petty little differences, and your fears, and you just gotta believe

Dick: in this, just for now, just for a half an hour please, you gotta believe that there is a way out of this, an easy way for all of us all of us to get what we want. Now.

(beat)

Is anybody out?

(pause)

O.K.  
Good.  
Good.

Billy, I want you to take the money, and the receipt, as planned, take it into the bank, and up to the Customer Service counter. Tell the woman who comes up to help you, exactly what has happened, as we discussed. And give her the money. Just give her the money. I know that may be the hardest part of the whole thing so far, but you have to believe, to understand that that is the key. Give her the money. Then you come back here. You got it?

Billy: Ya.

Dick: Give her the money. Come back here. And then we wait. Simple.

Donnie: Dick?

Dick: What.

Donnie: I'm - I - I don't feel very good.

Dick: What do you mean? How bad are you?

Donnie: I dunno. I just started to get kinda dizzy, an' I'm sweatin'

Dick: Don't give me a - what do you think is wrong?

Donnie: I dunno...but while he's in there, can I, do you think I could maybe maybe go an'... take these wallets back?

Bug: (groans)

Dick: No. No Donnie 'cause something might happen to you, and we can't risk it. You might get sick, or hit by a car, or you might even get caught, you don't know maybe one of those ladies has noticed her wallet is missing,

Dick: and the cops might be there, and we just can't risk you getting out of the car right this second..O.K?

Donnie: Oh that's O.K. Ya I get it, ya I can see that but... ya know I'd feel a lot better, if maybe I could get these people back their I.D. an' stuff

Billy: Jesus \_|

Bug: Jesus | (together)

Dick: Jesus \_|

Dick: Uh no, Donnie, I know ya feel bad, but right now is not the best time. Tell ya what - after we have the money, we'll pull by the church and see if any of them are still there, and if they're gone, you can take that stuff right to their houses, you have their addresses probably in their wallets, you can take it right to them, and maybe even slip in a hundred bucks for them, to make it up to them, for their trouble.

Donnie: Uh I don't think I'd go that far. But I might bring 'em back to them, that sounds good. Ya I like that.

Dick: Good boy. Good.  
Right.  
Now.  
(to Billy) You ready?

Billy: Yup.

Dick: O.K. man...go give 'er.

Donnie: Good luck eh.

(Bug leans forward, head in hands)

Billy: (He gets out of the car, then leans back in.)

See ya in Mexico. (He laughs, then puts the earphones of his walkman on his head, and pushes Play. Intense modern rock music in. He rocks to the music, pumping his adrenalin as he crosses into the bank area. The lights fade on the other three in the car.)