

The Bank Robbery
By Ben Gillman

Two bank robbers, SLICK MICKEY and DIM JIM, rush on stage. They hold a bag of money. They pull down handkerchiefs off their faces.

DIM JIM: Wow, Slick Mickey, you were right. Robbing banks is easy!

SLICK MICKEY: What'd I tell you, Dim Jimmy? Now we just need the getaway car.

DIM JIM: Exactly.

SLICK MICKEY: Well, where is it?

DIM JIM: It'll be right here.

SLICK MICKEY: When?!

DIM JIM: When we actually rob the bank.

SLICK MICKEY: What do you mean *when* we actually rob the bank.

DIM JIM: Well, this was just our practice run, right?

SLICK MICKEY: Practice run?! Are you kidding me?! You don't get to practice robbing a bank!

DIM JIM: Are you saying, we really just robbed a bank?!

SLICK MICKEY: Yes!

DIM JIM: I thought we were practicing! Oh boy, we're gonna need a getaway car.

SLICK MICKEY: I know that!

Slick Mickey hits Dim Jim over the head.

SLICK MICKEY: C'mon, we gotta run for it. The cops'll be here any second.

OFFICER KRUMCAKE enters with his gun raised.

KRUMCAKE: Hold it right there, you two!

Slick Mickey pulls his gun and points it at Officer Krumcake.

SLICK MICKEY: Officer Krumcake!

KRUMCAKE: Drop the weapon, Slick Mickey. I've got you in my sights.

SLICK MICKEY: You drop your weapon. Or I'll shoot!

DIM JIM: Uh... Slick Mickey...

SLICK MICKEY: Not now, Dim Jimmy. *(beat)* Now, Officer Krumcake, there's two of us and only one of you. So you better just walk away.

DIM JIM: Slick Mickey...

SLICK MICKEY: Not now, Dim Jimmy!

KRUMCAKE: I can't just let you two get away with all that money!

SLICK MICKEY: Then I guess things are gonna get messy. I'll give you to the count of three.

DIM JIM: Slick Mickey...

SLICK MICKEY: Quiet, Dim Jimmy! On three... One... Two...

DIM JIM: Slick Mickey, listen to me!

SLICK MICKEY: What?!

DIM JIM: We've only got toy guns.

SLICK MICKEY: What?!

DIM JIM: I thought we were practicing!

SLICK MICKEY: Why you, idiot!

Slick Mickey hits Dim Jim over the head again.

KRUMCAKE: Well, well, well, the tables have turned. Drop your toy guns and give me the money!

Slick Mickey and Dim Jim drop their guns.

KRUMCAKE: I finally caught you red-handed, Slick Mickey... Now give me the money!
Slick Mickey inches toward Officer Krumcake and holds out the bag.

SLICK MICKEY: Gimme the bag, Dim Jimmy! You want the money, Officer Krumcake? Here you go!

But Slick Mickey pulls a fast one and grabs Officer Krumcake's gun and keeps the bag of money.

SLICK MICKEY: Aha! I tricked ya, Officer Krumcake! C'mon, Dim Jimmy! Let's get out of here!

Slick Mickey and Dim Jimmy run away, leaving Officer Krumcake behind.

KRUMCAKE: You'll never get away with this! I'll track you down, Slick Mickey! If it's the last thing I do!!

Officer Krumcake exits.

Slick Mickey and Dim Jimmy stop running.

SLICK MICKEY: We did, Dim Jimmy! We robbed the bank! And got away with the money!

DIM JIM: Um... Slick Mickey?

SLICK MICKEY: We did it... *(opens the bag)* Wait a minute what is this?! This bag is empty! Where's all the money?!

DIM JIM: I thought we were practicing!

THE END