



# DOG DAY AFTERNOON

a new PLAY

WRITTEN BY  
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DOG DAY AFTERNOON by Stephen Adly Guirgis

Updated Draft: BROADWAY FINAL

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The action of the play takes place in a Chase Manhattan Bank, a Liquor Store and a Street outside the bank on Avenue P in Gravesend Brooklyn. It is August 22nd, 1972.

SCENE 1: THE BANK & THE STREET -- 2:59 PM

In BLACKOUT, we hear a soundscape of the streets of Brooklyn -- car horns, exhaust fans, garbage trucks & subway trains alongside the sounds of transistor radios, car stereos & boomboxes spinning the A.M. Radio Dial--

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1

10-10 WINS NEWS: You give us 22 minutes --

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2

Fall-out continues from the break-in at Washington D.C.'s Watergate Hotel --

RADIO ANNOUNCER #3

Human remains discovered at The Bronx Zoo--

RADIO ANNOUNCER #4

New York City Inflation, Unemployment, and the 5 Borough Misery Index all rapidly --

RADIO COMMERCIAL

"Plop plop, fizz fizz, oh what a relief it is!!"

RADIO ANNOUNCER #5

1050 WHN, the official sponsor of your New York Mets --

Lights slowly rise revealing the entrance to the Chase Manhattan Bank. An African-American Security Guard, MR. EDDY, lowers the American Flag --

RADIO ANNOUNCER #7

-- Today's top story: The Knapp Commission investigation into widespread NYPD corruption continues today --

RADIO ANNOUNCER #8

-- Radio 710 W.O.R. -- the flagship station!

DISC JOCKEY

--92 WABC degrees-- going up to a high of -- you don't wanna know! James Brown, Sonny & Cher, Tony Orlando coming up. But first dig this down & dirty ditty from across the pond--

"Queen Bitch" by David Bowie plays as SAL & RAY-RAY, both sporting sunglasses, approach the bank. SAL wears a tuxedo and trench coat, RAY-RAY is dressed in very short cut-offs and sandals and carries a guitar case.

MR. EDDY

2:59 -- Guess y'all just "Beat the Clock" -- you know, like the TV show?

RAY-RAY

Oh we're not together -- Right, Sal?

SAL glares at RAY-RAY. An awkward beat.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Eddy) Um, I meant "Sir", not "Sal" --  
(To Sal) Right, Sal? (To Mr. Eddy) I mean Sir!! Sir!! Sir not Sal!!! Sir not Sal!!!--

MR. EDDY

(To Sal, Re: Ray-Ray) You know this young fella, sir?

SAL shakes head no, Eddy nods--

MR. EDDY (CONT'D)

Window 3 deposit only --

MR. EDDY unlocks door and holds it open for them --

SAL enters. RAY-RAY hesitates.

RAY-RAY

-- Um, I really did mean "sir", "sir", but --

MR. EDDY

Keep it moving now, son --

RAY-RAY

Moving? Oh. Oh yeah.

As Ray-Ray enters the bank -- The Branch Manager, NELSON BUTTERMAN, sits at his desk speaking on the phone. The head teller COLLEEN dutifully helps a customer, while two other tellers, LORNA and ALISON are talking and laughing while they count cash and close out their drawers. A fourth teller, ROXXANNA, appears bored; she chews gum and files her nails.

BUTTERMAN notices LORNA and ALISON and snaps his fingers imperiously --

BUTTERMAN

Ladies! Converse on your own dime. And Lorna -- the lollipops are for the customers.

LORNA

Sorry, Mr. Butterman.

BUTTERMAN

You're literally stealing from small children.

LORNA

Yes, Mr. Butterman.

BUTTERMAN

(on phone) Sorry, sir, you were saying...?

Near the front door, RAY-RAY and SAL whisper and then separate, as --

LORNA

Oh my! Are you serious, Alison?! An affair?!

ALISON

Sshh!

LORNA

That bastard Lenny -- I never liked him.

ALISON

Not Lenny -- me!

COLLEEN

Next!

LORNA

You're having an affair??!!

ALISON

Well not yet but -- my night school professor. He asked me out again.

COLLEEN concludes a transaction with WIDOWER DAVE.

COLLEEN

Here you go, Dave -- 2 rolls of quarters and a book of 6 cent postage stamps --

WIDOWER DAVE

Thanks. Say Colleen, can I ask you something?

ROXXANNA

Next...

BUTTERMAN

(on the phone)

-- I'm afraid that's not possible, sir... Yes, I understand, sir -- however...Well because, sir: even a cursory glance at your current, non-deferable P & I fiduciary encumbrance amortization will show, in no uncertain terms -- wha? -- excuse me??...I said, your current, non-deferable P & I fiduciary encumbrance amortization -- "your contract", yes--

ALISON

Gregory, that's his name, he's so cultured and handsome -- and Lorna: he speaks French -- Look. He gave me his phone number: See how he makes his sevens with that cute little curly line through it? Very European.

LORNA

He's from France?

ALISON

Massapequa. But he went to NYU -- you know, in Manhattan?

LORNA

Speaking of Manhattan, Joey got a babysitter for tonight -- he wants to take me to one of those "sex movies" -- Deep Throat!

WIDOWER DAVE

-- Colleen -- as you may be aware, it's been over a year now since my wife Jeanie passed --

COLLEEN

God rest.

WIDOWER DAVE

Yeah, and, see -- I still got her late-model Singer Sewing Machine in the den, and well -- I thought you might like to have it-- that is if you sew?

COLLEEN

Oh. Why yes, I do sew! Thank you! What a lovely gesture! But, well, I'd have to clear it with my manager, Mr. Butterman, you being a customer and all, and I'm sure he'd say it was a bad idea --

WIDOWER DAVE

-- Well, how 'bout you don't tell him? If you don't tell him, then he don't gotta know, right?

COLLEEN

Sure. (She briefly considers this) But Dave -- I'd know.

ALISON

I'm a good girl, Lorna, and a dutiful wife -- but I read "The Feminine Mystique", and I mean -- Lenny had a fling with that Hussy from Canarsie, so, ya know -- "What's good for the goose?"--

LORNA

-- Goose? What goose?

ROXXANNA

Can I help you?

RAY-RAY checks his watch -- openly sweating and mildly hyperventilating.

RAY-RAY

Oh, uh, -- are you a notary public?

ROXXANNA

A what? No... Next!!

Roxanna cracks her gum. Ray-Ray walks away. SAL hovers over Butterman's desk.

BUTTERMAN

Sir! As I've already informed you -- the bank closes at three...

BUTTERMAN notices SAL's hovering. Sal picks up a Snow Globe off Butterman's desk and stares at it like he's never seen one before.

BUTTERMAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me! Can I help you, sir?

BUTTERMAN takes the Snow Globe from Sal, puts it back on desk --

BUTTERMAN (CONT'D)

Sir, we're all out of toasters if you're here for the New Checking promotion --

COLLEEN

-- Will there be anything else, Dave?

WIDOWER DAVE

Yes -- after Church on Sundays, me and a few of the other union plumbers and their wives or lady friends, we go for pizza pies and cold beer over at the VFW, they got a nice set up, even got a little dance floor --

COLLEEN

That sounds pleasant.

WIDOWER DAVE

I thought perhaps you might like to accompany me sometime?

COLLEEN

Oh... No thank you.

WIDOWER DAVE

I just thought...

COLLEEN

No.

WIDOWER DAVE

I'm shy, but --

COLLEEN

Bank is closed, Dave.

WIDOWER DAVE

Colleen, I just -- would ya at least take the sewing machine off my hands?

ROXXANNA

I'll take your sewing machine, sweetie -- it's not a piece of junk, is it?

WIDOWER DAVE

(to Roxanna) No, it's, uh, -- (To Colleen) Colleen?

Widower Dave goes to exit, as--

BUTTERMAN

(on phone) What? My name? Butterman. Nelson Butterman. What? My actual name, yes.... B-U-T-T-

SAL points a machine gun at Butterman --

SAL

Hang up the phone.

BUTTERMAN hangs up phone. Sal grabs the Snow Globe and puts it in his pocket.

WIDOWER DAVE exits the bank as SONNY, approaches the entrance

MR. EDDY

Sorry, son -- bank's closed.

SONNY

Closed? Oh uh -- man, I'll only be a minute, sir, I swear.

MR. EDDY

If I had a nickel for everyone told me that --

SONNY

I hear you, I do, and I'm embarrassed to be asking,  
But I just, I really need to cash my check.

MR. EDDY

They got a check cashing joint two blocks south over there on  
Bath Avenue across from the Crazy Eddies.

SONNY

Yeah, but --

MR. EDDY

"But?" But what, son? --

SONNY regards MR. EDDY. RAY-RAY spots  
SONNY through the glass and motions to  
him imploringly.

SONNY

Hey man -- it's okay, forget it, I'm sorry. Everyone, they  
always wanna be the exception to the rule, right?

MR. EDDY

Could be.

SONNY

"Could be"?! C'mon man. Who knows it better than you  
probably? It's a national epidemic of "Me,Me,Me" these days,  
right? From Gravesend Brooklyn to the fuckin' crook in the  
White House -- "Me, me, me, 24-7, we never close". And me?  
Let's be honest, I just perpetrated an attempted "me, me, me"  
on you, sir... And that was wrong. And I apologize.

MR. EDDY

It's okay --and look, I don't like turning people away -- but  
it's my job and I need to keep it-- And see, that damn Bank  
Manager. Look! See there! Look inside! Even now, damn Beedy-  
Eyed Bank Manager eye-balling me sidewise, all urgent, proolly  
just for talkin' to you.

SONNY

I can see that, yeah.(extends his hand) Hey: My name's Sonny.

MR. EDDY

(Shaking Sonny's hand) Eddy.

SONNY

Pleasure to meet you, Eddie... Say, I don't mean to push this  
"bank is closed" thing -- but -- any chance at all you're a  
veteran?

MR. EDDY

Oh c'mon -- what, you gonna try an "Semper Fi" me now?

SONNY

(rolls up his sleeve revealing a tattoo) I'm a Veteran, sir. Lava Dogs -- First Battalion, 3rd Marines, second on the ground in 'Nam. I just really need to cash my check --

Mr. Eddy studies him, sighs, and unlocks the door for Sonny --

MR. EDDY

(re: himself) Marines. Seventh Regiment. Korea... Be quick.

Sonny starts to enter, then --

SONNY

Thanks... and hey, one Jar Head to another, take a smoke break, walk around the block, you'll be glad you did.

SONNY enters the bank, exchanges a glance with Sal.

RAY-RAY

Sonny! Pssst! Sonny! Over here!

SONNY

I see ya, Ray-Ray. You okay?

RAY-RAY

Me? Um, well Sonny, since you inquired --

SONNY

Hey, hey. Take it easy. Breathe.

RAY-RAY

Okay, but Sonny -- before things start actually happening --

SONNY

Hey. You see Sal over there? Things are already happening, Ray-Ray. Just breathe. Follow the plan.

RAY-RAY

Yeah...I can dig that.

SONNY

"Proper planning brings comfort and ease", right?

RAY-RAY

"Comfort and ease" -- I was gonna say that...

SONNY

I know you were. Now, gimme the guitar case --

RAY-RAY

Okay, but all I was gonna say was: On the one hand, I'm like, honestly, like infinity not okay -- infinity! -- but I mean, I'm a Libra, Sonny, 7th sign, ruled by Venus, you dig?

SONNY

I absolutely dig. Hand me the guitar case.

RAY-RAY

Yeah yeah -- Right on.

SONNY

Ray-Ray -- the guitar case.

RAY-RAY

The what? Oh. Right. Here ya go, Sonny.

RAY-RAY hands SONNY the guitar case.

SONNY

Follow the plan and we'll be out of here in 7 minutes with big money, Ray-Ray.

RAY-RAY

Big money, Seven minutes--

SONNY

Ray-Ray

RAY-RAY

Yeah?

SONNY

I'm proud of you, man.

RAY-RAY

Thanks, Sonny.

SONNY gives RAY-RAY a reassuring wink. SONNY then eyes SAL, gives him a nod, and approaches COLLEEN's window, guitar case in hand.

COLLEEN

Sorry, sir, but we're closed --

Just then, MR. EDDY enters with the American flag -- and notices a handgun in RAY-RAY's waistband

MR. EDDY

Gun! Weird Boy got a gun!

LORNA  
OH MY GOD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ALISON  
HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!!!!!!!!!!!!

ROXXANNA  
Shoot 'em Eddy -- put him down!!

MR. EDDY draws his gun on Ray-Ray.

MR. EDDY  
Freeze, boy!

RAY-RAY draws his gun on the tellers --

LORNA  
AAAAaAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaRRRR  
RRGGGH!!!!!!

ALISON  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRGH!!!!  
!!!!

SONNY tries to open his guitar case to retrieve his shotgun, but has difficulty -- and when he finally rips it open -- a Guitar falls out -- no rifle!

SONNY  
Ray-Ray!! Where the fuck is the shotgun, Ray-Ray??!!

RAY-RAY, terrified, tosses SONNY his hand gun, but his throw is short, the gun hits the ground and FIRES.

BANG! THE WOMEN scream. RAY-RAY screams. SONNY screams. MR. EDDY screams. SONNY grabs the gun, points it at MR. EDDY

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Drop it, Soldier! See my partner with the double sawed off -- C'mon, be smart, you're outgunned, drop it, friend!

MR. EDDY drops his gun, Ray-Ray picks it up and pockets it, as -- MR. EDDY staggers, clutches his heart and falls to the ground.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Hey! Hey! What're you doing? Hey! C'mon! Semper Fi, man!!! Oh man -- Ray-Ray, go tend to him!!!!..... Hey Sal! -- Sal?!

SAL has BUTTERMAN spread-eagled on his desk with his AK-47 in his mouth.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Sal! Sal! Take the rifle out of his mouth! It's okay.  
Everything is okay --

SONNY (CONT'D)

-- Now, Ray-Ray -- Ray-Ray?! Ray-Ray?! Where did he go --  
RAY-RAY??!! What the fuck??!!

RAY-RAY in tears, hides in the corner.

RAY-RAY

I can't do this, Sonny!

SONNY

Ray-Ray, c'mon -- Go check on the Guard!

RAY-RAY

My stomach feels funny! I wanna go home!

SONNY

Ray-Ray --

Sonny spots Alison behind the counter --

SONNY (CONT'D)

You! Hey, you, blondie, Angie Dickinson, yeah you! Go tend to  
Eddy, please.

ALISON

Who's Eddie?

SONNY

"Who's Eddie"?! Shame on you, miss -- I bet he knows your  
name! Hey Soldier, you know her name, right?

MR. EDDY groans in agony.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Go check on him. Go! Now!

COLLEEN

Do what he says, girl! Hurry!

As Alison rushes over to MR. EDDY

ALISON

Don't shoot, don't shoot!!

SONNY

Ray-Ray, the window blinds -- close 'em! And you, toss me the  
guards keys --

ROXXANNA

Keys where? Here?

SONNY

On his belt, yeah... (to Colleen) And you!

COLLEEN

Me?

SONNY

Lock the front door and bring me back the keys! Don't make a mistake!

COLLEEN

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph -- who can comply with a gun to your head?!

SONNY

Look Miss, I understand you may be frightened --

COLLEEN

Oh you understand, do you?! You understand?!

SAL

Sonny!

SONNY

Please lady, just do what I say!

SAL

Punch her in the fuckin' mouth!

SONNY

Punch who?

SAL

The one giving you lip! Big mouth over there!

SONNY

It ain't necessary, Sal -- she's complying. You see her complying, right?

Sonny checks his watch.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Alright, folks! Admittedly, we're off to a bit of a rough start here -- but the good news, if you follow instructions, nobody will get hurt -- and while, yes, technically, this is a robbery -- we come in peace!

COLLEEN

Peace my eye!

SAL

(Re: Colleen) Sonny!

SONNY

It's okay, Sal...Ray-Ray! Grab the spray paint -- black out those cameras!

RAY-RAY

Oh no!

SONNY

Oh no? Oh no what?

RAY-RAY

I forgot the paint, Sonny.

SONNY

You what?!

SAL

Sonny --

Sonny catches Lorna making moves behind the teller cages --

SONNY

One sec, Sal...Hey you! Away from the window, don't get cute with the silent alarms, I know all the tricks, honey!... Okay Ray-Ray, forget the paint, go get that money where the Tellers are -- and remember -- no dye packs, no marked bills, just like how we practiced it, right, Ray-Ray?!

RAY-RAY

"Practice", yeah but -- they're coming for me, Sonny! I can feel it, Oh God -- they're coming!

RAY-RAY makes a dash for the exit door--

SONNY

Ray-Ray!!!! Where you going?!!

RAY-RAY

Sonny, they're after me, Sonny!

SONNY

Who's after you?!

RAY-RAY

The Little People, okay?! Little People!!

SONNY

Little People who?!

RAY-RAY

Little People!

SONNY

Little people -- you mean like from the Circus?! ...Hey! Hey!  
Take off those sunglasses, man!

RAY-RAY

Sunglasses?!

Sonny removes RAY-RAY's sunglasses--

SONNY

Ah, gee whiz. You're high on drugs.

RAY-RAY

No! No! Little People!

SONNY

Enough with the Little People! Look around! Everyone here --  
average height! ... What're you doing?! Hey, hey, don't cry--

RAY-RAY

I'm sorry, Sonny!

SONNY

Just go get the money --

RAY-RAY

I know how much this means to you --

SONNY

The money, Ray-Ray --

RAY-RAY

Money?! Money where?!

Lorna interjects --

LORNA

Over here, Ray-Ray! The money's over here!

ROXANNA

Over there!

ALISON

Over there, see?

RAY-RAY

Sonny: psssst! It was Sal's idea, us taking the edge off --  
not mine!

SONNY

The edge? Wait, what -- you saying Sal's high on drugs too?!

SONNY steals a glance over at Sal. With  
one hand, Sal trains his AK-47 on  
Butterman.

With his free hand, he is holding his penis and peeing -- flawlessly -- into a garbage can 3 feet away. In his mouth, he chews gum while smoking a cigarette.

SONNY (CONT'D)

... Hey Sal. You good?

SAL

Golden.

SONNY

... Okay... Ray-Ray! Go get the money out of the drawers while I talk to Sal, can you do that?

RAY-RAY nods. Sonny starts towards Sal--

SONNY (CONT'D)

And the travelers checks too, Ray-Ray, and -- Ray-Ray?! Ray-Ray?! Where the fuck are ya?! RAY-RAY!!! Hey!!!

Sonny spots RAY-RAY almost halfway out the door.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Hey -- get back in here!

RAY-RAY

Please don't make me do this, please Sonny, please --

SONNY

Ray-Ray, c'mon man, get it together!

RAY-RAY

Together, yeah, To -- Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh no oh no -- oh no!

SONNY

What?

Ray-Ray doubles over, grabbing his ass--

RAY-RAY

No! No! My stomach! My ass!

ALISON

Sonny -- your accomplice, he's --

SONNY

Ah, geez. Okay. Sal! Sal! Ray-Ray can't make it.

SAL

Fuck him then.

SONNY

Ray-Ray. Go. Ray-Ray it's okay, don't cry, just go.

RAY-RAY

Thank you, Sonny!!!!

SONNY

Just toss me the keys to the car --

Ray-Ray sobs harder --

SONNY (CONT'D)

What?

RAY-RAY

Oh Sonny -- I took the subway!!

RAY-RAY runs out the front door--

SONNY

I don't believe this.

Sonny paces, trying to collect himself. He checks RAY-RAY's gun, spins the chamber. It's empty.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon!!!!

Sonny hurls the unloaded, useless weapon against the wall, as --

ALISON

-- Sonny! Hello? Excuse me? Sonny? He seems to be in shock, the guard -- I'm no doctor, but --

SONNY

What's your name?

ALISON

Alison.

SONNY

Let me ask you something, Alison: if you were gonna rob a bank --

ALISON

Me?!

SONNY

Yeah. If you, Alison, were bringing a gun to a robbery, you might probably load the gun with, say -- more than just one bullet, right?

ALISON

That other fellow -- he only brought one bullet?!

Alison starts to laugh

SONNY

What -- this is funny?

ALISON

No no! I'm sorry -- this is my first robbery -- oh God! --  
"First robbery"!

(To Roxxanna) First robbery!!!!

Alison laughs even harder.

SAL

Why the fuck she laughing, Sonny?!

SONNY

Don't pay her no mind, Sal -- it's her first robbery --

Alison laughs harder --

ALISON

-- "First robbery! First --

Roxxanna shakes Alison --

ROXXANNA

Hey! Get a grip!

BUTTERMAN

Please gentlemen, time's a-wasting, take what you want & go.

SONNY

Hey shut up you! What, you think we're lookin' to linger??

Sal slams the butt of his machine gun  
in Butterman's gut --

SONNY (CONT'D)

Sal! Sal, take it easy!

BUTTERMAN

Please! Please -- you're Sonny, right? You can both still get  
away if you leave immediately.

SAL

This guy, Sonny, he ain't right -- I'm getting Vibes.

SONNY

"Vibes"?!

SAL

Look at me: 96 degrees out -- and I'm chilled to the bone. Vibes, man. Nara-kasura vibes, this little fuckin' prick.

SONNY

Naraka-what???

BUTTERMAN

No vibes! No Naraka!

ALISON

"Narakasura", Sonny. He was some kind of, like, evil Hindu demon overlord..?

SONNY

How the fuck you know that?

ALISON

Oh, I, I do a lot of crossword puzzles --

LORNA

She's a big brain, Sonny!...And Sal! Sal! It's the AC, Sal! Not vibes! Mr. Butterman keeps it like an ice box in here on account of he says he has -- an ailment?

BUTTERMAN

Hyperhidrosis! It's a condition.

COLLEEN

Excuse me? I need to use the Loo.

LORNA

She means the can, Sonny.

SONNY

In a minute! (To Mr. Eddy) Eddy, can you walk?

COLLEEN

How can he walk when he's barely conscious?

SONNY

Okay, but he's visible through the glass doors. C'mon ladies, we gonna drag Eddy out of view a little--

COLLEEN

Are you insane?

Sonny unfurls the flag, and places it underneath the semi-conscious guard's body length-wise so as to be easily dragged --

SONNY

(To Mr. Eddy) You with me, soldier? (to the ladies) Kid gloves, ladies: This man served in Korea.

MR.EDDY

I thought you was a nice guy.

SONNY

I am, I mean usually... Ladies, drag him out of view!

They comply. MR. EDDY groans and passes out. Sonny crosses to Sal --

SONNY (CONT'D)

(checking his watch) We got problems, Sal.

SAL

Like what?

SONNY

Well for one thing, we've been here nine and a half minutes and robbing ain't even commenced. That -- and you're high on drugs.

SAL

Drugs?

SONNY

C'mon!

SAL

-- Well, I mean, maybe an over the counter cold remedy.

Sonny again checks his watch

SONNY

You screwed me, Sal.

SAL

I screwed you? Sonny, who asked who to rob a bank?

SONNY

I did.

SAL

And I'm here, right? I'm faithful Sonny -- like fuckin' Rin Tin Tin! So whadda we doing? -- Cuz right now -- I could Rin Tin Tin it -- or go straight-up fuckin Manson Family!

Woman scream! Sonny checks his watch --

SONNY

Okay, okay! Fuck it. People -- here's how it's gonna work: gimme all the money--no bottom bills, no dye-packs, no --

Suddenly, the phone rings -- Ring ring!

BUTTERMAN

It's the phone.

SONNY

It's the phone, huh? Who is it?

BUTTERMAN

I don't know. But if I don't answer it -- and it's Manhattan-- it'll arouse suspicion.

SONNY

... Answer it. But if you try to speak in code -- I'll know and Sal will blast you.

BUTTERMAN

Understood... Yes, hello.... Oh, hey, Mitch... Yes, of course, we'll, uh, have a messenger get that over to Two World Trade within the hour... Me? No I'm fine, just recovering from a little hay fever -- that and this miserable heat of course. Okay. What? Not at all. ~~Okay.~~ Sure thing.

Butterman hangs up. Sonny eyes  
Butterman suspiciously, then--

SONNY

Okay... Okay. You did good.... Now: take us to the Vault.

BUTTERMAN

I don't have the key for that, it's above my pay grade.

SONNY

You're Branch Manager, of course you got a key -- you think I'm stupid?!

BUTTERMAN

My mistake.

SONNY

Don't make another one. Maybe Sal got it right and you got them Hyena Vibes --

ALISON

"Hindu", Sonny --

BUTTERMAN

No no -- no Hindu, no hyena, no vibes whatsoever! My wife, she's a Quaker, okay -- to marry her, I converted.

SAL

From what?

BUTTERMAN

(To Sal) Judaism. (To Sonny) But relaxed -- secular. You know -- Egg Creams, The Brown Bomber, Brooklyn Dodgers. But these Quakers, Sonny? They don't know from relaxed --

Butterman takes out his wallet --

BUTTERMAN (CONT'D)

Sonny, see? Wife. Kids. Grandchildren. And these people, my employees, they all got families too --

SONNY

Okay well -- that's a good incentive to shut up and do as you're told. The vault. Now.

BUTTERMAN

Colleen, can you please give Alison the key to the vault? Right this way, gentlemen.

SONNY

Sal, go with him. I'll grab all the cash from the drawers. If he looks at you funny -- blast him.

BUTTERMAN

That won't be necessary I assure you. Alison, follow me.

SONNY

Who "Giggles"? No, not her. The other one. What's your name, honey?

LORNA

Lorna.

SONNY

Lorna Doone. Like the cookie. Okay, Lorna: bring a big bag -- we want all the cash in the vault. And the safety deposit boxes too. And you --

ROXANA

Me?

SONNY

Yeah. You bring a big bag too! Lotta money in there, Sal, go get it!

SAL

Wait. You don't got no weapon, Sonny...

SONNY

Why -- you got an extra?

Sal takes out a sawed off  
shotgun from his trench coat,  
and very formally hands it to  
Sonny --

SAL

Where I come from, Sonny, a man never lets another man touch  
his weapon.

SONNY

I won't tell nobody, okay, Sal?

SAL

Ain't the telling -- it's the touching....

Quick beat as Sal stares at  
Sonny to make sure he gets it--

BUTTERMAN

Uh... Gentlemen -- the vault?

Sal nods, then follows Butterman, Lorna  
& Roxxanna to the vault. Sonny goes to  
the Teller's area and starts grabbing  
the cash --

SONNY

Okay. See, Ladies? Movin' right along here. And really, I  
gotta tip my cap to you -- you're handling this all very  
well, very professional --

COLLEEN

What choice do we have? Three cowards with guns storm the  
bank, what are we supposed to do?

SONNY

Cowards?

COLLEEN

Real men work for a living.

SONNY

Is that so?

COLLEEN

Decent people have too much pride to resort to crime.

SONNY

Is she always like this? With the stick up her ass?

ALISON

Well, she's Head Teller, you know -- very dedicated.

SONNY

Head teller, huh? So she makes more than you?

COLLEEN

That's private.

SONNY

Oh is it? I'm guessing you make a dollar ten more an hour than Giggles here, that's \$8.80 a day, 5 and a quarter after Uncle Sam -- how am I doing so far? So -- for a measly half a sawbuck and two bits a day -- you're Butterman's enforcer -- and worse -- you're David Rockefeller's stooge. Now there's a real criminal!

COLLEEN

David Rockefeller is not a criminal!

SONNY

You think the Rockefellers don't steal for a living? That World Trade Center thing they built downtown? Twin Towers?-- Twin Theft! Millions in graft, local shops strong-armed out of business, phony occupancies to preserve real estate values downtown, which they own mostly all of it --

COLLEEN

It's called a free market economy, you moron -- survival of the fittest! And the Rockefeller's history of Philanthropy and Good Deeds is unmatched.

SONNY

"Good deeds"?! You ever hear of Attica, lady? 43 dead, hundreds injured, wholesale murder -- all thanks to your Governor Rockefeller! And it ain't "Philanthropy" if it came Stolen in the first place! Thieving cheap-ass tightwad Oligarchs!!! Rockefeller Mansion, Giggles, upstate? Over 100 guest rooms -- for friends and family -- the Rockefellers installed pay phones in every room! Pay phones! For friends and family! And I'm the criminal?! --

COLLEEN

You're the criminal, yes!

ALISON

(To both) We can agree to disagree --

COLLEEN

-- Oh sure! Who could disagree with Clarence Darrow here? Perish the thought! That's not a rifle in our face, that's not the bank's money he's shoving in his pockets -- he's not a criminal -- no -- he's Frankie Valli -- and we must be the Four Seasons!

SONNY

Hey alls I'm saying is the only difference between us common people and those thieving billionaires is they got it and don't need it -- and we need it and don't got it. Well fuck that. I'm taking it -- and hey if you want some too -- be my guest! Now C'mon. Travelers checks-- where do you keep the manifests?

COLLEEN

They're right underneath your nose.

SONNY

Aw, lighten up -- it's not your money.

COLLEEN

Just do your rotten business and get out of here.

SONNY

What's your name?

COLLEEN

Colleen.

SONNY

I gotta reluctantly commend you, Colleen. You're brave and you speak your truth -- even if your truth was spoon-fed to you by corrupt societal forces designed to keep us divided and scared.

COLLEEN

-- "Scared", my eye!

SONNY

Hey I'm just trying to pay you a compliment. You aren't scared and you aren't full of shit -- On top of which -- and I don't mean nothing by this, but -- you're really not half bad looking if you'd just drop the fuckin' sour puss act.

COLLEEN

Well that's just fine -- but could you refrain from the language?

SONNY

The language?

ALISON

She means the "F"'s and the "S"'s. She keeps a swear jar. See? Fines us for cursing.

Sonny fishes a couple bucks out of his pocket, puts it in the swear jar--

SONNY

There. You happy?... "F"'s and the "S"'s, huh? -- this is Brooklyn, Colleen -- not Mister Rogers Neighborhood.

COLLEEN

Mister Rogers wouldn't have you in his neighborhood!

SONNY

Yeah he would! He definitely would! --

Suddenly, knocking on the front door!  
Sonny ducks.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Who's that?!

COLLEEN

It must be that Young Nesbit from across the street.

ALISON

It's Young Nesbit, yeah.

SONNY

What's he want?

COLLEEN

What am I, a clairvoyant -- how should I know?

ALISON

Sonny: I'm pretty sure Young Nesbit and Mr. Buttermen, they go bet the horses at the O.T.B. after work. It used to be the father, Old Nesbit, who went with Buttermen -- they were buddies -- but he died recently of Lou Gehrig's disease --

COLLEEN

-- Horrifying --

ALISON

Horrifying, yeah -- but that's probably why's he's knocking.

Young Nesbit knocks more insistently,  
peering inquisitively into the bank  
through the glass door --

SONNY

Okay, okay, so go to the door, tell him Buttermen left --

ALISON

But Mr. Buttermen is the one who locks up --

More knocking --

COLLEEN

Oh for heaven's sake -- can't you see he's growing suspicious?

Knock knock knock

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Look, I really need to go to the bathroom!

SONNY

Not now.

Knock knock knock, knock knock knock

SONNY (CONT'D)

This guy don't quit, huh?

Knock knock knock

SONNY (CONT'D)

Shit... Okay, Colleen, I'll make you a deal. We go to the door, you get rid of this annoying fucking guy -- you get to go to the bathroom, you have my word, c'mon.

COLLEEN

I'm not a good liar.

As they head to the door --

SONNY

I got faith in ya. Besides, lying ain't nothing but the truth over-easy--

COLLEEN

Pipe down, I'm trying to think. And that makes absolutely no sense what you just said.

They approach the door, Sonny hiding near the wall. COLLEEN unlocks the door

YOUNG NESBIT

Hi Colleen -- did you hear a gun shot?

COLLEEN

Was that a gunshot? We all just assumed it was one of those little hooligans from Bath Avenue with a zip gun or bottle rocket.

YOUNG NESBIT

Could be... So what's going on in here?

COLLEEN

You know..... Lady business.

ALISON

Lady business.

YOUNG NESBIT

Lady business?

COLLEEN

Lady business, yes. Female concerns.

YOUNG NESBIT

Where's Butterman?

COLLEEN

Mr. Butterman? Mr Butter -- Oh hell, where is my head today?

She reaches into her apron, pulls out a couple of dollars --

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Mr and Mrs Butterman are celebrating their 35th anniversary, it's a big to-do, he's taking her on the Circle Line, you know, boat around Manhattan, then to Luchows for early supper, ball room dancing at Roseland and then -- I believe -- yes -- late night carriage ride around Central Park before heading back to Sheepshead Bay.

YOUNG NESBIT

Hmm. Sounds nice.

COLLEEN

Thank you. I mean -- by the way also, here: he asked me to give you this -- and for you to play "The Exacta" for him -- 2 dollars straight on the 3 and 7 in the 9th.

YOUNG NESBIT

Um, great. Okay then... Well, I *am* dying to know what "lady business" is.

COLLEEN

I'll never tell. Neither will my girls. Good day, Nesbit.

YOUNG NESBIT

Sure thing, hon. You too.

He exits. She locks the door. Sonny checks his watch.

SONNY

Impressive... You should run for office.

COLLEEN

You owe me 2 dollars and a visit to the Loo.

Suddenly, we hear a loud scream coming from the vault. Lorna & Alison & Roxxanna comes rushing back --

LORNA

Please Mr. Sonny -- come quick!! Come quick!!

SONNY

What is it?

ROXXANNA

It's Sal!

LORNA

Sal's going to shoot Mr. Butterman!! Oh my God!! We opened the vault but there's no money because the boys from the Brinks Truck came today at 11 instead of tomorrow at 11, and Mr. Butterman said --

SONNY

Whaddya mean there's no money?! There should be 300 large in there --

ALISON

No! They came already!

SONNY

What the fuck are you talking about?! (to Colleen) What the fuck is she talking about?!

LORNA

Please, Sonny! Please save Mr. Butterman! He's an awful, awful man -- but he doesn't deserve to die!

Suddenly a loud gunshot from the vault.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

The women scream --

SONNY

Sal! Sal!...Okay, time to go! -- Everybody -- to the vault! Everybody! Move it! Lorna Doone, get the Guard on his feet --

COLLEEN

Lorna, don't!

SONNY

Lorna, you want me to get Sal on you? Grab the guard!

COLLEEN

He's not well! Can't you see he's probably suffered a heart attack?

SONNY

Sure -- like he's the only one!(to Sal, shouting) Sal!  
Everything all right in there?!

SAL

(shouting) There's no money here!! There's no money!

SONNY

Sal -- I know -- but what about the gunshot?!

SAL

Gunshot?! Oh yeah, Sonny, my mistake: I shot at something  
that wasn't there.

SONNY

How about Butterman please tell me he's still all there, Sal!

MR. BUTTERMAN

I'm still here! You sunuvabitch!! Oww! Oww stop!!!

SONNY

We're coming to the vault now, Sal! Hang on! I got the cash,  
maybe 30 grand, another 25 in traveller checks -- we'll lock  
'em all in the vault, and we are outta here!!! (to Ladies)  
Let's go, move it, c'mon ladies!

COLLEEN

But -- but what about the bathroom? I have to go!

LORNA

Me too!

ALISON

Me too!

SONNY

Sorry Ladies -- next time!

COLLEEN

Next time?! But you promised! You promised!

SONNY

-- I'm sorry --

COLLEEN

But you promised! You gave me your word! Are you a man of  
your word -- or a lying slug?!

SONNY

Look at the clock! How you think we're gonna escape if we  
gotta wait on all of youse to use the can? Shots were fired!  
For Christ's sake, we arrived, now we're leaving. We said no  
one would be hurt -- who the fuck is hurt over here, okay?!  
Be fair, lady!

COLLEEN

We made a deal! You S.O.B.! You're a liar! No integrity, no nothing -- I have issues, sensitivities, from childhood, I can't hold my bladder, it's private, and painful, and causes complications, I can't, I can't, you bastard --

SONNY

Enough!

COLLEEN

You welcher!!

SONNY

Shut up!

COLLEEN

Lousy bed bug! --

SONNY

Shut up, shut up, shut up!

Sonny cocks the shotgun aims it at Colleen. Alison grabs Lorna's hand.

ALISON

We're gonna die.

LORNA

I know.

ALISON

I lied to you before. About Gregory -- my professor? We're already involved.

LORNA

I suspected as much.

ALISON

We did it eight times already.

COLLEEN

(To Sonny) Go on and shoot me! Go ahead. Shoot me or let me urinate -- for the love of God!

Beat. Sonny lowers the rifle --

SONNY

Fuck. I swear to God -- no other bank robber in The Tri-State Area would do this, you remember that! Now c'mon, ladies-- who wants to go to the fuckin bathroom?!

COLLEEN

Oh Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, thank God in Heaven!!

SONNY  
Yeah yeah yeah.

They all approach the bathroom.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Colleen, you first --

Sonny opens the bathroom door. A massive cloud of marijuana smoke envelopes them -- someone is in there, Sonny cocks his gun ---

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Hey! Who's in here?!?!

COLLEEN  
Oh Lord! No Sonny, don't shoot, don't shoot, it's just Guadalupe-- hopped up on marijuana, she does this all the time!

Guadalupe exits bathroom.  
She's wearing headphones  
plugged into a transistor  
radio --

GUADALUPE  
Dios mio! It's just a fuckin' joint, Colleen -- and you call the cops on me?!

SONNY  
(re: Guadalupe) Who is she??

COLLEEN  
She works here, we can't get rid of her, her Uncle drives a limo for one of the Senior Bank Officers in Manhattan --

GUADALUPE  
(to Sonny) I'm a student, Officer -- and this weed ain't mine!

COLLEEN  
Guadalupe, he isn't police, he's a criminal.

GUADALUPE  
(To Colleen) Fuckin' narc!

ROXXANNA  
He's not Police, you idiot! He's robbing our bank--

GUADALUPE  
So I'm not in trouble?

SONNY

C'mon, get out of there, people need to use the can.

Colleen enters -- A beat. She pees. We hear it. It's awkward.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(to the ladies, re: the sound) Sheesh. Like Niagara Falls.

ROXXANNA

Colleen we can hear you -- run the faucet or something!

Suddenly -- the phone rings! Ring ring. Ring ring. Ring ring.

SONNY

Fuck! Fuck!

Then, from the bathroom --

COLLEEN

(calling out) That's Manhattan calling again -- if no one answers, it's a dead giveaway!

SONNY

Sal!!!!!! Sal!!!!!! It's the phone!!!! Bring back Butterman!!!!!! We need Butterman, Sal!!!!!!

COLLEEN

(calling out) Look, I'll answer the phone, I'll tell them he's gone to wash his hands.

Colleen re-emerges, goes to answer phone, when--

SONNY

Wait! Don't touch that phone! We got Butterman! We got Butterman!

COLLEEN

Oh thank God!

Colleen re-enters the bathroom. Sal enters the bank floor with Butterman -- who rushes to the phone.

SONNY

No tricks, Butterman.

BUTTERMAN

(To Sonny) Your friend is certifiably insane.

Butterman answers the phone. They all hover around him.

BUTTERMAN (CONT'D)

Butterman here... Yes... I see... Well, I couldn't say...I really couldn't say... Okay -- I'll see --

Butterman takes the phone from his ear and wipes his brow --

SONNY

What? What now? Get him off the phone.

BUTTERMAN

I can't.

SONNY

Why not?

Butterman hands Sonny the phone --

BUTTERMAN

Because he wants to speak to you.

BLACKOUT

SCENE 2 -- 3:45 PM

A tight Spotlight on a terrified Sonny, phone to his ear. Sal hovers directly behind Sonny, brandishing the machine gun at Butterman, and listening & watching intently.

SONNY

..... Uh yeah hello?

Across the street, in the Liquor Store, we see a slightly disheveled Plainclothes Detective speaking on the phone. A man in an apron, YOUNG NESBIT, stands behind him. A beat.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

... Hey. Hello there. How you doing? Is everyone alright in the bank there?... Hello?... I'm here to help. I'm Detective Third Grade Benny Fucco, shield number 72477 of the New York City Police Department -- call me "Benny" -- what should I call you?... Hello? Can you hear me? Speak English? "Hablas usted Ingles"? You okay? Is everybody in the bank okay?... Look, you might as well talk to me -- cuz, pal -- I'm looking right at the back of your head anyway!... Dark hair, white shirt, right? Turn around! Yeah, thass it, peek-a-boo! Far right window, someone left the blinds open -- you see me?... Come to the window, take a look... You didn't take long to attract a crowd, my friend. They got at least 50 officers out here in 98 degree heat-- plus E.S.U.

(MORE)

## DETECTIVE FUCCO (CONT'D)

-- take a look -- it's hot as a two dollar pistol -- and I ain't talkin' bout the weather, pal...Who am I speaking to? I'm here to help... Look: I don't know if you're a believer, but me -- I'm a Catholic, ya gotta believe in something, right? Point is, I believe in the sanctity of human life -- so I really wish you'd talk to me, because my concern here is that any minute now -- if you don't start talking -- an Army of pissed off Cops in riot gear -- many of whom got no religious affiliation whatsoever -- are gonna storm in there with orders to burn your house down, capische? Who am I speaking to?... Hello? You there?

In the bank, Sonny looks like he's about to have a heart attack. Suddenly-- loud thumping noises offstage -- Sonny cups the phone and frantically motions to Sal:

SONNY

Sal, you heard that?! Take Butterman, blockade the back door back there, pile up some desks, any type of heavy shit, do it now, okay?

SAL

I don't feel comfortable, Sonny.

SONNY

With what?

SAL

We made a deal, Sonny. "Bang bang bang bang", right?

Sal cocks his rifle --

SONNY

Sal! Okay, yes we did but right now, please, can you please just grab Butter-butt there, block that back door -- for our own protection, Sal?!

SAL

... I ain't going back to that prison, Sonny...

Sal grabs Butterman by the neck and exits as --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Hey. You still there, kid?... Look, I don't know about you, but I don't do this shit every day, and I'm thinking maybe you don't either? You there?...Yeah, most days I spend half the shift doing paperwork, the other half I'm running to the bathroom every ten minutes on account of this damn overpriced heart medicine I gotta take -- the stuff makes me pee like I'm the three horse at Aqueduct -- and if I don't take it, I can't fit into my Thom McCans. Hello?

(MORE)

## DETECTIVE FUCCO (CONT'D)

Look, I really think we can work this thing out here, in fact, I got something to offer you, but what's your name? I gotta tell my bosses something... Can you say hello again at least? I need to know if you're still on the line, I'd be pretty silly talking all this time to nobody, right? Hey. I got an idea. How bout this: Can you cluck your tongue 2 times for me if you're still on the line? No talk, just cluck-cluck? You know how to cluck? Like this(Benny clucks twice).

Beat. Sonny is torn -- to cluck or not to cluck?

## DETECTIVE FUCCO (CONT'D)

C'mon, a couple clucks won't sink your battleship, son: Modern Policing, yeah, we can trace phone lines & license plates, I hear we're even close to something called "fingerprint identification" -- police scientists now theorize that no two people have the same prints, sounds like friggin' baloney to me -- but, point is -- last I checked, nobody ever got I.D'd off of a "cluck, cluck"... C'mon, whaddya say -- can ya help me out here?

Beat. Sonny looks around the room, then clucks twice

## DETECTIVE FUCCO (CONT'D)

Thank you!! That was -- significant. Now here's the offer: Let me come inside, make sure everybody in the bank is okay. Will ya let me help you? I'm authorized to offer you some leniency and consideration. So far, this situation, it's what -- Robbery 2? If you got a clean record and no one gets hurt, you're golden -- let me come in there -- Look, I swear to you, I'll personally guarantee your safety one hundred per--

Suddenly -- gunshots! BLAM!BLAM!  
BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! Sal screams!

SONNY

Sal?! Sal????!!!

BLACKOUT on Sonny.

Lights bump up fully on the LIQUOR STORE. YOUNG NESBIT looks on as Fucco grabs a patrolman's walkie talkie --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

(On Walkie-Talkie) CEASE FIRE! CEASE FUCKIN' FIRE! THE FUCK IS GOING ON OUT THERE??!! (on phone) Hello? You there? Hello? Cluck-Cluck?

A Sergeant rushes in --

SGT. BROWN

It was a pair of officers from the Six-Oh who discharged --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Fuckin cowboys -- Anyone hit?

SGT. BROWN

They may have grazed a suspect.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Get that Six-Oh trash outta here -- who's got the phone number to the bank? Nesbit, you wanna give us a little room?

YOUNG NESBIT

Sure thing, Detective -- but I got the bank's number, I can dial it up for you.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Thank you

YOUNG NESBIT dials.

YOUNG NESBIT.

I'll tell ya: I don't always love having cops in our store though, we got robbed twice last month, cops come take the report, then steal the inventory, you know, the booze -- it's ringing--

Nesbit hands Fucco the receiver --

YOUNG NESBIT

And they don't go for the rot gut, Detective -- oh no, strictly Top Shelf! Even the soft drinks! Hand a Patrolman an RC Cola, it's like you spit on his shoe -- Coke and Pepsi only! And Johnny Walker Black Label!

Nesbit lights Fucco's cigarette

YOUNG NESBIT (CONT'D)

Maybe you could talk to them at the precinct? "Lay off Nesbit's Liquor" ? I seen you at one of those drunk meetings in the basement of Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrow -- Friend of Bill, right?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

No. You're mistaken.

FBI Agent Sheldon enters.

AGENT SHELDON

Shoddy work, Fuck-oh.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

It's Fucco. But you knew that. And I was making progress.

AGENT SHELDON

Why'd you even make contact? Should've waited till he left the bank and nabbed him.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Why? So we could have a gunfight in the streets? Put more civilians at risk? This is my precinct, I know the people in that bank.

AGENT SHELDON

In other words, you're compromised. Excuse me: Who are you?

YOUNG NESBIT

(extending his hand) Norm Nesbit.

AGENT SHELDON

Go.

YOUNG NESBIT

But --

AGENT SHELDON

Now. Walsh? Get him outta here.

An agent escorts Nesbit out --

AGENT SHELDON (CONT'D)

Now Fuck-oh, my guys are prepared to move in.

Fucco hands the phone to an officer --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I was given assurances that FBI would stand down.

AGENT SHELDON

Yes, I got that call too. Still, I've been advised I can take over at any time. So don't dilly dally.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

What's the rush, Sheldon? Can't get it up without loss of life?

AGENT SHELDON

Look, I get it. Your Chief is squeezing your grapes because NYPD needs a win, right? Some good press? New York is done, Fuck-oh.

(MORE)

## AGENT SHELDON (CONT'D)

The Knapp Commission will expose your rank and file as bumbling grifters, thugs & crooks, you got an out of control murder rate and general lack of lawfulness that has decent folks leaving in droves, your Mets and Yankees both suck, the whole city's going broke due to free handouts, welfare, and bloated social programs that don't work & that you can't pay for. And because of all this deluded Liberal, "goody-goody", "open arms", phony egalitarian bullshit, if you ask me, New York City's new motto oughta be; "Mira, mira, chiquita banana, da-may una welfare check!".

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Is that so?

AGENT SHELDON

Am I talking too fast for you? You probably had what? 2 years at City College? Maybe John Jay? Did you ever read anything about the city you're policing? This shit-heel city was ill-conceived from its inception and now it's dying. And I'd just as soon watch it burn. If this was my case to command, I could make dinner reservations for 7:30 this evening, assure the missus I wouldn't be late, and be at the bar with a tall gin ricky by 7:15. But hey, this is your thing. And when you screw it up royally -- I'll be here to clean up your mess.

Sheldon begins to exit --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

When this is over, you and me gonna have words.

AGENT SHELDON

Yeah yeah -- Have another belt of rot-gut, sauce boy. But hey, you wanna do something about it now -- I'll be right outside.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Now's fine with me.

AGENT SHELDON

No it's not, you got a developing hostage situation to completely screw up first. Oh, and by the way: there's currently two gunmen -- Sonny Amato and Sal DeSilva. Sonny's married, 2 kids, his record's clean but he has combat experience, honorably discharged in '71, Sal's got no known relatives, grew up in group homes, Spofford and Juvie, history of mental illness, he may or may not be illiterate-- he's got two prior violent felonies in his jacket, including Man 2, so he's a goner -- and he likely knows it. Seven employees inside the bank, 2 male 5 female, no customers, no kids. I'll be close by, don't get creative.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Hey Sheldon..... How do you know all that?

AGENT SHELDON

I'm FBI, we do our jobs. Now do yours.

SCENE 3: THE BANK -- ONE HOUR LATER

The phone is ringing incessantly...  
Ring ring. Ring ring. Ring.

Everyone except Butterman, Colleen and Sal are sucking on lollipops. On the floor, in a corner, The Guard lies half-conscious. Next to him on the floor, Guadalupe lightly strums Sonny's guitar.

ALISON, LORNA, ROXANNA & BUTTERMAN hover around SAL, who cradles his AK-47 under his arm while SONNY & COLLEEN treat a mild gunshot wound to Sal's shoulder --

SAL

Sonny, it hurts!

SONNY

I know Sal -- Giggles, give us a hand here.

ALISON

Sure.

SAL

Ow! Ow!

COLLEEN

Oh for Heavens Sake -- Its just a minor flesh wound --

SAL

Sonny, Get her away from me!!

SONNY

Go away, Colleen, I got it from here.

COLLEEN

Don't be silly --

SAL

Away! (re: Alison) And this one too!

COLLEEN

Well he's clearly milking it for sympathy if you ask me --

SONNY

Almost done, Sal... Butterman, gimme your tie!

BUTTERMAN

My tie? It's from Bambergers -- Okay, okay.

Sonny uses the tie as a tourniquet --

SAL

Ow! Ow!

SONNY

Any more Midol?

ROXXANNA

(flirting to curry favor) Here ya go, Sonny, and it's Roxxanna... with a double X.

Butterman shakes his head disapprovingly

SONNY

Think you're making Butterman jealous --

BUTTERMAN

Jealous? Hardly!

ROXXANNA

Butterman had his chance. And he took it! Didn't you, Nelson?

BUTTERMAN

I did no such thing!

ROXXANNA

(To Butterman) I hope they kill you first!

Lorna and Alison are shocked. Roxxanna stomps off, joining GUADALUPE and The Guard on the floor in the corner.

SONNY

There ya go, Sal. We're done -- they barely nipped you.

SAL

It hurts.....

SONNY

I know. I'm sorry, Sal --

SAL

I hear ringing!

SONNY

It's the phone, Sal....

BUTTERMAN

Well shouldn't you answer it?

SONNY

Why? So the cops can tell me again how they're going to storm in here and kill everybody?

Ring ring. Ring ring.

SAL

Ringring, Sonny!

SONNY

Okay okay!

Sonny runs to the phone, answers it --

SONNY (CONT'D)

Hey, listen you pig bastard -- if you don't stop calling here, we're gonna start throwing out dead bodies -- you got me?! We're gonna rape the women and cut the balls off the -- Wha?. Who?...Oh, uh, my apologies, hold on a sec...

(to Lorna)

Lorna -- it's Joey, your husband. He wants to know do you wanna go to Beefsteak Charlies before the movies..?

Lorna gets on the phone.

LORNA

Joey? Hi. Um, I think I'm gonna be tied-up here a while, well, I hope not tied-up for real, but they're very nice so far, our captors, so, fingers crossed, but maybe you should just take Uncle Butch to that Deep Throat movie instead of me... Oh, and I love you very much, despite the you-know-what, uh -- I better go, pray for us, honey... What? The what? Look in the closet, top shelf, in the back -- the back Joey -- Honey, they need the phone, ask Mrs. Inzerillo -- Okay "ciao for now, brown cow!", bye.

Lorna hangs up, the phone immediately starts ringing.

SAL

Ringring, Sonny!

Ring ring, ring ring,

SONNY

Alison, pick up the phone, put it on loud speaker:

Alison complies.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Yeah hello?

OBSCENE CALLER

Am I speaking to the bank robbers in Gravesend on East 3rd?  
The ones on TV?

SONNY

TV?! Fuck. Yeah, you're speaking to one of the robbers --  
whaddya want?

OBSCENE CALLER

KILL THEM! KILL THEM ALL! SEND THEM ALL TO HELL!

SAL

You hear that, Sonny?! It ain't just me!!

Alison and Lorna scream!

ALISON

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!~

LORNA

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah~!

SONNY

Alison, gimme that phone!

The hostages watch as Sonny smashes the  
phone until there's nothing left but  
the shattered receiver in his hand.

BUTTERMAN

(To Sonny) This is all your fault!

COLLEEN

We're all gonna die, aren't we? Of all the selfish, self-  
centered, simple minded --

LORNA

You shoulda planned better!

COLLEEN

Plan?? What plan??? Three jackasses enter a bank --

ALISON

I'm in love Sonny -- I'm too young to die!

LORNA

And me, Sonny -- I'm not quite as young -- but I don't wanna  
die either!

GUADALUPE rises, in a rage --

GUADALUPE

Hijo de la grand puta!!! ¿Por qué no habrían podido robar el  
Banco Popular de la esquina, pinch-ay pendejos?!!

Phone rings. Sonny is mystified -- he  
just smashed it. Ring Ring Ring Ring.

COLLEEN

Sonny, it's this phone over here -- we have more than one, you know.

SONNY

.... Alison, pick it up... Who is it?

ALISON

Um, Benny Fucco...?

SONNY

Who's that?

COLLEEN

The detective, Sonny -- pay attention!

ALISON

(To Sonny) Friggin' focus, Sonny!

ROXXANNA

We're all going to die --

SONNY

No one is gonna die, okay?!

SAL

I ain't going back to that prison, Sonny.

SONNY

No one is gonna die and no one's going to prison!

SAL

Yeah? How you gonna do that?

SONNY

How am I gonna do that?! He wants to know how I'm gonna do that.... Sal... I don't exactly totally specifically, like, completely know how I'm gonna do that, like definitively, okay -- but Sal -- I gotta try, right?

COLLEEN

Sonny! The phone! The detective is waiting!

SAL

You gave me your word, Sonny. If I gotta, I'm gonna hold you to it.

SONNY

Sal, Just please keep your eyes on these folks while I'm on the phone?

Sonny sighs, crosses to the phone --

SONNY (CONT'D)

Yeah? What the fuck do you want?

Across the stage, a tight Spotlight on  
DETECTIVE FUCCO calling from a payphone  
with Agent Sheldon by his side.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, hey, Benny Fucco -- how's it hanging?

SONNY

... How's it hanging?! You said I could trust you and then  
you shot my partner! And how do you know my name?!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

What, Sonny?

SONNY

My fucking name!!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Well, you know, word gets around.

AGENT SHELDON

(re: Fucco) Imbecile!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, how are the hostages?

SONNY

Hostages? What hostages? Whaddya mean "hostages"?

AGENT SHELDON

(To Fucco) Jesus Christ, is there a mistake you won't make?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Okay Sonny, if they're not hostages, then they're free to go,  
right?

SONNY

I don't know. How about me & my wounded, homicidal partner?  
We free to go too?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Look, I'm not gonna lie to you --

AGENT SHELDON

(to Fucco) It's your job to lie, Jackass.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

(to Sheldon) Can I get a little fuckin' space over here?!

SONNY

Space?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sorry Sonny, I was talkin' to someone else. How are you?--  
Can I get you anything, how can I help?

SONNY

Help?! You think I'm gonna trust you after the stunt you  
pulled?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, my understanding is those officers returned fire only  
after your guy shot first.

SONNY

You were trying to break in and ambush us, ya think we're  
stupid over here?!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny, that's just not so. We were securing the alley.  
What kinda officers would we be if we let the alley be open  
like that? Say: let me make it up to you -- maybe I send over  
some coffee and donuts?

SONNY

Donuts?! Fuck you!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny, I didn't mean to offend. I just thought that  
the people in the bank, I mean, we all gotta eat, right? Why  
don't you ask them? They might appreciate it, I mean, I sense  
you're the type of guy, you look out for people, right?

SONNY

Donuts, huh? Okay hold on...Sal, you want donuts?

SAL

No.

SONNY

Really? Just like that? "No"?!.... How about you people? You  
folks like donuts?

BUTTERMAN

Very kind of you, Sonny -- yes.

SONNY

Okay, no problem. (To Fucco) Coffee and donuts, cop.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Call me Benny

LORNA

Oh... Sonny?! The donuts -- not from Mario's, Sonny --  
they're chintzy on the frosting!

SONNY

Hey cop -- not from Mario's --

COLLEEN

-- Donut World, Sonny -- by the precinct, and I could do with a bran muffin --

SONNY

(To Fucco) Donut World.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Got it.

BUTTERMAN

Colleen -- I thought Donut World closed?

SONNY

(To Fucco) Wait -- hold that thought --

COLLEEN

No. We told you it closed because one of my girls -- Cookie, the little one-- she dated the assistant manager there and he was a brute, so we boycotted, but then they finally fired the S.O.B., so --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, you there?

BUTTERMAN

Donut World still exists?! I love Donut World. Gosh, Colleen, you coulda just told me the truth.

COLLEEN

Why? Would you have cared if I had?

BUTTERMAN

I don't know. Nobody shares with me.

ROXXANNA

Because you're an asshole!

BUTTERMAN

I'm an asshole? You're fired. If we live through this -- clean out your locker.

ROXXANNA

Yeah right

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, you there ?

SONNY

Donut World, copper -- bring us the works --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

It's Benny -- call me Benny

Suddenly, there is a stirring near the area where The Security Guard has been lying down at rest -- a chair is kicked over --

SONNY

Hey -- What's going on over there?! Hold on, cop --

SAL RISES, rifle at the ready --

SAL

I got this, Sonny.

The Security Guard, still in pain, sits up with great difficulty --

MR. EDDY

Bee!... Bee -- Bee -- Bee --

SONNY

Don't shoot, Sal.

(to Mr. Eddy)

"Bee"? Bee what, soldier?

MR. EDDY

Bee --

SONNY

I hear ya, brother. Bee, bee -- bee what, man?

MR. EDDY

Bee, Bee... Beeglemen's!!! Kosher Bakery. Avenue S. Kings Highway. Them Jews, they know from baked goods!

Mr. Eddy passes out again.

BUTTERMAN

He's right. Mr. Eddy is right! Beeglemens, it's the best hands down!

ALISON

Beeglemans!

LORNA

Beegle --

SONNY

(re: Beeglemens) ... Colleen...?

Colleen nods.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Cop, Change of plans: Beeglemens.

SAL  
Sonny?

SONNY  
Yeah, Sal?

SAL  
Three bottles of Nyquil and a Lowenbrau.

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
I heard him, Sonny -- 10-4 on all of that -- right away, Now, how many hostages you wanna give me?

SONNY  
Hostages? Again with the hostages? Who said anything about hostages??!! These are just hungry people, hungry people in need of refreshment-- dig?

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
I dig, Sonny -- one hundred percent.

AGENT SHELDON  
You "dig"?! This is clown school. Gimme that phone.

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
Sonny. Look, I sense I've upset you -- and I apologize. I know you don't got no nefarious intent towards those people --

SONNY  
Damn right.

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
They're just people, right?

SONNY  
We're just people being people, that's right.

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
Wasn't their fault you hit their bank today --

SONNY  
Exactly --

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
They're just, whaddyacallit -- what's that word? -- you know?

SONNY  
What?

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
You know -- it's a term, when a group of people, they don't do nothing wrong, but they're caught in the cross-fire --

SONNY

Innocent Civilians?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Innocent Civilians, yes! Exactly. You're right, Sonny. Innocent Civilians. Thank you. Now: do me a favor -- take a moment, take a look at those those innocent civilians. You don't wanna call them hostages, fine. But take a look. Take a good look... I'll hold.

Sonny takes them all in. He sees the fear, the terror beneath the surface. He is flooded with guilt and shame....

DETECTIVE FUCCO (CONT'D)

..... Sonny? Are you there, Son?

SONNY

..... Aw man.... This is a real mess, huh?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

There's a way out -- let me bring you your donuts. We'll go one step at a time. Sound okay to you?

SONNY

Sure. Yeah, okay.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I gotta get something in return though, Sonny, otherwise my bosses, they'll have my ass for supper, right? Your partner fired upon a New York City Police Officer -- you got any idea what kinda jackpot that puts you in?

SONNY

So, whaddya want?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

How about the women? Release the girls, keep the men for now-- you do that, it tells my bosses, it tells the whole city: this guy ain't a bum, he got a heart. See what I'm saying?

SAL

Sonny! Why you talking so long?!

SONNY

Man -- you got no idea what I'm dealing with here.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I hear it in your voice, Sonny -- I want you to come out here. Meet face to face. See what you're up against. Sal's got the hostages in there, right? -- so who's gonna fuck with you out here? Come out, unarmed, -- see what's going on out here, it's quite a to-do, I gotta tell ya --

SAL

Sonny --

SONNY

I gotta go, cop --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Call me Benny. Benny Fucco. And look, I'm no expert on these kinda situations, there's no manual at the precinct for how to deal with this kinda shit, no procedure, no policy guidelines, no fuckin' nothing, okay -- I'm just a hump cop with hemorrhoids and a maybe a nickel's worth of horse sense-- but Sonny -- I know what I know: I know cops and I know bosses -- and right now my entire gut says you're maybe only minutes away from violent confrontation and terminally grave consequences if you don't Quid a little fuckin' Pro Quo over here. Sonny Please. I do this for a living. Come outside. Now. With the females.

SONNY

One hostage. I'll deliver one of them now -- outside -- and one more upon receipt of snacks. Anything happens to me, my partner's gonna kill the hostages -- And Fucco-- I'd, uh -- I'd like to see my wife. Can you make that happen?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Absolutely -- I'm on it. And Sonny --

Sonny hangs up on him.

BUTTERMAN

I need to use the washroom.

SONNY

Fine. No tricks, Butterman.

BUTTERMAN

... The only trick, Sonny -- for all of us -- will be remaining alive with you two "A-holes" putting us all in jeopardy -- won't it now?

SONNY

Okay relax with the blame game, who's the one keeping everyone alive here? Me!

BUTTERMAN

What do you want -- a medal? A washer dryer set? You think you're the good guy. But you're the bad guy. Newsflash: Good people don't rob banks, they don't take hostages and hold them at gun point, no one is dead yet, and thank God for that -- God, Sonny -- not you.

Butterman exits. The women eye Sonny

SONNY

He's stressed. I get it. This is stressful... Okay, First, I'm sorry for all this, youse all are doing great. Second, I'm giving one of you to the cops for the donuts, plus another one right now. I'll keep ya posted. Sal, keep 'em on ice, okay? Colleen take a walk with me

They walk

SONNY (CONT'D)

So...You wanna be the one we set free?

COLLEEN

Why me?... You trying to get rid of me?!

SONNY

No, listen, someone's gotta go, and I feel bad, you know, you're a nice lady, strong moral fiber -- the only reason we're at odds is 'cuz I'm breaking the fuckin' law --

COLLEEN

Why are you breaking the law?

SONNY

All I can say is it's not for my own personal gain. You ever been in love?

COLLEEN

I mean I've had crushes -- and I've had my fair share of admirers --

SONNY

I bet.

COLLEEN

But no. I never been in love. I took care of my mother until she passed. My mother and my Aunt. Time flies, you know?

SONNY

Well, c'mon, let me free you, you still got time. C'mon -- give love a chance.

COLLEEN

Thank you. But I'm head teller here. I have to stay and be here for my girls. Take Eddy the Guard. He's injured. And give 'em Roxxanna for the donuts -- no one likes her.

SONNY

I noticed that.

COLLEEN

She's a tramp.

Suddenly we hear Fucco on a Bull Horn.

FUCCO ON BULL HORN

Sonny! Sonny! Come on out, Sonny.

Sonny retrieves Mr. Eddy and helps him walk very gingerly to the front door. Sal follows them.

SONNY

Lean on me, that's right soldier, you're going home.

MR. EDDY

(In pain & muttering, re: Sonny) Cracker ass cracker.

COLLEEN

Sonny..... Sonny, I'll go with you too. As a chaperone.

SONNY

Thank you..... Thanks.

SAL

Sonny.... Sonny, hey.

SONNY

Don't worry, Sal. I'll be right back. Watch over the people, okay?

SAL

I -- I don't understand, Sonny. They shot me.

SONNY

I know they did. And they're gonna pay for that.

SAL

With what? Donuts? You told me we'd get away clean or we'd kill ourselves -- did you not say that?

FUCCO ON BULLHORN

Sonny... E.S.U. is standing down, Sonny.

SONNY

Sal. Hey Sal. Look at me. It's okay. I promise you everything is going to be okay.

SAL

'Don't feel okay.

SONNY

Sal. Take a look around. Nah, for real. It's just you and me here. Just us, right? Like last call at 10th Of Always? Or Julius' on a Monday night? We stick together, don't we?

FUCCO ON BULLHORN

Sonny! Remember to bring the hostage, Sonny.

SONNY

Sal. You think I wanna go out there? I'm scared to death. I ain't going out there for me. I'm going out for us.

SAL

Yeah. I don't know.

FUCCO ON BULLHORN

Sonny!

Sal meets Sonny's gaze.

SONNY

(re: Fucco) Fuck him. Let him wait... Hey man. Remember -- remember when you was trying to be a barber?

SAL

Stylist.

SONNY

Stylist, yeah. What was the name of that place -- the school?

SAL

Wilfred Academy of Hair and Beauty Culture.

SONNY

Yeah. And for your mid-term or whatever, remember how badly you fucked up my hair?

SAL

You was mad, I could tell.

SONNY

I'm a little vain about my hair.

SAL

You didn't show it though... You told the teacher to fuck his mother, remember?...

SONNY

I did, yeah... And now, this, this ain't that, Sal. Not even close. This here, it's all on me -- not you -- I know that --

SAL

-- Yeah, Sonny. I get it. You're... you're saying you're my friend.

FUCCO ON BULLHORN

Sonny! ... Sonny?!

From outside, we hear the crowd mimicking Fucco --  
"Sonny?!" "Sonny!"

SONNY

Sal. What we agreed on? The "bang bang bang"? If we gotta, we will. They're gonna remember us, Sal. But -- after I give 'em the guard, and after we eat them donuts, okay? I know you like donuts, Sal. C'mon. It'll be like The Last Supper. Now, please, can you gimme a few minutes?

SAL

A few minutes. And I gave up donuts for Lent.

SONNY

Lent? Sal, it's August.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny... Sonny..

Sonny nods to Sal. He joins Mr. Eddy and Colleen. They exit the bank. A sea of gunmen stare down Sonny, as well as multiple media outlets and a throng of bystanders. Sonny & Colleen meekly wave at the bystanders. Bystanders cheer. Colleen and Sonny are stunned --

SONNY

What are they cheering for?

COLLEEN

I think they like you -- God knows why.

SONNY

Really? You think so?

COLLEEN

Oh my. Look at all the TV cameras --

SONNY

Where? Oh yeah! Wow.

Detective Fucco approaches, Sheldon at his side. They keep a respectful distance from Sonny.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, nice to see you!

AGENT SHELDON

"Nice to see you?" -- Why don't you give him a kiss?

Sonny waves to the crowd -- they cheer!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny. Hey! Look up the block and down the block. Look at all the roofs, look at every fire escape, at the choppers above-- look at the armed manpower that's been assembled -- there's no way out -- but together, we can work something out, I know we can --

COLLEEN

Those guns, Sonny, they're awful close --

SONNY

Hey! Hey! We're unarmed, Fucco! See?! So tell 'em back off and put the guns down!

The crowd cheers!

SONNY (CONT'D)

They're cheering again.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Guns down, boys!

SONNY

Hey. Shithead. Moustache Pete. Put the gun down! Ya see?! Nothing in my pockets except a big FUCK YOU NYPD!!!!

Sonny flips the cops a double bird --  
The CROWD goes wild.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny, come on now

Sonny confronts several cops with  
weapons trained on him --

SONNY

Hey -- Moe, Larry, and Curly -- put 'em down! Hey copper -- a .38 don't compensate for a limp dick, you know that right?

The crowd cheers

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny -- no need to antagonize, c'mon now --

SONNY

Antagonize? Who's antagonizing? Hey Fucco -- you know there's just the two of us in the bank there, right? Just a couple of regular Skinny Vinnies against -- what -- you think you got enough fuckin' guys?! Enough guns and vehicles and tear gas and snipers and fuckin Howdy Doody Douchebags with Ranger Rick flashlights and flash-bang grenades?!

The crowd cheers!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny, stay with me Sonny, calm down

SONNY

Calm down? It's the fuckin' Guns of Navarone out here! What are you gonna do when you're done with us -- invade Poland?! Liberate Hanoi?

The crowd cheers!

SONNY (CONT'D)

(to the crowd) You seeing this, people? Your hard earned tax dollars at work!

Crowd cheers!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, hey --

SONNY

(to the crowd) All this show of force -- all this shit -- it ain't for me! They don't need a whole army of blue bozos to put two in the back of my head -- bag me, tag me -- this is for you people! Make no mistake. They wanna scare you! They wanna make sure you don't rob a bank someday! Yeah. They want us to feel free -- but not too fuckin' free, am I right?! They want us to pay our taxes, buy what they're selling, watch plenty of TV and shut the fuck up! So hey! Welcome to the show -- and while you're here-- how bout a little extra spending money????!!!

Sonny takes out a wad of money and tosses it in the air. Crowd goes wild.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny, C'mon!

SONNY

Put the goddamn guns down!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Stand down! All units -- stand down!... Sonny, Sonny. I'm right here -- talk to me, man!

SONNY

Hey Fucco! Look at this guy -- he's foaming at the mouth to kill me!

The Crowd cheers!

SONNY (CONT'D)

Power to the people, Fucco! Fuck the Mayor, fuck the Rockefeller<sub>7</sub>, fuck Nixon -- and fuck the NYPD!

COLLEEN  
They really like you.

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
C'mon Sonny -- no need to inflame the situation!

COLLEEN  
Scream Attica, Sonny!

SONNY  
What?

COLLEEN  
Attica, remember?!

SONNY  
Oh yeah! Hey Fucco -- ATTICA!

The Crowd Cheers!

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
Sonny --

SONNY  
ATTICA! ATTICA!

The crowd cheers

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Attica, Fucco! Attica!

COLLEEN  
ATTICA!!!

The crowd cheers & joins in.

SONNY  
ATTICA! ATTICA! ATTICA!

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
This isn't how to do this, Sonny! You're fucking up, man.

SONNY  
I got your hostage here, Fucco -- where my wife?

DETECTIVE FUCCO  
Working on it.

SONNY  
Well hurry it up! Now take the hostage, he's a war hero -- his name's Eddy.

Fucco & Sheldon approach cautiously. Sheldon gently pulls Mr. Eddy away and hands him off to a Uniform Cop. Fucco regards Sonny, and then puts his hand on Colleen's shoulder --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Say Sonny, how about I take the woman too -- you still got plenty inside, and a gesture like this would go along way to calm the powers that be -- show 'em chivalry ain't dead. Sonny, please. You told me you're a good guy. Prove it.

SONNY

.....Go ahead. Take her.

Fucco grabs Colleen -- Colleen resists.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

(To Colleen) Hey. Now now -- it's okay, miss. I'm one of the good guys, see my badge?

COLLEEN

Take your hands off of me -- I'm head teller here and I'm not leaving until they've released my girls!

The Crowd cheers!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Miss, let me handle that. Me and Sonny, we got an understanding, right Sonny? Me and Sonny, okay? We'll work it out. Miss: Look at you, you're trembling. You're Colleen, right? Your mother was Margaret Murphy? Peg Murphy, right?

COLLEEN

.... How... How....?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I, I cash my check at the bank. Usually with Lorna?

COLLEEN

Lorna?..... Oh --Lorna!

The mention of Lorna begins to bring Colleen back to reality--

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Wait, wait. It's okay. Take my hand. That's right. All you gotta do, take my hand, c'mon --

COLLEEN

No! No!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Miss!

She jerks away from him. The crowd cheers. Sheldon pulls Fucco away --

As Sonny and Colleen head back inside, they turn to the crowd --

COLLEEN

... It's remarkable isn't it?

SONNY

What?

COLLEEN

This. It's simply remarkable.

SONNY

I don't know what the hell just happened. But I think I like it... (to crowd) Attica Attica.

They exit. SGT. BROWN rushes over--

SGT. BROWN

Sir -- Deputy Commissioner Delaney is on the phone for you, sir.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Delaney? Tell him I'm busy.

SGT. BROWN

I can't, sir. He's watching on the TV...You're on TV, sir. Right now. All of us are. Tokyo Mike disabled their audio. But -- we're on TV...

Fucco takes this in, but ignores Brown. Brown exits.

Fucco hangs his head. Sheldon sidles over.

AGENT SHELDON

Wow. Now I thought I had seen everything -- but -- what a fiasco, huh? And letting that clearly traumatized female hostage just slip between your fingers like that -- I mean whaddya do for an encore -- let the Bad guys bend you over and run a train on ya...?

Fucco stares straight ahead

DETECTIVE FUCCO

... You don't get it, Fed --'cuz you're a fuckin tourist here. That hostage knows me. I cash my check over there, I drank at her mother's bar 20 years -- she didn't even recognize me... What a day..... What a fuckin day.

AGENT SHELDON

"Rivum mihi lacrimarum effunde", Fuck-oh: Cry me a fucking river. And unless they remove you pronto -- and allow me do what I'm trained to excel at, I got news for ya: Tonight's gonna be even worse.

BLACKOUT. END OF ACT ONE.

ACT 2

David Bowie's "Oh! You Pretty Things" plays, as --

SCENE 1. THE BANK -- NIGHT.

Sonny & the hostages are gathered in chairs around Butterman's desk.

His small TV is on a local news channel. They eat donuts & sip coffee. Sal sits and sulks in the corner.

LOCAL NEWS COMMERCIAL

A woman's place is in the House...the House of Representatives! Bella Abzug for Congress. Battling Bella will fight -- for you!

GUADALUPE

I dig Bella --

LORNA

Oh I do too! How about you, Mr. Butterman?

BUTTERMAN

Bella? Well she's a cultural phenomenon, I'll give her that --

The phone rings

ALISON

The phone, Sonny -- should I answer it?

SONNY

No. Let it ring. Now go ahead, Lorna, you was saying from before...?

LORNA

-- Oh, okay, yeah: So Mr. Butterman, I was wondering, since we all might die today --

SONNY

Nobody gonna die, Lorna -- not on my watch.

BUTTERMAN

Oh please -- listen to John Wayne over here!

LORNA

Oh my God, did you hear that, Alison -- Mr. Butterman made a joke!

GUADALUPE

Mr. B think he funny!

They laugh. The phone rings.

ALISON

(re: her danish) Mmmm! So good! And since we all might die tonight -- pass me another danish. Pass me two!

SONNY

No one's dying here --

COLLEEN

I'll have another danish too!

BUTTERMAN

(to Colleen) Cherry or Prune?

ALISON

For Colleen? Whaddya think?

COLLEEN

Oh sure -- ha ha.

The phone rings --

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Lorna -- What was your question for Mr. Butterman?

ALISON

Lorna, don't.

LORNA

I wanna know -- since we all might die today --

SONNY

For the last friggin time no one's dying here!!

Sal hears this, rises, starts crossing towards Sonny --

LORNA

Okay, dying or not -- I wanna know -- we ALL wanna know -- did you really have an affair with Roxxanna?

BUTTERMAN

Absolutely not.

GUADALUPE

That means yes.

They all laugh.

BUTTERMAN

I'll tell you this much: I love my wife. I'm a man. Roxxanna was the aggressor. She wanted to go see Elvis Presley at the Garden. I bought her two tickets. She didn't take me.

LORNA

Affairs happen -- right, Alison?

ALISON

What? No!

The phone rings.

SONNY

Hey -- pass me another glazed...

LORNA

Yeah, me too!

GUADALUPE

I hate to say this, but, as much as I woulda liked to have been the one who got set free -- I'd trade Roxxanna for a box of assorted pastries any day of the week!

They all laugh. The phone rings. Sal grabs the phone, smashes it to pieces with the butt of his rifle. Laughter stops. Sal approaches.

SAL

Sonny, it's about that time, right?

LORNA

Oh hi, Sal -- pull up a chair, have a nice Boston Creme -- it's the last one.

SAL

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

LORNA

Okay.

SONNY

Sal --

SAL

(To Sonny) One second, Sonny. (To Lorna) I'm not your friend. He's not your friend. And this -- this ain't no fuckin' picnic, got it?!

Sal grabs the box of pastries, throws them on the ground and stomps them.

SAL (CONT'D)

Sonny, I need to talk to you private.

SONNY

Sure thing, Sal. Excuse me a moment ladies. Butterman.

Sal and Sonny huddle in the corner.

SAL

Whose side are you on?

SONNY

I'm on our side, Sal. You and me. Who else?

SAL

Okay. Because you said, earlier, that we were definitely gonna do something after the donuts, and well the donuts is pretty much done, right?

SONNY

Yeah but that was before. The people, the crowd -- they're on our side, Sal -- didn't you hear all the cheering?! And this cop, I got him wrapped around my finger -- plus, we got hostages -- we hold all the cards here, Sal. With all that advantage we got, do you really want we should just kill ourselves and all of them?

SAL

... Um, Yeah... I want that... Yeah.

SONNY

But I can get us out of here, Sal. Safe, free, money in our pocket. We're sitting on a jackpot. Trust me.

SAL

Sonny, sometimes you say words -- not to me -- but sometimes to other people -- you say words, I hear you say them -- not to me --

SONNY

I understand --

SAL

-- But I listen when you say them words, and I say to myself, he's saying it, they're buying it, but he don't mean it, it's a con --

SONNY

I'd never do that with you, Sal --

SAL

Before we robbed this joint here, we said words -- you said words --

SONNY

Sal, we got moves left to play --

SAL

C'mon. How many cops out there, couple hundred? How many hostages-- nine?

SONNY

Nine?! Five, Sal. They're right over there --

SAL

Five. Even worse. Cuz we gonna run out of hostages to get things in exchange for, and when that happens, them couple hundred pigs out there gonna either nab us or kill us and you made a pact that would never happen --

SONNY

I'm gonna get us outta here, Sal -- we're gonna drink Banana Daiquiris and eat jumbo coconut shrimps & surf and turfs in Polynesia, Rhodesia -- wherever -- somewhere nice with no extradition where they cant fuck with us ever --

SAL

Sonny.... See, that sounds like you saying words.

Butterman calls out to Sonny --

BUTTERMAN

Sonny, they got your picture on the TV! Sal too!

SONNY

Sal, come on, we're famous, see? We're on the TV!

Everybody huddles around the TV--

TV NEWS ANCHORMAN

In a daring robbery, these two unemployed ex-cons --

SONNY

I'm not an ex-con!

BUTTERMAN

The media lies -- it's getting to be a problem

SAL

Walter Cronkite don't lie!

BUTTERMAN

Except Cronkite of course --

TV NEWS ANCHORMAN

These armed thugs are now said to be holding five remaining hostages.

Photos of hostages appear on screen.

LORNA

Oh my god -- that's us!!

ALISON

We're on TV!!

GUADALUPE

(to Colleen)

We're famous, bitch!

COLLEEN

My oh my -- I suppose we are!

GUADALUPE

Look at Colleen -- you was pretty once! And look Mr. Butterman got a sunburn!

BUTTERMAN

We were in Acapulco when we snapped that!

TV NEWS ANCHORMAN

For those just joining us, our top story tonight: Two brazen career criminals --

SONNY

There he goes again --

ALISON

We know the truth, Sonny.

TV NEWS ANCHORMAN

The two gunmen are heavily armed and are considered to be-- oh! -- wait -- this just in! -- The two men, Salvatore DeSilva and Sonny Amato are apparently both known to be avowed Homosexuals.

Everyone in the bank looks stunned.

TV NEWS ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)

Today's top story: Two avowed homosexuals have --

SONNY

Butterman -- turn that thing off.

BUTTERMAN

Sure thing, Sonny.

SAL

... They said we were homosexuals.

SONNY

I know, Sal. Who cares, right? So what?

SAL

But Sonny... I'm not a homosexual, Sonny.

LORNA

Don't worry, Sal -- we know you're not homosexuals! Neither of you!

SONNY

Uh, no, Lorna -- actually, I am a homosexual.

LORNA

...Oh.

COLLEEN

I knew it from the moment he walked in!

SONNY

Oh yeah? What are you, Colleen, some kinda closet case, a fag hag?

COLLEEN

That's disgusting!

BUTTERMAN

Colleen! Can we please not berate the armed gunman?!

LORNA

You know Ernie from the deli? Homosexual.

SAL

Sonny! I ain't no homosexual, Sonny!

SONNY

Whatever you say.

SAL

I'm not! Tell them I'm not.

SONNY

Okay. Sal is not a homosexual.

BUTTERMAN

Amen! Of course he's not!

SONNY

Yeah yeah, straight like an arrow -- a real ladies man

BUTTERMAN

Sonny, are you crazy? Do not bait this man!

SONNY

Nobody's baiting nobody over here, okay?! But to be a homosexual -- okay -- it's ain't a bad thing. Not at all. Who saved you from Sal, huh? A homosexual. Who's keeping you all alive in here? A homosexual. If ya ask me, it's a lot harder, a lot more manly, to swim against the tide, to be true to oneself under the eyes of God above --

SAL

I ain't no gay, Sonny!

The phone rings.

SONNY

Sal, let me get this -- Hello?

Lights up on the Liquor Store. Fucco & Agent Sheldon are side by side.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny -- how's it going in there?

SAL

Sonny -- tell him to tell the news we ain't homosexuals!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Is that Sal's voice I hear? Tell him no problem, consider it done. The fuckin' media -- can you believe it, Sonny? As if a couple of nancy-boys could just sashay into a bank and rob the joint.

SONNY

Yeah....Nancy-boys couldn't do that.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Don't get me wrong -- The Gays -- they can be very personable -- and loyal, Sonny! I got a gay next door walks my dog 3 times a week, I trust him with the keys to my apartment! And he can cook up a storm -- souffles--

SONNY

You done?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

You ready to talk business -- how can I help?

SONNY

First off, you ignorant fuckin' pig -- anybody fucks with me or my partner -- we're gonna kill every last one of these hostages -- right, Sal?

SAL

On a dime.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny, is everything okay? What's with the sudden shift of tone -- I thought we were building a bridge to mutual, you know, the donuts and coffee, you released a couple hostages, I don't get it --

SONNY

Here's what you need to get: Get us a million dollars, a helicopter to JFK, at JFK, get us a jumbo jet airliner with a full bar, stocked kitchen and reclining seats to take us wherever the fuck we wanna go. Or we start chucking bodies.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Absolutely --

SONNY

And where the fuck is my fuckin' wife?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Working on it.

SONNY

Bring me my wife -- you get a hostage. Get us the plane, you get another hostage, the remaining three will fly with us -- but they're free to leave upon landing at a remote summer-type, extradition-free destination. You fuck anything up, you fuck with me or my partner Sal -- you're gonna get dead hostages on the front page of the New York Daily news, okay?! Now get off your ass, get it all ready -- and-- get me my fuckin' wife!

Sonny hangs up. Fucco is stunned.

AGENT SHELDON

(To Fucco) Well, that went well...

SCENE 2: THE BANK -- EARLY EVENING.

The hostages & Sonny watch TV...  
GUADALUPE strums her guitar..

TV REPORTER

We're here at the headquarters of the Gay Liberation Front, a radical homosexual rights group located on West 14th Street, just north of the Gay stronghold of Greenwich Village. I'm here with --

ADAM MANGALO

Adam Mangalo.

LORNA

Okay -- now he seems gay.

TV REPORTER

And how do you feel about the hostage situation in Brooklyn -- and the fact that it is two homosexuals, one a member of your own organization, who is responsible?

ADAM MANGALO

Former member...And I have less of a problem with the robbery than I do with the fact that Sonny Amato is a wanton exhibitionist who married another man -- I mean -- who wants to get "married"?! Marriage is an antiquated, antediluvian, patriarchal, heteronormative institution of oppression -- it's just so bourgeois --

TV REPORTER

A high ranking NYPD Spokesman recently categorized Homosexuality as "One of the pernicious and insoluble problems continuing to plague this city" -- and yet many are calling Sonny Amato a hero -- what's your take?

ADAM MANGALO

My take is it's 1972-- homosexuality is still officially classified as a "mental disorder" -- the American Psychiatric Association continues to categorize us as "sexual deviants" and "sociopathic personalities" -- and Sonny Amato does nothing to dispel the myth! He's disposable tabloid fodder -- now can we talk about a real hero -- Dr. John Fryer --

BUTTERMAN

Okay, enough, I'm putting on the Roller Derby.

Fucco is heard on his bullhorn --

FUCCO ON BULLHORN

Sonny! Sonny! Come on out. We're getting close to final logistics.

SONNY

Final logistics -- you heard that, Sal? And Sal -- if you got anybody you wanna say goodbye to, like, on the phone -- now's probably the time.

SAL

Nah. I'm good.

SONNY

You sure?

SAL

Yeah. I mean I got you, right?

SONNY

A hundred percent.

SAL

But like, I don't need a phone for that.

SONNY

True... Okay, everybody -- make your final phone calls, anybody you love, anybody loves you, we're headed over seas shortly -- and once me and Sal are safe, they'll fly ya all back to Brooklyn on the government's dime.

Sonny exits the bank -- to cheers, but also a smattering of boos

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny -- hey! Everybody okay inside the bank? Is Sal behaving himself?

SONNY

What the fuck's taking so long, Fucco?!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Benny, Benny -- call me, Benny, Sonny -- and hey, these things, they take a little time, I'm doing my best --

SONNY

Your best?! You said "final logistics"! More lies, man! You're just a flunky pig trying to sell me a bill of goods! --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

C'mon. What's with the hostility, Sonny? Don't call me that. Don't I give you your respect? I'm really trying here Sonny -- And hey, another thing-- I owe you an apology. Earlier on the phone, the gay fag comments, I had no idea, really. I've worked Vice, Sonny, and you seem more like ... me ... then, like, well, you know... Anyway, my intentions are good, Sonny. All I want is you and everyone in there alive. Safe.

SONNY

I'm doing my part. You better do yours.

A uniformed cop approaches Fucco --

UNIFORM COP

We got the wife -- they're bringing her now.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

You see, Sonny??!! Did I keep my word or what?! You're giving me a hostage, right?!

SONNY

My wife's here? Leon?! Leon?! Are you there?

Suddenly, a woman breaks free & bursts through the crowd --

GLORIA

Sonny, oh my God, is that you really you?

SONNY

What the fuck? Fucco -- what the fuck, man?!

GLORIA

What're you doing, Sonny? Are you crazy robbing a bank like you're some big shot? Have ya gone daffy?

SONNY

Fucco -- I said I wanted my wife! This ain't my wife!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Whaddya talking about --

GLORIA

I am too his wife! I'm the only wife Our Heavenly Father acknowledges, Sonny -- not that freak you took up with -- ruining our lives, for what??

SONNY

Fucco!

GLORIA

All this nonsense on the TV about you taking up with men -- you didn't used to be like that, did ya? Used to be you couldn't get enough of me! In my father's DeSoto? In our marriage bed-

SONNY

Gloria --

GLORIA

On the floor, in the laundry room, in the can at the Nathan's Famous ---

SONNY

That was then Gloria!

GLORIA

Well how about now? How about some alimony? Child support? How about you just come home and we can start all over?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny clearly an error was made, but before my wife left me --

GLORIA

It's nevah to late, Sonny -- nevah!

SONNY

Fucco ! This is how you help?? Gloria, I honor you, mother of my children, our love from a bygone era --

GLORIA

So let bygones be bygones already! You're a rotten penny, but I love you!

Cops start leading her away, she fights to stay -- as they carry her away --

SONNY

I'm sorry, honey -- Gloria, Gloria, I left something for you in the event of my demise, I'm sorry, you're every man's dream -- but I dream of another!

Gloria is gone --

SONNY (CONT'D)

Fucco --- I should shoot a hostage is what I should do!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

You said "Wife" -- she called the Precinct, how was I to know?

SONNY

That was very upsetting, Fucco! This ain't exactly a stress free situation I'm under over here -- everyone's looking to me, man -- you, the hostages, Sal, the fuckin' media, everybody wants something, okay -- well -- I wanna see my wife -- my real fuckin' wife -- or I'm gonna start chucking bodies!

Lights cross back inside the bank. The hostages are huddled by the phones. Butterman & Lorna wipe away tears as they conclude calls with their spouses.

BUTTERMAN

I love you too. And I was thinking: Nathan. He needs confidence, maybe Karate Class isn't a bad idea -- I authorize the purchase.

LORNA

Okay honey, Ciao for now.

They both hang up their phones.

LORNA (CONT'D)

This one's free. You want some privacy?

ALISON

It's okay...

Alison dials. Colleen concludes her call --

COLLEEN

Thank you, Mr. Callunducio. Yes, one can per day, fresh water, and a little milk for her every once in a while, okay? The bird? Oh, he just gets his seed. Keys under the mat, yes. I hope so too.

Colleen hangs up, heads toward  
the bathroom --

BUTTERMAN

Guadalupe, phone's free --

ALISON

Oh ssh shh -- it's ringing...

Butterman and Lorna and Colleen give  
Alison space, but watch from a  
distance.

ALISON (CONT'D)

.... Hello? Gregory? Gregory, hi -- it's Alison, I'm sorry to bother you at home, but, well, I'm kinda in a life-threatening situation, my life flashing before me "as it were", it's all rather surreal, and I keep thinking of ... What?... Alison... Alison, honey... What?... Alison Bremmer, silly... From, Intro to the Modern Novel? Kingsborough Community Adult Education? ....Gregory, are you drunk? It's Alison. You know, from, well, from, most recently, the supply closet? From "Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?". From -- hello? (Alison checks the line) Gregory, are you there?....Oh God, I thought I lost you -- no, it just sounds like children in the background...Oh...Oh...Oh yeah, sure. No no -- of course. I'm, oh I'm fine. Okay, bye...

She hangs up

BUTTERMAN

.... Alison?

ALISON

Yeah.

BUTTERMAN

Pardon my language, but fuck that guy.

ALISON

I already did.

Suddenly, Colleen screams. She and Sal  
exit the bathroom area, he's pointing  
his rifle at her.

SAL

Where's Sonny -- I want Sonny!

COLLEEN

Alison come quick, Sal doesn't care for me. I think he may like you better, talk to him, calm him down.

SAL

Where's Sonny?

GUADALUPE rises

GUADALUPE

You look fuckin stressed, Sal.

COLLEEN

Guadalupe, shut your trap!

BUTTERMAN

Colleen, give her room.

GUADALUPE

Yeah. This is very stressful for you too, right Sal? Not just for us. But you too, right Papi?

Sal studies her a long while.

SAL

I'm not..I'm not good..at waiting. Like -- alone.

GUADALUPE

You ain't alone.... But I don't blame you, Sal -- I'm like that too. Would you like a cigarette?

SAL

Keep your distance

Sal cocks his rifle..

GUADALUPE

How bout a nice Three Musketeers Bar? See? I stole 'em from the Woolworths -- one for you one for me? C'mon. Everybody needs a little chocolate goodness sometimes.

SAL

.....Does it have nuts?

GUADALUPE

No. Just chocolate, and like, how you call it -- Nougat?

SAL

I don't know what that is.

GUADALUPE

Me neither. But it's good. Wanna try it?

Sal points the rifle at her

SAL

Slide it over to me. But slowly. No funny stuff.

Sal is shaking.

GUADALUPE

You got it, Sal. No funny stuff. Just a tasty snack.

GUADALUPE slides it over. He picks it up, staring at her. Unwraps it, his eyes never leaving GUADALUPE.

Sal takes a bite. Chews. Nods to GUADALUPE.

SAL

It tastes very good.

Sal starts to cry a little.

COLLEEN

Oh my God! Is he...? Someone get Sonny before this takes a turn!

Lights crossfade to

SCENE 4: THE LIQUOR STORE -- LATER.

Agent Sheldon observes Fucco's interrogation of Sonny's wife Leon. She is in a hospital gown, having been brought here straight from Bellevue. Leon is overwhelmed, terrified, drugged up and weepy.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

There there, dear. Take it easy.

LEON

Sonny's so fuckin crazy -- who in their right mind would rob a bank?!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I was hoping maybe you could tell me, dear.

LEON

Call me Leon. You might as well.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I wanna help Sonny, Leon, but I need your help first --

LEON

Oh, What can I tell you, it was love at first sight -- well, for him at least. Me, it took me a while to succumb to his charms -- the fucking lunatic!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Why's he a lunatic? What, he's in to the rough stuff?

LEON

No -- believe me, I know from battered wife syndrome, I've lived it, but this isn't that! I say our relationship issues, it's all my fault because, well, I love him, I do, but I gotta be me, you know?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sure.

LEON

And I'm a fuckin whore!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I'm sure that's not true.

LEON

I'm like McDonalds -- over a million served! Oh God, this is all my fault! He left his family -- wife, kids, Elmhurst is beautiful you know -- he just loves me too much! Everything would be fine if he wasn't so damn passionate & romantic with the red roses and the lava lamps -- He puts me on a pedestal, do you understand? I look horrifying right now, like a grotesque, I know -- but when I put myself together --

AGENT SHELDON

No no, you're a real looker, we can tell

LEON

Don't mock me. Come down to the Village sometime, you'll leave a changed man.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

We're getting off the subject. The good news is -- you help us out, you get to see Sonny.

LEON

I wanna go back to the hospital!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Hey. C'mon, Leon -- you don't get to dictate the terms here --

AGENT SHELDON

You're lucky we don't arrest you right now!

LEON

Arrest me for what?

AGENT SHELDON

Conspiracy, pal.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Look, We know you & Sonny gotta be in cahoots. But if you help us--

LEON

I'm not listening! And I'm not talking unless you make her leave.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Who?

LEON

Miss Thing there! Be gone, Miss Frown!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sheldon, how bout you get lost?

AGENT SHELDON

Clock's ticking, Fuck-oh.

Sheldon exits

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Okay now -- Gather yourself... and I'll take you to Sonny.

LEON

Are you a goddamn nudnick?! I told you I don't want to see him! I swallowed pills to get away from him. They strapped me to a gurney and took me to Bellevue. I was just starting to feel better -- and now -- oh my God my nails -- Oh what's the use -- I just wanna die!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

You're not gonna die, Leon, okay? But Sonny? He's in real peril. You know what peril is, Leon?

LEON

Do I know what peril is??? What is this, a vocabularly test? My LIFE is peril, okay?!!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Leon -- Let's go see Sonny. I think you're stronger than you let on. I mean you gotta be, right? The lifestyle -- it can't be easy.

LEON

It's not. And I can't!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Leon --

LEON

I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't!!!!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Hey now, hey now --

LEON

Oh God....Hold me???

Fucco hesitates, then --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

...Sure thing, Leon.

Fucco holds Leon.

LEON

I know this is hard for you too, Detective. I dated a cop. He told me how our laws favor criminals, that cops have to break laws just to make an arrest, and break more laws to make it stick-- and the politicians know it and are glad you do it but if you get caught, they throw you right under the bus -- so that's why they turn the blind eye when you cops wet your beak with the gambling & prostitution -- which, that's me, prostitution --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Not all cops wet their beak.

LEON

Oh please.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Okay, Leon, stand up.

LEON

For what?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

We're going to see Sonny

LEON

No!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I can take you to Sonny, or I can take you to jail.

LEON

I am not well! And you know I'm not well! And you know I'm not part of this crazy robbery!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I'm gonna give you one more chance!

LEON

Take me to jail.

DETECTIVE FUCCO

You'd rather I take you to jail then just across the street to see the man you profess to love?!

LEON

I can't see him. I love him more than life. But I don't love him more than I love myself. And I have to love myself -- otherwise who else will?!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny will! Sonny loves you! He can't stop talking about you!

LEON

Arrest me. Go ahead. But you won't. Because you're decent. I wish Sonny were more like you. Not mostly, but a little. You're a good egg. I can tell. I know men. For years I've been accused of being one.

Fucco sighs. Lights fade.

SCENE 5: THE BANK.

Sonny paces. The Hostages look on quietly.

SONNY

Hey -- what's that smell?

LORNA

I think Guadalupe and Sal are smoking Chiba in the vault.

ALISON

Marijuana, Sonny -- but my two cents, Sal can afford to relax a little. Plus -- he seems to tolerate Guadalupe very well --

COLLEEN

They're both weirdos, let's face it, birds of a feather.

Fucco appears at the door and  
knocks --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny -- come out, it's important --

SONNY

What is it? They won't give us the helicopter?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

No no, that's in the works, I promised you that, didn't I? Come on out, Sonny, let's confer --

SONNY

Confer, huh? Sal's guarding the hostages, so --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Understood. Just need to talk.

SONNY

Fine.... Coming out!

Sonny exits the bank

SONNY (CONT'D)

Fucco -- hey -- what is it now?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

.... Listen, I'm afraid I have some bad news...

SONNY

About what?!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

It's about your wife, Sonny, you know, your real wife as you say --

SONNY

Leon?! What happened?! Is he okay? If any of you fuckers harmed a hair on his head --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, no! We got Leon outta the hospital and we brought him here just like you asked--

SONNY

I'm giving you a hostage for that, so don't try to screw me --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

It's not me. It's him. Or her. Leon. He's here. Across the street in the liquor store -- but Sonny, he don't wanna see you.

SONNY

But I love him!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I know.

SONNY

Did ya tell him that? Does he know I did this all for him?

DETECTIVE FUCCO

I told him everything. Everything you said. Plus, I said other stuff too --

SONNY

Stuff?! What stuff?! Why don't he wanna see me?!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

He's afraid of you, Sonny.

SONNY

Afraid of me?... Leon!... Leon!.... Leon, please!!!! I'm fuckin dyin' here, Leon!! Please!.... Leon!!! I love you!!!  
Fucco? Fucco -- don't he understand I love him? Don't he know my heart breaks every minute I'm far from his loving embrace?!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny, I know your love is true, I hear it, I see it, and I empathize --

SONNY

Leon!! Leon!! Leon!!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Sonny, Sonny! Calm down. Please just sit tight. I'll try to get him to speak to you on the phone. Sonny, please -- calm yourself. These cops, they see a guy out of control like you are right now -- they're gonna shoot! And then what'll happen to Leon? Plus the hostages, Sonny-- you can't leave Sal in charge of their fate, right? Sonny?

SONNY

I want Leon -- or I don't wanna fuckin' live!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Hey -- hey! I'm with you! I will deliver! But for your own safety: Get it together! Please! Be a little manly!

SONNY

I'm manly! I'm a man! I'm fuckin manly!

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Prove it! Calm the fuck down! Stop making yourself a target! I'll get Leon on the phone but stop making a fucking scene! Go inside. Wait by the phone. Now!

SONNY

You fuckin better --

DETECTIVE FUCCO

Now!

Sonny re-enters the bank. In the bank, the Hostages watch as Sonny paces like a caged animal....

From the vault, Sal looks on.  
He studies Sonny. The phone  
rings. Sonny answers.

SONNY

Hello? Hello? Leon? ... Leon..? Are you there?

LEON

...Yeah.

SONNY

Um, thank you for speaking with me.

LEON

Are you kidding? They threatened to throw me in jail if I  
didn't.

SONNY

What?

LEON

They told me I'm an accomplice anyway. That I was in cahoots  
with you & I could go to jail for 30 years --

SONNY

They're lying to you, Leon -- they're trying to bullshit you--

LEON

I've never been so scared in my life, Sonny! One minute I'm  
in Bellevue -- relaxing -- and next thing I know all these  
cops burst in --

SONNY

It's okay, Leon. No one's gonna hurt you.

LEON

That Fucco -- the detective -- he's the only one knows how  
to treat a lady -- very civil, polite -- and Oh my god he's  
weatherbeaten -- but he's really rather handsome.

SONNY

Handsome? Whaddya mean, "handsome?"

Leon starts to cry

LEON

See?! There you go with your jealousy and your insanity -- my  
nerves, my nerves, I can't take it, I'm not well, Sonny!

SONNY

Please Leon, don't cry. I'm sorry. I'm not jealous. I wanna  
make things right. That's why I did this -- you know that,  
right? So you could get that operation?

LEON

But you said you didn't want it!! You said --

SONNY

I know what I said. But I was wrong. Dead wrong. I love you, Leon, you're the light of my life.

LEON

I wanna believe that, Sonny --

SONNY

Its the truth. When we're together, my heart skips beats -- like a syncopated drummer -- like Buddy Rich.

LEON

Sonny, you're so crazy -- You're like a maniac,

SONNY

I'm a maniac for you.

LEON

Oh, Sonny. You're not a normal person. You're, I don't know, larger than life.

SONNY

Listen to me, Leon. If I die today, the insurance money, its going to you for that operation. I already signed the thing, it's a done deal --

LEON

But Sonny --

SONNY

Hey don't cry --

LEON

You're so goddamned stupid! You're a moron, a regular ignoramus! I don't want your goddamned money!

SONNY

But Leon -- you want the operation, you tried to kill yourself --

LEON

But Sonny...What's the use of me having the operation -- if I cant have you?!

Pause

SONNY

Um, Leon, I -- uh -- I can't tell you how happy it makes me to hear you say that.

LEON

Yeah well, enjoy yourself -- live it up while I have my 19th nervous breakdown.

SONNY

Wait, so -- you really do love me, don't you, Leon?

LEON

Of course I love you, what are you, feebleminded?!

SONNY

Listen, Leon. They're getting us a plane, and we're going to Rhodesia or Algeria. And you'll come with us, okay? And we'll get you to Switzerland for the surgery, and then we'll be together --

LEON

Oh Sonny, you're dreaming.

SONNY

No! No! I can make this happen!

LEON

I can't go to Algeria -- what would I wear?

SONNY

Baby -- I can make this happen, I promise!!

LEON

Stop it, Sonny. You believe your own bullshit, but I know better -- and I'm a mental patient. Baby, just be with me here right now. For a moment. Just -- let me hear you breathe. Tell me a funny story. Or a love poem. Or a dirty joke. Make this all go away. Just for a moment. Can you do that for me? Can you be nice like how you used ta? Shy? Remember how shy you were? Always with the bouquet of flowers? You're the brashest man I ever met, you'd talk to anybody, get in anybody's face, but with me -- you could hardly get out a word. Remember?

SONNY

Yeah, baby. I remember.

LEON

Everybody thinks I'm trash. Or a whore. Or a good time sally. You're the only one who ever saw the good in me.

SONNY

Thats 'cuz you're all good -- there ain't a bad bone in ya. I wanna renew our vows! I wanna start over! It's just so good to talk like this again.

LEON

It's over, baby. Time to say goodbye. For keeps.

SONNY

No. I just wanna -- I wanna -- Leon?!... Leon?...Leon?!...  
Hey! Leon! Where are you? Where'd you go?... Fucco ? Are you  
there? Where's Leon? Hello?

Pause -- Sonny hangs up the phone, his  
head in his hands. All eyes in the bank  
are on him.

After a moment, the electricity in the  
banks shuts down -- no lights, no air  
conditioning, pitch black. The women  
scream.

From the vault, Sal cocks his  
rifle --

SAL

Sonny?! Sonny?!

Sal retreats into back inside  
the vault.

SONNY

Hey. Hey! What the fuck is going on here?

Colleen slowly approaches in the  
blackness.

COLLEEN

Is that you, Sonny?

SONNY

Who's that -- Colleen?

COLLEEN

You need to talk to Sal.

SONNY

What?

COLLEEN

I said Sal needs you...

Colleen lights a cigarette, keeps the  
lighter on for some light.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Sonny, did you hear what I said?

SONNY

..... Okay, Coleen..... I'm gonna need a  
minute, please.

Sonny begins to weep.

COLLEEN

Oh..... Should I give you some privacy?

Sonny weeps.

Colleen goes to him, sits on the floor next to him. Sonny just weeps.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Oh dear, this is, um, it's unusual..... I wish you wouldn't cry, Sonny..... Um, that Leon sounds like a fine fellow..... Sonny? Sonny, I'm sorry, I'm just not very good with this sort of thing, well, I live alone, you know?

Sonny weeps. Colleen slowly cradles him.

SONNY

Thank you.

COLLEEN

It's okay.... Just, try and wrap it up, I mean, when you can, okay? Lives are at stake, Sonny, and you've done... well.... I misjudged you initially.... At the onset of the robbery... You've done a stellar job keeping us safe -- incredible really -- feeding us, lightening the mood, the frequent bathroom breaks -- oh Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! Can't you just Buck up and get a grip, mister!

SONNY

What?

COLLEEN

Look, I never been married. I can't say I know what you're going through, but we need you! And right now, as much as this Leon character obviously means a lot to you --

SONNY

He's my life.

COLLEEN

Well right now, your life is here. And none of my girls want to die. And neither do I. And you're being a mope!

SONNY

A mope?

COLLEEN

And selfish. And a quitter! And you're not really selfish or a quitter., are you? You're a degenerate, that's certain -- but you're not --

SONNY

Okay, okay... I'm coming, Sal.

But Sal is already approaching

SAL

Sonny.

COLLEEN

Oh my God, Where is she -- he was with Guadalupe --

SONNY

Sal -- the girl, Guadalupe -- she's okay, right?

SAL

Yeah. She likes the vault. The guitar sounds good there she says.

Suddenly -- we hear a bullhorn

AGENT SHELDON ON BULLHORN

Sonny. Agent Sheldon, FBI. Everything is just about operational, mission capable-- come on out and take a look, let's have a chat.

SONNY

Alison, come with me.

SAL

Sonny, who is that guy -- what's he want?

SONNY

Don't worry, I'll get Fucco.

Sonny and Alison go to exit --

SAL

Sonny. Sonny -- you okay?

SONNY

Yeah, Sal.

SAL

You sure?

SONNY

Yeah.

SAL

Okay. But listen. Um. I'm not completely like other people. Maybe you know that probably. But if I was like other people, and, even if I'm not like other people -- I wanna say -- I wanna say -- I'm sorry.

SONNY

About what?

SAL

About Leon. I don't, like, this ain't my arena, but I heard, and I saw, and I sure am sorry.

Sal sticks out his hand. Sonny shakes it.

SONNY

Be right back.

SCENE 7: OUTSIDE THE BANK

Alison shields Sonny from the guns that are pointed at him.

SONNY

Where's Fucco?

AGENT SHELDON

No more Fucco. He's been removed. From now on, you deal with me.

SONNY

Oh yeah? But what if I want Fucco?

AGENT SHELDON

The city's broke, your demands are exorbitant, your timeline narrow -- what you're asking for, how fast you need it, plus international travel, only the federal government can make that happen.

SONNY

Yeah? So where's the helicopter, Fed?

AGENT SHELDON

On it's way. Along with most of what you asked for.

SONNY

Okay. I'll see ya when it arrives.

AGENT SHELDON

I need to go inside and make sure the hostages are safe.

SONNY

They're safe. If you walk in there, I can't guarantee Sal don't shoot the whole place up.

ALISON

He's not lying, sir.

Sonny starts to exit. Sheldon grabs Alison.

AGENT SHELDON

How bout you leave her with me? As a sign of good faith. You got four left inside, right?

SONNY

No way. My deal was with Fucco, that wasn't part of the deal!

AGENT SHELDON

Something happens to her inside that bank, it's on you, Sonny. If she dies, it's capital murder, you get the chair for that.

Sonny looks at Sheldon, then Alison.

SONNY

I'll take my chances... Alison, go back inside, okay?

ALISON

Sure thing, Sonny.

Alison re-enters the bank.

SONNY

What can I say -- they like me.

SHELDON

That woman is traumatized. She doesn't like you.

SONNY

Your opinion.

SHELDON

No. Fact. She doesn't like you, none of them like you, Fucco couldn't stand you, Leon wouldn't even see you face to face -- and the crowd -- well, you know what they say -- they're fickle. Me? I'm neutral. Which means right now I'm about the best friend you got. Do not cross me. Understand?

SONNY

You know what? You remind me of someone.

SHELDON

Is that so?

SONNY

My high school gym teacher. An All-American type. You remind me of him

AGENT SHELDON

I'll take that as a compliment

SONNY

Don't. It's not. And you better not cross me either, Fed.

AGENT SHELDON

Noted. One more thing: Don't worry about Sal. We'll handle it.

SONNY

Handle? Handle what?

AGENT SHELDON

"A word to the wise is sufficient"

SONNY

Speak English -- I ain't that wise.

AGENT SHELDON

No you're not.

SONNY

Fuck you, man.

AGENT SHELDON

Chopper in five.

Sonny nods, re-enters the bank

SAL is waiting for him --

SAL

What did that FBI guy talk to you about?

SONNY

Just -- logistics, helicopter, the menu on the airplane -- mediterranean fare -- you like that, right?

SAL

That's all youse two talked about?

SONNY

Yeah. Why?

Sal takes Nyquil from his pocket, drinks --

SAL

Okay... But -- this helicopter thing, I talked it over with Guadalupe, I'd rather take a cab.

SONNY

A cab?

SAL

Cab. Definitely.

SONNY

That can't happen. You gotta trust me.

SAL

I -- I really don't like going up in the air, Sonny. It ain't for me.

Guadalupe crosses to Sal. She takes the Nyquil from Sal's hand, takes a swig --

SONNY

Hey I got you in this, Sal -- I'll get you out.

SAL

....It ain't for me, Sonny...

Guadalupe strums her guitar.

GUADALUPE

Sal? I know you're afraid to fly, but it'll be okay.

SAL

I got the vibes again.

GUADALUPE

Hey Sal. Cajate. You know what that means?

SAL

No.

GUADALUPE

It means shut the fuck up.

GUADALUPE sings. Hostages watch alongside Sal.

GUADALUPE (CONT'D)

Tanto tiempo disfrutamos de este amor  
Nuestras almas se acer Fuccon tanto así  
Que yo guardo tu sabor  
Pero tu llevas también  
Sabor a mí  
Si negaras mi presencia en tu vivir  
Bastaría con abrazarte y conversar  
Tanta vida yo te di  
Que por fuerza tienes ya  
Sabor a mí

Sal is mesmerized.

COLLEEN

(To Buttermann) Very talented! -- who knew?

SAL

That was... that was... that was in Spanish, huh?

GUADALUPE

Yeah... I'm from P.R. -- where you from Sal?

SAL

I don't know -- around.

GUADALUPE

Around where?

SAL

Here and there.

GUADALUPE

Yeah, but what I mean is --

SAL

Uh, this is longer than I'm comfortable talking.

Beat.

Suddenly, the sound of a helicopter and the bullhorn.

AGENT SHELDON ON BULLHORN

Sonny? We're ready for you Sonny!

Sonny surveys the hostages.

SONNY

Okay. Sal! Ya hear that? Did I promise you I'd get us out of this or what?

SAL

Yeah.

SONNY

Okay, everybody walk out together like how we practiced.

They all walk out huddled together around Sonny and Sal and exit the bank.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Look at that Chopper, Sal! State of the art, just for us!

GUADALUPE

Come on, Sal -- Jesus Christ and The Mother Mary are with you.

COLLEEN

Don't be a baby, Sal.

LORNA

He's walking! Sal's walking! C'mon, Sal!

ALISON

You're doing good, Sal.

SAL

This humidity, huh?

SONNY

You see, Sal? Did I tell you or did I --

Sonny's words are drowned out by a three gunshots and women's screams.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Sal! Sal! Sal!

Darkness. FBI and NYPD converge. Sonny raises his hands --

SONNY (CONT'D)

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Helicopter floodlights reveal--

Sal, dead on the ground.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Sal!

Sonny is cuffs, on his knees. A cop at his side. Sonny watches the hostages being led to away by E.S.U. They pass by him -- only Lorna pauses briefly and gives him a glance. The cop yanks him to his feet -- AGENT SHELDON approaches.

AGENT SHELDON

Officer. A moment, please.

The officer takes a few steps away.

AGENT SHELDON (CONT'D)

You did the right thing, Sonny. You protected the hostages and no one else got killed.

SONNY

What are you talking about?

AGENT SHELDON

Sal was a menace. A deformed soul. You're not that.

SONNY

Hey -- fuck you, man!

AGENT SHELDON

Look. I don't make it my business to converse with Title 18 Scumbags once they're cuffed, stuffed, and collared. But you're about to cross to rubicon, pal -- you want a tip before I go?

SONNY

Hey man -- go fuck yourself -- fuck you (pause) I mean, yeah okay -- what is it?

AGENT SHELDON

Number One: In the joint-- eyes open, mouth shut. You might make parole someday.

SONNY

Yeah? What's number two?

AGENT SHELDON

Next time you wanna rob a bank -- Don't.

Agent Sheldon saunters off. Sonny is alone, contemplating his fate.

Leon appears.

David Bowie's "Heroes" plays --

Lights fade. The End