

# Burglar

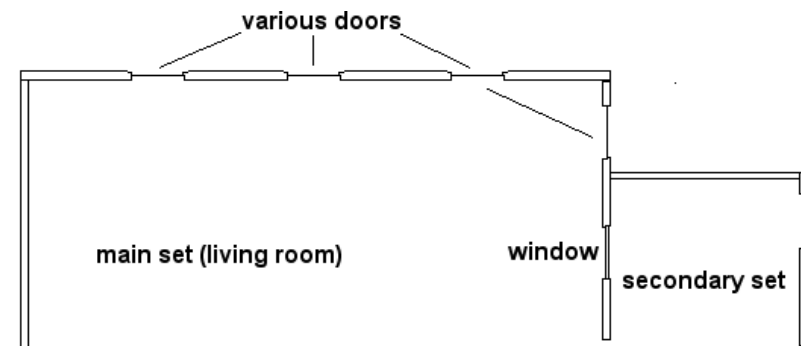
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## Setting

Some city, somewhere. All actions take place in the living rooms of a series of apartments. Each has one or more doors leading to other rooms. (downstage)

At stage right, a smaller area is used for various outside areas and for part of burglar's apartment.



## Set example

The requirements for seven main sets (and several secondary sets) are easily handled using the basic stage layout above and changing the décor, furnishings and arrangements for each separate apartment.

In like fashion, the secondary set needs only minimal furnishings to suggest the burglar's apartment, a fire escape balcony, a park / café and a taxi ride.

## The Burglar

The principal character, the burglar, is dressed in dark camos (might be jungle or urban camo from mil surplus dyed to a darker shade overall) at night but may wear sweats or casual

attire during daylight events. Burglar may be male or female but should be agile and fairly trim.

Burglar appears on stage at opening of each act, on secondary set off from principal set; may be seated on window sill or leaning on balcony railing, etc. For night, should be soft, backlit with blue gel. Possible cityscape, city lights as background and lighting.

### ***The Cast:***

**Burglar:** (aka: Jerry or Jerri) May be male or female, young to middle-aged, should not be heavily built, should be agile

**John Bell:** middle-aged, gray streak at temples, married to Terri

**Terri Romdi:** younger than John but professional and competent

**Jerry Doyle:** late twenties, early thirties, endomorphic body type but in good condition, slightly receding hairline

**Kenneth Schram:** early thirties, ectomorphic body type, good physical condition, full head of hair

**Margaret Dalrymple:** widow in her seventies, white-haired, comfortable

**'Becca (Rebecca) Gruder:** same vintage as Margaret Dalrymple

**Clarisse and Bobby:** fraternal twins, age range 8 to 14, bright and perceptive

**Karen:** Margaret's daughter, middle aged, bossy toward her mother

**Jeremy:** Margaret's son, late middle aged, rather pompous without cause

**Freddy:** young (20's), flashy dresser with poor taste, dyed hair, optional beard, optional body piercings

**Policemen (two):** male or female, mature, competent (brief appearances)

**Daryl Newcomb:** young, early twenties, attractive, well groomed

**Sandi Newcomb:** young, early twenties, attractive, well groomed

**Larry Sarton:** young middle-age, businessman, overly groomed, very conscious of appearance

**Burglar's Assistants (2):** no particular description beyond moderately muscular

**Girl:** young, very attractive

**Munch:** late middle-age, business type, slightly seedy, may be male or female

While a cast size of twenty-one characters is rather large, except for the burglar and the twins, many of the roles can be doubled or even tripled and all cast, when not preparing to appear on stage, can double as stagehands for set changes by donning dark (gray, blue, green, etc) hooded pullovers and sweats. Basically, the more shadowed figures during set changes, the better the effect.

**Act 1, Scene 1:** Night time, apartment of John Bell and Terri Romdi

*As lights rise, John and Terri are just entering, semi-formal dress, obviously returning from party and slightly tipsy. Business with hanging up overcoat and fur wrap, punching keypad by door for alarm, locking door with safety bar. John has gray streak at temples, Terri is younger but professional and well polished.*

**John:** "I'm bushed. Scotch?"

**Terri:** (*unsnapping elaborate necklace*) "Haven't you had enough for one night?"

**John:** "Maybe so ..."  
(*wrapping arms around wife's waist*)  
"... but not enough of you."

**Burglar:** (*off stage, seated on outside window frame, addressing audience*) "About time they got in. If I'd known they were going to be this late, I'd have gone to Sardi's (*or name of popular local restaurant*) for dinner first." (*shrugs*)  
"C'est la guerre." (*turns as if peeking inside*)

**Terri:** "Here, put this away." (*slips out of arms and hands necklace to John who dangles it casually, then, a bit petulantly*)

“Way you were carrying on with Sue and Veronica, I’m surprised you didn’t invite them home.”

**John:** (*turning back and walking toward picture hiding wall safe, speaks softly but annoyed, brusque voice*) “Maybe I should have ... maybe you’d have enjoyed that!”

**Terri:** (*back turned to both audience and John, also speaking softly*) “Maybe I would have.” (*turns toward John, speaks in a more pleasant voice*) “How ‘bout some coffee? Sumatran?” (*exits through doorway to off-stage kitchen*)

**John:** “Yeah, sure ... but decaf, okay?” (opens safe, stands looking at necklace sparkle for a moment, then tosses it inside almost casually. Closes safe, rehanges picture, turns, collapses into armchair, raises voice to carry.) “Look, you know they’re both important. Sue’s got a lot of influence with Michael and Veronica” (slight whining note) “... well, she could make or break us on this deal.”

**Terri:** (off stage, sounds of coffee being made) “I just wish it were finished. If I have to dance with Roy one more time ...”

**John:** (picks up newspaper, leafing through it, responds casually) “I thought you said he was a good dancer.”

**Terri:** (still off stage) “He is, sure ... but he’s also grabby. He thinks a dance – any dance – is a prelude to seduction. Public seduction.”

**John:** (almost absently) “Well, we’re almost there.” (long pause, then, in carrying voice) “Maybe when we’ve got things set, I could punch him a good one.”

**Terri:** (reappearing with two coffee’s on a tray) “Now that would be nice. Just be sure it’s when I can see it.”

**John:** (lays paper down, takes coffee with one hand, pats Terri’s hand with the other) “I will.” (sighs) “I definitely will.”

**Terri:** (seated with own cup of coffee smiles happily before sipping, long pause, then) “Come to bed, honey. I’m exhausted and I have to be at the bank in the morning.”

**John:** “If things work out right ...”

**Terri:** (matter of fact but patient, she’s said this before) “I’m not leaving the bank. I’ll be VP for Business Loans and

Accounts when Terrell steps down and that will be within the year.”

**John:** (sets coffee cup down on table) “Well, think about it.”  
(he’s said this before as well, exits to off-stage bedroom)

**Terri:** (still holding coffee cup as if forgotten, walks front stage, left of center, baby spot highs head only, facing slightly left, speaks addressing nobody) “I have, buster, believe me. No way I’m going to give up a perfectly good career.”

**Burglar:** (offstage, softly as if to self but audible to audience)  
“So? Go to bed, why don’t you? You’re not the only one with things to take care of. You’ve got your career ... I’ve got mine to think about.”

*(Terri leaves coffee cup on table, exits following John, fade to black)*

**Act 1, Scene 2:** same apartment, short time later

*(light from offstage right comes up slowly, medium dim, shines through window onto interior set as burglar steps out of shadows. Interior lights rise to medium/dim as burglar enters carefully through window, light through windows slightly stronger to provide shadows)*

**Burglar:** (softly, to himself) “About time!” (reaches back through window to pick up valise and tube with strap, carries both to center of room, sets them down carefully)

*(crosses to front door, leans slightly forward to examine keypad, uses small pocket torch to highlight (supplement with baby spot), says nothing)*

*(crosses to bedroom door, listens as faint sounds of snoring offstage become audible to audience, pauses, nods to self, sounds fade and cease as burglar moves away from door)*

*(baby spot follows pocket torch as burglar examines coffee table, pauses for a moment on discarded newspaper as burglar picks paper up carefully from floor and lays it on chair (burglar is wearing dark cotton gloves), slowly sweeps rest of room as burglar walks around. Burglar moves casually, not tiptoe nor heavy footed but comfortable and business-like although with care.)*

*(burglar lifts small (western) statue from bookshelf, examines with pen light, nods, satisfied, crosses and places in valise after wrapping with towel, returns to bookshelf)*

*(plays light across titles, pulls down three books in succession, opens each to examine title, examines spines, finally puts one title back, carries remaining two to valise and stows carefully)*

**Burglar:** *(speaking to no-one)* “Nice Poe. And a nice Dumas, too.”

*(returns to bookcase, runs light across spines, briefly checks one or two but finds nothing else of interest)*

*(crosses to picture hiding safe, takes picture down, carries to empty chair near valise, produces knife from pocket, back to audience, appears to be cutting picture from frame (note: use velcro patches on corners of picture to hold canvas, provide soft ripping sound as burglar cuts), takes picture and rolls carefully before sliding roll into tube, lays tube next to valise)*

*(Stage right, lights slowly fade to black, before black-clad figures appear at stage right, cover outside of window with blank panel, replace cityscape with blank wall, place console TV against covered window with easy chair facing.)*

**Burglar:** *(speaking to no-one)* “Nice, that’ll please Munch.”

*(returns to exposed safe, shines light on safe (again, follow with baby spot) works on dial or keypad briefly, then opens safe door)*

*(light plays on contents for a moment, sparkle from necklace so casually tossed inside)*

*(burglar extracts necklace, playing light on it while holding it up for careful examination, pauses then snorts softly before draping necklace across door of safe)*

*(reaches inside and produces half-dozen fat manila envelopes, sorts through them, looking inside each, then replaces four in safe, slips two in side pocket, returns light to necklace hanging on door, short pause, shakes head)*

*(returns to valise, adds two envelopes, picks up valise and tube, then crosses to front door, ignores keypad but removes safety bar and leans against door jam, opens door and exits as lights fade to black)*

*(On main stage, a black-clad figure replaces cups and saucers with set previous broken and repaired with wheat-paste glue.)*

**Act 1, Scene 3:** Morning, apartment of John Bell and Terri Romdi

*(Segue to Scene 3. Lights come up on stage right as burglar enters – sans camo – and sits, picking up remote control but doing nothing with it – brief pause – burglar yawns and stretches, puts down remote, picks up paperback book, reads.)*

*(Main stage, lights come up full to reveal open safe, necklace still hanging on door, coffee cups from night before still on coffee table, carefully refolded newspaper on one chair.)*

**Terri:** *(enters from bedroom, wearing bathroom, looking half-asleep. Walks toward coffee table, grimaces at coffee cups, picks them up, turns, see open safe, coffee cups rattle on saucers.)* “John! JOHN!” *(Drops coffee cups, first one, then the second.)*

*(Stage right, burglar points remote at TV and presses button, then sits watching. Screen is out of view of audience, no sound.)*

**John:** *(off stage and sleepy)* “What? What is it?”

**Terri:** *(strident)* “Just get out here. Now!”

**John:** *(appears from bedroom, wearing pajama bottoms, barefooted.)* “I heard something break. What’s wrong?”

**Terri:** *(medium soft)* “I broke a cup. Get some shoes, you’ll cut yourself.” *(short pause, then sharply and loudly)* “THAT’S what’s wrong!” *(points at safe, arm shaking.)*

*(John starts toward safe, cursing under his breath, then appears to step on something, stops, limps back toward bedroom, cursing louder at this point.)*

*(Terri reaches for newspaper on chair, then crouches, back to audience, gathering pieces of cups and saucers on to paper ... then, still crouching, begins to sob softly.)*

*(John reappears in trousers and shoes, no shirt, still cursing as he crosses to the safe, jerking the necklace off the door and peering inside.)*

**John:** *(still looking at safe and gripping necklace in left hand, growling)* “Have you called the f’ing police?”

*(Terri doesn’t answer, just shakes head.)*

**John:** “Damn it! Damn it all to hell!” *(exits to bedroom, still carrying necklace)*

*(Terri rises with newspaper and exits to kitchen. Reappears a moment later, with a cordless phone to her ear, remains near kitchen door, leaning tiredly against door jamb for support)*

**Terri:** “Yes ... yes, I want to report a robbery ... No, nobody’s here. I mean, John is but no burglar ... at least I think not ... no, I haven’t checked ... no, I don’t know...”

*(John reenters, cell phone to ear, stalks down center, facing audience but not looking at them, pauses)*

**Terri:** *(continuing)* "... the address is 1230 Buell, apartment 3C ... John Ball ... I'm Terri Rondi ... yes, I live here too. We're married ..."

**John:** *(loudly, drowning out Terri in background)* "George? Damn it, George, I've been robbed ... Yes, I said robbed ... how the hell would I know? Last night I guess." *(produces necklace from pocket, looks at it, returns to pocket)* "Yeah, last night ... look, just get over here, okay? ... No, Terri's calling them now ... No, I don't know what's missing. ... Okay." *(Snaps phone shut, pulls out necklace, glares at it, crumples it in fist and walks jerkily into bedroom.)*

**Terri:** *(continuing)* "... because the damned safe's open, what do you think? ... Yes, we have a burglar alarm ..." *(looks across at door, sees safety bar leaning against wall)* "JOHN!" *(loudly, covering phone with hand)*

**John:** *(reappearing in doorway)* "What!"

**Terri:** *(still covering phone)* "The door! Look at it!"

Main stage fades to black, right stage remains lit with burglar intent on TV, smiling slightly, shaking his/her head briefly

**Burglar:** *(turns head to address audience)* "Hey, I closed their window like a good guest, right? ... What? Did they expect me to leave that way too? Besides I even locked the door when I went out – wouldn't want someone breaking in on them. Especially with that alarm system el cheapo put it. ... Hey, I don't mind a little extra bother. It's the least I could do to repay them." *(smiles wryly)*

*Stage right fades to black – short interval.*

*Both main and stage right lights resume. John is now fully clothed but hasn't combed hair. Terri isn't visible. Burglar is watching TV again.*

**John:** *(standing in front of book case, back to audience, cell phone to ear)* "They took the Poe and the Dumas. Damn it! And my Remington's gone." *(turns to face stage left, front)* "And the Degas ... yes, right out of the frame ... That's right, the safe's open ... mostly some bearer bonds and certificates ... because I need liquidity – you know the position I'm in. I need to be able to move fast ... Uh, oh, yeah, the Tiffany..." *(reaches into pocket but doesn't produce the necklace)*

“...yeah, that’s gone too ... no, the rest of it’s at the bank ... because we were at a party last night, remember? You were there, weren’t you?” (*looks up as bell rings, then continues*)  
“Okay, someone’s at the door ... Yes, probably. We’ll talk about it later, when you get here!” (*closes cell phone, then crosses to door and presses intercom button*) “Yes?”

**Voice over intercom:** “Mr. Bell? This is the police. You called about a burglary?”

**John:** (*crossly*) “It’s Ball, not Bell. Yes, I’ll buzz you in. Three-C” (*presses button next to intercom, then turns and hurries to bedroom and enters.*)

**John:** (*voice from offstage*) “Here, hide this somewhere. Somewhere safe.”

**Terri:** (*inaudible answer*)

**John:** (*angrily*) “Why? Because it was stolen, that’s why! Just do it, the police are here!”

**Burglar:** (*stage right, still seated in lounge chair with remote in hand, turns head to address audience*): “What you bet he says seventy-five or a hundred thou? For a handful of zircons

worth a hundred bucks? And soft-brushed silver plate passing as platinum?” (*snorts*) “And they call me a crook!” (*looks away from audience and up, clasping hands behind head, musing*)  
“Humph, wonder if the insurance company would like to buy them back? Wouldn’t that be a hoot?” (*pause*) “Naw...” (*shakes head*) “...going back for it would be too risky...”

(*fade to black both sets, curtains remain open*)

*During interval, figures in black dress both sets.*

**Act 2, Scene 1: Apartment of Jerry Doyle and Kenneth Schram**

*Main set is the apartment of Jerry Doyle and Kenneth Schram. The living room is furnished in a masculine décor, including a small gun cabinet with three rifles, a couple of basketball trophies, and various trinkets on shelves along with several large books lying on their side.*

*To stage right, a metal park bench is occupied by our burglar, wearing gray sweats, tennies, ball cap with a backpack on the bench next to him/her. The setting suggests a small park.*

*Both Jerry and Ken are middle-aged; Jerry being the endomorphic body type, Ken an ectomorph. They are each in good physical shape although Jerry is annoyed by a receding hairline (as opposed to Ken's thicker toupee).*

**Ken:** *(relaxing on sofa, reading Sports Illustrated)* “Well, I still say he’s got a cute ass for a half-back.”

**Jerry:** *(from off-stage)* “Am I supposed to be jealous?”

**Ken:** *(smiling to himself)* “No worries, darling. Yours is much cuter. But hadn’t we better get a move on? Game time’s coming up and you know what traffic’s like.”

**Jerry:** *(enters from kitchen, carrying picnic basket)* “Get the cooler and we’re ready. Grill and charcoal are in the car.”

**Burglar** *(aside to audience):* “These two are real sports fanatics; every year, season tickets for basketball, football and baseball. Maybe their only saving grace is that they don’t paint themselves green and white (*change colors as appropriate to regional team*) and act like a couple of fools” (*grimaces*) “Hope they’ll get a hurry on – wouldn’t want them to miss the opening pitch.”

**Jerry:** “Bill and Sam called.”

**Ken:** “They going to meet us there?”

**Jerry:** “I mean ‘they both called’ – as in separately.”

**Ken:** *(crossing and placing his free hand on Jerry’s shoulder)* “Like that, eh?”

**Jerry:** *(reaching up to pat Ken’s hand)* “Exactly. If we can guarantee that Bill won’t, Sam will. And vice versa.”

**Ken:** *(gruffly)* “Bloody damned fools. What’s it been? Six? No, seven years?”

**Jerry:** “Since their commitment ceremony? Six, I think. And you know they love each other.”

**Ken:** “I know they’re both too thick to say ‘I’m sorry’.”

**Jerry:** “We’ve had a few spatos too.”

**Ken:** “Most couples do. Just we’re smart enough to give in once in a while.”

**Jerry:** “And to say we’re sorry once in a while.”

**Ken:** *(grinning and pulling his hand free and heading for the door)* “Well, I’m only going to be sorry if we miss the game.”

**Jerry:** *(rising and crossing to the kitchen)* “Okay, okay, I’ll get the cooler ... slave driver.”

**Ken:** *(smiling, hand on the door knob)* “Maybe later ... if you’re good.” *(exits)*

*(Jerry follows a moment later, carrying a beer cooler. Door closes, snap of locks. Lights fade to dim for 30 seconds on main stage, fade to dark on stage right.)*

## **Act 2, Scene 2:** Brief interval later

*Stage right: black-clad figures reset scene for burglar’s apartment with easy chair facing TV.*

*(lights come up slowly, sound of door being unlocked, burglar steps inside, sets backpack on floor, turns back to door, sound of door being locked, burglar is now wearing cotton gloves.)*

*(burglar retrieves backpack, setting on the sofa where Jerry had been sitting, takes a long slow tour of room, checking all doors ... then vanishes into kitchen)*

Note: off-stage events are telescoped, happening much faster than actual actions would require and suggested only by sounds.

*(sound of refrigerator opening ... closing ... freezer opening ... closing ... cabinets opening briefly and closing again ... reappears in living room, empties ice cube tray into plastic ziplock bag, adds to backpack ... disappears into kitchen ... sound of water running ... reappears, looking around)*

**Burglar:** *(shaking head)* “Okay, that’s not bad for a start.

Humph, you’d think people would learn ... ice on ice may be cool but it’s not that smart. So, what’s next?”

*(sound of footsteps, door lock snapping ... burglar crosses quickly, ducking into closet, pulling door almost closed but very quietly)*

*(door opens, Jerry rushes in, leaving door open, crosses to bedroom and disappears ... reappears a moment later holding*

*a medicine bottle, trying to check the label as he almost trips over a chair, rushes out)*

**Jerry:** *(pulling the door closed) “Damned allergies!” (sound of lock snapping)*

*(silent pause)*

**Burglar:** *(stepping cautiously out of closet) “Man, I had to get out of there.” (looks over shoulder at closet door, pause) “At least, I’m an honest burglar.” (shrugs) “Hell, that’s a stupid thing to say. (expression twisting into wry grin) “Okay, so I’ve got friends who are gay; and friends who are straight ... and friends who I know which are which. What’s the diff anyway – except that you’re feeling shook up? Goes with the damned territory, right?” (shakes himself, then exits through bedroom door)*

*(sound of drawers opening ... closing ... sound of closet opening ... hangers rattle slightly ... door closes)*

*(burglar reappears, carrying nothing, looking around again ... stops, looking at bookshelf)*

**Burglar:** *“Now there’s a possibility.” (crosses to bookshelf, lifts large books off shelf and carries them to a coffee table where he sits to examine them)*

**Burglar:** *“Ah, nice set of trading cards.” (handles looseleaf binder carefully, showing pages holding pocketed trading cards ... pauses ... low whistle ...) “Now that’s a treasure ... wonder what the Babe’s worth now. This is what? Nineteen-thirty-three? And a Lou Gehrig, same year? And a Gabby Hartnett? Looks like a bonanza. No matter, look ‘em up later.” (closes book, glances at two others, smiles widely, collects all three, tucking them into the backpack ... begins humming theme from *The Gambler*, then softly singing) “Know when to hold ‘em, know when to fold ‘em ...” (shoulders backpack and crosses toward door) “...know when to walk away, know when to run ...” (does a quick shuffle step as if miming running) “...never count your money sitting at the table, there’ll be time enough for counting...” (sound of door closing cuts off the refrain, sound of lock being set ... fade to black.)*

**Act 2, Scene 3:** Ken and Jerry's apartment, much later

*(As lights come up, sound of door being unlocked, Jerry enters carrying an empty ice chest by one handle; Ken enters with picnic basket. Both cross to kitchen, sound of refrigerator opening, then closing. The two reappear, each carrying a beer.)*

**Ken:** *(sinking into easy chair)* "Well, it was still a fun game."

**Jerry:** *(taking the couch)* "Yep ... but nicer if the right team would win."

**Ken:** *(grinning)* "Maybe we should switch?"

*(Stage right, burglar enters carrying iced glass, sits facing TV, picks up remote and punches button)*

**Jerry:** *(taking a drink)* "Watch it, pretty boy. I prefer you just the way ... Ken? Do you have a blue and white knapsack?"

**Ken:** *(looking puzzled)* "Knapsack? You mean like a backpack?"

**Jerry:** *(sitting upright and looking down at the sofa next to himself)* "Yeah, a blue and white one."

**Ken:** "Not since I left the corps ... and that wasn't blue and white. All we got was khaki or camo. Why?"

**Jerry:** "Oh, nothing ... just ..."

**Ken:** *(sitting upright)* "Just what?"

**Jerry:** *(looking around)* "Just that when I came back for the antihistamines...?"

**Ken:** "Yes?"

**Jerry:** *(shaking head)* "I just thought ... I'd forgotten ... I was in a hurry so we wouldn't be late ... I thought ... I think I remember seeing a knapsack. Here, on the couch." *(sets beer on coffee table, pats cushion)*

**Ken:** "Nothing there now." *(pauses, then jumps up)* "Are you sure?"

**Jerry:** *(shaking head)* "No, not really but ... I think so. I don't know."

*(Ken turns, running into the kitchen, still carrying his beer, sound of refrigerator opening, pause, reappears carrying a dripping ice cube tray.)*

**Ken:** *(hollowly)* "We've been robbed."

**Jerry:** *(rising and looking down at the dripping tray)* "Robbed? Of what?"

**Ken:** *(sitting heavily, ice cube tray dripping on the floor)*

“Remember my uncle Hymie?”

**Jerry:** *(crossing behind Ken and resting both hands on the man’s shoulders)* “You’ve mentioned him. Said that he died a few months ago. Why?”

**Ken:** “Left me a package ... delivered last week ... I wanted to surprise you ... thought we could take a trip to Cabo ... or Carnival at Rio ... or something.”

**Jerry:** *(massaging the man’s shoulders)* “We can do that, sure. We’re not broke or anything. Hell if we were, I could always sell ...” *(breaks off suddenly and turns toward the bookshelves, stiffens, shoulders shaking)* “The lousy, no good son of a ...”

**Burglar:** *(stage right, in easy chair, facing TV)* “I think the penny dropped.” *(turns toward audience)* “Well, shall we see what they make of this?”

**Ken:** *(jumping up, dropping the ice cube tray, his gaze following Jerry’s)* “No! ... No, it couldn’t ...” *(quickly turns, putting his arms around Jerry)* “My darling, I’m so sorry ... so very sorry.” *(pause)* “DAMN IT!” *(jerks away, crossing quickly*

*to the gun cabinet, unlocking it and pulling out a rifle, quickly working the action as he turns, scowling)* “If he’s still here ...” *(flattens himself against wall by bedroom door, then slams door open as he enters. Jerry stands, watching, Sound of another door being slammed open, then a third)*

**Ken:** *(reappearing a moment later, speaking brusklly)* ”CLEAR!” *(crossing to closet and jerking it open with the rifle leveled one-handed)* “CLEAR!” *(crossing back to kitchen, pausing back against the wall, then slapping the door open as he enters, sound of another door being slammed open)* “CLEAR!” *(from the kitchen)*

*(Ken reappears in living room, almost shaking as he frees the magazine, then ejects a shell from the chamber. Hands shake as he replaces the gun in the rack, then stands, head forward against the cabinet door frame. Jerry is still standing, watching ... then moves suddenly to embrace his partner)*

**Jerry:** “Are you okay? Really okay?”

**Ken:** *(shaky voice)* “I’m ... I’m okay. It’s clear ... we’re okay ... I ... I ...”

**Burglar:** *(softly)* “And I’m glad I wasn’t there ...”

**Jerry:** “What?”

**Ken:** (*voice still muffled, facing gun cabinet*) “I feel so ... so goddamned violated!”

**Jerry:** (*very softly*) “You ... were magnificent!”

**Ken:** (*also softly*) “I ... I was scared. And mad. And ...”

**Jerry:** “Its okay, you’re okay, we’re okay. To hell with the trading cards, you’re okay, that’s all that matters.”

**Ken:** “I would have killed them ... that’s what makes me so mad. Do you understand? I would have killed them!”

**Jerry:** “There’s no one here. It’s okay. It’s okay.” (*pause*)  
“Your uncle Hymie, tell me about him. What was it? In the tray, I mean.”

**Ken:** (*wan smile, turning to face Jerry*) “Are you trying to distract me?”

**Jerry:** “Any way I can, yes.”

(*silent pause*)

**Ken:** “Diamonds ... I wanted to surprise you. I took them to a jeweler for appraisal. We could have had a really nice vacation.

I was going to put the ice cubes in your tea. See if you’d find them. Notice them, I mean.”

**Jerry:** “So ... we’ll take a vacation anyway, okay?”

(*lights dim on main stage, Ken and Jerry frozen in embrace*)

(*figures in black begin dressing main set for next act, Ken and Jerry assisting*)

(*stage right, phone rings, burglar turns left toward cordless phone, picks up but doesn’t key it*)

**Burglar:** (*turning head to face audience*) “Almost ‘Gift of the Magi’, don’t you think? Well, at least they know what’s important. And those trading cards are going to make a nice entry in my retirement account. So, maybe we’ll all come out ahead, no?”

**Burglar:** (*punches button on phone, answers*) “Jeri here.”  
(*pause*) (*aside to audience, covering pickup on phone with hand*)

“It’s Munch” (*uncovers phone*) “Yeah, what’a you want? ... No, that’s not acceptable. ... They’re worth treble that and you know it! ... And I’m not running a Dollar Store either.” (*tiredly patient*) “You just pony up the green ...”

(*pause, angrily*) “Like hell!” (*punches the phone off and slams it down on the side table*) (*mimicking broadly*) “I know where

you live' ... Well, I damned well know where he (/she) lives too!" (*pauses, stretches, muttering*) "I'm definitely getting too old for this." (*turns to face audience, thoughtfully*) "You know, Japan's a really hot market for sports memorabilia."

*(fade to black both sets, curtains remain open)*

*During interval, figures in black dress both sets.*

### **Act 3, Scene 1:** Apartment of Mrs. Margaret Dalrymple

*Mrs. Dalrymple is a widow in her seventies, white haired, comfortable. With three children, seven grandchildren and – thus far – three great-grandchildren, her elegant apartment is decorated with many, many pictures in silver and gold frames but also sports several teddy bears, well-loved and worn dolls and a bookshelf with more slim, tattered volumes than might be expected. Various other toys serve as bookends or fillers.*

*A basket of wool and knitting needles sits at one end of a couch, a magazine basket is shoved under the coffee table. The furniture is comfortable without being exceptionally elegant and the overall effect is a pleasant, well lived-in space.*

*(As the lights come up, Mrs. Dalrymple is seated in a rocking chair, talking on the phone. She appears ready to go out, neatly dressed in summer clothing but without jewelry beyond her earrings and a bracelet on her left wrist. She is not wearing any rings or broaches.)*

*Stage right, our burglar is seated in a car (or car seat) facing the audience, with a cup of coffee. Occasionally, he looks to his right and up. If he, then he is wearing slacks and a knit shirt. If she, then she is dressed in a neat pants suit, comfortable but not fancy. A leather briefcase sits next to him/her.)*

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** "No, I've no idea what Victoria may be wearing. Everything probably. And a fur coat as well. That

woman's going to drop dead of heat exhaustion. ... No, it all comes from being such a fool, really. Look, dear, she does have her uses. So what if she's new money? Your grandmother was new money and so was mine. ... If she wants to join the Museum Board, why not help her? She has plenty of money to donate, why not let it do some good? ... Oh, I agree, she's a total bore but so are most of the board – she'll fit in perfectly.... All right, dear. I'll see you at the luncheon. But I'm not wearing furs. In this weather, if I could, I think I'd wear nothing at all ... Yes, I suppose it would – but wouldn't it be fun? ... Ta ta, then." *(hangs up phone, looks around for a moment, then stands up, crosses to bookcases, begins looking at photos)*

*(phone rings)*

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** *(returning to pick up phone)* "Hello? ... Oh, it's you, Alicia. ... No, of course not. It was just that I was expecting ... never mind, dear. ... No, I'm going to lunch at the country club, one of those things. ... This evening? Why of course. ... Bring them over, I'd love to see them, you know that. What time? ... About five? ... That's fine, you and

Robert have a wonderful evening and I'll teach the twins more about the fine art of poker. ... Don't be silly, Alicia, they need to learn sometime. You did – not as well as I'd like, maybe, but you did learn." *(door bell rings)* "Later, then. That would be my cab. Bye bye, dear."

*(hangs up phone, picks up purse and crosses to door, sound of door closing and locking, main stage lights dim for 30 seconds, stage right dims to black)*

**Act 3, Scene 2:** same setting, a few minutes later

*(main stage lights come back up with sound of lock opening, door opens to admit burglar carrying briefcase)*

*Stage right, black-clad figures are removing car / car seat and replacing with easy chair and TV to recreate burglar's apartment.*

*(burglar locks door again, looks around, sets briefcase on table, examines apartment, room by room, then returns to living room)*

*(burglar examines living room in more detail, checking book shelves quickly, looks at books but shakes head, finally collects pictures, carrying them to the table where he/she quickly removes the backs of each, placing the pictures in a neat stack and the frames in the briefcase)*

**Burglar:** “Well, silver’s better than nothing. But, I know she has jewelry. Could be in a safe deposit box but ...” *(rises and walks into bedroom, returning with a jewelry box, empties box on table, sorts through contents briefly, shaking head, turns box over to examine bottom, shakes head again)*

**Burglar:** “Nothing but geegaws. Okay, where’s the real stuff?” *(enters kitchen, sounds of refrigerator opening, closing, sounds of cabinets opening, things being moved around,*

*cabinets closing again, burglar exits kitchen still shaking head)*

“This is not your best day, buckoo. Not even close.”

*(Returns to bookshelf, looks at larger books, opening and then replacing each. Looks at dolls and toys, shaking several but disappointed. Stops, looking up at large teddybear on top shelf, lifts it down and examines it, then replaces on shelf. Shakes head.)*

**Burglar:** *(turns to audience and shrugs expansively)* “And sometimes you lose some, right?” *(turns to look at knitting basket, sits down, examines basket, nothing but yarn, needles and half-finished pieces. Does same with magazine caddy. Continues looking around but drumming fingers against leg, impatiently.)*

*(suddenly stoops and lifts armchair from front, looking underneath ... smiles and reaches into springs to produce a zipper bag, carries bag to table, opening it carefully, spreads contents on table, picking through items and placing most of them in the briefcase. Holds two items – rings – up to light, then lays them gently on top of the photos)*

**Burglar:** *(still smiling)* “Fair’s fair, lady. You’re better than most.” *(Picks up one exceptionally garish bracelet, looks at it.)* “But I did think you had better taste than this.” *(shakes head, then adds bracelet to briefcase)* “Okay, I’m out of here.”

*(picks up briefcase, crosses to door, unlocks, opens, closes, relocks door, fade to black)*

**Act 3, Scene 3:** Mrs. Dalrymple's apartment, late afternoon

*(lights come up as sound of door unlocking, Mrs. Dalrymple enters, looking pleased, then stops abruptly.)*

*(Stage right, burglar is seated in easy chair, pointing remote at TV as Mrs. Dalrymple enters.)*

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** *(slowly)* "Oh dear."

*(walks past bookshelves with a brief glance, crosses to table where photos are stacked, sits facing audience as she picks up two rings, glancing at them and laying them aside. Face is very unexpressive, almost stoic. Looks through pictures carefully, nodding as she lays each one aside.)*

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** *(finally sitting back, clasping her hands together and nodding)* "Well, that's okay then."

*(stands up, crosses to cordless phone, picks phone up and sits in rocking chair as she dials)*

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** *(after a pause)* "Becca? ... Darling, I have the most wonderful news. I've been burgled! ... Yes, burgled and very neatly too. And they even left my wedding rings – not that that matters, you know. ... No, absolutely every piece, isn't it fantastic? ... Well, I suppose I'll have to call the police, naturally, but I wonder if I should dust first? I can't wait for Janet, of course, she won't be in until tomorrow and that would

be a little late, I think. ... No? Well, let's hope they used gloves. I'd certainly hate for them to be caught – I might get it all back and that would be disastrous. ... Well, you could come over and look after me, if you would – I'm sure I should be quite distraught. I mean, that is the proper reaction, isn't it? After all, I wouldn't want them to think I had done it! ... Oh, good. Then we'll tell them that you came home with me – much better that way. ... Ta ta then, I'll see you in a few minutes. When you get here, we'll call the police – and my insurance company, of course. I'll put on some tea. ... No? I suppose you're right, they would prefer coffee then."

*(hangs up phone looking pleased with herself, main stage fades to black)*

**Burglar:** "Well, I did think she had better taste. Nice to know I'm right."

*(stage right fades to black)*

**Act 3, Scene 4:** later that evening

*(as lights come up, Mrs. Dalrymple is crossing from the door to a table where a poker game is in progress. At the table are two younger people – similar age, Clarisse and Bobby – fraternal twins – and Mrs. Becca Gruder, another older woman of the same vintage as Mrs. Dalrymple. Having just entered are a middle-aged man and woman, both seem a bit annoyed and a bit distant with each other, standing somewhat apart.)*

*(at stage right, our burglar is watching his TV, with some evidence of amusement)*

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** "Becca?" *(addressing the older woman at the table)* "You remember my son, Jason? And my daughter, Karen?" *(turns back to the referenced pair)* "So convenient that you could both arrive at the same time, dears. Please, have a seat. I believe that Clarisse is about to raise me?" *(resumes her seat at the poker table)*

**Clarisse:** *(almost petulantly)* "How did you know?"

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** "We'll talk about 'tells' later, honey. I believe your aunt and uncle each have a complaint to make. We may as well let them get along with it. Oh, I'll see your raise ... but we'll get back to that."

**Bobby:** “A tell is when you give something away. That right, isn’t it, Gramma?”

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** “Quite correct.”

**Bobby:** (*looking pointedly at aunt and uncle*) “And Aunt Karen and Uncle Jason have ‘tells’ too, right?”

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** (*nods at Bobby, pleased, then looks at Karen*) “So, Karen, would you like to go first?”

**Karen:** (*sharply*) “Well, if you want to wash dirty linens in public, then yes. First, I think that it is absolutely criminal of you to let that jewelry get stolen like this. Do you know that they were worth?”

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** (*after a brief pause waiting to be sure that Karen is finished*) “Actually, I do know what they’re worth – considering that I’ve been paying for their insurance for all of these years. However, as for ‘dirty linens’, dear, I’m quite sure that I have never encouraged you in that kind of thinking. So, as for your ‘first’ point, I am not the burglar; I have it on very good authority that I am known as the ‘victim’ and, therefore,

am quite innocent of any criminal charges. Jeremy? I believe it’s your turn.”

**Jeremy:** (*harrumphs and pulls himself up*) “Karen does have a point, Mother. I’ve suggested for years that ...”

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** (*interrupting*) “You have suggested for years that I should let you sell them – for a percentage – and then distribute the proceeds to you, Karen and Alicia. And, where as Alicia doesn’t care at all, Karen has been equally determined that I should give the jewelry to her; isn’t that right, Karen?”

**Karen:** “Well, you never wear them and I don’t know why you wouldn’t keep them locked up in a vault where they belong ... or, at least, let me do that.”

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** “Which is precisely why, dear. Precisely why! Lock them in a vault? Really, and why? Who would see them then? Are you suggesting that I should make periodic trips to a bank vault to inspect them? And, no, I don’t wear them – I detest wearing such ostentatious jewelry. They’re quite hideous as jewelry although they are rather amusing as trinkets. No, they were made for another time and, unlike you,

I have no desire to live in the past – I’ve been there and it wasn’t all it was cracked up to be.”

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** *(continuing, reflectively)* “By candlelight, perhaps, they might look rather nice. Actually, they do look well by candlelight as Clarisse and Bobby might tell you. Or, if you try, you might even remember. In any case, that is the era and setting for which they were designed. However, I so rarely go to parties where there are candle chandeliers these days that it really doesn’t matter, does it? So, now that they are gone – and they are gone – perhaps you two can find something else to bicker over?”

**Jeremy:** *(seizing the opening)* “And now I suppose you’ll collect on the insurance?”

**Mrs. Dalrymple:** *(sharply)* “I certainly hope so – I’ve certainly paid them enough over the years. And...” *(with a bite)* “...before you ask, I will do with the proceeds exactly as I see fit. Now, we’re in the middle of a game. You and Karen are welcome to stay. Or to leave.” *(turns her attention back to the table)* “Bobby, I believe it’s to you, do you want to see Clarissa’s raise? Or fold?”

*(as lights fade on main stage, Bobby tosses in his hand and looks toward Mrs. Gruder, ignoring his Aunt and Uncle.)*

**Burglar:** *(raises eyebrow as he/she looks around at the audience)* “Most unusual. You know, in this business, it really isn’t customary to expect a satisfied customer.” *(pauses)* “Well, it’s a pity but I don’t guess there’s any point in asking for a recommendation for my resume ...” *(slightly longer pause)* “Although *she’d* probably give me one ...” *(shakes head, amusedly)*

*(fade to black both sets, curtains remain open)*

*During interval, figures in black begin dressing main set.*

**Act 3, Scene 5:** still later that evening

*(lights come up slowly on right set, burglar is standing behind easy chair, phone to ear)*

**Burglar:** "...baseball trading cards? Why would I know anything about trading cards? You know I have no interest in sports." *(covers mouthpiece, aside to audience)* "Munch again; he's getting quite tiresome." *(uncovers mouthpiece)* "Well I don't. And you still owe me for the Remington. And not at bargain basement prices either. ... Yes, as you say, we've had a long relationship." *(covers mouthpiece, aside to audience)* "Too long!" *(uncovers mouthpiece)* "As a matter of fact, I do; jewelry. Rather garish but good stones and precious metals are just precious metals. ... No, not until I see a sizeable deposit in my account ... Yes, you know the account number; Grand Caymans Bank and Trust ... I'll be expecting it then ... No, when I see it. Good bye!" *(punches phone off, turns to audience)* "See what kind of crap an honest burglar has to put up with? Thinks he (/she) can fob me off with ten cents on the dollar while expecting to get seventy cents in return. And then threats on top of that." *(shakes head as set, fades to black)*

*During interval, figures in black are dressing both sets.*

**Intermission**

**Act 4, Scene 1:** Apartment of Freddy Silbowitz

*Principal features of the apartment are that it is over done, gaudily decorated in bad taste. Flashy posters on walls, big screen plasma TV, glass top coffee table w/ several game controllers on table, beer bottles on floor and under sofa, Half-empty whiskey bottle upright next to chair, scattered newspapers. Anything that looks expensive but doesn't match décor – such as it is – is fine.*

*Sideboard holds crystal bowl with several gold chains and similar.*

*Freddy is young, flashy dresser with little taste. Dyed hair, beard optional, favors long coats (leather or dark colors), lots of bling-bling, big diamond ring, ring in nose or other piercings if possible.*

*(lights rise on main set to show Freddy stretched out on couch, booted feet toward audience, appears asleep, dark coat hung across back of chair)*

*(lights rise to dim on stage right, burglar shadowy figure leaning on balcony rail, looking impatient as glances at watch. Burglar is dressed in dark camo, gloves, black tennis, dark watch cap or ski mask)*

**Burglar:** *(speaking to no-one)* “Looks like he’s going to sleep the night away. Thought he’d be out by now. Come back later? Tomorrow? ... Hell, waited this long, give him a few. He can’t sleep forever. ... Or maybe he can?”

*(pause)*

**Burglar:** *(to audience)* “This one’s a real creep but he buys lots of bling-bling ... and that’s a saleable commodity, right? Hate to be caught with trash like that ... or trash like him ... but it’s a quick turnover, easy to fence, hell to trace ... not that he’s likely to report anything ... or be able to describe anything if he did. So, easy score, just have to be patient.” *(turns toward window, ducking head to see better)* “Come on, lazy boy – time you were up and crawling the gutters.”

*(phone rings inside)*

*(phone rings again before Freddy stirs, fumbling for cell phone, pushing himself up on one elbow)*

**Freddy:** *(slurred, sleepily)* “Ya bro, wa’s goin? ... Ya, ya, whacha hurry? ... Kay, man. Bout an hour ... Bout an hour, ah said. Y’ can damned well wait.” *(closes phone angrily, remains half upright for a moment)*

*(Freddy swings feet to floor, fumbles on coffee table for paper packet, empties powder on glass, uses razorblade to mince, form powder in lines, fumbles for straw, places straw in nostril, inhales a line, snorts, repeated with other nostril, shakes himself but now appears more awake)*

**Freddy:** “Damned crackheads!”

*(pushes himself upright off of sofa, crosses downstage to door way, a bit unsteadily, exits. Sound of running water. Freddy reappears smoothing hair back, hair appears damp. Looks around a bit uncertainly, spots coat, picks it up checking pockets, finds nothing. Dumps coat back on chair, goes back through door used a moment before, returns carrying handful of small ziplock bags, some containing white powders, some crystal (rock candy), some with blue pills (M&Ms); stuffs these into coat pockets, crosses to sideboard and selects gold necklace from bowl, dons necklace, looks around again, produces revolver from drawer in sideboard, tucks into waist at back, dons coat, looks around again, nods.)*

**Freddy:** “Okeee, time to roll. Time to rake in some geld.

Time is money, honey.” *(laughs to self and crosses to door and exits, flipping switch, lights go very dim, sound of several locks clicking shut)*

**Act 4, Scene 2:** same location, a few minutes later

*(sound of window breaking, dim lights from outside – stage right – cast shadows as burglar fumbles with window catch, raises window, steps inside using penlight – baby spot follows penlight (or vice versa) ... has dark backpack ... burglar crosses to check door, then makes circuit of room, listening at each door, then opening and checking inside)*

**Burglar:** *(crossing to coffee table with pen light)* “Now that don’t look like powdered sugar from doughnuts. Sampling your own wares, eh?” *(shakes head sadly but doesn’t touch table)*

*(lights rise slightly during examination but remain dim)*

*(burglar crosses downstage to sideboard, pauses, shrugs out of backpack, opens zipper, then scoops bling-bling out of bowl into pack, leaves pack on sideboard)*

**Burglar:** *(shaking head)* “Well, that feeds the bulldog but there’s got to be better than this.” *(crosses downstage to door, steps through, sounds of refrigerator opening, closing, cabinets opening, stuff being shifted)*

**Burglar:** *(off stage)* “Bingo” *(more sounds of stuff being shifted)* “Damn! I hope this is real flour.” *(sounds of cabinet drawers opening, closing again)*

*(burglar reappears in living room with ziplock bag containing money, beating at the bag to knock flour loose as he enters, lights through stage right window have gone dark as black clad figures reset stage for burglar's apartment)*

**Burglar:** "This stuff's a bitch to launder." *(pauses briefly, then looks up at audience, holding bag up for them to see)* "No, I mean really launder! You know, soap, water, color-safe bleach, rinse, dry ... and then you have to iron it. Only way though; ninety to nothing that it's got coke on it and a lot of banks are checking things like that these days. Still, wot't'ell, looks like fifty to seventy K so I guess it's worth a little trouble." *(drops ziplock into pack, then crosses to door where Freddy fetched the envelopes earlier, enters, sounds of drawers sliding, metallic clang as of a cabinet being shaken ... moment of silence ... burglar reappears, empty handed but returning a small case to his pocket)*

**Burglar:** "No way I'm touching what's in there. Stupid's stupid!" *(pauses, standing very still for a moment)* "Damn! Damn it all to hell! Of course!"

*(turns abruptly, reentering room just left, reappears a moment later carrying a blocky, plastic-wrapped package crossed with duct tape, package is presumed cocaine)*

**Burglar:** "About two kilos – should be more than enough."

*(adds package to backpack)* "And more than enough left.

Don't expect he's going to complain about being short. So, not a bad evening. Just one thing ... but let's get out of here first."

*(crosses to front door, sound of locks opening, door swings ajar letting in light from hallway, sound of locks being snapped shut (with door open), then burglar steps back into shadows)*

**Burglar:** "There, that should do it." *(grabs backpack and steps through window into darkness... sounds from offstage dark of metal ladder)*

**Burglar:** *(voice from off-stage)* "Hello? Police? ... No, yes, I don't know. But there's someone screaming. ... I don't want to get involved. ... No, it's 460 Saunders. Fourth floor, 4A, I think ... No, goodbye." *(pause)* "Thank god for disposable phones ... and cheap at the price." *(sound of a dumpster lid opening, dropping closed again)*

*(fade to black on main set, black-clad figures move one chair over by window, close and lock door, two other figures assume places, one on chair by window, the other facing the door but upstage center)*

**Act 4, Scene 3:** same location, much later

*(lights rise on stage right, burglar in easy chair facing TV but reading a book)*

*(sound of locks opening, one figure rises from chair by window to stand by door, other rises from couch, turning to face door, door opens, light from hallway dimly illuminates two policemen as Freddy enters, fumbling for light switch, lights up full)*

*(burglar looks up from book at TV screen)*

**Policeman 1:** “Freeze, Police!”

*(Freddy jerks, begins fumbling for gun in rear waistband, hampered by long coat, nearest policeman (by door) grabs Freddy, slamming him into the wall – note: be sure wall can stand impact – second policeman has gun drawn, covering Freddy.)*

**Freddy:** “This is trespass, you son-of-a-bitch. I’ll have your badge for this.”

**Policeman 2:** “Dream on, punk. In twenty, thirty years, you can tell us about it.”

*(fade to black on main stage, sound of something soft-heavy hitting hard-solid surface, sounds of struggle)*

**Burglar:** *(satisfied)* “Okay!” *(lays book down, turns head to audience, stretches)* “Don’t guess I can claim a reward; guess

I’ll just settle for a good deed done. Good karma anyway. I mean, that guy’s a real thief – not property so much – he steals people’s lives, their health, their ... Well, you know what I mean.” *(rises and stretches again)*

**Burglar:** *(continuing, crossing arms and facing audience)*

“Hey, we all draw the line somewhere ... and, before you get too uppity, think about this: there are probably a lot of you who ... well, let’s just say that there are a lot of crimes ... but not all of them are covered by laws.”

*(fade to black both sets, curtains remain open)*

*During interval, figures in black dress both sets.*

**Act 5, Scene 1:** Apartment of Daryl and Sandi Newcomb (aka: the newlyweds)

*(lights come up slowly to reveal a fairly empty apartment, couch and end table, empty bookcases, sideboard and several cardboard boxes. Door opens, young couple (early twenties) enter, carrying additional boxes; Sandi's is a long, awkward shape)*

*(stage right, burglar is seated on park bench, reading a paperback book, (Lawrence Block? Donald Westlake?) looks up occasionally)*

**Sandi:** “Our first apartment. Think we’ll ever get everything straight? Where does this go, anyway?”

**Daryl:** *(looking around at Sandi)* “What? ... Oh, that. Bookshelf, I guess.” *(puts his own load on top of an existing carton against the wall, turns)* “Here, let me.” *(takes box from Sandy, opens it, removes a Japanese sword, laying it on the top shelf)*

**Sandi:** *(hugging herself and looking at the sword)* “Your dad said there was a story about that ... that thing.”

**Daryl:** *(turning and opening box he was carrying)* “Story? That’s putting it mildly. Dad’s Uncle George gave it to us. Something he picked up in World War II, somewhere in the

Pacific. Killed a Japanese officer, took it as a souvenir off the body.”

**Sandi:** “And what are we supposed to do with it? What is it anyway?”

**Daryl:** *(turns, holding a wooden silverware chest)* “Ito maki tachi – a Kazari tachi, early Koto era ... very valuable katana sword, antique ... except we can’t sell it.”

**Sandi:** “Why? No, I mean, why not?”

**Daryl:** *(shaking head sadly)* “If it leaves the family, it goes back to the Japanese government – national treasure. The only reason that Uncle George was allowed to keep it was because he’d taken it in honorable combat. So, he’s passed it to me. Well, to us, anyway. Hey, bad as this stuff.” *(hefts silverware box)* “What do we do with this?”

**Sandi:** “Blame my Aunt Edna, I guess.” *(takes box from Daryl and crosses to couch, opens box on her lap, extracts a knife)* “Twenty-four place setting, solid silver ... and we don’t have a table that would hold six.”

**Daryl:** (*sitting next to Sandi*) “And neither of us are much of a cook either.”

**Sandi:** (*turning knife to catch the light*) “We could always have it catered.”

**Daryl:** (*gesturing at apartment*) “Where?”

**Sandi:** (*returning the knife to the box*) “How ‘bout in the park?”

**Daryl:** (*grinning*) “Picnic in the park, solid sliver service ... and paper plates. Right!”

**Sandi:** (*putting her arm around Daryl*) “Roast turkey! And you can slice it with the ... the whatchamacallit ... thing.”

**Daryl:** (*leaning into Sandi*) “That would be one they’d remember ... if the police didn’t bust us. I think they frown on swords.”

**Sandi:** “Yeah, probably ... but it’s a lovely idea.” (*pause*)  
“This is our apartment, right?”

**Daryl:** “Yeah, why?”

**Sandi:** “There’s nothing in the kitchen. No TV. But there is one thing we can do ...”

**Daryl:** “Uh, oh, yeah, there is...”

(*both rise and walk hand in hand off stage through doorway, fade to black on both sets*)

**Act 5, Scene 2:** same apartment, later

*(as lights come up, the apartment is empty. Stage right, the burglar is now seated at a small table, holding a latte and reading.)*

*(Daryl appears in bedroom door, pants, no shirt)*

**Daryl:** *(speaking over his shoulder)* “I’m hungry. How ‘bout you?”

**Sandi:** *(offstage)* “Come back in here and I’ll show you.”

**Daryl:** “Insatiable woman. Hey, you need to feed me – I’m a growing boy.”

**Sandi:** *(offstage)* “That’s what I’m hoping ... Okay, okay, how ‘bout Thai?” *(pause)* “I hear the peppers are an aphrodisiac.”

**Daryl:** *(stepping back through doorway)* “That’s not the problem, woman. Just feed me.”

*(short silence before Daryl and Sandi appear; Daryl is still tucking his shirt in, Sandi is carrying a purse)*

**Sandi:** “I’m taking you to the Green Turtle, then. Maybe that will revive you,”

*(couple cross to door to hallway, exit, sound of lock closing, lights fade to black)*

**Act 5, Scene 3:** same apartment, short time later

*(as lights come up, sound of lock opening, burglar steps in).*

**Burglar:** *(to himself, looking around)* “Nice to have a rich family. As a starter apartment, this isn’t bad at all.”

*(crosses to bookshelf, looks at katana but doesn’t touch)*

*(crosses to couch to look at silverware)*

**Burglar:** “Okay, there’ll be something here that will fit.”

*(goes to boxes against wall, opens box of bed linens, stacking them on top of another box)* “They’ll need those.” *(smiles, grabs two towels from stack, crosses to couch and empties the silverware into the cardboard box using the towels as padding, returns for two more towels, wraps katana in towels, adds to original (longer) box, picks boxes up, crosses to door and exits)*

**Act 5, Scene 4:** same apartment, still later

*(sound of lock opening as lights come up, Daryl and Sandi enter, arms around each other)*

*(stage right, burglar is seated in usual chair, facing TV, lays book aside as couple enter)*

**Sandi:** “Well? Are you revived now?”

**Daryl:** “I’m getting there.” *(sits on couch, reaches for silverware box to move it, hefts box with puzzled expression, then opens it)* “Sandi?”

**Sandi:** “What’s wrong?”

**Daryl:** *(holding up empty silverware box)* “This!”

*(Sandi stands staring at the box for a long moment.)*

**Sandi:** “But ...” *(looks around quickly)* “...we were only gone for ...”

**Daryl:** “I know I locked the door ...”

**Sandi:** “You just had trouble unlocking it.”

**Daryl:** “Yeah, it was sticking ...”

**Sandi:** *(extracting cell phone from purse)* “We’d better call 9-1-1.” *(dials, turns back on audience)*

*(Daryl sits looking stunned as Sandi talks to police, still holding the silverware box)*

**Sandi:** *(closing phone and turning around again)* “They’re sending someone over.”

**Daryl:** *(setting the box back on the couch and rising)* “Good.” *(holds out his arms and gathers Sandi for a hug,)*

*(a moment later, Daryl stiffens, looking across at the bookcase)*

**Daryl:** *(very calmly)* “Well ... that tears it.”

**Sandi:** *(slightly muffled)* “What?”

**Daryl:** *(still speaking calmly)* “The katana. They took the katana.”

*(Sandi turns, still in Daryl’s arms, leaning back against him, facing the bookshelf. Neither speak for a long moment.)*

**Sandi:** “Damn.”

**Daryl:** “Yeah, they stole the katana”

**Sandi:** *(giggling)* “No damn it! They stole our picnic!”

**Daryl:** *(puzzled)* “Our picnic? ... Oh ... hell ... OUR PICNIC” *(collapses on the floor laughing, still holding Sandi,*

*somewhere between laughing and crying*) “They ... stole ... our ... picnic ... and ... it was such a wonderful picnic...”

**Sandi:** *(giggling/crying)* “Such a picnic ... our picnic ... stole it.”

*(door bell rings, stage right, burglar is shaking his head in disbelief)*

*(fade to black main set, curtains remain open)*

*(stage right, burglar is looking at wristwatch)*

**Burglar:** “Well, as they say, the night is yet young. So, looks like a good time to pay a call on Munch and drop off some gems – seeing that he’s (/she’s) going to be out for a while.”

*(turns to address audience)* “You know, there was a time when you’d have needed a fence to handle the silver and gold as well.” *(smiles)* “Now days, bullion is bullion; acceptable anywhere.” *(pulls on gloves then turns away to pick up backpack, reaches inside, produces plastic wrapped and duct taped brick, hefts it)* “About two kilos, I’d say. Should be enough.” *(nods, returns brick to pack, exits, right set fades to black)*

*During interval, figures in black dress both sets.*

**Act 6, Scene 1:** Morning, the apartment of Larry Sarton (aka: the satyr)

*(lights come up on an apartment living room with a few pictures on the wall, comfortable furniture, and a boxy end table next to a couch with a large, elaborate lamp on top of it.)*

*(stage right, burglar is seated in auto or on auto seat, dressed in tan coveralls with a toolbox next to him, has styrofoam coffee cup sitting on tool box, frequently glances out of left window)*

*(vague sounds from off-stage before Larry appears, dressed in suit, adjusting tie, picks up briefcase, unlocks door, exits ... no dialog)*

*(lights fade to black on stage right, go dim on main stage)*

**Act 6, Scene 2:**

*(short pause, lights come up on main stage, door bell, pause, sound of lock opening, burglar steps in)*

**Burglar:** *(loudly)* “Mr. Wilson? Acme Service.” *(pauses)*

**Burglar:** *(looking around)* “Always like a man who’s dependable.” *(makes a careful but casual circuit of the living room, then does same for bedroom (off-stage sounds, including sound of checking toilet and of flushing it) then reappears and enters what must be kitchen (similar sounds, refrigerator, cabinets), reappears in living room, looking around)*

**Burglar:** *(to him/herself)* “Okay, how dependable is he?” *(looks at books, stereo, sideboard, looks behind pictures, finally looks at end table, opens front to reveal a safe with an electronic keypad ... nods, satisfied)* “Yep, dependable.”

*(burglar removes lamp, setting it on the couch, examines carpet/floor around safe, sits in front of safe looking at keypad, then gets up and tries – unsuccessfully – to tilt the end-table/cabinet)*

**Burglar:** *(hands on hips)* “Okay ... we need a different approach.”

*(replaces lamp on end table / cabinet, looks around again, nods, picks up tool box and exits, lights dim to black)*

**Act 6, Scene 3:** evening, another day

*(lights come up on an apartment living room with a few pictures on the wall, comfortable furniture, and a boxy end table next to a couch with a large, elaborate lamp on top of it.)*

*(stage right, burglar is seated in auto or on auto seat, dressed in tan coveralls with a toolbox next to him, has styrofoam coffee cup sitting on tool box, frequently glances out of left window)*

*(vague sounds from off-stage before Larry appears, dressed in sports coat, no tie, looks around, plumps cushion on couch, straightens picture, grabs paper off of table, steps into kitchen, reappears without paper, crosses, unlocks door, exits ... no dialog)*

*(lights fade to black on stage right, go dim on main stage)*

**Act 6, Scene 4:**

*(lights come up on main stage, door bell, pause, sound of lock opening, burglar steps in, carrying toolbox)*

**Burglar:** *(loudly)* “Hello? ... Mr. Wilson?” *(pauses, then looks over shoulder)* “Okay, guys ... let’s get it.”

*(Burglar holds door as two men – wearing tan coveralls – enter with a furniture dolly. One carries a folded moving blanket. Burglar remains by door, doing something to keypad, while other two wait. Long moment, then all three cross to sofa. Burglar removes lamp, assistants position dolly, tilt cabinet forward (just a little) while burglar slides dolly under cabinet. The men cover the cabinet with the moving blanket, remove anchor strap from toolbox and use to strap cabinet to dolly, all three combine to tilt dolly, then two assistants move load toward door while burglar removes lamp from couch and places it on the floor before retrieving toolbox. Burglar crosses quickly to open and hold door, all exit, sound of locks clicking)*

*(fade to black)*

**Act 6, Scene 5:** same apartment, much later

*(sound of lock being opened as lights rise to dim on main stage; on stage right, burglar is seated reading but looks up at TV, then sets book down.)*

*(Larry appears, a bit disheveled, a young lady on his arm, leaning against him as they enter.)*

**Larry:** “Right this way.” *(leads young lady toward couch, fumbles for lamp, can’t find it, finally looks down ... pause)*

**Larry:** *(loudly)* “What the hell! What the flaming hell ...”

**Girl:** *(slightly slurred)* “What’ srong ... wrong, honey?”

**Larry:** *(after pause)* “Get out! Get the hell out!”

**Girl:** *(still slurring slightly)* “What? What’s wrong, honey?”

**Larry:** “Just get the hell out of here! Now!” *(pushes her roughly but almost without noticing as he crosses to pick up cordless phone, dials)*

*(girl pauses at door and watches briefly, then smiles slightly as she turns and exits)*

**Burglar:** “Yep, definitely dependable!” *(pause)* “But also profitable ... which is the point.”

*(fade to black, both sets)*

**Act 6, Scene 6:** Burglar’s apartment, much later.

*(lights come up slowly, burglar is standing behind chair, girl seated on arm of chair, counting a stack of bills)*

**Girl:** *(looking around)* “Now, anytime you need a little help, you just call me, okay?”

**Burglar:** *(smiling)* “I’ll do that and thank you.” *(pause)* “You know, you could be good at this.”

**Girl:** “He wasn’t that bad, you know. Pretty good dancer, anyway.”

**Burglar:** *(smiling)* “Always helps if you can enjoy your work.”

*(fade to black both sets, curtains remain open, black-clad figures prepare sets during interlude)*

**Act 7, Scene 1:** Munch's Apartment, aka: the fence

*Munch's apartment is a mixture of good furniture and stacked boxes; most have labels indicating high value merchandise.*

*Munch may be male or female, older (middle-aged), business type but slightly seedy although well enough dressed.*

*As lights come up, Munch is seated at a table with a laptop computer and a calculator. He/she is using one hand to punch numbers on the calculator and appears displeased with the results. The other hand is holding a phone to his/her ear.*

*Stage right, the burglar is seated in the back seat of an automobile (or automobile seat) with three packages visible in the passenger's seat. One is a briefcase, the second a "day-tripper" bag and the third is a longer tube, long enough to contain the katana sword. He/she is holding a cellphone to his/her ear.*

**Burglar:** "Forget it! I've told you before, I don't do jobs to order." *(covers mouthpiece with hand, addresses audience)* "I don't do jobs at all now. I'm retired. But there's no profit in telling him(/her) that." *(uncovers mouthpiece)* "Aside from which, I believe you still owe me for some gem stones. I don't like waiting."

**Munch:** "I told you; you'll have the money in a few days."

**Burglar:** "All of it by the end of the week, okay?"

**Munch:** *(punching numbers again)* "Thirty, okay?"

**Burglar:** *(grimaces)* "Forty-five and quit trying to screw me."

**Munch:** *(angrily)* "I'm not ..."

**Burglar:** *(interrupting)* "Just pony up the forty-five and quit arguing." *(covering the mouthpiece, addressing the audience)* "If he doesn't, he'll regret it – about two kilos of coke worth. He'll never find it but, with a tip, the police will." *(uncovering the mouthpiece)* "I'll talk to you when the money's in my account. Until later ..."  
*(breaks the connection)*

*(pause)*

**Voice from offstage as if taxi driver:** "You said Northwest right, buddy?"

**Burglar:** "Northwest Air, right! First stop Tokyo Narita, change to Bangkok, then Chiang Mai."

**Voice:** "You traveling on business?"

**Burglar:** "More like pleasure, I've just retired." *(smiles, looks at audience)* "Definitely retired. A little business, of course, since Mister Nakamoto will meet me at the airport – the Executive Lounge – to take possession of a valuable artifact." *(grins broadly)* "Looks a safe guess that he also has the

headlines written: '**Japanese Businessman Recovers National Treasure.**' No, make that '**Prominent Japanese Businessman...**' He certainly will be if he's not already."

*(pause)* "Hell, I can retire on what he's paying alone – if it weren't for the principal of the thing, Munch's forty-five would be petty cash." *(clasps hands behind head, still smiling)* "You know, I think I owe the newlyweds something. Something nice. Think they'd like a valuable copy of the Kama Sutra? ... Delivered anonymously, of course. ... But maybe with a note: 'Sorry about the picnic'?"

*(fade to black both sets, curtains remain open, cast gathers for curtain call)*